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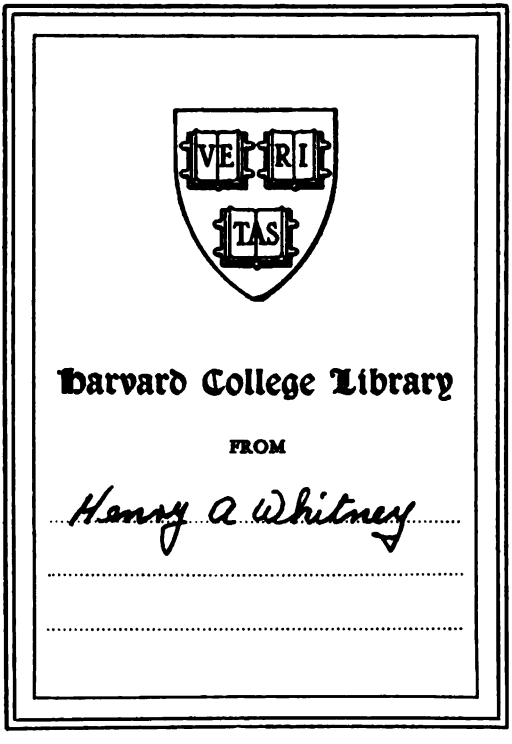

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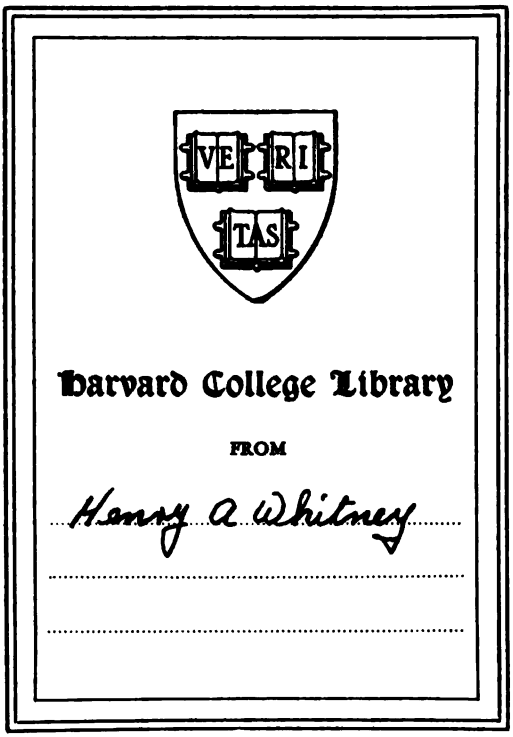

whose voices we do not again expect to hear for a considerable period, to reduce our army even below the effective point; and the individual who hereafter shall undertake the biography of Lord John Russell must necessarily, if he adheres to truth, record that the indefatigable concocter of representative reforms—more numerous, varied, irreconcilable, and heterogeneous than the schemes of Jeremy Bentham—did at one time yield to the Manchester howl, and attempt to commence a series of retrenchments similar to that which, in the end, left poor King Lear without the service of a single knight. That, however, was speedily put to rights; and, as we are willing to believe that the noble lord is now considerably ashamed of the part which he then found it convenient or politic to act, we shall not comment further upon this rather equivocal passage in his history. Other nations have their militia, or regularly-trained *landwehr;* we, trusting to our insular position, have neglected that arm of the service. The social changes which have been the result of a long period of peace, of internal improvement, and of commercial prosperity, have not been favourable to the military spirit. In the last war the Highlands of Scotland presented an unrivalled recruiting field, for the population was then greater than the capital expended in those districts could employ, and the warlike spirit of the people, kept alive by their heroic traditions, inclined them to the military profession. That source is no longer available. There is no redundant population now in the Highlands to swell the ranks of the army. No other portion of the British territories has, within the last forty years, experienced so remarkable a change. The clansmen have been expatriated; and sheep, not men, are now the staple produce of the country. The change may have been inevitable, but it is not the less striking in its results, when the services of men with strong arms and stout hearts are required. In like manner, the Irish exodus has deprived Government of a ready and formerly abundant resource; and all over the United Kingdom the tendencies of free trade have been to thin the population of rural districts, and to augment the industry of the towns.

Notwithstanding these changes, we are of opinion that there would be no want of able-bodied men to enlist as recruits, provided there was an adequate inducement for them to enter the service. But how is it possible for us to expect that young men who are earning in some peaceful occupation sixteen, eighteen, or twenty shillings per week, will accept her Majesty's bounty, and take the field with the certainty of fearful hardship, and the prospect of death before them, for the miserable pittance of one shilling per day? In this respect we thoroughly agree with the observations contained in the leading article of the *Times* of 15th December, condemnatory of the Government proposal to embody a foreign legion, and to prepare it for service in this country; and we beg the attention of our readers to the following extract:—

"If, in spite of the reports as to the number of recruits who volunteer into the line, the enlistment does, in fact, go on slowly, we have only to say that Government have made a very sad mistake as to the proper remedy. The great object is to raise the estimation of the service, whether it be regular or militia, by all manner of lawful means. This is an age of free trade, of supply and demand; and free trade there will be in the traffic of military service. Improve the commodity, and you will be sure to have purchasers. What is it that we want? What is that home-produce of which the Duke of Newcastle apprehends a scarcity, and therefore wishes to supply its place with a foreign ingredient? He cannot get enough of the British soldier; at least he would seem to fear for the future shortness of the supply. Now, to introduce into the army foreigners, adventurers, outcasts, nameless, unknown people, who may or may not be exiled for their crimes, is the very way to degrade the service, and make it the refuge of immorality and rebellion. But it is quite as easy to raise the appreciation of this service as of any other. . . . . Raise the wages of the soldier. Raise not only his money wages, but his whole condition—his road to honour, his chances of promotion, his comforts, if necessary his luxuries. There is no lack of gentlemen wanting commissions. Never were there so many on the list. The more there are killed, the more there are to take their places; while the dreadful hardships suffered by officers

bred in the lap of luxury and ease, evidently fascinate the youthful imagination at home much more than any promise of vulgar pleasures. A winter at Capua would not be more captivating than one under tents in the Crimea. The real reason is, the hope of glory and promotion, both of which come faster in war than in peace; and there always will be a great number of young men quite ready to stake their lives, for which they care but little, for that honour and rank which they prize above all things. . . . The inference is obvious. Give the private soldier honourable mention, orders of merit, a fair chance of a commission—in a word, as much opportunity of rising in the army as any industrious and well-conducted workman has of rising to be a master in his craft, and you will soon have an army large enough, without having recourse to a German legion, or an appeal to the 'crushed nationalities.'"

This is a subject upon which a great deal more might be said, but we must not pursue it further at present. We cannot say what *might* have been the result had the Government, at an earlier period, showed that anxiety which they now profess for augmenting the strength of the regiments of the line. They were not so zealous. If they had been, it was their duty to have applied to the House of Commons for a vote adequate to the emergency. It would have been as easy to have taken that step last winter as now; but, as humanity was to be observed in the conduct of the war, so economy was to regulate its preparation, and the recruiting went on lazily. Now, it appears that we are resorting to the high-pressure system. Mr. Sidney Herbert, the Secretary at War, stated, in the course of his speech on the night of the opening of the Session, that "we are getting men not faster than they are required, but faster than we can form them into regiments, drill them, and make them skilful and useful soldiers of their Queen and country." It is very gratifying to know this; for it shows what a spirit exists in the country, if Ministers will only encourage it, and by a well-timed and judicious liberality make the service what it ought to be. But in this, as in everything else, they dallied, proceeding as leisurely as if they considered the Czar to be quite as sluggish as themselves. In another respect, their negligence was of the grossest kind.

What ought they to have done as soon as war appeared, not inevitable, but merely probable? Assuredly their first duty was to have taken measures for raising, calling out, and rendering effective the militia throughout England, Scotland, and Ireland. It is a shameful, almost an incredible fact, *that the militia acts for Scotland and Ireland were not passed* UNTIL THE 11TH OF AUGUST 1854! So that the power therein taken of raising 40,000 men, who might have supplied the place of the regular troops in garrisons at home, is utterly unavailable and inoperative in the present emergency! The actual force of our present militia, raised in Great Britain and Ireland, is at the present moment but 54,000; and of these only a very small portion have been trained, disciplined, and made fit for service. Who are answerable for this state of matters? Undoubtedly the Ministry, who were bound to have taken every possible precaution for putting the nation in such a state of defence that we could have afforded to dispense with the presence of the regular forces at home. But for the forethought of Lord Derby's Administration, who carried the militia act for England in June 1852, matters might have been worse than they are; but is it not scandalous that the Ministry should have postponed the passing of the acts for Ireland and Scotland until the very close of last Session? It is now proposed that the militia shall be made available, through voluntary enlistment, for garrison service abroad. Without going into the special objections which have been taken to this scheme, we shall simply remark that it appears to be rather premature, inasmuch as the number of the militia who have received any training, is not nearly sufficient for home service; and we doubt if it ever will be, without recourse to the ballot. Militia service, under the present conditions, is not popular, and it cannot be made so. Many men would rather enlist in the line than enter the militia. If they are to be moved from place to place, even within the boundaries of Great Britain, and to suspend their ordinary occupations, they would much rather go where glory calls them, and

where they have some chance of earning honourable distinction. A purely local militia, not to be moved from the shire in which it is raised, except in case of invasion or rebellion, might be, and probably would be popular; but if a regiment or battalion of militia, raised in Edinburgh or in York, is to be liable to do garrison-duty in Dublin, men will think twice before they voluntarily subject themselves, under the penalties of martial law, to any such obligation. Look at our militia acts. They provide distinctly that, in "all cases of foreign war," the militia regiments may be taken to any part of the United Kingdom. These are not tempting terms; and we greatly doubt whether it will be possible, under such a system, to bring up the militia to the proper mark. Make their services local within the shire, (except, as we have said, in cases of invasion or rebellion,) and there will be plenty of volunteers. Men will not grudge the days that are required for military training and exercise, but they will not readily offer themselves to be drafted from one end of Britain to the other, or from England to Ireland, when the consequences must be the loss of their ordinary employment, and the ruin of their business. It is all very well to talk of public duty. Men use the term freely as regards others — sparsely as regards themselves. There are many public duties which never would be performed, if their performance was not made compulsory. But for the fine imposed for absence, how many jurymen would attend the sittings of our courts? If it is really necessary to have an ambulatory militia, then by all means have recourse to the ballot. The principle is, that, for the good of the nation, it is requisite that a certain number of men in each county, shire, or division, should perform a certain duty. Take volunteers by all means, so far as they will go; but, after a stated period, make up the deficiency by the ballot. Those who are drawn, who are unwilling to serve, and who can afford the means, will have no difficulty in finding substitutes, by making it worth their while to take their place. Those who cannot find a substitute must, like jurymen, act the part of good citizens, yield to the necessities of the State, and serve. And, in Heaven's name, let them be respectably paid for so doing. Give them at least, a wage which would be satisfactory for the skilled operative, and let them not have to say that the country has injured their families by claiming their services as a right. We really believe that the Aberdeen Ministry have not the remotest conception of the spirit which now animates the country. Mr. Gladstone seems to think that every man of us is a niggard, and that, unless he practises something like a system of cheese-paring, he will be brought to account as a prodigal. He is most miserably mistaken. If our brave countrymen whom we have sent to fight for us in foreign fields are lavish of their blood, we shall not be less lavish of our wealth. If we demand services as a matter of duty at home, from men whose labour is their capital, we are ready to pay them the full equivalent. Look to the Patriotic Fund. Does *that* show indifference? and can it be supposed that we are not able and willing to make a tenfold exertion to strengthen the hands of any Ministry who shall deserve the confidence of the country by their energy, forethought, prudence, and determination?

Our opinion is, that the Militia Acts are based on a wrong principle; that the militia, if voluntary, should be made local; and not liable, except in cases of extreme urgency, to be shifted from one part of the United Kingdom to another. But if this view is not deemed a sound one, then we say, make the militia enrolment compulsory, as it was during the last war; but pay the men who are selected adequately for the duty which they perform. Perhaps this cannot be done without increasing the pay of the soldier of the line. Why not increase that? Is it fair to expect men to brave death on the field of battle for wages such as a butcher's boy would spurn? Don't let us be told about the expense of our army, compared with those of Russia or Austria. We do not reckon our national wealth in that way—we do not pay our statesmen, or our judges, or our inferior functionaries in public business, according to the Russian or the Austrian scale; is it such a great matter if, in time of war, with

all our national interests at stake, we should augment the pay of the British soldier?

Well, then, to resume. Thanks to the Aberdeen Ministry, with all the warning they have had of the designs of Russia since January, 1853, we are, in January, 1855, without a militia force ready to replace the regular force in our garrisons at home. But we must not forget the past in dealing with the immediate present. By noticing points which have more recently arisen, and which we were bound to notice in connection with this subject, we may have diverted the attention of our readers from the actual position in which, through gross and glaring neglect, the Ministry placed the fortunes and character of the nation after the expedition to the Crimea was determined and made. We sent, as we have said, 27,000 British troops, forming, in conjunction with our allies, the French, an army of 50,000 men. We have admitted that this force might be adequate for the first landing. But where were our reinforcements or reserves—from what depôt were we to furnish men sufficient even to replace the killed and disabled, without reference to the increased numbers which the exigency of the war (the siege of Sebastopol included) might require? The answer is a brief one—we had no reserve at all.

Well, indeed, may we lavish praises upon our soldiers and those of our brave Allies, for military annals do not contain a nobler record. In the space of little more than two hours they carried the intrenched heights of the Alma, a position so strong, that Prince Menschikoff stated to his Imperial master, that he could make it good against the Allies for at least three weeks, and that he confidently believed it would prove altogether impregnable. Yet in two hours these heights were carried, and the Russian army, computed at 50,000 strong, were in full retreat. Next came the occupation of Balaklava, and the opening of the trenches against Sebastopol, the position occupied by our armies involving the maintenance of a very long line of defence. Sebastopol, itself was not, and could not be invested. Russian reinforcements had free access to it from the north, and they were also in possession of Perekop, which allowed them to pour their forces into the Crimea. Day and night our men worked at the trenches, with hardly an hour's intermission, and that too in the fall of the season, and before they were provided with the means of shelter. No wonder if, under such trying circumstances, the health of many of them gave way. Meanwhile the Russians poured their masses into the Crimea. They were 50,000 strong at Alma,—60,000 advanced to the attack at Inkermann, and these were all new men. Besides these, there were at Inkermann, though not actively engaged, 25,000, being Liprandi's division; and during the battle 10,000 men made a sortie upon the French lines from Sebastopol, the batteries being at the same time fully served; so that the Russian force opposed to us at Inkermann was at least twice as great as that of the whole number of the Allies, who, it must be remembered, had lost many men at the Alma, besides those who had died from cholera, or were invalided. It is impossible to speak in adequate terms of the valour which both the British and the French displayed at Inkermann. The Russians came on like fiends, in vast columns, under cover of a thick fog, and for a time there were but eight thousand British to oppose them. Not more than fourteen thousand of the allies altogether were engaged, and yet these made good their ground against sixty thousand of the enemy, and forced them to retreat, leaving more than five thousand Russians dead upon the field of battle. Our loss, of course, was very great; but every man who fell there — every man who fought there, should be remembered gratefully by their country; for had their valour and intrepidity been less—had they been driven from their position by the superior weight of the enemy, this great expedition must have ended in absolute ruin and defeat. Inkermann was undoubtedly the crisis of the campaign. Now, let us see what reinforcements the British army had received. It consisted originally, as we have seen, of twenty-seven thousand; and a few days after the battle of Alma, three thousand men landed at Balaklava. That number was little

more than sufficient to supply the place of those who were killed or disabled in the first engagement. Then our losses were severe at the intermediate battle of Balaklava; in fact, it entirely crippled our cavalry; and at Inkermann, when we had to defend the whole position from Balaklava to the heights above Sebastopol, not more than eight thousand men were available to meet the onset of a force, which we have estimated, according to what we consider the most reliable authority, at sixty thousand, but which Lord John Russell, who ought to have good information, is inclined to estimate at eighty thousand. We say *the onset*, for the arrival of General Bosquet with six thousand French, raised the number of the defenders of the position to fourteen thousand, and probably turned the scale. What human valour can do has been done. But what are we to say of the Ministry who have acted with such insane rashness, or who at the very least, had so grossly miscalculated the extent of the Russian power, energy, and rapidity of motion? On this point we are inclined to let them speak for themselves. Hear the Duke of Newcastle:—

"My Lords, that events have turned out differently from what was contemplated, in more respects than one, I have already admitted. Undoubtedly we did not expect the Russian power in reinforcing troops before Sebastopol would be so great. We did not doubt her military power: we were aware of that; but undoubtedly we did not expect that an army could be moved from Odessa to Sebastopol with the marvellous rapidity with which that movement was effected; and probably some of your lordships will be surprised to hear that, through the extraordinary efforts of the Russian government, through the means they were able to command of an unlimited number of cars and cattle, that march was effected at such a rapid rate, that on one day a march of forty-two miles was actually effected. Now, I may be imprudent in making these confessions, but I wish to deal frankly with your lordships. I have said we do not profess perfection. I am ready to admit that errors, if errors they are, were committed. We did not calculate on the powers of the Russian government to send reinforcements to Sebastopol in time for the battle of Inkermann, and I believe, my Lords, that there are few in this country—few in any other country—who did expect it. I can only say that we did not form our opinions on any haphazard or guesswork, but we took the best opinions we were able to obtain in this country—of those who could inform us as to the capabilities of the Russian forces, and the character of the country they would have to traverse."

"*In time for the battle of Inkermann!*" Does this estimable nobleman mean to insinuate that, on the 5th of November, Lord Raglan intended to attack the Russians? Was Inkermann a proclaimed tournament like the gentle passage of arms at Ashby-de-la-Zouch? "*We did not calculate on the powers of the Russian government to send reinforcements!*" Who supposes that they did? Meanly as we think of their abilities in matters of this sort, we should be very sorry to bring against the Aberdeen Ministry so heinous a charge as that of having wilfully exposed the British army to an attack in which the enemy outnumbered them, for hours, in the proportion of eight or ten to one. What we do charge them with, is the ineffable folly of estimating the military genius and ability of the Emperor of Russia by their own. Why, what was the defence of the old Austrian generals whom Napoleon defeated through superior energy in the earlier part of his career, more than this, that they "did not calculate on his powers?" There are two classes of men who never calculate on the powers of any who are opposed to them. The first class is that of the Drowsyheads, who, being incapable of action themselves, cannot suppose it as the attribute of others. The second class is that of the official Clerks, who have bustle enough, and no end of arrogance and conceit, but who consider genius in every department as something to be viewed with scorn, and who are quite as ready to undertake the conduct of a war as the direction of a sewerage—in either case with most lamentable results to the public. To one or other of these classes we are sorry to say that the great majority of the present Cabinet belongs. The Drowsyheads think that all is right if the general in command will undertake the expedition with such number of men as, between their fits of slumber, they

have exerted themselves to send him, and thereupon they wash their hands, and believe that they are free from all further responsibility. The Clerks know all about Russia, have read various volumes of Travels in the Crimea, and consider Nicholas an impostor. Minor mistakes we could pardon readily—the more willingly, because the whole speech of the Duke of Newcastle is an admission of mistakes—but we cannot and must not pardon them for having entirely misapprehended the power of Russia, and the eminent military genius and resolution of the Czar, who, if fighting a perilous game, is, without any exception, the ablest gamester in Europe. Let us be just to our enemy. Intellect, genius, capability—are not on our side. What man would venture to compare Nicholas with Lord Aberdeen? A fifth-rate Russian diplomat would undertake to cast dust in his eyes. "*Ce bon Aberdeen,*" is the highest encomium that was ever passed upon him by his astute colleagues of the Holy Alliance; and we greatly doubt whether even that limited testimony to his merits can be fairly inscribed upon his monumental marble. The gist of the whole matter lies in this. The expedition to the Crimea was planned for the purpose of taking Sebastopol, and destroying the Russian fleet in the harbour of that fortress. Expecting to encounter formidable resistance, we sent out, in conjunction with the French, a force which might fairly be deemed sufficient to effect a landing, and to make its way to Sebastopol; but it was not sufficient to meet the force that could be brought against it, and at the same time to press the siege so energetically and incessantly as to preclude the possibility of a protracted resistance. The position of Sebastopol, as will be seen from a glance at the map, is very peculiar. We do not pretend to be critical in the art of war; still there are principles quite intelligible to non-combatants; and all military writers concur in holding that one of the essentials for success in the attack of fortified places, is the superiority, in point of numbers, of the besiegers. Let us extract a few sentences from Yule's work on Fortification, a treatise which has the great merit of simplicity and clear arrangement, and which ordinary readers may consult with advantage, when they find themselves perplexed by the repetition of technical terms. We quote from the chapter entitled, "Mode of Attacking a Fortress."

"The first step of the besieger is to *invest* the fortress; that is, to post troops on every side of it, so as to preclude the garrison from communication with the exterior, and to debar them from all aid in men, food, or ammunition. The investing army will strengthen their position by field-works, &c., as in any other case, according to the judgment of the general; and if the hostile power has an army in the field so strong as to be formidable to the investment, it will be necessary to have a sufficient force to watch and check them, called *an army of observation.*"

Now, observe this, that, in the case of Sebastopol, *there has been no investment.* The Russians have kept open the access to the town, and have the power of reinforcing and supplying the garrison. Besides this, the enemy had in the field at Inkermann, an army which numerically doubled the whole force of the besiegers. And the consequence has been that we are both besiegers and defenders: on the one hand we are battering the fortifications of the town—on the other, we are defending an intrenched position of great extent against the attacks of a force which is not only numerically superior to ours, but which is in constant and unbroken communication with the garrison. The first error of Ministers lay in their having entirely miscalculated the real power and available resources which Russia could bring forward. That we understand to be admitted even by themselves, so it may be unnecessary to comment upon it further. But far worse and more inexcusable is their other blunder, in having omitted to provide a sufficient reserve force in the Mediterranean, to strengthen our army as soon as the siege of Sebastopol was begun. They failed in doing this; and the consequence has been that the Allies are not able to push the siege for lack of men and material; but have been compelled to construct intrenched lines for their own defence. Let us, however,

do Ministers the justice to allow that they have displayed symptoms of individual activity since they were roused from their slumbers by the intelligence that the army in the East was in peril, and that Sebastopol, so far from being demolished as easily as a castle of cards, was not likely to be reduced for several months after our batteries were erected. On this point let us hear the Duke of Newcastle, whose defence of the Ministry, if not satisfactory, was at all events honest—so honest that it will be found, on consideration, to be nothing more than an elaborate but lame apology for blunders committed in the conduct of the war ever since its commencement, combined with admissions of imbecility in almost every step which the Government has adopted:—

"My Lords, the siege of Sebastopol commenced, after a considerable amount of necessary preparations, upon the 17th of October; and it soon afterwards became apparent, from the intelligence which reached this country, that that siege was likely to be more protracted than I readily admit the Government at first expected. I say I readily admit—if that be any blame to the Government—that we did hope and believe that long before the time at which we are now assembled that fortress would have fallen; and if we erred in that expectation—if we were over-confident—I believe that we erred in common with many men of great experience in war, and men whose opinions were well worth having—we erred in our confidence, in common with the public at large, both in this country and in France. My Lords, from the moment it appeared that that siege was likely to be protracted, every exertion was used by the Government to obtain reinforcements, and to send them with as little delay as possible to the Crimea; and here, again, I am about to admit that, under any other circumstances than those which existed, those reinforcements ought not to have been sent, because the troops which have gone out have arrived too recently in this country to be effectively recruited, and men have gone out in those regiments who have not been trained so efficiently as I could wish, and who have not become habituated to the life on which they are about to enter. I do not hesitate to say that it has been my duty to order those troops to proceed to the East with very great regret; and the Government has only done so because it felt the exigency of the moment required every possible exertion, at whatever sacrifice. And, my Lords, when you blame the Government for not having sent these reinforcements sooner, let me tell you this, that those generals on the spot who are most competent to judge did not desire to have recruits, such as we have now sent, prematurely. They would rather they had been reserved for the next campaign, unless those events had arisen which rendered it necessary—which induced Lord Raglan to press for them—which induced the Government immediately to send them."

"*We erred in our confidence in common with the public at large!*" Good heavens! has it come to this, that a British Minister, in a matter most vital to the interests of the country, excuses himself and his colleagues for a hideous error in the conduct of a campaign, on the ground that "the public at large" shared in the same delusion? What did — what could the public know about Sebastopol, a fortress to which foreigners have, through Russian jealousy, been denied access for years—a place of strength over which hung a mystery which appeared almost impenetrable? If the Government really knew no more about Sabastopol than did the best informed of the public, before they determined upon sending to the Crimea an army which, when once landed, must either die before the fortress, or carry it by breach and assault, they are answerable before God and man for every life that has been lost in the attempt. But we do not believe anything of the kind. Their information may have been faulty, incorrect, or insufficient; but we will not accept, even from their own lips, an acknowledgment that they acted utterly in the dark. Nor is the statement correct as regarded the public expectation. Close following upon the heels of the news of the battle of Alma, there did indeed arrive false intelligence that Sebastopol had been taken; and, as the source was considered authentic and worthy of credence, the report was, under the excitement prevalent at the time, received without proper caution. But, beyond that circumstance, we have yet to learn that the public at large entertained any such extravagant ex-

pectations. On the contrary, we maintain that the public were far more sober in their views of the real resistance likely to be met with than were the Ministry, who, if we are entitled to judge from the speeches of some of their number, seemed, so late as last spring, to consider this as a mere holiday game. We are almost ashamed again to refer to that ill-omened dinner in which the healths of the "Reform" Admirals in the Baltic and Black Seas were toasted, or to the braggadocio in which Sir James Graham, the First Lord of the Admiralty, thought proper to indulge. When the Czar perused the reported and paraded account of that silly and disgraceful orgy, he might almost have been justified in using the exclamation of Cromwell at the battle of Dunbar, and in asserting "that the Lord had delivered his enemies into his hands." With the proceedings and speeches on that occasion, the public were so far from sympathizing that they regarded them with unmitigated disgust. But it would seem now, from language both of Lord John Russell and the Duke of Newcastle, that Ministers are entitled to shift the responsibility from their own shoulders to those of "the public at large!"

But look further into this speech of the Duke of Newcastle's. Observe what he says about the reinforcements. He has been compelled to send out regiments "recently arrived in this country," with recruits inefficiently trained, and that on account of "the exigency of the moment." We do not blame him for having done so—he could do no otherwise. Men whether drilled and trained or not, must be sent out, because we cannot allow the brave army now in the Crimea to be overpowered; and men are men, and will try to do their duty, although they may be deficient in their manual exercise. But willing recruits will rapidly become effective soldiers; and we are not without a suspicion that too much consequence has been hitherto attached in this country to proficiency in drill. We know what miracles were performed by the French republican armies, at the time when the conscripts were hurried from their homes, without preparation, to the field of battle: and if we had only men enough, we should entertain little apprehension on account of their deficiencies on parade. That men enough will offer, we entertain no doubt, if the Ministry will place the service upon its proper footing; but it is absolutely necessary that the men *should be properly armed*. Here, again, the Government has failed. It is more than two years since the vast superiority of the Minié rifle over the old musket became a recognised fact; and yet, so sluggish has Government been in availing itself of military improvement, that they have not taken means to insure an adequate supply: and our last detachments to the Crimea have gone out, armed with the antiquated weapon; which, owing to the difference of range, must occasion immense confusion in any case when regiments with different arms are brought into the field? Why was this? Were Birmingham and Sheffield not equal to the demand? Or are we again labouring under the baneful influence of cheap Government jobs, such as, in the last war, rendered many of the muskets useless, because, after a dozen discharges, there was no more steel from which the flints could elicit fire? The fact is notorious and acknowledged, that we have been furnishing our new troops from the old armoury. Yet, in the face of this, Mr. Sidney Herbert, the Secretary at War, rises in his place, and descants upon the infinite superiority of the new weapon! A more extraordinary speech than this of Mr. Herbert's we never remember to have perused. At the very moment when his colleague the Duke of Newcastle was admitting in the House of Peers the remissness, shortcomings, and miscalculations of the Ministry, Mr. Herbert in the House of Commons, was maintaining that they had exhibited throughout amazing promptitude, vigour, and sagacity! But he also must have his fling at the public at large, or at least at the House of Commons. Hear him first on the want of means:—

"You may argue that these reinforcements were small for a power like England, that can pour out its battalions like water. But I ask, on whom rests the responsibility that England, at the commencement of a war, must make small wars? It has been the fault of every parliament; we have always had the same

stereotyped system of economy in military affairs. I am speaking the whole plain truth in this matter. I am as much to blame as any one. I have held for some years the responsible situation of Secretary of War; and whenever I have brought forward, as I have done, what are called peace estimates, I have constantly been met with motions for large reductions. I say, therefore, that it has been the fault of all parties, all administrations, every parliament; I am afraid I cannot give my assent to any exception, however eager I may be to do so. I have seen administrations formed of various parties —I have seen them taking different courses on almost every conceivable subject; but on one they have agreed, and that has been the one to which I have alluded—one of improvident economy."

Pretty cool this, in the teeth of the fact that Mr. Gladstone, on the 6th of March last, asked no further increase on the army vote than a sum of £832,000, which, however, he afterwards supplemented on the 8th May by a further demand of £300,000. Will Mr. Herbert dare to insinuate that the hands of the Chancellor of Exchequer. were then tied by the ill-timed parsimony of the House of Commons — that he wanted more money, but could not get it, on account of the "stereotyped system of economy in military affairs?" Was he not then emphatically warned that it would be utterly impossible to conduct a great war, such as that in which we were engaged, with so petty an increase to the cost of the peace establishment? and was he not implored even by his opponents to do justice to the expectations of the country? Whose was the ill-advised suggestion that the expenses of the war should be defrayed year by year out of income—a crotchet to which, in all probability, the want of preparation is attributable? "Improvident economy" indeed! Highly complimentary this to Lord John Russell, the former reducer of the forces; and to Mr. Gladstone, who, no later than eight months ago, stated that he did not require more money! But we have not yet done with Mr. Sidney Herbert. Following up this thrust at Parliament, and at previous administrations, who never had the difficulties of a war question to grapple with, he fell foul of the House of Commons, and taunted them, by implication, for not joining WITH MINISTERS in giving effect to the feeling of the country!!! Here is his peroration, of which we shall only say that we defy the power of impudence to go further :—

"I ask those who, two months ago, were looking despondingly at the state of things, to look at the position of England now; and also to look at what has been the effect of the war already upon our enemy? In previous wars we had alliances with countries who took our money, but the governments of which sometimes intrigued against us. We are now in alliance with two of the greatest nations in Europe, and we see the opinion of Europe day by day coming nearer and nearer to us, while Russia is placed in a state of isolation. Her hostile army is intrenched in her own chief arsenal, and her fleet has been sunk by her own act, while her forts on the Caucasus have also been destroyed by her own hand. These are the effects of the first campaign. I ask, where can you find, in the history of England, a campaign of not more than a few months' duration attended with such results? But still I hope to see our army considerably increased; *and if you, the House of Commons, think it ought to be, tell us so.* I tell you that the country is determined, at all hazard and at all cost, that the army of Lord Raglan shall be supported. If the House of Commons does not answer to that feeling of the country, then the House of Commons must take the consequences; for, depend upon it, there is but one feeling upon this subject. We are engaged in a war which was entered upon with reluctance; we must carry it on vigorously to obtain that which is the object of all war—namely, peace; for peace, to be obtained, must be conquered. Let no exertions be spared which will enable us by vigorous operations to gain that end. I say further, if you think the Government worthy to be intrusted with those powers, then intrust them; but I would sooner a thousand times sink ten governments rather than any other policy should be adopted. I care not in whose hands the war is placed, provided it be carried out; and provided the representatives of the people honestly and truly carry out the determined will of the nation, that the noblest of armies shall be assured of the means—so far as human means can avail —to obtain a perfect triumph."

"*I hope to see our army considerably increased; and if you, the House of Commons, think it ought to be,* TELL US SO!" Why, what else has the

country and the House of Commons been dinning in the ears of these unhappy men ever since Russia began her aggressions? "Tell us so," forsooth! What opportunity had the House of Commons of telling them anything since the expedition sailed to the Crimea, seeing that the Ministry positively refused to summon Parliament for an autumnal session, and would not have called it together even now, but for the startling results of their own improvidence and miscalculation. "Tell us so," forsooth! For what purpose, we ask, is a Government formed but to devise measures for the public safety? Not unnaturally, when we hear such language uttered by a Minister in Parliament, do we ask ourselves whether, in truth, we have at this moment anything that can be called a Government. Who leads—who directs—who is the master-spirit of the Cabinet? How comes it that one Minister of the Crown parades as a political triumph the recent treaty with Austria, whilst another, on the self-same night, declares that it is practically worthless? Why have we confessions and apologies in one House of Parliament, and boasting and declamation in another? What unanimity can there be, when we find one member of the Cabinet characterising the political sentiments deliberately enunciated by two of his colleagues as "miserable election speeches?" Is Lord Aberdeen really at the head of affairs or not? If he is, then we say that his speeches and conduct throughout, regarding the Russian war, render him a most unfit person to occupy that position; and so universal is that feeling, that, if he were to tender his resignation to-morrow, nine-tenths of the people throughout the country would feel inclined to celebrate that event by an illumination. If he is not, who is the actual leader? Or is there absolutely none? And is each Minister in his own department allowed to carry on the public business as it seems best in his own eyes, without reference to common action? We fear very much that the latter is the true state of the case, and that the counsels of the Cabinet are paralysed by irreconcilable diversities of opinion.

We must, however, not lose sight as yet of Mr. Sidney Herbert. The great error which this gentleman committed lay in his attempt at making out a complete vindication for himself and his colleagues, which was clearly a hopeless, and certainly an impolitic effort. We are desirous to yield him every point to which he is really entitled to credit; and therefore we shall not criticise his details as to recent hospital arrangements, the equipment of a staff of Sisters of Mercy, or the supplies of clothing furnished when it became evident that our troops must winter in the Crimea. We say that we shall not criticise these things; and, considering the results, we think it will be generally allowed that we are pushing forbearance to the extreme.

Let him therefore shelter himself behind the skirts of Miss Nightingale, and take credit for whatever he pleases in the shape of hospital comforts, and of winter clothing. What, after all, does his statement amount to more than this, that the Government, when they found that their hospital arrangements were not only deficient, but utterly ineffective, availed themselves of voluntary offers to remedy them; and that, after winter had thoroughly set in, they considered it their duty to despatch warm clothing to the army in the Crimea? Are these performances for which Ministers are entitled to take credit? But have their efforts succeeded, or have they been made in time? On such points we must take the testimony of those upon the spot; and although it is most painful to reflect on what our brave fellows are enduring on the bleak heights of Sebastopol, it is better that we should know the truth, than remain under a flattering delusion. The special correspondent of the *Times* thus writes from the camp on 25th November:—

"It is now pouring rain—the skies are black as ink—the wind is howling over the staggering tents—the trenches are turned into dykes—in the tents the water is sometimes a foot deep—*our men have not either warm or waterproof clothing*—they are out for twelve hours at a time in the trenches—they are plunged into the inevitable miseries of a winter campaign—and not a soul seems to care for their comfort, or even for their lives. These are hard truths, but the people of England must hear them. They must know that the wretched beggar who wanders about the streets of London in

the rain leads the life of a prince compared with the British soldiers who are fighting out here for their country, and who, we are complacently assured by the home authorities, are the best appointed army in Europe. They are well fed, indeed, but they have no shelter, no rest, and no defence against the weather."

Again, on 27th November, he says:—

"Although the men are only left for twelve hours in the trenches at a spell, they suffer considerably from the effects of cold, wet, and exposure. The prevalent diseases are fever, dysentery, and diarrhœa; and in the Light Division, on which a large share of the labour of the army falls, there were 350 men on the sick-list a day or two ago. *The men's clothes are thread-bare and tattered, and are not fit to resist rain or cold.*"

It would be utterly unreasonable to expect that soldiers in the field should be secured against every privation, or that the Government can possibly foresee and provide for everything. We must expect to hear of many omissions, and ought not to be critical when it appears plainly that timely and strenuous exertions have been made. But we deny that the exertions were made timeously. Winter overtook our army on the bare hills of the Crimea without winter-clothing and without shelter; and even had the supplies sent out in the wrecked vessel, the *Prince*, been landed, no one surely could maintain that they were forwarded with sufficient promptitude. That they could have been procured and forwarded much earlier is evident, when we consider that the orders to undertake the expedition were sent out in June. On the whole, then, it appears to us, that no unprejudiced person can fail to arrive at one or other of the following conclusions—either that the Ministry have been guilty of gross neglect in not providing a sufficient reserve, and the necessary supplies for the troops engaged in the field—or that they had entirely miscalculated the nature of the enterprise, and most foolishly underrated the power and resources of their antagonist. It is for them to say upon which horn of the dilemma they prefer to be impaled.

Had space allowed, we should have been inclined to say a few words in reference to the treaty with Austria, which, though ostentatiously mentioned in the Speech from the Throne, was spoken of in terms which nearly bordered upon contempt by Lord John Russell on the first night of the Session. Mr. Sidney Herbert, founding no doubt upon the treaty, assured the House, as a substantive fact, that we were now "in alliance with two of the greatest nations in Europe;" meaning, of course, France and Austria. Lord John Russell, in the course of the same evening, admitted that Austria might resile at the last moment "without any breach of faith, and she would then be released from the alliance." It is not for us to attempt to reconcile such contradictory statements—neither do we choose to comment upon the prudence of the noble Lord's remark in the present posture of affairs. No long time must elapse before we have decisive proof either of the sincerity or of the bad faith of Austria; and it is the wisest course to abstain from discussion until we have something tangible before us. We have never joined in the attacks which have been directed against Austria by a considerable portion of the press of this country; on the contrary, we have endeavoured to show, from antecedents, that Austria, unlike Prussia, is faithful to her engagements, and possessed with a proper sense of her responsibility. We may of course be wrong in our estimate, but as yet we have seen nothing to make us alter our opinion.

We must now turn to that most extraordinary measure which the Ministry have introduced, in connection, as they say, with the bill for extending the services of the militia—we allude, of course, to the Foreign Enlistment Bill, by which power is taken to enlist foreign troops, to bring them over to this country for drill and preparation, and finally to despatch them for service abroad. This bill has already excited a profound sensation in the country, and has been encountered in Parliament by more than common opposition. The arguments against it have been most powerfully urged by Lords Derby, Ellenborough, and Hard-

wicke in the House of Peers, and in the House of Commons by Sir Lytton Bulwer, Lord Stanley, Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Whiteside, and a host of others, some of whom were so far from entertaining Conservative opinions that they represent the large urban constituencies. Mr. Milner Gibson, who sits for Manchester, and Mr. Muntz, who represents Birmingham, will not be suspected of factious opposition to the Government in regard to a measure which was denounced by the Conservative phalanx. The arguments for the bill have been few and feeble; and it was only in consequence of an expressed threat on the part of Ministers that they would resign if beaten upon that question, that they were enabled to obtain in either House a comparatively insignificant majority. Notwithstanding the length of the parliamentary discussions, we have still a word or two to say on this subject, and we shall approach it, so far as we can, in a spirit unbiassed by any party considerations. If we really believed that such a measure as this was necessary for the relief or support of our troops, and that it would tend ultimately to insure the success of our arms, we should give it our support, even had the necessity arisen purely from the mismanagement or negligence of the Ministry: for we are not such purists as to maintain that, on occasions of emergency, things otherwise doubtful may not be resorted to. The public safety we acknowledge to be paramount, and we are not inclined to be scrupulous when that is absolutely at stake. But it is the evident duty of men who propose extraordinary measures to demonstrate their necessity, and to show that they are likely to be efficacious. If they fail in doing so, their case is a very bad one; for they are asking the nation to consent to that which would not, under ordinary circumstances, be listened to for one moment. Before adverting to the arguments which suggest themselves against the ministerial measure, let us consider if its promoters have really established a case of necessity. If they have done so, then it is made patent to all Europe that we cannot carry on this war from our own resources—a confession so humiliating for a Ministry which declared war in March last, that we can hardly find words sufficiently strong to characterise it. We stop not here to comment upon the effect which such a confession must have upon the Czar, who, if he has begun to despair of success, must, of course, derive from it a fresh impulse and new confidence, and congratulate himself that he rules with absolute authority over some 68,000,000 of serfs, instead of being the head of 28,000,000 shopkeepers, with more extensive colonial possessions than any other state in Europe. We need not consider what effect this astounding admission may have on Austria, left free, as Lord John Russell states her to be, to ally herself with Britain or the reverse. We need not anticipate the inferences which Prussia and other German states will naturally draw, when they hear that, before the first campaign is over, we are obliged to tempt foreigners into our service. The Ministry has undertaken to show that this step is absolutely necessary; and they have proved the sincerity of their conviction by the strongest of all steps—to wit, a declaration that they would resign if the measure was not carried. That does look very like necessity; at least, it shows that, according to their programme for conducting the war, and the arrangements they are determined to persevere in, they have in reality no other resource.

Still it remains to be seen if *their* programme and *their* arrangements are suited to the emergency, before we can admit that such a case of necessity, as justifies a departure from the ordinary rules, has arisen. We entirely demur to that view. They tell us that recruits are coming in faster than they can be drilled and formed into regiments; and if, as we have suggested, they would raise the position and pay, not the bounty money, of the soldier, the labours of the recruiting sergeants would be light. Then why not appeal to the colonies, wherein a considerable force of trained soldiers is now stationed? If it is answered that such operations as these would require some time, we—waiving the obvious

remark that our present incapables, when they *had* time, did not avail themselves of it—reply, that it must also take much time before they can recruit, train, and dispatch their foreign legion to the Crimea. From what part of Europe is that legion to come? No one knows; even the Ministry do not affect to know. They may be Portuguese or they may be undiscovered ores in the wretched little principalities or duchies of Germany, whose rulers are too insignificant to take part in European politics—but they cannot be subjects of the greater powers. Nay, they cannot be subjects of the second-rate powers. We are perfectly certain that neither Sweden nor Denmark, nor Holland nor Bavaria, would sanction an enlistment like this, or allow recruiting within their territories; and, when you go lower, what sort of soldiers would you get? We know Germany indifferently well; and we do not hesitate to state that we would rather rely upon the courage, pluck, and endurance of any given number of men taken at random from the streets of London, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Glasgow, or Dublin, provided they had barely a month's training, than upon that of the same number of what are called disciplined soldiers from the minor states of Germany. That a Polish legion might be embodied with great effect we do not doubt; but it must be remembered that the Polish war of liberation, and the subsequent emigration, or rather exile, took place more than twenty years ago; and with every reliance on the gallantry of the men who might join it, it is hardly possible to trust to their *physique*. Besides, as Sir Lytton Bulwer very properly stated the case, the enrolment of a Polish legion, on an occasion like this, would be an implied pledge that, in the event of Russian defeat, Polish nationality should be restored. That may possibly, in the course of events, become another "necessity" for Europe; and if so, we shall rejoice at it; for, no doubt, the partition of Poland has been a cancer in the European body. But are Ministers prepared to take this step? We do not think so. It is a measure too bold for their adoption. They would rather have the fancy troops, levied from the Jenkins Gruffanuffs of Hesse-this or Saxe-the-other, than take the men whose hatred to Russia is undying. If so, they are doubly wrong. The Poles would fight to the death against their hereditary enemy; while the trained soldiers of the petty principalities, having no actual call to the contest beyond their stipend of a shilling English, or, as they would reckon it, six-and-thirty kreutzers per day, would take to their heels at the first discharge. We do not question the courage of the German people, or their aptitude to become good soldiers; but we say that you cannot get trained men from the minor German States to fight your battles in the East. We take it for granted that even the second-rate powers of Europe will oppose enlistment within their territories, for such permission would in fact be tantamount to a declaration of war with Russia. So long as the Germanic diet preserves neutrality, you cannot raise men *in* Germany with the consent of the sovereigns. You may indeed get men *from* Germany—that is to say, emigrants, outcasts, refugees, deserters, and what not; but is it really proposed to send regiments composed of such material to the Crimea? We do hope, for the safety of our army, that Ministers do not entertain any such intention. What dependence can be placed upon a legion of men, fighting not for their own nationality, their own country, their own sovereign, or their own faith, but simply for a miserable hire? If we are told that in former times mercenaries made good soldiers, and that the Dalgetties, though they might change their service so soon as their engagement expired, did nevertheless remain true to their covenant, we shall reply that the class of men who composed the mercenaries of the Thirty-years' War no longer exists in Europe; and that, if they did exist, war as now conducted would no longer admit of their employment. Is there no danger of hired troops flinching in the hour of danger—is there no risk of their desertion? A few days ago we observed in a London paper the following extract from the *Constitutionnel*, which we recommend to the attention of all who can see no harm in this design of

Ministers to amalgamate a base material with our British soldiery:—

"A Russian officer declared in dying, that we were betrayed by a deserter from the foreign legion. This man, it is said, informed the Russians that our batteries on the right were guarded with a certain degree of negligence; and it was in consequence of this that an attack on that point was decided on. It is known that the foreign legion, which is so remarkable for its bravery, counts a great many deserters in its ranks. The man to whom I refer is said to be a German; and persons ask if it would not have been prudent to have left in Africa all those who had deserted, especially those who have a certain affinity of race with the Russians!"

There is another point of great importance to be considered; and that is the effect which this announcement may have upon the army, and the recruiting at home. Is it likely to cheer the one, and to hasten forward the other? We greatly doubt it. We believe that it will prove as obnoxious to the soldiery as it is unpalatable to the nation at large; and already more than one officer of rank and reputation has raised his voice against it. We think it is of the utmost importance that Ministers, in a matter like this, should consult the feeling of the service; and as an evidence of that feeling, we insert an extract from a letter which Sir William Napier has addressed to the *Times*:—

"I will not say that the German Legion in the last war were not good and trusty soldiers—their cavalry were excellent; but, despite of the Duke of Richmond's generous eulogium, I will, with Lord Ellenborough, say, that neither they, nor any foreign troops, were able to equal the fighting of the British soldier. That legion was well composed; it was, indeed, a national force, with high moral motives, and with the gentlemen of their own country as officers; they were thus presented in the best possible form that foreigners could assume in another nation's service; and gallant things they could and did do; but emulate the terrible fighting of the British soldier they could not. And shall a mere mercenary band, picked up for gold, without national feeling—poor miserable hirelings, selling their limbs and lives—ay! their very souls for lucre—ready, without a cause, if paid, to murder, to slay, or be slain, and, of course, ready to change sides for higher pay if good occasion offer—shall such varlets stand in line beside our noble soldiers who fight shouting 'England! England!' and dying murmur, 'We have done our duty!'

"When did German or Switzer, Prussian or Austrian, stand before the gallant French in equal battle? And those brilliant, fierce, impetuous French, could even they sustain the might and terror of British battle, though, glorious soldiers that they are and ever have been, they returned to the combat as unceasingly as waves beating against rocks? Such as they are indeed fit and worthy to stand abreast with the unconquerable red line that never yields, and, together, they will trample in the dust any troops in the world that presume to oppose them. But let them not be shamed by finding a hired third-rate selection from inferior sources between themselves and their British comrades. Let them not be told to depend on the dressed-up foreigners—poor frauds, like the camels of Semiramis, accoutred as elephants, and sure to leave dark silent gaps where loudest shouts and fiercest fires should stream forth in the hour of need. Shall the stern infantry of Inkermann, striding in blood; shall the proud cavalry of Balaklava—those noble horsemen who accepted, not an order, but a doubtful sign only, to go bounding on, as it were, to the open jaws of death; shall they have as comrades the refuse hirelings of Germany and Switzerland? God forbid!'

Besides this, we entirely coincide with the opinion expressed by Mr. Milner Gibson, that the principle of the bill is opposed to the law of nations, and that, under the circumstances in which this country is placed, it may be very dangerous. It is an advertisement that we are willing to hire foreigners without compromising the neutrality of the States to which they belong. If such States do not sanction the enlistment, then, depend upon it, this measure will be wholly inoperative. If they do sanction the enlistment, certainly Russia will not regard them as neutral, and we may be involved in endless complications. What if Russia were to retaliate by hiring the privateers of the United States? In the words of Mr. Gibson, "should we not be told that a country might 'let out' its forces without forfeiting its neutrality, and that we had ourselves laid down that principle by a deliberate act of the British Parliament?" This point, well and ably urged, and of vast importance, not

only now, but hereafter, was not met in the course of the debate, either by Ministers or their supporters. In fact, they could not meet it; for the more this scheme is analysed and examined, the more objectionable does it appear. There is no use disguising the fact. The bill was carried against the convictions of the great majority of the House, for this reason, that many members would not undertake the responsibility of refusing any means which Ministers thought fit to suggest for reinforcing our army in the Crimea at the present emergency. For, be it observed that the Ministry have distinctly and emphatically declared that, in their judgment, this measure is necessary for *immediate support*, and that Parliament was summoned to enable them to pass it without delay. Well then, we shall see. They have carried their measure, but we do not believe that in consequence of it any effective reinforcements can be sent to the Crimea in time for the purpose contemplated. We believe this to be a great political blunder, certainly not the least among those which the Aberdeen Cabinet has committed; and we are apprehensive that it may prove a waste to the resources of the country instead of an augmentation of its strength. The last accounts from the Crimea are of the most painful and appalling kind. Through the incapacity and neglect of these infatuated men, our army is in such a position that reinforcements would rather add to their distress than alleviate it. Of all the boasted and paraded supplies, none, according to the last accounts, are available. But were it otherwise, when would this legion be ready for service? For, mark this, there are certain preliminaries. We have to enlist the men—to bring them here—to drill and form them in Britain—and then to despatch them to the Crimea. Will they arrive in time for the storming of Sebastopol? or is this a measure, brought in by themselves, under false pretences, to mask some ulterior object? If so, let them beware, for they are playing a perilous game. The nation is thoroughly in earnest—roused from its apathy—and they may find that resignation of office will not be accepted as an entire immunity for what they have done, or what they have failed to do. Hitherto they have been leniently dealt with, but they must now expect to be watched, and watched closely, and to be judged according to the vast measure of the responsibility which they have undertaken. If the guidance of the affairs of Britain—if the occupancy of the highest posts in the realm—are legitimate objects of ambition, they do also involve an awful load of responsibility, and woe be to those who neglect the public interest in the present crisis and temper of the nation!

Parliament will not meet again before the 23d of January. We shall see what effect the measures which have now been passed at the solicitation of the Ministry shall have produced by that time. Some things, now mysterious, may before then be explained; and God grant that ere then the supplies of which we have heard so much may have become available for those brave men in the Crimea, for whose sufferings the national heart is aching! We are at all events glad that this short meeting of Parliament has been held. Ministers have had the opportunity of explaining their conduct hitherto; and the explanations, such as they are, are now before the country. Let them be weighed and considered. Let their opportunities, their means, and the support that they have received from the nation, be contrasted with their actions, their omissions, and their explanations. They can ask no more; and let the general voice of the country pronounce the verdict. We doubt not what that verdict will be.

Most assuredly, among the means which, in our opinion, would be most conducive to the conduct of the war, in a manner befitting the greatness of this country, the ignominious dismissal of a large section of her Majesty's present Ministry would not be the least effective. That it will come, and before any long period elapses, we do not doubt; but it may, like their own measures, come "too late;" and we entreat our representatives seriously to consider, whether the resignation of these incapable men would be as calamitous as a snow-storm of eight-and-forty hours' duration in the Crimea, in the present unprotected state of our soldiers.

CIVILISATION.—THE CENSUS.

EDUCATION.

HAVE you duly considered, my dear Eusebius, the impertinence of being alive at your time of life?—an impertinence to those who are to succeed you, and are waiting for you to make room for them (I mean not your successors in blood and affection—they would wish you never to depart—but those who, crowding in upon vitality, as the Census says, rather want your room than your company)—an impertinence, too, flying in the face of Gulliver Census, who has already noted you down as a probable defunct, and will have the vexation of altering his half-cooked next return.

A great man once declared his love of life in these strange words, "I don't care if *I* am hanged, provided it be a hundred years hence." A friend present, whose love of life was as great, and his hatred of any limitation greater, asked him if he was quite serious, adding, "For my part, then, I wish I may be present, and assist in singing the penitential psalm." Eusebius, consider what daily, hourly provocations to die both these gentlemen must have experienced, in the taunts and insinuations of expectants and census-makers—all plainly saying, you have no business to be alive on the face of the earth. The very children in the villages will be taught census-reading and life-calculations, in village schools, under Government inspectors; and, as holiday sport, hoot after such superannuates as you, and try to pelt you into the church-yard—alas! not before your time.

Keep up, Eusebius, your pleasant humour to the last! Remember how near the 30th of March is to "All Fools' Day;" and serve the officers and official annual inquisitor, when he next comes, sure of booking you as defunct, as Madam B. did her heir—a sprightly old lass in her hundredth year. She rang her bell violently at one in the morning, and when the nephew came down to receive her last breath and his inheritance, she lifted her jocund face from the bed-clothes, and reminded him it was the 1st of April. But you must be prepared for another examination besides that of your age. I see clearly, by the encroachments already made, what is further threatened. The people's ignorance will be strictly inquired into; and do not flatter yourself that you will escape the scrutiny. You will be surprised, as you are presented by a Government inspector with schedule A, B, or C, at the amount of your own ignorance. Old as you are, you must expect to be registered into an adult school; for it is the impertinent maxim of Quinbus Flestrin that no man is too old to learn. You will be booked in his "Dunciad," wise as you thought yourself, and other folks believed you to be. Then you will have to reflect what a bad man you must be; for nowadays all crimes are in the educational alembic resolved into *ignorance*. Even so, Eusebius, however you may raise your venerable eyebrows at the new philosophy,—whatever ill is done in the world, is all through ignorance. It is a great discovery. It is not the heart but the head, that is in fault. Hitherto it has had the cunning to escape by vicarious punishment far off from itself; but the old whipt parts are emancipated; all the known vices are driven to the head, in order that they may be thence at once scientifically expelled by invisible evaporation under a high educational pressure. Thus the fox, when troubled with fleas, goes tail foremost into the water, forces his troublesome backbiters upwards upon his head and his tongue, then ducks down, drowns his enemies, and comes out on dry land, ready for any inspectors, with a clean bill of health. And so will the people, however bad, be cured (and certificates given) by this high-headpressure process. But the process will require skill, and therefore none less than Government inspectors, together with Quinbus Flestrin, will be allowed to operate; for some experiments have unfortunately

proved that a head unskilfully managed may become a *caput mortuum*, and, in many cases, to use proper scientific phrase, an "exhausted receiver." You cannot conceive the wonders an Act of Parliament can do!—it is already compelling chimneys to consume their own smoke, and it will compel heads (which are alone in fault) to consume their own vices. Thus will both atmospheres, the moral as well as the air we breathe, be purified, and wicked man by this new exhalation and inhalation be within the process of conversion into an angel. You surely will not unadvisedly call in question the intuitive wisdom of our Minister for the Home Department, whose business it is to know with extreme accuracy all that relates to our home civilization and capabilities of the people, especially when now he has nothing else to do but to cultivate peace and our domesticity in the midst of war; thus sacrificing his natural propensity, advanced by experience, and from a lion abroad becoming a lamb at home, a believer in innocence, the companion and teacher of children. You will not doubt that he has well weighed the matter, seeing with what silent loathing he turns away from the sinners his colleagues, with what affectionate solicitude towards his sinless protegées. We have been all in the wrong, and badly taught, when we believe that the "heart is deceitful above all things," and that it has by nature any wickedness in it. The Secretary for the Home Department assures the people of England, that, far from being "born in sin," all children are born good—that it is by mixing with evil people only that they become bad. No one has had greater experience of such associates. It is desirable, Eusebius, that he should evolve a little more clearly this new philosophy; for here is a dilemma—if all are born good, so must have been those from whom the wickedness is learnt. How came they by it? How came it into their heads? for in course of his argument their hearts can have nothing to do with it. And if all are thus naturally good, what possible use can there be in all this projected education, which professes to make them good? Yet we must remember that good is only a *positive* good, to be converted by the grammar of our day-schools into its *comparative* better, and, under inspector's teaching, into a *superlative* best.

Take all this, my dear Eusebius, as mere preface or prelude to the solemnity of the Census, to which I must introduce you. Tragedy, tragi-comedy, and even broad farce, are not brought upon the stage without a prelude; and you will think, perhaps, the Census entitled to one, as in some degree partaking of all three.

But I must enter a short prefatory protest against being misunderstood by any to whom you may show this letter, as if I were an enemy to the people's education. You know me better, Eusebius—far from it! I wish that every man, woman, and child within these realms should be taught reading, writing, and arithmetic. I wish much more, that every man had daily served up to him, by visible or invisible hands, with his pot of good ale and his hot steak, the *Times* newspaper, for the very purpose of the reading of which, and newspapers in general, the "education of the people" has been so continually forced upon public consideration. But being no "contributor" to the *Times*, I do not want to be a contributor *for* it. Let it go to the Education Committees gratis—well and good—I will extend my wishes to that. The people's ignorance is welcome to my benevolence that way, and I claim no merit upon it, for, as Sydney Smith said, it is a common virtue, this benevolence. "A never sees B in distress but he wishes C to relieve him." I don't wish to be taxed that every man, woman, and child should read the *Times;* and I mistrust any education-tax, not only for its impracticabilities, which are many, but because it is not needed. On the contrary, I feel convinced that it would be impossible to keep back education. The people of all grades are in that state that they will have it. We are not in a dead-alive epoch of the human history. The very fact of a daily press of consummate ability, and of varied and ever-applicable information, has created, and is further creating, a necessity for education. The freer circulation of the

business of the world, of markets, and of all trades, imposes such a necessity. A farmer cannot now count his cattle, as Proteus did his sea-calves, by his five fingers. The people, left to themselves, will be sure universally to acquire the three great elements of learning—reading, writing, and arithmetic. They know very well that without these they will be as foreigners in their own land who want a language. But education, in busybody-sense, means a great deal more than that—a portion of certainly useful with a vast quantity of very useless knowledge.

I here *for the present* entirely separate religious education from the schemes (an education the importance of which no man ought to doubt), because, however it is put forth as a motive, it is not the animus of the mass of promoters, and because it really depends, in the first place, upon the basis of the elementary learning. Will not elementary learning insure every other learning according to capabilities? They who can write and read well have their foot upon the ladder. They who can, and whose benefit it is to climb, will, and surely vast numbers do climb; but shall I be met by the anathema of inquisitors and inspectors if I assert not only the impracticability of some to climb, but that it is best for them that they should not? All-wise Providence, the universal maker of the machinery of Nature, fits individuals for *One* community: Nature therefore gives out—elaborates in the complicated evolutions of her working—more varied capacities than even the best philosophers wot of. Society is made up of classes—it will never do to have too many in one class. Works of different kinds are to be performed, and well performed; therefore, as nature evidently regulates the balance of sexes, so does the same nature economise and distribute capacities. Due proportions are born for head-work and for hand-work, and these in multiplied gradations. This is visible in physical formation. The broad hand and broad foot are for their peculiar labour: they hold firmly and press down strongly the spade in the earth. With handicraft or manufacture springs up another form, of less strength, but more apt agility. And so similar adaptations run through all nature—civilisation, in other words, society, is the collective result. Society wants a certain number gifted with high inventive faculties, others to work out their inventions. One Newton is enough in an age. Had we many Newtons at a time, there would be confusion and comparison in a people's mind, and not the one great result. I doubt not that there must be a certain number of Master Slenders, very many of them for every Newton, and for every—no, for the one—Shakespeare who immortalised them. Gravity must be lightened by merrymaking; society must have its mirth, or it will be a sad world. We must have tragedy to sober down the too abundant comedy of errors of life, and comedy to cheer, when the fountains of sorrow have poured out all their tears. Be it not said with disrespect to his ermine, the buffoon is necessary as the judge; and *that* poor rank can more easily bear multiplication than the better and wiser. The player, whom the census-maker. in a splenetic mood of Puritanism, classes with vagabonds, acts his due part in the drama of amalgamated society, as on his own histrionic boards. The poor tumbler who uses his head as his heels holds his place properly, and may claim for his art a recognition among the social virtues. Some are gifted with stronger heels than heads, perhaps fewer with heads stronger than their heels. Such are the elements of society all the world over, coming out, like the stars themselves, in the night of the world, to fulfil their several parts, high and low, shining, or more obscure, as they are wanted in civilised and uncivilised society. I fear wisdom would be unheeded if folly did not walk behind and hold up her train. It will be a vain attempt for any model schoolmaster at home or abroad to pare or to dilate the heads of all these pupils for the world's school to one measure. You cannot fit the head to the cap; you may fit a cap to a head. Make one for all, and it will be large enough to hide many faces. You will make but a "fool's cap" of it, as some do; and perhaps they are wanted, that there may be some fool's play, and the world have its laugh. If this be

so, Eusebius, where is the wonderful education-cap for all scholars? What a conjuror must the master-man be who shall profess truly to fit it on. Oh for the new professorship!

Of necessity how varied must education be. No one centralised manufactured scheme can be suited to all; and here is the mistake that is made. The education for a high class is thrust upon all classes. Hence the many who do not, cannot, and whom nature never intended to come up to it, are put down by statisticians as ignorant; while a still more miscalculating sect of a n w philosophy, taking advantage of thi s epithet *ignorant*, make it the apo ogy for crime, and deprecate punishments. The people of this country, Eusebius, the great mass of the people, are not ignorant. Few, indeed, are so little informed as the fashion is to make the multitude appear to be.

Great as may have been the progress of education in England and Wales from the commencement of the present century, and wide as may have been the benefit arising from it, surely the Census Report a little exaggerates the old evil to magnify the present good. "The records and the recollections which describe society so recently as fifty years ago, bear testimony to a state of ignorance and immorality so dense and general, that if any member of the present generation could be suddenly transported to that early period, he would probably be scarcely able, notwithstanding many abiding landmarks, to believe himself in England, and would certainly regard the change which half a century has witnessed in the manners of the people as but little short of the miraculous. Comparison is scarcely possible between the groups of gambling, swearing children—no unfavourable example of young England, then—whom Raikes of Gloucester, in 1781, with difficulty collected in the *first Sunday-school*, and any single class of the 2,400,000 scholars, who now gather with alacrity, and even with affection, round their 318,000 teachers." Nor is this view either of manners or affection quite kept up in the account of the difficulties besetting the ragged-school teachers. You will find this note p. lxvi.

"The ordeal through which a ragged-school teacher has to pass is occasionally one of no trifling character. Mr. Locke describes himself as having been sometimes obliged, by the attacks of his protegés, to fly from the school, and seek the protection of the police." You remember well—for you have often repeated the lines—Goldsmith's description of the village school, scholars, and master, Goldsmith painted from nature; there was *some* good bringing-up at any rate in those days. But Goldsmith, it will be said, does not describe children in the towns, but a country village. True, and that village was in Ireland. But that town-population of children, an adventitious population, did not then exist as now; it was the creation of the present century. Before that infantine aggregation in manufacturing towns, education in England, with regard to the class he has introduced into his poem, may be supposed to have been not unfairly described. The great want of education sprang up with the manufacturing system, under which, at an early age, children were removed from their parents, artificially brought up, scarcely knowing a home, and thus excluded from the ameliorating charities of life. And if manners are spoken of, it is not very easy to put a philosophic finger upon the cause. For manners among the best educated have also changed. Intoxication, for instance, how has it departed; and that which was a fashion is now the lowest vulgarity. And this is a change not altogether to be ascribed to any great advancement in those classes in learning. But if under manners—*mores*—morals are to be included, there is not quite so much reason to boast as may be assumed; outward manners may hide very bad morals. There has a great change also taken place in our whole trade-system, so as to alter for the worse the character of our trading population. Trade honesty used to be the pride of England. Where is it gone? When it is acknowledged that every article of trade is almost universally adulterated; that it is a delusion to imagine you can obtain anything genuine; and when it is taken into account what a very large proportion of our population are ma-

nufacturing traders and shopkeepers, statisticians may have reason somewhat to doubt of our moral improvement. See how widely these iniquities extend, and to what degree the population must be vitiated. Take the case I alluded to in my last letter — the adulteration of tea. They who adulterate it do it not too privately: every tradesman employs many hands—they must be cognisant of the cheat; they are therefore corrupted: if they are fathers, they of course corrupt their children. In the instance quoted children were employed, sent out to strip certain trees of leaves, for the known purpose of adulteration. Surely, Eusebius, it is in these middle classes of great and petty tradesmen that moral education is mostly wanted. While the villanous system of fraud is allowed to exist and to progress as it does, it is very discouraging to scheme for a people's education in mere learning. There is another kind of education going on, which makes the proposed learning a dubious good, and establishes schools to make sharpers. I cannot find space to express adequately the abhorrence, the disgust, and the indignation at the sufferance of these iniquities. They are spreading and corrupting the whole people. Our criminal population is engaging the attention of Legislature — experiments are tried to convert convicted prisoners into good citizens by education. But the trade criminals, the general adulterators are not prisoners; theirs is a game of less risk. But if they become not prisoners themselves, they make prisoners, for by so wide an example of dishonesty they put a mockery on fair dealing, and infect all below them. A wholesome severity upon criminals of this description would be the best preliminary step in the education of the people.

According to the opinion of the Census, what proportion of the population should be under tuition? It is calculated that in England and Wales there ought to be at school 4,908,696 children. And what is the school age? "Some send their children to school as early as from three to four; while others retain them at home till five or six. So some remove their children from school at the age of ten or twelve, whilst others defer this step till the age of sixteen or seventeen. Nevertheless, sufficient agreement exists to enable us to indicate the earliest age at which instruction from home *in general* commences, and the latest age at which it *generally* terminates; and if we fix upon three as the former period, and fifteen as the latter, these, perhaps, will fairly represent the two extremes, beyond which scarcely any day-scholars, in the ordinary elementary schools, can be reasonably expected to be found. Doubtless some few children go to school *before* three, and some stay later than fifteen." The writer laments the extent to which the demand for juvenile labour interferes with school instruction. If, however, they are to begin at three, I should rather make it a subject of lamentation that they have so little time for the enjoyment of infantine life. It is frightful to think that work, whether at school or in other employment, is to commence so soon, and to last so long. Children are placed out as early as nine in permanent farm situations. It is much worse in manufactories. "Children begin to be employed in factories in needle-making, in button-making, as errand boys, and in various other capacities, some as early as six, others at any time from six to ten." Poor children! How are they sacrificed by thousands. What is the age of a child at Liverpool and Manchester? We read with horror of the poet's fabulous monster, that once in many years was to be appeased by the sacrifice of one young and beautiful victim. How many must annually die to satiate our trade monster!

Here is an extract foom a recent *Times*:—

"At Liverpool there is a large Irish population, living as they do everywhere. At Manchester and Salford, more than two hundred children have perished from diarrhœa. '*The reason*,' says the Registrar, 'is to be found in the out-door occupation of the mothers, and consequent neglect of the children, and in the indifference with which the early symptoms of disease in the very young are usually regarded."

Much has been said in the Census

of "the family" as a social institution—of the reform which had taken place with regard to it in the reign of George III. "The family" is the very root of the people's civilisation, for all virtues begin by being home virtues. Has this institution been sufficiently considered in connection with our educational views? I fear not. The temptation of early wages under which parents of the lower classes have broken up their homes, and dispersed their young children to the towns, has unquestionably damaged this institution of the family. But another damage has been inflicted by the educational mania. Kind and most benevolent have been the motives everywhere at work to set up schools; but has there been an equal discretion? As I said before, I repeat that the lower classes of themselves, if left to themselves, in the present day, would have their children educated. Have we been wise in so largely taking it out of their hands? You and I can remember, Eusebius, when it was an object with the poor to give their children a little schooling; when it was an object, and caused frugality and forethought; and forethought of this kind greatly promotes family affections. It was a care which begat love. There was a sense of a want which the parent ought to supply, for the benefit of his child; and it is notorious that the more urgent these wants are, as they become the perpetual thought and care, so does affection increase. It is the sickly child that, most needing and obtaining this continual care and attention, is most loved. Now, have not modern educationists too much disregarded these social ties, these domestic cares? Have they done wisely in relieving parents of their natural cares? Excepting in cases of notoriously bad and profligate fathers and mothers, I would not have these homes interfered with. It is ultimately injurious to remove from them the cares and responsibilities which nature has wisely imposed. I have always looked with suspicion, especially in country villages, upon infant-schools—have seen the working of them, their effects upon both parents and children. In both, affection is loosened. These schools may be capable of more judicious management; but in general the parents are too much relieved from the necessity of thought about their children. There are plenty of good people to take the care off their hands. These cares are softening cares; remove them, and the heart becomes harder. True is the picture of humanity—of

"Wisdom with her children round her knees."

It is the picture of parental education—the best, the very best, the only best, for the very young. And what did the good mother Wisdom teach her children gathered round her knees? She did not send them to the dull sleep of weariness, with Mrs. Barbauld's monotone inanities; she did not disgust them with incomprehensible letter-cards and book-pages. She kept them alive, and set their affections active, through natural curiosity; and thus all the young beauty of their minds was growing up healthy, together with their bodies, under an easy and pleasant exercise. Blessed and blessing were the fire-side or sunny door-side words, "Once upon a time." Horrible is it to take a child at three years of age—the Census age—from this "Once upon a time," and the mother's knee, to put it in education's coop, and have it crammed, like poultry for the market, as a "hand" for a factory. How I have heard you, Eusebius, pity the poor children! I remember your looking at a group of them, and reflecting, "For of such is the kingdom of Heaven;" and turning away thoughtfully, and saying, "Of such is the kingdom of Trade!" A child of three years of age, with a book in its infant hands, is a fearful sight. It is too often the death-warrant, such as the condemned stupidity looks at—fatal, yet beyond his comprehension. What should a child three years old—nay, five, six years old—be taught? Strong meats for weak digestions make not bodily strength. Let there be nursery tales and nursery rhymes. I would say to every parent, especially every mother, sing to your children, tell them pleasant stories; if in the country, be not too careful lest they get a little dirt upon their hands and clothes; earth is very much akin to us all, and, in

children's out-of-door play, soils them not inwardly. There is in it a kind of consanguinity between all creatures: by it we touch upon the common sympathy of our first substance, and beget a kindness for our "*poor relations*," the brutes. Let children have a free open-air sport; and fear not though they make acquaintance with the pigs, the donkeys, and the chickens—they may form worse friendships with wiser-looking ones: encourage a familiarity with all creatures that love to court them—dumb animals love children, and children them. There is a language among them which the world's language obliterates in the elder. It is of more importance that you should make your children loving than that you should make them wise—that is, book-wise. Above all things, make them loving; then will they be gentle and obedient; and then, also, parents, if you become old and poor, these *will* be better than friends that will never neglect you. Children brought up lovingly at our knees, will never shut their doors upon you, and point where they would have you go. Intellect alone, however cultivated, only makes monsters. We hear a great deal of "training-schools," Eusebius, as if children were to lead dogs' lives, and be trained for the pursuit of Trades' game. There should be some "training-schools" for nurses and mothers, to teach them the *reverence* that is due to children—

"Maxima debetur pueris reverentia."

Reverence is a good word; it means a thorough thoughtfulness and care in all we say and do before them, for all done and said before them is their lesson. They are always learning, indoors or in open air—they are teaching themselves most when they are oftenest reproved as idle, seeking a work suitable, and making for themselves experiences. They build with mud, they arithmetise with stones, they practise their fingers to handicraft, and their curiosity is teaching them a thousand things in the best way. It is a pity to stop the growth, and drive them into a hot school, where, not the mother, but strangers will take them in hand—and the life-blood of home, of the "social family," stagnates. You once said, Eusebius, that you felt sure Shakespeare meant to read a moral lesson to parents in his *King Lear*. That Cordelia had been sung to, and told nursery tales, and played with in sunny hours in green gardens; and that Regan and Goneril had been sent to a model school at the earliest age, never sang to, knew no nursery rhymes, and had been made wise in their generation. All a child sees and hears is a child's natural education; when that education is easy, inartificial, the temper is kept sweet,—and that is much. It is a bad thing when they honour strangers more than their fathers and mothers; and when they are taught to do that, and are packed off to factories, no wonder is it if they soon have not the blessing annexed to the family honouring, and that their lives are not "long in the land."

In looking into this Census, I see but two things noticed to make up a child's life—book-education and work. You may calculate ages, you may count hours—you will find none for amusement. If not at school, they are supposed to be sick, or employed elsewhere. When their factory-day work is over they are to go to "evening schools:" thus education is to them a poison, and not always a slow poison. They who escape the first dangers are placed in another hot-bed of education, and forced, so that they often make up a fine show for the admirers of useless knowledge. I was quite delighted when I heard of a benevolent scheme to counteract the bad schemes, and to teach "common things."

Let there not be too much parrot education; show-children are made to appear amazingly clever, and, like the conceited birds, proud of their feathers; but they have not a bit the more sense, and are too deficient in the knowledge of the common things they ought to know, and parrot work it is. Our old friend C., the kindest of men, who lived cheerful, good, and wise till past ninety, told me that, when invited to an examination of a school, he grew weary of the regular question and answer, and, unexpectedly taking a boy by the arm, asked him, "What is your duty to your father and mother?" The boy replied according to his routine card, "It's

all sin and misery." There is often acquired, too, a fine language which is not natural to them, and not "understanded" of their fathers and mothers. But the "mother tongue" will not be under perpetual restraint—"Naturam expellas furcâ tamen usque recurret"—It must be a strong gag that will ever keep on nature's mouth. A clergyman told me the other day that he felt a trifling gratification, of which it would be considered he ought to be ashamed. Leaving a parochial school where both inspector and scholars had been flourishing, he went his rounds, and came to a cottage where he found a natural language he did not expect to hear from a pet scholar. She was saying to her mother words unfit for educational report. "Thee wousn't if thee cousn't." Well, if that *was* her mother-tongue, I wonder what the amalgamation with other tongues will make it at last. It will be a poor education, indeed, that will not, and that very soon, setting aside the knowledge of common things, insist upon more languages than are yet taught; for educationists are encroaching upon all "languages, peoples, and nations"—their tongues will be to be taught as well as their histories and geographies. I see Latin and Greek have already invaded the Educational Report. Where so much is taught, how little can be really acquired. It is said of "Hearsay's" scholars that they learned in a trice, and discoursed fluently of things prodigious, the hundredth part of which would take a man's whole life to have well known. What are "common things" but those things which are to be done by men and women? Agesilaus, when asked what was best for boys to learn, wisely replied, "What they ought to do when they shall be men"

Socrates disapproved of the universal teaching of geometrical diagrams, δυσξυνέτων διαγραμμάτων, hard to be understood, enough to occupy a whole life, and take away the scholar "from many matters of useful knowledge." It is better if a ploughman knows the measure of his own field than the acreage of Attica, and the strength of his own team than that of Hannibal's elephants. Individual businesses and professions acquire nothing by leaping over their own walls into the knowledge-preserves that belong to other classes. Geometry will be of little use to him who is 'prenticed to the pestle and mortar. It would be idle to send a tailor's boy to Woolwich to learn gunnery, who is destined "more to be honoured in the *breech*" than in making of breaches. There is, after all, some sense in "Ne sutor ultra crepidam." M. Soyer will not be so foolish as to examine his cooks in mathematics: pies, pattypans, and lollipops are as noble-sounding words for the young confectioner's science as parallelopipedons.

The old sophister's tricks, that were expelled by ridicule, are coming round again. Children, whatever their destinies are to be, will be taught, like the Laputans, to cut their bread into cones, cylinders, and parallelograms. Inspectors not learned in "The Clouds" will again be insisting upon the measurement of the leap of a flea. There is many a young woman who cannot make or mend a gown, and is ignorant of a thousand useful domestic items that contribute to home-comfort, who is to be asked such questions as I see in the Report-Educational, under heading "Female Training-Schools." "Explain the origin and formation of the following words: First—neither, if, twain, more, manly, which, wrong, farthing, Wednesday." "What English words are derived from the following—Sto, jungo, Mors, loquor, dens, fluo, mordeo, facio?" Don't think, Eusebius, this jingo-lingo is any fabrication of mine. Look in the Report; you will find the cask according to the sample. A list of inspectors' educational questionings should be headed, "The art of learning everything and knowing nothing;" or, how young ladies and gentlemen of every grade may be taught to converse or lecture fluently for the greatest length of time and yet say nothing—

> "E quella soavissima
> Arte tanto eloquente
> Che sa si lungo spazio,
> Parlar, senza dir niente."
>
> "Thou sweetest art to talk all day;
> Be eloquent—and nothing say."

Examiners, too, busily set themselves to inquire what their scholars

know, not what they think. They get from them what is on their tongues, not much that is in their minds. Master and scholar stand on non-conductors—electric sympathy is cut off. They know not each other really, and only fancy they do by the false signs of their learning. The natural curiosity of the scholar, which would impel him to ask and inquire, is driven into a corner, crowded and jostled, and in danger of suffocation from the multitude of dead men's thoughts: it cannot expand to the wholesome air of inquiry, shrinking from the "*density and proximity*" of the uncongenial and oppressive neighbourhood. I should like to see the inspector oftener submit to be questioned, that the scholar's mind may have a little play. Let him be set thinking; this would be good exercise: for lack of habit of this kind, when taken out of his routine, out of his knowledge-harness, the scholar is apt to be staggered, and can't go a step. But I heard the other day from a gentleman who was present on an inspector's examination of a union of schools, how unexpectedly a boy raised a laugh against his inspector. This examiner had ventured to ask the school for their thoughts, but in the mass they wanted practice, and had none to show. He had been—doubtless very properly, and I dare say with acute good-sense—descanting on the wisdom and benevolence shown in the structure of our organs: the eye was the subject, and he most likely took the hint from the admirable dialogue Socrates held with Aristodemus the atheist. Be that as it may, however, he at last asked his scholars what they thought upon the matter—had they any remarks to make, did anything strike them? No, nothing—they were dumb. Still the question was repeated, had they observed nothing extraordinary in the eye? Then at last one boy, who had just had a thump in the back from a monitor for inattention, said, "I have a thought." "What is it?" said the inspector. "Why," said the scholar, "I am thinking that since, as you say, it is so good that our two eyes be placed in front, that if we had another pair at the back of our heads, we should see who comes a'ter us." "This palpable hit" touched every boy's practical experience. The laugh could not be put down. The inspector's attempt to turn it against the young Four-eyes (a name he has acquired) failed. It was to little purpose he reminded the scholar, that, in such a case, he could not defend himself without turning round, his arms being placed as they are; for the boy's inference was, that four arms would be better than two. The inspector was fairly beaten, and relinquished a scheme he had proposed of lecturing on the ear and other organs. Notwithstanding which you will take it for granted, Eusebius, that the generous inspector joined in the general laugh. There was a double lesson learnt that day; master and scholar learnt something original. That boy should be encouraged. He is an incipient inspector.

A sympathy between masters and scholars is much wanted; it is the very soul of teaching well—a certain bond that those under instruction should have a share in it. There is something of this in the Bell and Lancaster system; but it had before then been carried into practice in our public schools. Their great advantage over private schools was, that much of the discipline, as well as some of the knowledge-teaching, was left to the youths themselves. Their responsibilities gave them thought, self-reliance, and drew out into action, preparatory for the larger world, their characters. The order of the school was far better than as if a master had done it all. Every one must remember the story of little Cyrus made a judge among his playfellows. To make, in a great measure, the scholar the school's regulator is an educational maxim not sufficiently understood. Scholars, like men in a free State, love the order they themselves set up, readily obey laws which themselves impose. They thus learn at once two things which most in after life are called upon in some degree or other to do—to command and to obey. Are you acquainted, Eusebius, with the little history of a very great thing—the setting up and continuance of Price's Candle Company's Educational Establishment? If you are not, get, if you can procure, their Reports, or read an account of it in the *Quarterly Review* for April 1852. It is the work of one

man. He has done more to show how to set about the education of the people than a century of legislative enactments could effect, and put upon a thousand blue-books. Blessed, indeed, has been the work of one man —Mr. Wilson, the manager. His maxim has been from the beginning, Oversight, not interference; so did he wondrously influence both adults and children. The narrative is most touching. Oh, if such philanthropy were but catching! I will not give you a single quotation; for if you know not this little history, you must. You will love it to your heart's core, and the originator as a prime man in England, which you will love more for having him.

The beauty of such systems of education as Mr. Wilson's is, that its tendency is to restore, to a better than its original state, that one good of feudality, too much of which it is the tendency of democracy to destroy—the family institution—the mutual dependence—the virtue there was in later clanship—mutual relationship and dependence without a shadow of absolutism. It is the family Institution which civilises. Civilisation has been my theme throughout.

There was something civilising and educationising, too, in those old sports of ours, wherein all joined. They have been too much discouraged; the bringing people together into one enjoyment is a beautiful thing; and I cannot but think that Puritanism has done some damage to this "institution of the family," by making man's own individual state too much his sole concern. There is a selfishness begat in the indulgence of the notion of a solitary passage upwards. I cannot think the angels receive so pleasantly him that would come alone. But I must not leave Census to indulge in imaginations. Census, I cannot say,

"Cynthius aurem
Vellit et admonuit."

—"Census, not Cynthius, twitched me by the ear."

There is ground upon which even iron-shod honesty must tread lightly, perhaps hesitatingly; but it is not for Honesty to draw back the foot after the first movement to its position. Honesty has made her stand—I venture to be her interpreter. Sunday schools, are they indubitably good?—are all good? They are so general that it needs a bold face to ask questions. I put the case thus: If there be day-schools; where they are, may not Sunday be allowed to be in reality what in name it is said to be, a day of rest? I know some very excellent persons do entertain doubts if it should be in any way a day of toil: head-work is work. I should prefer the old practice, happily reviving, of catechising in church, where the clergyman, not the scholar, may make his applications, and take occasion so to do from the services of the day; and after the service let the poor children, at least for one day in the week, have a home, and enjoy it. On this day let them "do no manner of work." Harmless recreation is not work; and I am sorry to say I have known some ascetic preachers denounce as sinful a walk for pleasure in the fields on the Lord's Day. You will say these remarks relate only to the Church of England. Be it so. Census is compelled to give the Church of England people the largest area. But if I take into contemplation other Sunday, or, as they are usually called, "Sabbath schools," I have an awful remembrance of what is said of them by their own teachers, and which you will find at large in the Temperance Societies' tracts. Although I utterly disbelieve what is there asserted, that they make drunkards (for so small a thing as small beer with tee-totallers entitles the partaker to the name), yet enough is shown of a teaching of a very intoxicating quality, in striking contrast to the humility-teaching of the Church of England. You will find some account of the matter in Maga for April 1853. I said that if the people were left more to themselves, they would still seek education for their children; on that account, the small contribution from the parents is a wise provision; but the desire may be somewhat weakened by the existence of Sunday schools where there is much teaching. Parents may think that sufficient.

"It is not for the sake of *saving a penny* per week," says the Census,

"that the child is transferred from the school to the factory or the fields, but for the sake of *gaining* a shilling or eighteenpence per week." This may be true in towns, and in some country districts, but in others wages are so low that even a penny for each child may be a consideration. They who employ labourers ought to take it to their shame if they do not mend this. It is, however, of great importance for the preservation of the "Family Institution," that the care and forethought should begin with the parent, however poor. I fear every proffered or promised good, if it relieves the parent from his responsibilities.

"The schools for children who have not attained that age (the sixth year) are mostly infant schools in character, if not by name. It seems to be admitted pretty generally amongst educationists, that unless a good proportion of the schooling which a child receives be given above the age of six, its value is considerably diminished, and cannot be looked upon as adequate. Upon this theory the facts above produced appear to indicate a state of education far from satisfactory; since the average length of schooling received by children of *all classes* between six and fifteen cannot exceed four years, and the average for children of the working classes cannot much exceed three years. So that, while upon an average the children of the labouring classes may perhaps, if all are under education, have 4¾ years of schooling, a very considerable part of their instruction is imparted during what may be described as the "Infant period."

I may not agree with Census as to the number of years which should be devoted to education—of course meaning-book-learning, but that a child should not begin too soon, I am quite convinced by the arguments of an able and philanthropic American physician, Amariah Brigham, M.D., whose little treatise on education I directed your notice to in a letter which you transferred to Maga so long ago as June 1837. He speaks deprecatingly of disease produced by too early education, asserting that disorders which are supposed to originate in the stomach, very many of them are diseases of the brain, of which the stomach is sympathetic. I inserted in that letter, in a note, the following, which I again call your attention to. It will bear a general circulation, and you will distribute it.

"I have copied from this treatise a table taken from a late work of M. Friedlander, dedicated to M. Guizot. It must be remembered that education has much engaged the attention of the most learned and distinguished men. 'From the highest antiquity we have this rule,' says M. Friedlander, 'that mental instruction ought not to commence before the seventh year.' He gives the following table of rest and labour:—

Age.	Hours of Sleep.	Hours of Exercise.	Hours of Occupation.	Hours of Repose.
7	9 to 10	10	1	4
8	9	9	2	4
9	9	8	3	4
10	8 to 9	8	4	4
11	8	7	5	4
12	8	6	6	4
13	8	5	7	4
14	7	5	8	4
15	7	4	9	4

By this table it would appear that the early stage of life (seven) is only able to receive one hour of occupation, and that the more advanced, though still young (fifteen), of nine times as much. You will observe, also, that repose, which I presume to mean recreation, is taken into consideration, of which I do not remember that much, if anything, is said in the Census. But if children are sent to factories at six years of age, and are subject to factory-labour and to education, their time for repose or recreation must be very short; and who can wonder if the tables of mortality confirm the view taken by Dr. Brigham? But is four years' schooling, or 4¾, so very short a period for the general population of children? Under good masters, much reading, writing, and arithmetic may be acquired in that time—at least enough to make adult education for those who, when grown up, desire it, sufficiently easy. The irksomeness of the task has been got over. I say good

masters—for there still exist some of the old parish-appointed semi-endowed schools, where the ability of the master is but little considered. One instance I know where the appointment was made purely to save parochial relief. Another case I present you with, Eusebius. You are acquainted with the curate of L. He told me the other day, that, visiting the parish school, he looked over the master's writing. He found the spelling infamous; he pointed out the errors. The master, nothing abashed, gave the ingenious excuse that it was "getting dusk when he wrote it." If a scholar had given this excuse to a master who could spell even in the dark, he would have been taught that there was something more in fault than his eyes. Masters of a very different calibre come from training-schools nowadays, and happily—though I know your admiration of Goldsmith's schoolmaster in the *Deserted Village* will make you still protest against the innovation, and to think such as he was a model master for the great mass of scholars. Indulge your amiable weakness, Eusebius—you may think so without doing harm to a single school; for though you search the world "from China to Peru," where will you find him? Make up your innocent mind to it—you "ne'er will look upon *his* like again."

Don't be envious of the perfectibility of the learned—a perfectibility neither you nor I shall ever reach. For too many perfectibilities coming together will be in their mighty sublimities like the clouds which, charged with their electricity, rush upon one another with a thundering crash that makes earth tremble as when Homer's Jupiter nodded, and the gods (the ancient professors) on Olympus made themselves small. Who will be the Jupiter of the day remains to be seen. Think you there will be no disputations, no disagreement? The "Battle of the Books"—the real battle, not the jocose-poetic—will become a matter of "true history;" but what will that be to the battle of professors, each bringing up his lumbering engines, his artillery of knowledge and science, and firing it off in the face of his educational antagonist? I fancy I see something of this, as yet you will think afar off. I have been reading "The Royal Institution Lectures." I find one professor is all for one thing—another professor all for another. This is all for the classical, that for the scientific. Then there are divisions in the learned and scientific camps. What languages—what sciences? Chemistry, physics, physiology, mathematics, political economy, all starting up at once to shove professors in possession from their stools, and no one to support the chairs. They do not agree at present, Eusebius—even less than did the schools of philosophy of old. The world grew weary of THEM, and routed the Sophisters. If you trouble yourself to read what they all say, you will think of the besieged town and its proposed defences, and "there is nothing like leather."

Dr. Latham quite terrifies the defenceless ignorants, shut up in the fortifications of our common ignorance. He threatens an assault on the "Castle of Indolence" with a host of Chinese and Hungarians, and Tumali (who they are neither you nor I know, and probably never shall). You doubt all this, Eusebius; you think I am ingeniously inventing to amuse you. I give you an extract from "Educational Literature" out of the *Critic*:—

"The principles of language can of course be unravelled only by those who are acquainted with other tongues besides the vernacular. But what is the scheme propounded by Dr. Latham?" Hear Dr. Latham; it is "to curtail English—to eliminate one of the classical tongues, possibly that of Pericles or of Cicero—to substitute for the ordinary elements of a so-called classical education, illustrations from the Chinese, the Hungarian, or the Tumali—this is what I have recommended." The butcher! he talks coolly of cutting out Pericles' tongue, and with a savage gusto, as if poor Pericles were alive under his knife—and he meant to put it in pickle, and eat it bit by bit at his breakfast, thereby to digest and be master of the very source, fountain, engine, or oracle of Athenian oratory. Dr. Daubeny assaults with chemistry, by which he proposes to sublimate morality. "The

analytical chemist obtains practical lessons in patience and tenacity of purpose; he learns to methodise and systematise his views, while he is gradually led forward to a noble independence of mind." But here Professor Tyndall cries out for physics, and will be heard "here and elsewhere." Not a man, but of his school, shall show his nose in the British Parliament. Now, don't say, Eusebius, for in my mind's eye I see you are ready to say, that I am imposing upon you. "Mr. Tyndall is so deeply impressed with the value of physics as a branch of education, that he considers it would be" (here are his words) "a wholesome and rational test to make admission to the House of Commons contingent on the knowledge of the principles of natural philosophy." Dear me, dear me! Wouldn't you like, Eusebius, to be present at the hustings—to hear Snip the tailor and Hodge the farmer question the candidate upon his philosophies; the high sheriff, of course, having a veto upon the qualification? But I am forgetting. Of course, on the old system of ignorant voters the thing *is* absurd; but we are to have new systems, and Snip the tailor and Hodge the farmer are to be highly educated—and perhaps be rival candidates with the dustman for a vacant professor's chair. Dr. Hodgson's "leather" is political economy, which he urges upon the people to adopt, for a reason I fear you won't understand, because it is given in a word of the new philosophy, and not in any vocabulary you ever met with,—because it leads to the recognition of "*the solidarity* of the people." Don't think it a false print, and that a *t* is omitted after the first letter.

Don't you believe, now, that there will be a fight among the philosophers—I mean the professors—masters and inspectors. The last must be very pugnacious, for they will have to fight for their bread.

It is an old saying, "Two of a trade can never agree." The trade of education is no exception. Two gentlemen having heard a great deal of the progress of education, set out upon their travel of inquiry. These gentlemen are Mr. Kay, brother to Sir P. Kay Shuttleworth, who took so prominent a part as Secretary to the Privy Council Committee of Education; and Mr. Laing, author of *Notes of a Traveller*. They went on the same errand. Did they both see alike the nakedness of the land or its fertility? Alas for the spectacles of the learned spies! One brings back monster grapes luxuriously tempting, the other's grapes are withered and sour. What is Kay's account of this "land of promise?"—no, rather land of present perfection—the paradise of knowledge? I take his report as told in the *Critic*. "There are no dirty ragged children, no ignorant young men or women, no drunkenness, no bad manners, no gross poverty or suffering. Everybody is comfortable and happy, well educated and polite; and there is no mention of vice or immorality. As for the *schoolmasters* they are all *gentlemen*, without ceasing to be peasants." I told you, Eusebius, the tailor, the farmer, and the dustman, would be rival candidates for a professor's chair,—you see it has been realised—abroad! But more yet. These peasant teachers are as good in manners and education as Oxford or Cambridge graduates. Ruskin must sink his graduateship—he is beaten out of the field—for they can do what he cannot, or never, that I know of, professed to do, which is generally the same thing as doing it—"they can *fiddle*." Now, don't cry nonsense,—read. "They are not *above their place* (none of these are my italics) and duties as humble village-teachers, although their education and manners would not disgrace the graduate of Cambridge and Oxford. Indeed, every man of them can *fiddle*." They can also "play both the piano and organ, which is more than can be said of one in a thousand of our English graduates. They can also prune trees, and do many other useful jobs which our B.A.'s would make rather poor hands at." So much for the schoolmasters of Prussia, Holland, Switzerland, Bavaria, Saxony, &c. You see, Eusebius, it is the fiddle that has done it. "Fiddler's land" is the only land for a man to live in after all. That is the land of civilisation. Alas for my emblem of civilisation, the Chinese lady!—there is no fiddle in

the picture. Henceforth translate the Latin,

> "Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
> Emollit mores nec sinit esse feros,"

as it ought to be translated. "To play upon the fiddle is the consummation of education, and the recipe to make a peasant, a schoolmaster, and a gentleman." Don't laugh, Eusebius—I am sure you are going to laugh; so just take a look at the sour grapes. Mr. Laing is holding them up, and is going to speak. Listen. At first you will find him a little under the fascination of the Kay-bugle, echoing the last faint note of praise. "The educational system of Prussia is no doubt admirable as a machinery; but the same end is to be attained in a more natural and effective way—by raising the moral condition of the parents to free agency in their duties; or if not, if education—that is, reading, writing, and arithmetic—cannot be brought within the acquirements of the common man's children but upon the Prussian semi-coercive principle of the State, through its functionaries, intruding upon the parental duties of each individual, stepping in between the father and his family, and enforcing, by State regulations, fines, and even imprisonment, what should be left to the moral sense of duty and natural affection of every parent who is not in a state of pupilage from mental imbecility,—then is such education not worth the demoralising price paid for it," &c. &c.

Oh, oh! is it so?—the Kay-bugle is now sadly out of tune. "The admirable machinery" then turns out to be the collar round the dog's neck, which the free dog in the fable asked him how he came by, and politely wished him good morning. To be forced to learn, under penalty, fine, and imprisonment—perhaps old and young under educationary compulsion—a pretty to-do this, indeed. Good morning, and good evening too, to all such Government education as this. Should you and I escape? I can imagine some impertinent inspector, having *crammed* the children, in the spite of weariness, to put some of us old people out to show our grammatical paces: the very children would be taught to convert their old song into one of a hoot and contempt after us—or you at all events.

> Old Father Long-legs couldn't say his grammar;
> Put him to the treadmill—put him to the treadmill—
> Put him to the treadmill, and then to the crammer.

But there are discrepancies in the accounts more serious. "No drunkenness—no bad manners—no poverty or suffering." The "facts" man says: "In Germany, within half a mile of the university of Bonn, on a Sunday evening when all the town was abroad walking, I have seen a student in tolerably good clothes, his tobacco-pipe in his mouth, begging with his hat off on the public road, running after passengers and carriages, soliciting charity, and looking very sulky when refused: and the young man in full health, and with clothes on his back that would sell for enough to keep him for a week. This is no uncommon occurrence on the German roads. Every traveller on the roads round Heidelberg, Bonn, and the other university towns in Germany, must have frequently and daily witnessed this debasement of mind amongst the youth. This want of sensibility to shame or public opinion, or to personal moral dignity, is a defect of character produced entirely by the system of government interference in all education, and in all human action. It is an example of its moral working on society." Of course, it must be so. What else can they do than become beggars—the unsuccessful competitors for professors' chairs—these tailors, hedgers, and dustmen—all now gentlemen-teachers without paying scholars, and with little liking to their abandoned employments. But the coercion—the collar round the man-dog's neck! We must watch our educationists, before Parliament is filled with members crazy upon natural philosophy.

It must be a happy thing that these peasant gentlemen-teachers are able to play upon the fiddle, and in that respect are superior to our Bachelors of Arts of Cambridge and Oxford. The Lydians invented games to stay the outcries of the fiddle-strings of their stomachs in a time of famine. The addition of music must be very

soothing. Music, I find, is to be one of the accomplishments proposed for general education. It is better than most. But what is to be done by the fiddlers when less agreeable work is standing still for them? I will tell you an anecdote thereupon. When I was young, I was in the habit of visiting the kindest, most benevolent old lady in the world—very old in years, but a child in tenderness and goodness. We were rather a large company in the old country-house. Well—one evening, the tea not coming at the usual hour, we rang the bell. It was not answered. I should tell you the butler always brought in the urn, and the footman the tea-tray. Rang again. Bell not answered; but to our amazement we heard Benjamin's (the footman's) fiddle going all the while. We rang again; fiddle symphonising. After repeated ringings, in burst Benjamin, actually crying with vexation at being interrupted, saying, both indignantly and piteously, "I should like to know how I be to bring the tea by myself. Ain't Thomas (the butler) gone to town to post?"

I am thinking, Eusebius, of our Benjamins and Thomases, and Bettys and Susans, who usually attended to family arrangement. When we ring for Benjamin, and education is perfected, will he not think he has a prior right to fiddle? Will Betty remonstrate that she could not come before, and ought not to have been disturbed, for she was solving a problem? Is it to be an excuse for Thomas's neglect, that he was, at the moment when wanted, "Thomas the Rhymer?" The amiable educationist, Dr. Daubeny, in his lecture, says that chemistry is to teach "patience and tenacity of purpose." I fear the patience must be taught to one party, and the tenacity of purpose to another. The latter goes to the musical Benjamins, the former to their masters and mistresses. Not but that the gentlemen peasant-teachers must have hard work to keep up their patience, and their tempers sweet as that of the "gentleman pagan," in his uncivilised island, so praised by Drake's biographer, Prince. It has been shown that one of the praiseworthy teachers in a ragged school was obliged to call in the police. One of the old school of masters said strongly, that he would have changed places with Job, and thanked him too. It will be hard work for some of then, if, when the government system of coercion is established, the master shall be made responsible for scholars' deficiencies, and master and scholar be fined together. It must be a wonderful pump that will pump sense either in or out of a pumpkin. But let the masters think of it; we are becoming a very jealous people—exacting full work for however little pay, and will admit of no shams.

Now, while all this is going on, are we quite sure of the moral teaching? After all, that is the great thing. Many educationists think a great deal about this, and do a great deal, and do good; and think not for a moment, Eusebius, that I appreciate not their labours. But there are too many who believe that the mere acquiring of knowledge will work more wonders than it can ever accomplish. Many years ago, in every court of justice, pains were taken to ascertain if the culprits could read and write; and note was taken (and much fuss made about ignorance in these matters) of those who could not. Somehow or other these inquiries, or the talk about them, seem suddenly to have stopped. A little learning, and especially more than a little, may make very accomplished sharpers, as well as virtuous citizens. It is a great mistake, indeed, to take cleverness for goodness, and to imagine that the cultivating the intellect up to the clever point has overmuch to do with morality. There was something notable in the answer of the celebrated master of one of our greatest schools: when recommended to take a sharp boy, he replied, "I will have none of him—send me a good boy. If I want a sharp one, I should go to Newgate." I fear, Eusebius, a system that shall make more sharp boys than good boys. Better it were that men were made after Paracelsus' fashion, of equivocal generation (of which he says, "immo autem possibile est"), for men made according to Paracelsus' recipe "need learn nothing; for that, as they are made by art, they know everything—an advantage which the naturally born never enjoyed." True, indeed, the

"knowing everything" may be the aim of dreamers, but the privilege of none of woman born. Nature never meant the many to be too knowing. The ear, small as it is, is a funnel too large for narrow minds; so that much going in stagnates, and evaporates outwardly, lacking a ready passage of reception. And it is as well, for a great part had better go no further.

"Επαρκιστερ' εμαθες ω πονηρε γραμματα."

"You have learnt enough of the wrong sort, you rogue."

And how—from books, it is added—

"Αντεστροφέν σον τον βιον τα βιβλια."*

"The reading of books has corrupted your life."

The Greeks put the knowledge of "common things" even before the learning the letters. They marked him as grossly ignorant, first, who hadn't learnt to swim, then hadn't learnt his letters, "Μητε νειν μητε γραμματα επιστατας." The old Persian educational principle, at least in one particular, might advantageously be engrafted into the system of some adult schools.

"'Ιππευειν τοξευειν και αληθευειν."

"To ride, shoot with the bow, and to speak truth."

I would have left out the second, were it not guarded by the third accomplishment; it is not, therefore, "shooting with the long bow." And this reminds me, Eusebius, of what is said of the Turks, that they are given to truth and honesty. For all we are doing for them, would it not be worth while to beg to have a few trade missionaries sent from them to us? Which is easiest to make, a rogue or an honest man?

To return to this notion of Gulliver Census, of the marvellous change for the better in the people's manners and morals, I for one will not be gulled by it, and laugh at the gullibility of the recipients of this tale of his. I am utterly incredulous; and I call you to witness, Eusebius, as being equally privileged as myself to be a "laudator temporis acti," if there is not as much gross villany—nay, more general dishonesty—in this little world of ours, or, to magnify it, call it "Great Britain," now than in former days. Take a better authority—

"One of the greatest curses and disgraces is the fact that our country swarms with ruffians, the outlaws and enemies of society, who spread terror wherever they appear; who, though they constantly elude detection, are yet known to live by crime."

Again—

"For the question is forced upon us, and no ingenuity, no indolence, no pusillanimity, can now evade or postpone it. Not only does the number of our criminals contrast strangely with our high pretensions as a civilised and virtuous people; not only does crime multiply under our eyes, in spite of our vast means of prevention and penal repression," &c.†

I must also take an extract from the same Review, a part of a charge of the Recorder of Birmingham to the grand jury, 1850–51:—

"We often read of attacks in streets and other frequented thoroughfares by ruffians, who seem to have taken as their model the Indian Thug; and their feats prove them as dexterous as their master, while in audacity they leave him far behind. Such outrages as these, gentlemen, are not the acts of *tyros* in villany. They imply the skill, the contempt of danger, and the indifference to the sufferings of their victims, which training, and training alone, can give."

Notwithstanding, however, his praise of the change of manners, our statistician of the Census elsewhere says:—

"Neither does the table include a class, unfortunately too considerable, whose chief or only means of living are the depredations they can make upon society; and yet the frauds and thefts of the criminal population are in many cases as much their ordinary and settled '*occupations*,' as the duties of the factory or the farm are the 'occupations' of the operative or agricultural labourer."

Thus it appears that we, as a people, so jealous of our liberties as not to allow a *regular* standing army

* Theognotus Comicus.

† *Edinburgh Review*, "Criminal Population," 1854.

to any decently protective amount, endure an *irregular* standing army of 100,000, and probably more, daily and nightly to make inroads upon our liberties—nay, our properties and our lives.

"The total number of offenders sentenced to imprisonment (at assizes and by summary conviction) is about 106,000 annually, and the average term of their imprisonment is about six weeks. Hence the number liberated from prison usually to recommence a criminal career, may be easily estimated. In the year 1848, of 104,485 offenders imprisoned, 86,318 were imprisoned under three months, and 18,167 above three months. Of these only 2585 were sentenced for a year and upwards."*

This awful number of criminals, doubtless far short of the truth—for there is no calculation of the many who escape, and no note taken of the equally criminal fraudulent adulterators of goods of all kinds, who bring disgrace upon the name of trade—shows that there is something very wrong in the moral training of the people. May it not be a question, if we have not given more importance to the acquirement of knowledge in the arts, sciences, and book-learning, than to a sound moral and religious education—to that education which teaches contentment? The writer of the Census Report complains of the working classes "having for some generations past been tutored not to look *beyond their station*." There is no fear of any lack of proper ambition where adaptive abilities show themselves; but it is strange to hear that sound teaching impugned. But where, it may be asked, is this tutoring, so objected to, to be found? Where—but in the very best educational page that ever was published—the very best, not for knowledge, but for moral training? It is the too frequent rejection of this admirable, beautiful, simple, easy page of education, that should be the subject of lamentation. It is the rejection of the most precious portion of the Church of England's authorised training — the *Church Catechism*. It is there, indeed, this wholesome maxim of content, which so offends the statistician, is to be found: it is that which has been inculcated universally in "generations past." It is so admirable, it cannot be repeated too often. In the duty to one's neighbour is implied one's duty to one's-self. "My duty towards my neighbour is to love him as myself, and to do to all men as I would they should do unto me: to love, honour, and succour my father and mother: to honour and obey the King (Queen), and all that are put in authority under him (her); to submit myself to all my governors, teachers, spiritual pastors, and masters; to order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters; to hurt nobody by word nor deed; to be true and just in all my dealings; to bear no malice nor hatred in my heart; to keep my hands from picking and stealing, and my tongue from evil-speaking, lying, and slandering; to keep my body in temperance, soberness, and chastity; not to covet nor desire other men's goods, but to learn and labour truly to get mine own living, and *to do my duty in that state of life* unto which it shall please God to call me." There is no universal "vaulting ambition" inculcated here, no envy of stations above, no antic upward leapings of discontent. The aids afforded to what, in spite of the statistician's lamentation, I would still call this souring vice, are so many in the industriously circulated "literature of the poor," of which there is in one of the Quarterlies a frightful account, that it almost makes one doubt even the elementary learning, unless the humbler classes can be protected from an atrociously licentious or irreligious literature. Moral and religious training is of the first importance; other knowledge will take care of itself, and be more duly sought after for its own sake when the other and better discipline has taken root. I am happy to say that training-schools of the best character are settling themselves in the land. The Church of England is doing her duty. It is the merely secular education which is to be feared—the false importance which is ascribed to mere secular knowledge; as if the lock of truth had never been

* *Edinburgh Review*, October, 1854.

hampered with the false key of knowledge. Have all the *knowing* men in the world been good men, or wise men? The arrogance and pride of learning have ever been notorious. The varieties of discordances, falsities, subtleties, ingenuities, discrepancies—the very madnesses, the puerilities of the learned, prove that studies take leaps beyond reason's fence, and there, as by a fatal recompense, they find themselves in controversy's land of labyrinths, from which there is no escape, no getting back again into common-sense ground. If learning with its millions of volumes could make men of one mind, it would be something. But the great business of learning seems to be to set men by the ears, and make them contradict each other. If any science could be secure, you would say it is mathematics, which Plato styles the road to instruction, *κατα παιδειαν οδον*. Yet Hobbes wrote against the pride of geometricians, affirming that Euclid is full of errors. Take a whole university of scholars dismissed upon the world's stage to speak and to act. They who had learned at the same desk, had gathered of the same tree of knowledge, what are they but opponents to each other—disputants upon the very principles of all things concerning religion and politics, moral sentiments, and even the very sciences called exact? The most *knowing* become makers of crotchets, wherewith, when they have forced themselves into "commissions," they pelt the whole people.

There is not a commission set up that does not justly cause a jealousy—a suspicion of the setting up a whim to overrule common sense. Even in the consultations about this very thing (education), what disagreements are there, not only as to religion or no religion, but as to the materials of which the forced-meat balls wherewith the people shall be crammed shall be made? This one is for thrusting the classical languages into our vernacular, for feeding the infantine population on Greek roots till they can stammer out the compounds and derivations; another strenuously opposes this, and is for cutting out (eliminating) the tongue of Pericles.

Poor young England, stuffed and crammed, his eyes starting out of his head, and in perpetual danger of intellectual apoplexy!

It may be all very well for the very extraordinarily gifted, who can walk across the common of Ignorance into knowledge Paradise with the march-of-intellect pace; all able, like the Prussian students admired by Mr. Kay, to turn their hands to any odd "jobs;" but the dull—the destined to act quite another part in life—they will become fatuous under this high brain-pressure. They will be left behind, and piteously resemble the geese on the common, with their heads in the rank grass, only raised to hiss at a stranger—slow goers and quick gabblers. Besides, Eusebius, I fear in modern, overstrained education, the dead-weight of "facts" will overwhelm incipient imaginations. Facts cannot civilise; but imagination, which sets all the generous feelings of the young into motion, and which commences its work at the mother's knee, is the first humanizer. Heroism of the best kind has grown out of children's old tales, such as, in the earliest stage, *Jack the Giant-Killer* and the *Seven Champions of Christendom*. I can believe that those fabulous heroes have been fighting our glorious battles;—I entertain a temporary Pythagorean creed. Cinderella and the Damsels rescued by the Champions have tamed many a young savage. The boy who, in his dreams, has never fought a giant, nor saved a lovely maiden from a dragon, never will make a true man. The well-developed man has borrowed from the tenderness of a motherly-instructed childhood. The chivalric spirit is the worker-out of civilisation. Let facts sink into the earth, or die upon its surface like rotten leaves, if they are to be accumulated and forced into young minds, to the exclusion of generous fictions, that, promoting love and valour, become by them noble truths. No, Eusebius. "Once upon a time," at a mother's knee, and afterwards under the flickering light and shade of a secret place in a greenwood, is the real talisman, the "Open Sesame" by which excellent virtues enter young minds;—the rock of the heart opens to the words. Let not facts smother the age of heroism. That great civiliser is

not yet gone, but it is threatened. Have I the garrulity of age? You will call me to facts, for you will send me back to Census. It is no great matter if I have deserted him a little while—or a long while; you will receive it as one or the other, as you are pleased or not, and agree with me or differ. But I am not afraid that you will differ. I have turned over the pages of this great Gulliver again, and find so many points of this subject of education left untouched, that were I now to enter upon them, I should weary you with too long a letter. There are questions of scientific institutions and religious difficulties, which I have purposely omitted, as requiring separate consideration. Education will necessarily be a portion of the subject of religion. You will therefore probably hear from me shortly again.

In the meanwhile, Eusebius, let the agreeable intelligence which statisticians have prepared for you, pass through that funnel to your understanding, your ear, without resistance. Show no impatience when they tell you how very ignorant you are—how much you have to learn—and how very short a time to learn it in. There are multitudes of things, facts, which you must yet know—and religions very gravely put before you, and indulgently left to your choice, no undue preference being given. For the benefit of your studies, know that, to say nothing of books, there are three thousand and sixty-four languages, including the Chinese and Hungarian, and that other odd one with which your education is to commence; that there are a thousand different religions, although not all as yet enumerated among Census's *Churches*, which it will be required of you to inquire into; and that you may not despair of the accomplishment of all this, your work, know what time is before you. Malicious Census has calculated your life to a nicety, and is now, I daresay, penning his fiat for you to be posted in the "Dead-letter Office." Know then by these presents, as life and death's statisticians would say, that ninety-one thousand eight hundred and twenty-four people die every day —three thousand seven hundred and thirty every hour—sixty every minute —one every second.

Are these the slanders of a "satirical rogue?" Alas, no! True it is, "old men have grey beards" and worse maladies, yet you may be of Hamlet's opinion—"All which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for yourself, sir, shall be as old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward." It has been said—"Every man believes every man mortal but himself." That belief is every man's instinct; and as he sometimes means to sojourn in pleasant places, and thinks mirth no sin, he does not see the necessity of taking as his companion a disagreeable monitor. Acting upon this principle, Eusebius, and not liking to be the slave of a thing I carry in my pocket, and tremble at the holding up of its fingers, with an intimation to be off as the fated one, I have taken the precaution to remove the seconds hand from my watch. In spite of Census, Eusebius, live cheerfully.

VIVE VALEQUE.

ZAIDEE: A ROMANCE.

PART II.

CHAPTER VII.—PERCY.

We have left him pacing up and down in the fore-court of the Grange—much inclined to be rebellious and impatient, though scarcely quite certain what he is chafed about. It is moderately calm this morning out of doors;—a dim, cloudy day—what the villagers call "fresh" at Briarford, which means that the atmosphere has a great deal of rain in it, and at the smallest provocation would throw a heavy handful right in the face of the passer-by. At present, only a fresh chill drop comes now and then in the sweep of the wind; and the bare trees are visible below, with many a bend and deprecating courtesy, propitiating the favour of this well-known and familiar gale. Against the cold sky—though there is in reality no sky to be seen, but only a pale black tumult of confused clouds relieved against a horizon, only a little paler and more luminous than themselves—the little tower of Briarford church rises from among its mound of graves. And yonder are the clustered roofs of the village, the tops of stacks and gables, of barns, and low-lying cottages sending up faint curls of blue smoke, and faint sounds of life awaking into the misty heavens. Beyond these, a long extent of pasture-fields, where some few patient cows graze meekly and with discomfort, and the far-away snarl of the sea, curling white over the sandbanks, and receding with its heavy leaden tint behind into the cloudy sky; this is all the prospect, and it is not the most comforting or cheerful prospect in the world, even when one knows that the bright breakfast-table and warmer atmosphere of the Grange lie so close behind.

Percy has not grown to his full height yet, and will not be gigantic even when he has done so; his hair rises with a sort of crested fulness from that brow of his, where so many lines and puckers are visible already—lines of vivid expression, and quick, mobile, changing thoughtfulness, where no pain is, but only life and energy, vivacious and young. All the lines of Percy's face are quick, variable, wavering lines, trembling full of incipient sunshine and laughter, yet never entirely free of shadow, as of a suspended cloud. No one can quite prophesy what sudden revolution is to come next upon those bright young features, where the flying emotion comes and goes, as the light and shadow passes upon the face of this broad country round. At present, the expression is only extremely impatient, somewhat fretful and annoyed; though to tell the truth, Percy's reasons for annoyance are something of a doubtful character. He would be puzzled himself to explain them. This only Percy knows—that Elizabeth, his beautiful sister, is extremely likely to be married by-and-by, and quite sure to yield to the arrangements made for her, and to submit to the time imposed, whatever her own inclinations may be. Percy does not pause to consider, that the active part in such negotiations does, after all, belong to the bridegroom; that Elizabeth Vivian would remain Elizabeth Vivian to the end of time, before *she* would step forward and say what day she would be married. In fact, Percy does not take the trouble to consider anything, but only resents for his sister, very hotly and warmly; and says again, he would not let them make a child of him, if he were she—for it does not occur to Percy what an extreme impossibility that is; nor how unlike to his irritable impetuous self—the genius and wildest spirit of the family—is his sister Elizabeth, in her queenly submission and womanliness, whom no one could humiliate, humble as she always is.

There is no covering on Percy's head, where the wild locks begin to toss about in the wind as he quickens the pace of his musings. This boy, who begins to be a man, is nineteen

only, and has the world before him; —the world before him!—and he spurns it with his young triumphant foot, this subject globe, made to be conquered. As he hurries to and fro upon this platform of his, the old warm family home behind, and the level country spreading broad before, something mighty and great, called in the vocabulary of fancy, Fate, Fortune, and the World, lies under the dreamer's eyes. His pace quickens, and this mass of matted hair shakes out its love-locks on the breeze. Ah, a very different thing from the everydays which will make life to Percy Vivian, as to all other mortal creatures, is the wild bright prospect on which Percy Vivian looks abroad. Neither map nor description could convey to any other mind the faintest idea of this which appears to him. There are no panoramas made of that celestial country; —the view is too aerial and too dazzling for any landscape-painter. Every one for himself, and not another, has a chance to look once into the charmed and glimmering vista; and Percy gazes, with his brilliant eyes, into the heart of this enchantment now.

Oh! and alas for all those grand futures which may be;—what halting, worn-out, decrepid things they come forth at the other end of this magnificent arch of fancy!—poor, plethoric fortunes of money, instead of the glorious, generous, canonized Fortune of Hope; daily burdens, hard, and petty, and odious, instead of the noble martyrdoms and heroisms which were in our dreams; but, as for Percy Vivian, to-day is only the present to-day of boyhood and youth to him—youth, and boyhood, and education, all tending onward—and no succession of mornings and evenings, but a great Ocean of the Future; the World, a giant Goliah, and not a thronging army of little ills and little men, spreads full before the dazzled vision of the boy about to set out upon his life.

The family estates—an imposing title—represent no such very imposing income; and though authorities say that the modern agriculture which SquirePercy despised may make Squire Philip a very much richer man than his father, this increase has all to be realised. In any case, it is a certain fact that the heir will have quite a small enough income to maintain his rank as head of the family; a rank of which the youngest member of it, Sophy herself, is fully more tenacious than Philip. So Percy must make his own fortune, and Percy is extremely well disposed to do this, and would be indignant at the very idea of remaining ignobly at home; has been even heard, indeed, felicitating himself on his second sonship, and exulting over his elder brother, who has no better chance all his life than that of being a country squire, whereas it is impossible to predict what extraordinary chances lie before Percy. This is so far well; but it is much easier to decide that Percy shall make his fortune, than to decide the means by which it shall be made—and many a family council, many an "advice" from Colonel Morton and from Uncle Blundell, have gone to the decision. Percy himself, if rather hard to please when a suggestion is made, still remains somewhat indifferent; he says he does not care what his profession is, but it turns out that he does care enough to pronounce a most unhesitating negative on various proposals made to him. One, however, which has the advantage of being opposed at once by Uncle Blundell and Colonel Morton, fixes Percy's wandering fancy. Disposed to it from the first, he is bound to it for ever, as soon as he discovers that both the advisers in question unite in disliking the idea. So Percy will be a lawyer—a barrister—a student of the Temple—and never wavers again in his choice.

Perhaps the charm of the desultory, ungoverned young man's life of which he reads—that life in chambers, enlightened by all that is witty, gay, and free, where household trammels are not, nor ordinary restraints, but only the high honour and truth, that gospel of manliness which is preached by sundry leaders of the youthful mind of these days—has fully more influence upon Percy, than that quite different aspect of his chosen life, which discloses future Lord Chancellors and Justices burning the midnight oil in the dim recesses of the Temple. However that may be, Percy Vivian scorns an over-distinctness in his dreams—he neither deter-

mines on reading very hard, nor determines on idling; and if visions of the lighter pursuits, the delights of getting into print, or the graver boy's enthusiasm for authorship ever come to Percy, he keeps them in their sunny mist, and does not bring down the fairy visitants to tangible shape of form: only Percy's heart dances, and his cheek glows, when he thinks of his "prospects," and with eagerness he looks to the time approaching when his journey of life is fated to begin.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE YOUNG LADIES' ROOM.

A bright fire burns in the fairy grate of the young ladies' room: everything is bright in this little favoured bower, for none of these young ladies are at all elevated above the pretty things loved by their class and kind. There are wax-flowers on the mantelpiece, the joint production of the three sisters; there are two or three painted groups of Elizabeth's favourite lilies and roses upon the wall; more than one landscape of Margaret's, extremely lofty in intent, but just a little obscure in execution, hangs on the same line; and if Sophy can do nothing with the pencil, Sophy has at least a glowing screen of most elaborate needlework lifting its gilded wand like a gold stick in waiting in the corner, and reaching nearly as high as the pictures. The little couch which Margaret, half reclining, fills with her slender well-formed person and her work-basket, bright with all the delicate colours of floss silk and Berlin wool—the pretty arm-chair, in which Elizabeth sits erect by the table—the low footstool, sacred to Sophy, are all alike gay with the handiwork of the sisters, and rich with embroidered flowers. And the fire-light winks and brightens in the ivory keys of the open piano, and the mirror reflects this pleasant group in a ruddy atmosphere of home. The smallness, the fancifulness, the glow and plenitude of simple ornament, are all quite suitable to the character of the apartment. By and by, it is very true, all these will be sober family mothers, at home in nurseries and housekeepers' rooms. At present they are only young ladies; it is their time of budding and holiday; and only a hard heart would grudge to them these natural embellishments of their youth.

Nor are their occupations more substantial than their surroundings; they are all very busy, that is one thing—and this graceful industry looks very becoming, one must confess, however trifling the product may be; for, alas, it is only "fancy-work"—only the pretty nick-nacks of young ladyism—and perhaps those young ladies would all be much better employed in reading, or studying, or otherwise improving their minds. But one thing is certain—neither geology, nor botany, nor any lighter dilettanti science, made easy for the use of young ladies, could permit that sweet silent thoughtfulness of which Elizabeth's face is full, or the flow of happy talk which runs out of Sophy's lips, and comes in briefer responses from Margaret—not very profound or wise, but very pleasant, as is their occupation and the scene.

For Elizabeth, whose fingers are accomplished in these womanly arts, is free to give her tranquil mind to other matters while she labours; and Margaret, who has done a great deal of similar work, and is pretty well assured and confident in doing this, has her spirit quite at ease in it; and Sophy, who does not aim at absolute perfection, but tries nothing which she cannot achieve, is perfectly unembarrassed in *her* business;—whereas poor Zaidee, toiling hard after a glorious unachievable idea, with eager haste, with pricked fingers, with heart and soul too much absorbed for speech, could not say a word in answer to all this running talk of theirs, if that very word would insure success to this enterprise of her own.

A careless attitude in this moment of inspiration would not become Zaidee; it is well enough for Sophy yonder, with her little commonplace piece of embroidery, to sit so lightly on her footstool—very well for grown-up Margaret to recline—but Zaidee, whose ambition projects something

which nobody has accomplished before, and whose vexed fingers and perplexed scissors labour hard on the heels of her ambition,—for Zaidee it is a very different matter; so Zaidee, who always stoops, sits erect at the table for once in her life—Zaidee, said to be the greatest idler in the Grange, labours with such a strain and intensity as no one else is capable of; and now growing pale, and now flushing into sudden excitement, holds her breath, and neither hears nor answers, with, alas, always this ideal luring her on—but the silk and the needle, the scissors and the fingers so sadly incapable, and the great creation making so very little progress after all.

And everything that is being made by the little company, and other pretty things besides, more than you could look over in one good hour, are making for Philip's birthday. Love-tokens for Philip himself, such hosts of them, young man and scoffer as he is; and such pretty combinations of white and gold, and white and silver, and white with every possible enlightenment of delicate colour, for Elizabeth, already known in the household in the magical character of bride.

"Well, I have many a time thought of Philip's birthday," said Sophy after a pause, and the slightest possible touch of sentiment was in Sophy's sunny face, "but I never thought what changes it would make at home. I used to think Philip would be a little more master perhaps—not that mamma would change—but only of course we are all growing older, and Philip would be a man and not a boy; but only to think what a strange difference there will be! Elizabeth too! Of course I knew Elizabeth was to be married some time—but oh! I am sure, Margaret, it will feel so very strange!"

"Elizabeth will come back, and we shall go to see her, Sophy," was the answer; "but Percy—to think of Percy going too!—and one cannot tell when *he* may come again."

"Well, Percy is glad to go," said Sophy with spirit; "and Elizabeth, though she won't say she's glad, never makes any resistance, but yields to Captain Bernard without caring for us. I daresay it may be very fine, after all, going out into the world; for my part, I would rather stay at the Grange."

A very little toss of Sophy's pretty head, a very little pique in Sophy's half-defiant half-disconsolate tone, goes far to make you sceptical of the entire truthfulness of Sophy. Margaret answers with a sigh.

"None of us know much of the world: even I, though I am so much older than Percy and you—even Elizabeth, who is oldest of all; if our family had been what it used to be, we should all have seen a great deal more: but whatever you may think, Sophy, I am sure it is a great deal better for us. Oh! I have no doubt at all, a real true heart must grow so weary of the world."

"But I don't quite see that either," responded Sophy promptly. "The world! I should think, for my part, the old women in the village must be a great deal more weary of it than I. I am sure it has been twenty times harder for them than even for mamma who is as old—and I am more weary than Lady Stanley's pretty niece, who has been presented, and spends all her time among the great people, and is never done with gaieties. Well, I know you say you despise all that, but I am quite certain I don't; and speaking of that, Margaret, do you know I could not sleep all last night for thinking of our ball."

"How silly!" said the pensive Margaret; "what were you thinking?"

"First of all, how I should have my dress made," said Sophy eagerly; "and I fell upon such a pretty fashion just before I went to sleep. To be sure this marriage of Elizabeth *is* very distracting; for a marriage is always even a greater thing than a party, however great that may be. Well, and then I began to wonder who would dance with who, and whether Mr. Powis would come, and how jealous he would be if he saw any one else with you—of course it would not be proper for him to dance—a clergyman! though, if you won't be angry, I do think he cares very little about the church; and then, somehow, when I really saw the hall, and everybody so gay, there suddenly

flashed across it Elizabeth's marriage, and Mr. Powis ran in to the vicar, and the hall became the church, and we were all in white and in sunshine instead of the lamplight, and—I—I believe, I fell asleep."

"How you do talk, Sophy," said Margaret, with a frown and a blush.

"Elizabeth does not say a word—I suppose, because she has so much to think of," persevered Sophy; "and Zay—I do wonder what extraordinary thing Zay is making, and who it is for. Do you know, Margaret, I was thinking how this will change us all. Philip will be his own master—a real grown-up man; Elizabeth will be Mrs. Bernard Morton, a married lady; you will be Miss Vivian, and the eldest of us all. Percy will be far from home and seeing the world; me—it won't make so much difference for me—but still there will be a change when Percy goes. Only Zay will not feel it at all. She was always the youngest, the pet, and spoiled—it will make no difference with Zaidee."

Zaidee heard, but did not look up, being in the crisis and agony of her invention—and Sophy ran on to another subject. Simple Sophy! unforeseeing little mortal company, which could tell nothing of the unknown! for not one there could so much as guess or dream that Zaidee's share of all these changes should, far as the extraordinary overpasses the common, exceed and overpass their own.

CHAPTER IX.—A COUNTRY PARTY.

"Yes, Captain Bernard Morton is a very fine young man, I assure you,—though of course a great beauty like Elizabeth—everybody expected something different for her. I was quite disappointed myself—I took such pains to give her proper ideas; but she is so simple—a perfect child—though everybody thinks her quite a princess from her looks. However, a proper ambition—nay, indeed, a proper estimate of herself—one might as well try to teach yon odd little Zaidee as lecture *her*."

"Hush, lady dear," said the Vicaress, who could not entirely forget she had once been an Irishwoman, "that is Mr. Powis standing close by your other hand."

"Very well; you don't suppose I mind Mr. Powis," said Mrs. Blundell, the managing and match-making aunt, wife of Mrs. Vivian's only brother, a childless matron and most anxious superintendent of her young relatives. "I see he is handsome, and I hear he is of good family. Margaret is a plain girl beside Elizabeth. I don't quarrel with *her* taste; but this family is so destitute of ordinary prudence—even my sister. I don't believe, now, that till things came so far that it would be impossible to break off—I really do not believe any one but myself or Mr. Blundell would ever think of inquiring what that young man's prospects were."

"He is a pretty lad," said the Vicaress, musingly. Good woman, she remembered the far away kindly youth which had been her own; and thinking of Miss Margaret, whose pensiveness she was extremely respectful of, could not but feel this the more immediate consideration after all.

"Oh, Mrs. Wyburgh, a person of your experience must perceive," cried Mrs. Blundell, "how, situated as I am with all these dear young people looking up to me, and myself so interested in them all—if they were my own, I could not be more concerned for them—my mind is quite tortured with anxiety, knowing, as I do, how really ignorant of all the ways of the world they are. My sister is not a romantic person—quite the reverse. Mrs. Vivian is really a practical, sensible woman; but she is so engaged with household matters and common things, and gives so little attention to the settlement of those dear girls—the first object in my view that a mother should attend to—that really I am kept quite on the rack, and could be always at the Grange if I had my will, out of pure anxiety for them all."

"I am certain sure it is very kind of you," said the good Vicaress, who, in addition to her Irish birth, had been long a curate's wife in Wales, and had odd turns of phraseology,

and not the most polished style in the world; "but they're all so easy and pleasant at home; and, to tell truth, I'd not be grateful to any one that schemed the pretty things away."

"But that is an improper view—an imperfect and limited view," said Mrs. Blundell, eagerly. "They must marry, you know; and they must marry so as to keep up their standing in the world. In my opinion there can be nothing more important. I assure you it gives me many an anxious thought."

"No doubt, no doubt," said good Mrs. Wyburgh, who, notwithstanding, looked considerably doubtful; "but the world grows wiser, I think, every year; there was nothing said like that in my young day"—and with a sigh and a smile, "my young day," merry and Irish and poor, presented itself to the thoughts of Mrs. Wyburgh. "Richard had not such a thing as a prospect when we married," continued the Cheshire Vicaress, brightening in memory of their old struggling times; "and all my mother gave me was God bless you—yet sure we're here!"

"Ah, my dear good friend, but how much better for you if your family had been more careful," said the match-maker, shaking her head.

Mrs. Wyburgh also shook her head. Her face, now tolerably full and ample, had once been pretty; and there was fun and spirit—a little coruscation—flashing now through the easy content and acquiescence of her usual mood.

"And you never had a family of your own," continued Mrs. Blundell; "you never knew what it was to have a mother's cares; it makes the greatest difference—a woman unaccustomed to the charge of children can have no idea how a mother feels."

Mrs. Wyburgh's countenance fell. "No, I had no babies," said the good woman, with humility and a sigh. "I used to have them in my dreams, darlin' angels! I've thought sometimes God would give me these same little cherubs if I came to heaven. Bless you, I'd know them every one—all the sweet little faces that used to come whispering about me in the lone days when Richard was away; but I never had one child, true and sure. No, I confess to it—it was God's will."

And the homely womanly heart pursuing this sore want and void, left Mrs. Blundell and her busy schemes far behind, nor ever remembered to wonder what right Mrs. Blundell, as childless as herself, had to address her so. Mrs. Blundell, on her part, was slightly disconcerted—a worldly spirit is always so extremely at a loss to understand a simple one;—and not as young ladies and gentlemen to be settled in the world, but as babies, dear little hearts, adored and yearned for all her life long, could good Mrs. Wyburgh alone contemplate the children who had cost Mrs. Blundell so much care.

"I've had them committed to me from India—from every distance in the civilised world, I do believe," said the latter lady; "schools to look for, growing boys to attend to, young ladies to bring out;—we have so many friends abroad; and I am sure many a mother has less experience than I."

But the Vicaress of Briarford had said her say and relapsed into acquiescence once more.

And Margaret, with a slight changeful colour brightening her face, with a certain new life and beauty of expression awakening her downcast eyes, looking sweeter, purer, humbler, more womanly than it is her wont to look, stands in another corner discussing various matters with some of her young lady-companions, and playing with prints and papers which lie on a little table at her hand. The very rippling motion with which that white pretty hand trembles over them, the faint pit-pat of the foot peeping from below her dress, the wavering inconstant smile which comes and goes over all her face, betray her secret. She is so innocently conscious that some one is looking at her; so aware in her very heart of the glances and movements of that "some one," upon whom she never fully lifts her own eyes. Mr. Powis is a handsome young man, as Aunt Blundell says; tall, with a little bend and swing in his well-formed person; a sort of half-pleased, half-deprecating consciousness that he is handsome; and a face which has nothing objectionable in it, unless it be the want of something to object to—all is so regular, so well proportioned,

so perfectly in balance; a very handsome young man—do you not wonder whether he is worth all this true and genuine feeling which lies in Margaret Vivian's face?

At all events, nothing can exceed his eagerness to catch Margaret Vivian's eye and win her favour. Mr. Powis is the incumbent of a neighbouring parish, the cadet of an old, very old, antediluvian family of Wales, with magnificent things in expectation, but only a little rectory and a very modest income in present enjoyment. Mrs. Wyburgh, of Briarford, thinks it would be a very pretty match, and quite equal, for Margaret's little portion could be comfortably balanced against the young incumbent's small but competent income, without any superiority on either side; while Mrs. Blundell, on her side, wonders a little what Mr. Powis's "motives" may be, and cannot fail to acknowledge him disinterested with his fine person and clerical advantages, though she would fain ascertain with greater accuracy what these much-spoken-of expectations are. However, the matter is by no means so far advanced as that; and Aunt Blundell comforts herself in having abundant time for investigation before this shy and conscious liking can come the length of an engagement, and accordingly turns with an easy conscience to the agreeable bustle of Elizabeth's preparations, and is content.

"Yes, Percy is going too—my eldest daughter and my youngest son," says Mrs. Vivian to the little group of neighbours who surround her; "and now I suppose I have nothing to look for but one flight after another till all my birds are gone."

"Yes, we pride ourselves in our children, and they all leave us," said a grave lady sitting by. "I had eleven, and I was so proud of them—such a flock; but I live by myself now, and they only come to see me. Oh, it is a very different thing living at home with one's children, and having them come to see you—you'll find that by-and-by."

"I always dread the first marriage," said a brisker personage. "Oh the flutter my girls were in when my Mary went away! and as for settling again, or letting one get peace and quiet, you might as well think of snow in June. A bride you know—everybody talks so of a bride, and all the fuss and the dresses and the excitement—the issue was, every one of them was married before the second year."

"Dreadful!" said a young wife emphatically; she had just been working out her fingers, and lightening her white and gold purse, which was still in its first gloss, in behalf of a second sister following in her own immediate train.

"Well, Percy is not to be married at least—Percy only leaves home," said one of the gentlemen of the party; "not such a fascinating thing that his brother should seek to follow *him*."

"His brother is the eldest, the head of the house," interposed Mrs. Vivian, with proud humility. "Philip, of course, will not leave the Grange."

"*Only* leaves home; how these men do speak!" cried the wife and liege lady of the masculine interlocutor. "Poor boy! to think of all the temptations, and all the discomforts—that laundress, that Mrs. Fiery-face, and the boy that polishes Pendennis's boots—that is all they have in place of the services of home; and then the temptations, Mrs. Vivian! Poor boy, how can you trust him in London?"

"Temptations are everywhere," says Mr. Wyburgh, with professional gravity; and shaking his head half disconsolately, half in a consolatory and comforting strain, bids Mrs. Vivian take courage.

"I will, because I must," said the lively little lady of the Grange. "Percy must go. It would not be right to keep him at home. I pray God bring my boy safe through all the dangers; and as for the discomforts, he must submit to them. Oh, I hope Percy will take no harm."

It was worth while to see the erect imperious dignity into which Percy elevated himself, hearing a far-off *sough* of these concluding words, "Take no harm!" as if the young hero, setting out to subdue the world, were nothing better than a child.

"I have been thinking of some sweet poetry. Oh, Zaidee! I remember so well where I saw it first,"

whispers in a corner the curate's wife, whom nobody contests Zaidee's possession of. "Listen, I am not afraid to say it to you—

"'Tis vain to seek the gayest crowd,
Though all be glad and all be fair;
Music is sweet, and mirth is loud,
But happiness—it is not there.

But come to the sequestered dell,
Oh seek the pensive shade with me;
For there alone she loves to dwell,
Far, far from mirth and revelry."

Only thus far had Angelina proceeded, when Zaidee put up her hand and said, "Don't."

"Don't!" Mrs. Green paused in silent horror.

"Because some of them look quite happy," said Zaidee. "Oh, I wonder what Margaret is thinking of. Hush, pray, and don't be angry. I can't tell whether I am happy or not; but I like to look at them all."

CHAPTER X.—FAMILY HISTORY.

"Yes, you may say there were not many people like your grandfather. I never met with one," said Mrs. Vivian. "Sit down, Percy, and I will tell you when I saw him first."

Percy sat down in prompt obedience; the drawing-room lay in a bright warm twilight, glowing with the great ruddy fire which filled the whole fire-place, a mass of red, touched all over with little points of quivering lambent flame. Another side-gleam of kindred warmth came glimmering from the open door of the young ladies' room. The heavy antique window in the front of the house, glittered between its mullions with a ruddy twinkle, which took their chill from the very clouds peering in without, and the long sashes at the other end of the apartment, draped to their feet in crimson curtains, gave back no unkindly light to cool the tone of the warm atmosphere within. Full in the light sat Mrs. Vivian in her great arm-chair, sitting very erect, as was her wont, and making the most of her inches. Close beside her, in his gravest dignity, his long shaggy nose relieved against her black gown, sitting up like his mistress, with the conscious erectness of one who sets a good example, Sermonicus held his privileged place, and Zaidee once more, silent and intent, knelt between Sermo and the mantelpiece. The other members of the family were grouped much after their usual fashion —Philip in the great chair—Margaret very musing and meditative, her pretty hands crossed upon her knee, her foot patting the carpet, her downcast eyes gazing into the fire, her thoughts astray—Elizabeth by the table, where she has just laid down her work, because it is no longer possible to see—Sophy half seated, half leaning upon the arm of Philip's chair —and Percy thrown into a sudden seat slightly withdrawn behind, and only waiting "to hear my mother" before he seeks his own occupation. Mrs. Vivian likes a fireside audience, and has quite composed herself for a family talk.

"The first time I saw your grandfather I was quite a young girl myself," said the lady of the Grange, "not quite twenty, newly married, and a little afraid, as you may fancy, of the Squire, whom every one was afraid of. I had been at school out of Cheshire most of my younger days, and when I came home the old gentleman was abroad, so it came about that I never saw him till I was married. We came home here to the Grange after our marriage jaunt: we did not call it a tour in those days, and we had only been to London. You may fancy how I felt, so young, coming to face that dreadful old man. I was afraid to dress too simply, lest he should think me a dowdy; and afraid to be too fine, lest I should get condemned for a fool. Well, descend I did at last to this very drawing-room, and there sat the Squire, as suave and bland!—it was dusk and firelight, something like what it is now. Dear me, Philip, don't look up so! I do believe you have a look of that dreadful Grandfather Vivian, after all."

Everybody looked to Philip; and Philip, turning uneasily in his chair, laughed, and put Sophy away from him. "I suppose, mother, in the particular of blandness and suavity," said the heir,—"I have heard nothing

else in my grandfather resembling me."

"He sat there in that very seat," said the old lady, slightly shrugging her shoulders with a half shudder at the recollection, "so polite! but with such a fierce fiery glow in his red grey eyes! His politeness was quite terrible. I don't think I ever was so frightened in my life; for it was so easy to see there was not a morsel of real kindness, and all the while that tiger glaring in his eyes! My poor Percy, your dear good father, who never feared any man, and never had cause—he was always so true and guileless himself—was quite hushed and silent before the old Squire; for Percy had so good a heart, he could not bear even in his thoughts to be disrespectful to his father, so he always took care that his father should have no cause to expose himself in his presence—that is, so far as any man *could* take care—and people said there was nothing that kept the Squire down so much as just that respectfulness of Percy's. However, all that evening I sat trembling—I was so awkward—I spilt my wine at dinner—I scalded my hand when I made tea—and, I can tell you, I was thankful when next morning we came away."

"Did you only stay one night, mamma? did you never see him again?" asked Sophy.

"I saw him many times again, but I never came back to the Grange in the Squire's lifetime," said Mrs. Vivian; "and for years after he was dead, I dared no more sit here in the firelight than I dared fly. I always thought I saw him sitting in the great chair, smiling with his lips, but with that cruel glare always in his eyes. I was young and I suppose I was fanciful. I never got that look out of my mind."

All the audience were as young and fanciful now as their mother had been; and even Margaret, roused from her musings, cast a half-scared glance into the crimson gloom of the curtains, and looked with a thrill of awe round the darkening room.

"Poor Frank had run away just a little time before—poor Frank! everybody remembered him so well," said Mrs. Vivian with a little sigh.

Zaidee's kneeling, half-visible figure, started into fuller light, with a faint rustle, and everybody else starting at the sound, was so glad to be certain it was only Zaidee. Mrs. Vivian resumed.

"Such a bright high-spirited boy! —I always thought Percy would resemble Frank; but, poor fellow, so tender-hearted and sensitive—he could not bear the life he led, so what could he do but run away? He might have written to us, to be sure, but he was as good as a foreigner by that time, and married to a foreign wife—poor Frank! and he did write Percy such a letter just before he died."

"But, aunt Vivian, you never saw my mother?" said Zaidee, in a very low tone. Zaidee has said these same words a hundred times before.

"No, poor child, I never saw her. She was so young, Percy said—so pretty, and strange, and broken-hearted, with that little chain of yours, Zaidee, on her neck, and your poor father's Bible always in her hand. I looked every day for Percy bringing her home, and he knew I would take it to heart so, that he never wrote me of her death. I never knew, Zaidee, till I saw your uncle leading you into the Grange, all by yourself, poor little orphan, and then I thought I should have fainted. I had so set my mind on comforting poor Frank's widow. Don't cry, child, I'm sure you can't remember your poor mother."

And Zaidee swallowed her tears very hastily and in silence, not acknowledging that this want of recollection was her very saddest grief; yet Zaidee had a visionary remembrance, half imagination, half memory, of this poor young mother, which she cherished in her inmost heart.

"There was a very strange thing said just before the Squire's death," resumed Mrs. Vivian; "I don't think I ever told you; though he was furious at Frank for running away—for the Squire had a certain regard for appearances after all—yet he had either grown more furious at Percy afterwards, or else relented towards Frank. The land was never entailed, you know, and it was confidently said that the Squire had made a will, disinheriting your father, and leaving everything to his youngest son. His

lawyer had told somebody, and as no one could calculate what the Squire might do, it was very generally believed. Of course it made us very anxious, for our family then was increasing every year; and though Percy cheered me on as well as he could, saying he was a young strong man, and would so gladly work for us all—bless him, so he would, I knew that—Percy himself believed it. However, when the old man died, though Percy and the lawyer searched everywhere—for the Squire's papers were scattered over all the house, in the most unlikely places—no such thing was to be found—not a will at all—and everything came to your father in the natural course. I never expected it, I am sure; but so it was."

"He never made the will, then?—or had he repented?" said Philip, with much interest.

"Nay, he *had* made the will; the lawyer said so," was the answer, "leaving the Grange, the lands, everything, to his son Frank. I suppose he must have got into a rage with Frank again, and burnt it. It was very well for us he did not give all away to some stranger, or to some charity; and I can't tell you how thankful I was when no will was to be found."

"Oh, mother! if one should turn up now!" cried Sophy.

"Your father took care to look everywhere; your father was too anxious about you all to miss any corner," said Mrs. Vivian. "No, no, it is twenty years since,—no fear now. But I think that will do for to-night, children; ring for tea, Philip. Elizabeth, lift that work from the table; there never is room for the tray. And if any one likes to get the book and give me my sewing, I think we might finish that story, and get through a great deal of work to-night."

CHAPTER XI.—PHILOSOPHY.

"If it had been so, Zay—if it had only been as they thought," said Sophy next morning,—"what a strange difference!—why, you would have been an heiress, and we nothing but your cousins. Should you have liked, Zay?"

"Of course, only to give it to Philip," said Zaidee, quietly. "I think I should have liked to give the Grange to Philip on his birthday; that would be something worth while."

"To give to Philip! But Philip could never have taken it; you know that."

"Why not, Sophy?"

"Why not?—how simple you are," said the better instructed cousin. "Of course no one could take such a gift as that, unless it was from a king or some very great person, who had plenty to give. No, no, I would rather have had Philip working hard to make his own fortune than taking the Grange, if it had been left to you; but not to speak of that, Zay, how would you like to be an heiress, all for yourself?"

"I would not," said Zaidee, with sudden animation; "a woman *should* be poor."

Now Sophy could by no means see the justice of this proposition. She shook her head.

"*Should* be poor!—that is all your romance and nonsense. I cannot see why, for my part," said Sophy, "for I am quite sure women make as good a use of money as men."

"One would never know," said Zaidee, "whether it was one's-self people cared about; and particularly, if you were neither handsome, nor clever, nor amiable, but still would like some one to care for you in spite of all; and then to doubt that it was not you, but what you had—Oh, Sophy! you would not be an heiress."

"I could not be an heiress, with so many brothers and sisters," said Sophy, pouting a little; "and I am sure I don't think, besides that, that I am quite so disagreeable as you say."

"I would not like, even," said Zaidee with great simplicity, going on with her own thoughts, "to be beautiful like Elizabeth—because I should always think people liked me for being beautiful, and not for just being *me*."

"Upon my word! and if you were neither pretty, nor amiable, nor good—neither like Elizabeth, nor an heiress, nor anything," exclaimed Sophy,

"what good would it do any one to like you because you were *you?*"

Zaidee could not very well answer this question; it was her turn now to be puzzled and shake her head. "I cannot tell," said Zaidee, under her breath; "it would do no one any good,—but that would be *love*."

"Love is not a proper thing to talk about," said Sophy, drawing herself up in womanly state.

The blood rushed over Zaidee's face in deep girlish shame. "I do not mean what you mean," said Zaidee; "it is not love like—like Elizabeth; but why is my aunt Vivian so good to me, and Philip, and all of you? Sophy, why have you been so kind to me all my life?"

"Kind!—no such thing," cried Sophy, indignantly, a little moisture creeping to the corners of her eyes at this appeal; "one never thinks of being kind to one's own family,—that is quite a different thing; why, you are *our* Zaidee—such an odd, stupid, spoiled little girl—that's all!"

Zaidee was long silent, pulling the grave ears of Sermo, and something like a tear startled the paw of the favourite hound, falling heavily on its repose.

"It is not called so in books," said Zaidee, softly, at last; "everybody there *is* accomplished, and handsome, and amiable, and good; it is always for something that people like them,—but I think this is proper love for all that; not because I am worth much, or pleasant, or pretty, but because I am just Zaidee—me—that is why my aunt is always so kind, why all the rest care for me,—and that is better than anything else in the world!"

"I dare say Sermo thinks so. It is no matter how you are dressed, or how you look, or anything, Sermo always chooses you," said Sophy, laughing; "but now, you see I am not so heroical. I should like very well to be an heiress, and I should like still better—hush, Zaidee, you need not tell any one—to be beautiful. I could bear to be *more* beautiful than Elizabeth, I think. I do believe I could. There's something in Shakespeare,—oh, to be sure, Anne Bullen, and she would not be a queen, not for all the world."

"But I never said it was not very good to be rich and pretty, too—in a way," said Zaidee; "only not for one's own self."

> "'She would not be a queen, that would she not,
> For all the frogs in Egypt.'"

said Sophy. "I wish I had a fairy godmother, like Cinderella. I would not refuse to be as pretty as she liked, if she asked me."

Some one just then emerged out of the open window of the drawing-room, and came through the sheltered garden-path to where the girls held their sitting; and Zaidee, looking up, condemned herself as irreverent, for thinking that no better representative of the wished-for fairy godmother could be found, than in this small, delicate, vivacious personage, advancing towards them. Mrs. Vivian wore a large apron with pockets over her thick dim black silk gown, and had a shadowy shawl, white, soft, and lace-like, a sort of cloud embodied in fine Shetland wool, and delicate knitting, over her cap,—for Mrs. Vivian was full of prudent cares on the score of taking cold. Mrs. Vivian's full and ample skirts were not so long as to hinder you from defining clearly the black velvet slipper, soft-paced, yet with a very creditable thickness of under leather, and a most distinct and unmistakable high heel, which kept Mrs. Vivian's foot in warmth and comfort, and added an inch to Mrs. Vivian's stature. The soft, white, floating drapery and fringes of the shawl fluttered over her shoulders, and a handsomer little old lady than the mistress of the Grange never buckled neat belt round trim and slender waist—so light of foot and alert of motion,—the prettiest fairy godmother that ever oppressed maiden was fortunate enough to see.

"Dear me, girls, when will you learn to be prudent?" said Mrs. Vivian; "not a branch but drips with this wintry dew, and you linger here as if it was summer. I shall have you both laid up with cold before Philip's birthday."

The idea made Sophy pale. "I don't believe there is a single dewy branch in the garden, mamma, but that one that has brushed against your shawl," said Sophy; "and we were just coming in."

"I want some one to carry a message to the vicarage. Will you go, Zaidee?" said Mrs. Vivian; "for every one is busy, and I have something ready for Sophy, which must be done immediately. Mrs. Wyburgh will like to see you—Zaidee, will you go?"

"I may take Sermo, aunt Vivian?" asked Zaidee, eagerly. The little lady nodded, and Sermo, though he, good fellow, had no bonnet to put on, stalked after the flying footsteps of his companion, through hall and staircase, and winding passage, to the very inner recess of Zaidee's room. A few minutes more and they emerged, walking together as near hand and hand as their different modes of locomotion would allow—Sermo's long shaggy ear held lightly in Zaidee's fingers—with great gravity and thoughtfulness, occasionally, but very seldom, indulging in the ordinary exchanges of conversation—for the most part in friendly silence pursuing their own thoughts.

Just descending the hill where the breeze was sharpest, and where the trees did actually flirt a drop or two of pendent moisture upon Sermo's averted head, and against the cheek of Zaidee, there was a decided chill of winter in the air; but the low-lying paths under the hill were warm in the sunshine,—dry and sandy, and glittering with minute crystals, as sandy paths do glitter in the sun. Zaidee, who neither looked before nor behind, went on steadily full of thought, wondering about that old Squire, wistfully thinking of the father and mother gone, turning over her own girlish philosophy, or roaming at large over her general discursive field of imagination and thought. What Sermo's mind was busy with did not appear; but as he, too, had been present on the previous evening, and heard aunt Vivian's recollections, there was at least a possibility in his favour that he pondered these family stories too. However that might be, the pair of friends went on in friendly harmony, respecting each other's silence, and not interrupting each other's thoughts.

CHAPTER XII.—THE VICARESS.

The vicarage stands beside the church in the single street of Briarford. Briarford is by no means a model village; sundry barns turn their long blank sides to its causeway, walls of old solid mason-work, supplemented with brick patches; and in sight of the vicar's drawing-room itself is a grey gable, with a wisp of straw projected from the round eye-lit hole, high in its wall, and hay littered on the pavement below. The vicarage, too, stands close upon the street, with only the smallest strip of garden, almost filled with a trim holly hedge, separating it from the common thoroughfare, though in itself it is almost picturesque in its antique homeliness, and dates farther back than the very church. It is a one-sided house, looking askance upon the village, and turning the respectful aspect of its full front towards the ecclesiastical establishment of Briarford—the low venerable square-towered church which stands high upon a grassy mound of graves. Rich old velvety far-descended grass, full of little nests of daisies, and minute hollows which the sun searches into with such a wealth and warmth of glow, covers the sloping bank before the side windows of the vicarage; but the Vicaress, for the sake of the "stir" without—to call these languid rural echoes stir!—and the greater cheerfulness, prefers to sit in the little parlour facing the front in the long afternoons when the Vicar is from home.

This parlour is a cosy little parlour, full of soft seats, and easy footstools, and a homely luxury—nothing that misbecomes in the smallest degree the modest and suitable gravity of the country clergyman, who is neither wealthy nor of great expectations, but a plenitude and abundance of simple comforts adapted to the age and to the habits of the simple couple who have attained to their own utmost range of ambition, and look for nothing higher in this life. Mrs. Wyburgh, round and soft, with rosy fingers which it is pleasant to touch, and a cheek that has not lost its

bloom, sits in a very comfortable chair, with everything she is likely to want on a table within reach of her hand, near enough the fire to enjoy its kindly warmth, and near enough the window to have the full benefit of what passes without. Mrs. Wyburgh has some knitting in her hands —pleasant work which is in no hurry; and there is a book on the little table; a good many books ranged modestly within the glass-cases there in the recess on either side of the fire; and it is impossible to look upon a picture of kindly ease and comfort more pleasant or more loveable than the afternoon composure of the Vicaress.

Few people admire Mrs. Wyburgh's taste in dress. Strange odd green and drabs, neither dark nor light, but checking and striping one another in old large patterns which always look faded, are Mrs. Wyburgh's delight. Her great dinner-dress even, that silk brocade which the maid-servants at the vicarage hold in awe, and everybody in the parish knows so well, has its groups of dim green flowers upon a drab ground. These half colours are very unsuitable to Mrs. Wyburgh; but as she sits there—her blue eyes twinkling with a little fun and a great deal of good humour, her cheek with its soft pleasant bloom, her irresistible comfort—it becomes impossible to find fault even with her dress.

And thus it is that Zaidee finds the Vicaress of Briarford; only, by the time of Zaidee's arrival, Mrs. Wyburgh has begun to sip the fragrant cup of coffee with which she relieves her solitary afternoon; for these good people, who are guiltless of pretension, keep to the early hours of their poverty, and dine at two o'clock. It is only three now, and there has been no dinner yet at the Grange; but Zaidee is by no means reluctant to partake of Mrs. Wyburgh's refreshment, nor of the cake which stands in a delicate china plate, close by Mrs. Wyburgh's hand.

Very pretty, very thin and transparent, is the little cup and saucer, and the coffee is neither *café noir* nor *café au lait*, but aboriginal coffee, sweetened, softened, and mollified with a spoonful of rich Cheshire cream. The cake too is unexceptionable; and neither Zaidee nor Sermo, exalted as are the ideas of the one, and irreproachable the gravity of the other, are above Mrs. Wyburgh's cake.

When this agreeable little episode is over, Mrs. Wyburgh rises and goes up-stairs to seek a pretty dressing-gown made for her by the young ladies of the Grange. There is some work upon it which Margaret wants to copy for Elizabeth, and this is Zaidee's errand. Coming down with it immediately, the Vicaress seats herself to wrap it up, in her easy leisurely way. "It is a very pretty pattern," Mrs. Wyburgh says, "and so kind of the young ladies to do it for her."

"But you don't work much at the like of this, Zaidee dear?" said the kindly Vicaress.

"No," said Zaidee. Zaidee's wits were wandering after something else, so she gave the briefest answer to the question.

"But I would, darlin', if I was you," said Mrs. Wyburgh. Words of endearment fell so softly and so simply from this good woman's lips—she said "honey" even sometimes, and the word, with its faintest cadence of brogue and its mellow kindness, was fragrant and sweet in her month.

"Would you, Mrs. Wyburgh?—but everybody can do it at home," said Zaidee, blushing secretly at the thought of those impossible triumphs of needlework which she herself tried to achieve, but could not. "And why would you, if you were I?"

"I'd be young, then, my dear," said the kind Vicaress with a momentary evasion. "Ay, darlin', more than that—never a one knows, Zaidee, what they may come to."

"Come to? I cannot tell what you mean," said Zaidee with wonder.

"Blessings on them that have kept you so ignorant!" said the Vicaress fervently. "But this world's a hard world, Zaidee. Many a one sleeps soft and wakes light in their young days, that have a hard fight before their end. If I was you, honey, as young, and plenty of time, I'd learn every pretty thing I could turn my hand to —that's what I'd do."

"But why, Mrs. Wyburgh? Oh, if you would tell me why," cried Zaidee eagerly, the colour brightening upon her face.

"Dear heart, not a one knows—

there's nothing but change," said Mrs. Wyburgh evasively. "Ay, darlin', sure but I've seen many a pretty young lady that had good need of all the skill in her ten fingers. I never had that learning myself—not a thing could I do but plain shirts and such like, or a gown for myself; but if I had life to begin again, I'd learn all I could learn, Zaidee—everything—playing music, and making pictures, and all those beautiful flowers that your cousin paints so natural, and a pretty hand of write—everything, dear—that's what I'd do if I was young, like you."

The colour went and came upon Zaidee's face; her eyes grew troubled, wistful, and a tear came to their long lashes. "Mrs. Wyburgh," said Zaidee anxiously, "do you know anything that's going to happen?—anything aunt Vivian does not know?"

"I?—no honey, not *I*," cried the Vicaress. "Do you think I'd tease you, and you so young? But I'm old, Zaidee dear; I've come and gone in my day into the world, as far as London and Dublin, not to say Swansea; and, darlin', I've learned experience. It's only a word of advice I'm giving you. No, indeed, sure nothing's going to happen but good and happiness to you and yours. But such a great girl you're growing—and clever, please heaven; and all sorts of learning about the house. I'd learn, Zaidee—I'd learn to do everything, if I was you."

Zaidee said nothing, but only drew Sermo's long ears through her fingers with a haste and unconscious earnestness which Sermo did not quite approve. The Vicaress was disturbed,—she had not intended her good-natured words to have so much effect.

"It's not angry you are, darlin', with an old friend?" said kind Mrs. Wyburgh.

"Angry with you!" Zaidee sprang up with one of her sudden bounds. "I am glad you have told me, Mrs. Wyburgh. I ought to begin, I know. If anything should happen at home, I would be of no use at all to any one; but then I don't think anything will happen. Aunt Vivian says my uncle looked through every corner, and there was no such thing to be found; but, for all that, I will think of what you say—I will indeed—and I know you are very kind. Good-by, Mrs. Wyburgh—aunt Vivian will look for me home."

"Good-by, Zaidee dear; but I don't know, any more than the babe unborn, what the child means about looking in every corner," said the Vicaress, as Zaidee hastened away. "Oh the innocence! she never thinks what might happen to herself if the young Squire married,—as he will, please Providence,—and all these sisters on the old lady's hands—bless them all! It's little like the Lord's common ways if He forgets how they've lent to him many a day, and blessed this orphan and succoured them that were nigh to death. But I'm glad I said it, if the child will but take thought to what I say."

Take thought of what Mrs. Wyburgh said, Zaidee certainly did—puzzled, earnest, intent thought; of which, however, little practical result came, except sundry other glorious impracticable designs in the shape of needlework, and fruitless floating resolves to learn a hundred accomplishments before the winter was over. But Zaidee had another visit to make before she left Briarford; she could not pass the very threshold of her romantic and confidential friend.

CHAPTER XIII.—ANGELINA.

A very different scene, and a very different person, awaited the young visitor in her next call. The Curate's little house was a new house, with some pretensions to be a cottage—a very small red brick erection, with porch and outer shutters painted green, and two little bits of turf and flower-plot on either side of the three feet of gravel path which led from the small green wicket to the narrow door. Little new-planted rose-trees, looking very raw and recent—small spots of crude shrubbery—morsels of unaccustomed flowers—the very turf itself lately laid down, and by no means taking kindly to its prim square—made anything but a pleasant

contrast to those old prickly holly hedges, those immemorial yews at the vicarage, and the close velvet of its sunny lawn, which has scarcely been touched except by the mower for fifty years. Mrs. Green had boxes of straggling seedy mignonette on her window-sills, and other little devices natural to a town-bred taste, which here, where she might have any extent of garden, but could by no means increase the natural proportions of her casements, were not the pleasant things they might have been. The door opened into a very strait passage, and the passage led to a little parlour very much dissimilar to Mrs. Wyburgh's. Very conspicuous here were the differing tastes of the two persons who had so strangely attempted to make themselves one, as John Green and Angelina his wife. The homely substantial pieces of furniture which the bachelor Curate had accumulated, were overlaid and encumbered with the nick-nacks of his bride; and very uncomfortable and awkward—as much so as the Curate himself, when Angelina was in her height of sentiment—appeared the good Curate's chairs and tables in their unsuitable embellishments. That little brassy shining grate full of cut paper and elaborate pink roses—if one only dared to make the ornaments useful for once in their life, and might light the fire with them!—a fire was so much wanted at once for the physical and moral atmosphere of this poor, little, gay, unsuitable room.

The Curate's wife sat upon her small sofa with a book in her hand. Poor Angelina! she looked very chill and out of ease in a muslin gown, with long ribbons streaming from the waist. Her faint complexion had a tinge of blue in it, her fair ringlets drooped sadly over her shrinking shoulders, and her muslin drapery hung about her tall timid person in thin and chilly folds. The blind was half-way down, the curtains hung half across the little window, and sadly against the lower panes tapped the straggling stalks of mignonette, with their great seed-pods and meagre tips of flowers. Poor Curate, if he came home for comfort from a round of wearisome visitings! Poor Angelina, who had no comfort to give! Even the abstracted and preoccupied Zaidee acknowledged a shiver,—though she did not quite know whence it came.

"I have not seen a creature all day, though Mr. Green said perhaps some one would call," said the Curate's wife; "and I got ready so early, because you know Mr. Green likes me to be polite to the parishioners; but, indeed, Zaidee, I am very glad it is you."

Zaidee looked round disconsolately. There was something wanting here—very sorely wanting, but she could not make out what it was.

"Isn't this a dark room?" said wistful Zaidee. "It is quite a bright day out of doors; but it looks so dim here."

"Do you think so?" Mrs. Green vaguely feels the discomfort too. "For myself, I love that half light—that is why I have green curtains; and you could fancy, you know, Zaidee, that the light came down through the leaves in a wood."

"But there are no leaves in the wood now," said Zaidee, shivering a little; "for winter is coming on. I am sure to-day is very cold."

Still bluer looked Angelina in her clinging muslin; but Angelina would not confess to so commonplace an ill.

"I had forgot all about heat and cold when you came, Zaidee," said Mrs. Green. "Oh, it is so delightful in this obscure place to lose one's-self in literature. I am sure you think so as well as me."

But Zaidee, who was extremely simple and downright in spite of her romance, could not get up a rapture on the moment, and, besides, was still very much occupied with what Mrs. Wyburgh had said.

"I am sure I cannot tell just now," said Zaidee; "I was thinking of something else. Do you ever do any work when you sit here all day alone?"

A sudden blush coloured the faintly tinted cheeks of Zaidee's sentimental friend. She drew herself up a little, and looked somewhat offended. Zaidee, who meant no evil, could by no means discover why.

"Perhaps I don't cultivate my fingers so much as many ladies I know," said Angelina with dignity,

"but I always find so much to occupy me in my mind."

"Yes," said Zaidee thoughtfully, pursuing the current of her own meditations; "and then you will always have Mr. Green to take care of *you*. But I wonder what use I could be, always reading, reading, if anything should happen. I wish I was clever at working! I wish I could do something! But you used to be at school—will you tell me what they taught there?"

"They taught a great many foolish things," said Mrs. Green; "embroidery and needle-work, and I can't tell what besides, when it might have been so much better to give the young ladies a taste for literature, and learn them to find resources in themselves."

"Resources—ah, that is just what I want," said Zaidee with sudden animation. "Suppose anything should happen—and Mrs. Wyburgh says no one can tell—oh, what could I do? I don't believe I should be of any use at all—not the least in the world; but I wish you would tell me—I think you must know. People who are not clever are obliged to work sometimes. Now, what can they do?"

"I don't understand you, I am sure," said Mrs. Green; and certainly it was not quite easy to understand Zaidee. "Servants are not very clever generally, nor common labouring people. I am sure the woman I have here—she's enough to break any one's heart!"

"But I could not be a servant," said Zaidee quickly. "I think that would be impossible, unless we were very poor indeed. What else can people do?"

"I am sure, Zaidee, I can't in the least tell what you mean," said the Curate's wife, becoming half frightened and greatly perplexed. "I have known poor ladies who did sewing—plain sewing—but that was very hard. Most ladies who are obliged to work, go out for governesses, or keep schools, or something like that."

Zaidee sighed. "I am fourteen, but I could not do anything," said poor Zaidee, half to herself; and Zaidee's puzzled and disconsolate perplexity was at once amusing and sad.

"I had a friend at school. Her name was Charlotte Disbrowe," said Mrs. Green. "She had a great many little brothers and sisters, and, poor girl, she was to be governess to them all when she got home. They were very genteel people, but I am afraid they were poor, and Charlotte had to learn everything for the sake of the rest. Such quantities of work she did, poor girl, and was so glad when one of the young ladies would read to her. I did it often; but since I have been married," said the Curate's wife, drawing herself up a little, "I heard she was to be married too; and just the other day I got a letter—she knew Mr. Green was a clergyman—begging me to find some one who would do for a nursery governess. Any good girl, Charlotte says, that could read and write well, would do, and her mamma would be very kind to her, though she could only give her a very little salary. But you may fancy, Zaidee—a governess out of Briarford!—where could such a thing be found? Though, of course, they think I am sure to know, being a clergyman's wife."

Entirely passing over this little bit of dignity, Zaidee gravely shook her head, as she applied to the matter in hand. "I don't think there's any one like that in Briarford," said Zaidee. "Dr. Ellis's sister was a governess; but she taught all sorts of things, and was quite a great lady. No, indeed I don't know any one. Only to read and write? Most people can read and write. But I am very much afraid I can't even write well."

"You ought to have a governess yourself, Zaidee, or masters to teach you, as we had at school," said Mrs. Green. "Indeed, I am sure they have always neglected you at the Grange."

"What do you say?" Zaidee opened her astonished eyes. "You are very wrong if you think so," continued Zaidee, drawing herself up in her turn, "and every one else in Briarford knows better. That is not what I mean. I was always afraid of masters and governesses; and I am stupid too, I suppose, and so I don't know anything, though I am grown up, and fourteen years old. I think I will begin to work this very day."

"If you choose, I will read with you, Zaidee, and do all I can to help you," said Angelina graciously.

But Zaidee, who knew she could read a volume while her friend got through a chapter, demurred to this.

"For it is not reading. Percy and boys read; that is all the education they are fit for," said Zaidee, with a thoughtful look. "But girls can learn a great many other things. Yes, and girls are of use when boys can't be. I am sure I do not know what I could do; but something or other I must try." So saying, Zaidee called to the willing Sermonicus, and set off, with many meditations on her way home.

CHAPTER XIV.—FURTHER CONSULTATIONS.

"Sophy, have you ever thought any more of what aunt Vivian said?—that story about the will?"

"About the will? No; why should I?" said Sophy, looking up with astonishment; "it was nothing to us, and it is so long ago."

"But I think it might be a great deal to us," said Zaidee, solemnly, "if, after all, something should turn up, leaving all the Grange away from Philip; and if grandfather Vivian was such a man, no one knows what he might do. My aunt said so; I know I have been thinking of it all day."

"Did you think of being the heiress, Zay, instead of Philip?" said Sophy quickly.

"No, indeed. I thought if some stranger turned out to be the heir, what should we all do? All of you are good for something, Sophy," said Zaidee, disconsolately; "but for me, if anything should happen, I would be of no use at all. I could wait upon you, that is true; but Sophy, do you know, though I am fourteen, there is nothing that I can do?"

"Why, you are only a child; what should you do?" said Sophy. "I wonder what put this into your head at all."

"Mrs. Wyburgh. She meant nothing; but she began to ask me about working, and if I could do the things that you and Margaret and Elizabeth do. I could not, of course, and I was *so* ashamed."

"If that is all, you can learn; we will all teach you: better than reading for ever, I think," said the sensible Sophy.

"Well, but then, that led me on to think of other things," continued Zaidee, laying down, meanwhile, upon her knee another attempted *chef-d'œuvre;* "and, Sophy, just suppose—suppose something happened, and we were all brought down to be very poor, and had to leave the Grange—in books, at least, such things are always happening—what *could* we do?"

"Upon my word, unless you want to make people uncomfortable, I don't see the good of asking," said Sophy, with a little irritation. "Suppose there should be a great civil war again, and somebody came to besiege the Grange, I cannot tell what we should do, for my part; and the one is quite as likely as the other, if one wished to think of disagreeable things."

Zaidee made no answer, and there was a pause. It was twilight once more, and these two, the youngest of the family, sat alone by the fire in the young ladies' room.

"But if such a thing should happen," resumed Sophy, her annoyance fading in the vague pleasures of speculation, "of course we would have to be content, and make up our minds to it, in the first place; then, of course, mamma would consider what was to be done, and—but, Zaidee, we should have nothing—we should be very, very poor."

Sophy broke off in sudden horror. "That was what I meant all the time," said Zaidee, with a sigh.

"Well, I am sure it is very wicked to try to frighten people," said Sophy; "though it is nonsense, of course, and I need not care for it. Well, Philip and Percy, they would have to work at something immediately—and perhaps so would we all; and instead of being comfortable and rich, and having every thing we wish for, we might come to need the very simplest things; and Elizabeth's marriage broken off, very likely; and I am certain Mr. Powis would never sigh, and look at Margaret any more; and there would be an end of us all."

"Philip and Percy and Elizabeth!" Zaidee murmured the names with dismay; for her own fears had never

realised the possibility of such a sweeping destruction.

"Yes," said Sophy, with an air of injury, "that is what we would all have to look for, if another heir came to the Grange."

"I did not think of anything half so bad," said Zaidee, in a melancholy tone; "all that I thought of was, of what we must do if we were poor, and of leaving home. Would it break your heart, Sophy, to leave the Grange?"

Sophy hesitated. "Now, Zaidee, I would not be foolish if I were you. You don't think we can live all our lives at the Grange?"

But the blank face of Zaidee looking up, actually persuaded Sophy that such a delusion was possible. And Sophy laughed, and a soft merry girlish blush ran over Sophy's face.

"I don't think Elizabeth is breaking her heart," said the younger sister, with again a little outbreak of laughter, "though she will go away so soon; and I don't think—perhaps—I should break my heart myself; but this is all so foolish: you must make your romances by yourself, Zaidee, and I will go and ask mamma what colour this should be."

So Zaidee was left in darkling solitude by the little fire, only Sermo and her own thoughts keeping her company. Many a romance, ending after the orthodox fashion in due and necessary marriage, had already danced through Zaidee's thoughts; but Zaidee's girlish imagination was free as the wind, and she had not even begun to speculate on her own individual fate. Gravely she bent over the handful of red embers in the little fireplace, gravely lifted her eyes to the confused tumult of clouds sweeping quick across the pale autumn sky. Much like these same vapours were Zaidee's thoughts—vaguely disturbed, and full of dark uncertain hues, tossing hither and thither in wide sweeps and circles, but continually returning to their starting-point again.

Pure daylight was the very element of this family of Vivians. Margaret even was pensive only by an innocent, unconscious, youthful delusion; there was neither mystery nor secresy in the house—where no one was afraid of disclosing to the other everything which the other cared to see; and where mother and children, brothers and sisters, lived in terms of perfect confidence, with neither divided interest nor divided affections, there was little left to wonder over, or to build speculations upon. Nor had even the story of the will arrested the quick imagination of Zaidee, until Mrs. Wyburgh's hints and questions brought before her that favourite crisis and beginning of fictitious history—a lost inheritance, and a family overthrow. Zaidee Vivian had never been made aware of her state of dependence. It did not occur to her that her position was at all different from that of Sophy, her nearest contemporary in the family; and the good Vicaress might have spent a twelvemonth in hinting at poverty to come, before Zaidee would have learned to think of that poverty as threatening herself. Herself! Zaidee had no idea of herself as a distinct person. She could realise family events very fully, but misfortune to her own individual being, save the misfortune of toothache or a cut finger, was the most intangible shadow in the world to the household favourite. So Zaidee took the view natural to her own mind and standing-point, and with a heart heavy at thought of these sad mishaps, which might threaten Philip, and Percy, and Elizabeth, in case "anything should happen," Zaidee sat still, and pondered over the waning fire.

Still the clouds swept darkly in misty masses over that pale black sky, at once luminous and colourless, the sky of autumn's stormy moods—and still, a hasty throng, silent and swift of foot, passed on the crowding medley of Zaidee's thoughts. Among them were abrupt scenes, sudden and unconnected—a melancholy departure from the Grange of the whole household suddenly breaking into the midst of a brighter picture, which represented Elizabeth's wedding, and the bridegroom carrying his bride away. Then strangely enough Zaidee's fancy leapt away to Mrs. Green's school friend, Charlotte Disbrowe, intended for family governess, and suddenly snatched by her marriage from this desirable fate; and making a rapid detour, Zaidee once more returned to herself.

It was a comfort to think that, "if

anything did happen," Zaidee herself, the poor little incapable, could "wait upon them all;" and Zaidee, famous for quick conclusions, already saw herself in a great bib and apron, like the youngest little maid at the vicarage, and was rather proud than otherwise of the uniform which proclaimed her still of use. She saw herself ascending unknown staircases, and threading narrow passages, on errands of service to one and to another; and Zaidee leant her own head on the head of Sermonicus, solemnly sitting by, and felt a tear come to her eye, as she wondered whether Sermo would stalk by her then with his stately pace as he did now. To be deprived of this companion would be indeed an affliction; and Zaidee put her arms round Sermo's neck, and sobbed over him in a little anticipatory heartbreak. "But I will never leave you, Sermo! Aunt Vivian will not give you to a stranger!" said Zaidee through her tears. Grave as he looked, Sermo was not a dog of melancholy temperament. Sermo's quick ears had heard the tea-urn placed upon the table in the drawing-room, and Sermo's sensitive nostril bore witness to a fragrant indication of toast and hot cake. So a canine humph, and a look towards the door, was all the answer Sermo gave to the grief of his friend. It was enough to rouse Zaidee; so she too dried her eyes, and put her hair in order, and went forth from her darkness to the light of the drawing-room, to the family conversation, and the family tea-table, where heartbreaks, either present or anticipatory, were things unknown.

CHAPTER XV.—A DISCOVERY.

October was concluding, after the usual fashion of a Cheshire October. Let us do no injury to the milky county: it is only that peninsula which lies between the Mersey and the Dee, which entertains the winds. But however mildly the inland pastures might receive the coming winter, here was a prolonged gigantic equinox—gusts, strong-handed and impartial, tearing from every quarter of the heavens—persecuted clouds flying before them on every hand, violent swift descents of rain, and outbreaks of sunshine as sudden and violent. A most uncertain, fierce, Titanic sport of the elements; but pleasure there certainly was in the tumult, so fresh, and bracing, and full of life—those great flashing rain-drops, which seemed to break in light and laughter as they fell under the overtaking sunbeams—those truant school-boy winds doing their pranks with such an air of exultant mischief—and those wild, grand, stormy sunsets, making a glory all abroad upon the cloudy sky and threatening sea. A wilder stretch of weather, or a more enjoyable, to young health and vigorous nerves, never fell from the heavens, than the closing autumn of Philip Vivian's one-and-twentieth year.

The house within was full of the bustle of preparation. All those dainty bits of needlework, and delightful journeys of purchase-making, necessitated by Elizabeth's trousseau—all the internal arrangements necessary for the reception of important guests, and for the doubly important transactions of the coming era, filled the feminine part of the household with perpetual occupation. Philip, very full of the improvements about to be commenced on his ancestral acres, and with a somewhat shy, youthful pride, modest and manly, realising the growing importance of his own position, head of the family, and Master of the Grange—the Squire—had a no less busy life of it in toil and pleasure, breasting those brave winds day by day. While Percy, holding his headquarters in the library, in his character of student, and making erratic excursions into the special department of every other vested interest in the household, gave forth his boyish spirits very freely in preparation for that time of coming manhood to which the youth looked forward with anticipations so grand. Elizabeth's wardrobe increased at a wonderful rate. Mrs. Vivian's household preparations went on with leisurely and well-regulated speed. It fared well with Margaret's labours, and with the tolerably well

acquired music and much practised dances of Sophy. But, alas! those equivocal and mysterious things called Percy's studies, were not more slow to take form and shape, than were the longed-for acquirements and accomplishments, the picture-drawing, and language-speaking, and fabulous feats of embroidery which had glimmered before the visionary eyes of Zaidee, when the vision of something about to happen had overwhelmed her heart.

It took "such a time!" to acquire an accomplishment. Such slow, weary, plodding work it was, after all; and Zaidee had the sincerest detestation of all mental processes which were slow. Her first few days of strenuous application were soon over. Zaidee felt extremely virtuous, but it must be confessed very weary every night; and in spite of all these lingering hours of industry, everybody else could do so much better than she. Sophy had rattled over ever so many bars of their duet while Zaidee was finding out the first chord. Elizabeth had painted the prettiest little rose-bud in the world, while Zaidee, with many wavering lines, compounded a morsel of stem; and Margaret had actually read down to the farthest corner of the second page while Zaidee made out what was the first sentence in her French lesson. So Zaidee reddened into indignation, and cooled into dislike. What good was there in them, after all? And once more the stately steps of Sermonicus pursued her flying feet through hall and passage, and Zaidee was herself once more.

Nevertheless, the haunting possibility of a suddenly discovered will, and "something happening," never left Zaidee's mind. Not a bit of paper caught in the breeze without, or rustling along a windy passage within, escaped her eager pursuit and scrutiny; and with awe Zaidee opened the old volumes in the library which bore in fierce black characters the signature of her grandfather, and studied its every curve, as you might study the intricacies of a dangerous weapon. The subject possessed her imagination. From those most fantastic dreams of which her sleep was full, to the thronging visions of the day—everything was tinged with this, and it held stubborn possession of her own mind all the more that she never mentioned it again, even to Sophy, nor suffered one of her speculations on the subject to stray forth into words.

November had commenced. The ancient silver flagons, withdrawn from their treasury in Mrs. Vivian's room, were polished to their brightest sheen, in preparation for the approaching day of family pomp and solemnity. Great daily rubbings and polishings took place in the ancient hall; the ancient coat-of-arms was anxiously investigated and found uninjured; and every repository of lumber in the house was searched for bits of ancient tapestry thrust aside as useless years ago. There were old remnants of furniture, too, disposed of in various unused rooms, on which family councils were held from day to day. Some of these were picturesque, some of them only crazy, and no small number possessed both these qualities at once. On one of those occasions of general overturn, Zaidee had as usual formed one of the exploring party, of which Margaret was pioneer. The room was a very insignificant, disregarded room, lighted with a little window, so high up in the roof as to be almost a skylight, from which you had a far-off bird's-eye view of the sea. It had not been occupied perhaps for centuries, and was the veriest lumber room in the whole house.

But this little close dusty apartment contained various rarities, and became for some hours the scene of the family campaign. Zaidee was last as usual, when with many echoes the train of invaders swept away; for Zaidee, divided between the skylight and an old black-letter volume, had lost herself for the moment; and Sermonicus with solemn fidelity, yet with evident impatience, sat in the doorway, his allegiance binding him to remain, but all his inclinations prompting him to escape those falling clouds of dust, and be present at the disposition of the recovered antiquities in the hall, which was henceforward to be their proper home. Sermo was a dog of highly conscientious feelings: the sense of duty was all in all with him; so he elevated his delicate nostrils with the air of a stoic, and remained.

Zaidee cannot make very much of

the black-letter; but it is a great book, composed of a number of little ones very indiscriminately compounded, and enclosed in a vellum cover. There are some Latin treatises, some treatises in English—crabbed lengths of paragraph, with heads one, two, and three, marginal notes, quotations, and all the pomp of antique theology. Not very attractive lore, Zaidee. Yet patience, better things may come.

And at last here are better things. Oh, these irregular lines—that dearly beloved broken column, that tells of verse! And this is, assuredly, verse of the most fascinating kind—a true original romaunt, a metrical legend in black-letter. Zaidee forgets at once the falling dust and the raised window, and sits down in a corner of the floor to read.

But by-and-by Zaidee comes upon marginal notes in a very coarse sprawling hand, like the unintelligible scribblings of some very illiterate reader, and rude hieroglyphics invading the printed page. Growing indignant—for Zaidee has the greatest reverence for books, and cannot bear to see them handled disrespectfully—Zaidee hastily turns over the remaining leaves. A faint odour, as of smoke embalmed, is in these desecrated pages; and where the scribbling pen has hastily stayed in a long broken line, a large long strip of paper, folded closely up, and burned at one edge, such a thing as might have lighted a very vulgar pipe withal, has been thrust in to keep the place.

With great indignation, snatching this out, Zaidee throws it on the floor, feeling very certain that some coarse serving-man, very probably one of that lawless crew of "Grandfather Vivian's," has contaminated this ancient book; and, with a relieved mind, Zaidee reads on the further page, which has no scribbling to defile it, and loses herself once more.

Sermo, not caring to share her studies and take himself in farther to her dusty retreat—Sermo, who is a dog of active faculties, and loves not to be unnoticed—Sermo sniffs at the paper. Finding the odour not agreeable, Sermo tosses his head with offence, yet, preferring annoyance to languor, tries it again; then lying down, unfolds the thing with his nose and a paw, and stretching across the threshold, gravely considers it as something which his mistress has committed to his special attention for his advice thereupon.

It is in this attitude that Zaidee finds her attendant when she looks up from her book; and Sermo seems to find considerable interest in the paper, after all, though it is charred and smoky, and has been in hands disrespectful of literature, and especially of this romaunt in black-letter. Nevertheless, Zaidee stops to examine it too.

What is this! "Oh, Grandfather Vivian! oh, Philip, Philip!" cries Zaidee, with something like a scream; and snatching it from the ground, Zaidee closes the door, shuts out the wondering Sermo, closes even the window, and sits down once more upon the floor to read. Something *has* happened. The Will is found at last.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE FIRST GRIEF.

"I wish some one would tell me what is the matter with Zaidee—the poor child looks broken-hearted. What ails your poor little cousin, Elizabeth? It grieves me to see her look so sad."

"Indeed, I cannot tell, mamma," says the sweet placid voice of Elizabeth, "unless it is Percy with some of his tricks."

"I hope Percy does no tricks that would vex his cousin," said Mrs. Vivian, reddening in virtuous displeasure. "I should be very sorry to believe such a thing of any son of mine."

"I dare say Zaidee has only been reading a melancholy story," suggested Margaret, "and having a cry over it—that is all."

"Oh, indeed, it is something more than that," said Sophy, with the dignified consciousness of superior information. "Since ever mamma told us that story of the will, Zay has been quite miserable, and sure we should all come to poverty; and she says every one of us can do something, but what could she do; and is sure it would break her heart to leave the Grange. Mamma, I suppose we

must all make up our minds to have our hearts broken when Philip gets married. We can't live in the Grange then."

"You had better make sure by a private enterprise of your own, Sophy," said the heir, half-laughing, half-frowning; while Mrs. Vivian's quick "hush, child!" gave note that to Mrs. Vivian the idea was by no means a delightful one.

"Poor little girl!—and she wants to do something," said Philip good-humouredly. "I think she would make a better officer for me than you, mother. She knows every volume in the library by headmark, I suppose. I'll set her to copying something for me there."

"But Zaidee writes so badly—it's quite disgraceful," said Margaret. "I am sure I cannot tell how she has managed to get herself neglected so."

At this moment Zaidee entered, not with the wild, swift, noiseless step of old, but with a timid deprecating motion as of one who came by sufferance—an intruder and alien here. Hearing Margaret's words, she raised her eyes for a moment, large, dilated, and unsteady, with a reproachful glance; and there was something of secret guiltiness and humility in Zaidee's step and figure, which impressed the whole little family company strangely. Coming in as with some distinct purpose, Zaidee evidently faltered from her intention, and, avoiding the group round the fireside, stole away towards the window, where she hovered about without either book or occupation; starting, however, violently, when she heard her aunt's call—"Zaidee, I want you here."

Zaidee approached with a visible tremble, and every one looked at her, increasing her confusion. By this time, however, the poor girl's emotion began to grow intense, and she drew near Mrs. Vivian's tribunal with her strong nervous tremour gradually subsiding into the calmness of great excitement. Her brown complexion marked her paleness more than Sophy's snowy purity could have done. Her swift silent step and downcast eyelids had something in them passionate and strange. No one spoke; an indefinite silent recognition of something unknown and powerful entering among them, checked the smile of kind encouragement on Philip's lips, and suppressed Sophy's mocking *badinage*. At this moment no one knew very well what to make of this excited girl.

Mrs. Vivian raised herself erect in her great chair; the floating drapery of the white Shetland shawl enveloped the back of this solemn piece of furniture like a cloud; and Mrs. Vivian's small handsome person, distinctly standing out against it, assumed all the state and all the stature which was possible to its delicate proportions. Poor Zaidee, in all her distress and excitement, could not help thinking once more of the fairy godmother ready to ride away in her coach, from sad Cinderella's dimmed and disenchanted life. A something of whimsical association, half-grotesque, and half-pathetic, brought the similitude home to Zaidee's own oppressed and trembling heart.

"My dear child!" Mrs. Vivian made a very solemn beginning, "I want to know what makes you so very sad and troubled. It is not natural at your years, Zaidee, and it is not natural to you. We have all observed it. Now, I expect you to be quite frank with me, and tell me what it is."

"Nothing, aunt Vivian." Larger and larger grow those swelling downcast eyelids, and there is a perceptible quiver in the compressed lip.

"Nothing, Zaidee? But I am quite sure there is something, and I am not easily deceived," said Mrs. Vivian. "Has any one been vexing you, child? Was it Percy?—or tell me who it was?"

"Indeed, aunt Vivian, it was not any one; I am not vexed—indeed, I am quite well," said Zaidee in a half whisper; for Zaidee was very much afraid that it must run over, this blinding moisture in her eyes.

"I am sure you know every one wishes to see you happy, Zaidee," continued the old lady. "You have no reason to be afraid of me, or any of your cousins. You surely don't hesitate to say anything to us?"

"No, aunt Vivian." But Zaidee does not look up, does not slide down to her usual place, or change her position; and standing there in her controlled and suppressed grief, with

her downcast eyes so full and visibly glistening over their long lashes, her brown complexion so pallid and colourless, her lip trembling so evidently, looks such a monument of youthful concealed despair and sorrow, that Mrs. Vivian, piqued and distressed, grows impatient, her anxiety balked, and her curiosity irritated at the same time.

"I shall be obliged to consider you a very obstinate girl, Zaidee," said the peremptory mistress of the Grange. "It is quite impossible you can have any trouble which ought to be concealed from me. I assure you I feel both hurt and displeased. I have always thought I had my children's confidence, and I am very sure I have given you no cause to fear trusting me."

"Oh, mamma!" said Sophy, in dismay. Sophy feared the poor culprit might be overwhelmed with this reproach.

But Zaidee acknowledged it only by an increased tremble of her lip, and still made no response.

"Zaidee is only out of sorts or out of humour a little, and you will make her think she is quite a martyr," said Philip, rising; and he laid his hand kindly on her shoulder. "Now, don't look despairing, Zed; nobody is angry; confess you were only sulky, and that Percy or some of us plagued you—no such great matter. Laugh, and let my mother see it is no tragical affair after all."

But Zaidee shrank from his touch, and broke forth into a passion of reluctant tears. "Nobody plagued me, neither Percy, nor any one. I wish you would not be kind to me. Oh, Philip, not you!—not you! I wish you would never speak to me again."

And Zaidee slid down to the carpet, and sat there in a complete abandonment of grief, covering her face with her hands. The others looked on amazed and bewildered. Elizabeth bent over her, softly trying to draw away her hands, and whispering "Zaidee, Zaidee," in her own gentlest tone. Margaret sat still, vague ideas of romantic passion, and falling in love, perplexing *her* mind. Sophy cried; and Philip exclaimed aloud, with an impatience kindred to his mother's, "What on earth did she mean?"

The voice and the tone seemed to startle Zaidee. All at once her sobbing ceased. With sudden composure she rose and stood before the great chair once more. "If you please, aunt Vivian," said Zaidee, very humbly, "I don't mean anything—nobody has vexed me—nothing ails me; and I wanted to ask you if you would give me something to do."

Sophy, defrauded of her sympathy, stopped in the middle of her crying. "Mamma, I told you—it's all her nonsense after all," cried Sophy, indignantly; and Sophy dried her tears with an angry hand, and went away in great displeasure to the other end of the room. Zaidee remained standing before Mrs. Vivian's chair; but Philip, looking back as he went out, could not subdue the startled curiosity and interest which succeeded to his momentary laugh, as he saw his young cousin, abstracted and silent, listening to his mother's lecture on the over-indulgence of her feelings. This was a strange passion for a child.

CHAPTER XVII.—DESPAIR.

But while Zaidee's passionate excitement passed over and was gone, the deeper cloud of Zaidee's distress remained unenlightened. The family preparations for the family jubilee, the family researches for interesting memorials of the old Vivians and their ancestral life, went on without intermission; but Zaidee no longer followed, the laggard of the party, finding out dusty corners which no one else knew of, and terrifying the elders of the exploring band by daring feats of investigation which no one else ventured. It was strange to find what a loss she was, with those quick eyes of hers and rapid movements, and how her strange heterogeneous knowledge, her intuitive perception of picturesque antiquities and ancient uses, came to be missed in all they did without her presence. Nobody had ever fancied truant Zaidee of any service—nobody could remem-

ber any particular office of assistance she had ever done, or suggestion made—yet everybody wanted her, and wondered at her absence. A hundred inquiries, "where was Zaidee?" echoed through the windy passages of the Grange. Zaidee was often very close at hand, listening to these calls upon her, but Zaidee never came.

Perhaps she sits—far away from aunt Vivian in her easy-chair by the fire—in the recess of yon great mullioned window, very silent, like a figure in a picture, and very intent upon her work. This work is no longer embroidery or some great invention in bright-coloured silk and velvet. The strangest whim in the world, everybody thinks, is this which Zaidee has taken into her fanciful brain; for the very homeliest domestic sewing which aunt Vivian could be persuaded to give her, lies upon Zaidee's knee, and occupies her sedulous hands—work which might be done by the servants, so very "plain" is it—work for the real humble uses of the family; but no one knows the profound sentiments with which Zaidee bends over this, her fingers faltering sometimes, her eyes filling, and all her heart in her unattractive labour. It is like a picture altogether, this great, bright, well-ordered, silent-room. The fireside glitters, and the fire burns with a clear undemonstrative glow, shining red and clear upon that distinct small old lady, so alert and full of business, in the great chair and high footstool, with writing materials and sewing materials, letters and books, pieces of cambric and lace, that tell of the coming bridal, upon the table by her side, and the bright steel embellishments of the hearth twinkling with a ruddy glow from the deep rich crimson of that great mossy rug below her feet. The sun comes in through the curtains of the long modern windows behind, stretching in a lengthy prolonged line, to reach if possible the daylight from the other end, but striking bright upon the wall long before it reaches Zaidee, whose seat is in the extreme recess. There is coloured glass in the upper part of this great mullioned window, and the daylight is not sunny which fills all its diamond panes below; but full in its serene illumination, in her brown plain girlish dress, with her pale sunburnt absorbed face, her stooping head and downcast eyes, sits Zaidee, silent and motionless, save for the breath that quickens and grows languid with the current of her thoughts, and those long taper fingers which labour on without a pause; yet scarcely without a pause—for sometimes Zaidee's thoughts crowd on her so that all unconsciously her hands and her work drop upon her knee, and her wistful eyes look forth from the window, full of a strange depth of solitude and sadness. Looking forth from the window, you see those long stretches of solitary road—those trees waving wildly in the wind—those masses of tumultuous cloud hurrying as if pursued along the sky; and your glance grows wistful and searching, like Zaidee's eyes, as you turn from that lonely prospect to this silent interior once again.

At Zaidee's feet lies Sermonicus, very grave, extremely observant and curious. Sometimes he reposes his solemn head upon her foot by way of making her aware of his presence, sometimes spreads out the long hoary fawn-coloured fringes of his paw upon the edge of her gown, but always watches her with a grave and sedulous attention, the attention of one who partly knows her secret, and with much cogitation labours at it, putting this and that together, hoping in time to come to know it all.

Or perhaps Zaidee, carefully shut in to that high chamber, whose window overlooks the sea, sits pondering over the black-letter volume, with its vellum cover. In this great book Zaidee reads no more. To tell the truth, she reads very little in any book now. What she found within these pages seems to have satisfied her strangely; and yet there is a certain fascination about this book. The long strip of scorched paper still holds its place between the leaves. Sometimes by stealth, and with a quickened pulse, Zaidee reads this scrap of manuscript, but most frequently only looks that it is there, and sits down beside it to think, laying her hand closely upon the vellum board, and pressing it down. Many times she brings a candle with her, which shows strangely in the daylight, and taking out that dreadful document with a

trembling hand, holds it *almost* over the flame, but always withdraws it in terror; for Zaidee has a child's dread of doing anything on her own responsibility, and fears to destroy this paper much as she longs to do so. If any extremity comes, any chance of discovery, *that* will give her courage, but she is never bold enough now for such an independent act. At present she can only guard the dangerous possession with the carefulness of extreme terror; and when the impulse comes upon her of looking out, which it does often, Zaidee carefully carries this volume with her, and sets her foot upon it, while she stands at the window. All these strange and mystical proceedings Sermo carefully notes and ponders, but it does not seem that Sermo makes much of them, for an air of much abstraction and bewilderment gradually comes over his sage and meditative face.

These are the quiet moods of Zaidee's secret suffering; but when the wind is wilder than its wont, in these lingering twilights of the early winter, the young solitary sets forth on melancholy pilgrimages, to the much discomfiture of Sermo. Not far off is a little remnant of a wood—Zaidee at least likes to think it so, though there are irreverent speculators who call her bit of forest only a fir plantation. However that may be, the place is wild enough, with its slippery underground, thick with so many layers of the fallen spiky leaflets of those grim Scotch firs, always green, always fierce, defiant, and gloomy, that wave their wild branches above. Over this tawny carpet, strewn with fir-tops, and broken with little patches of wild gorse and blighted heather, gliding through those long avenues, bare-columned trunks of fir-trees, striking against the pale line of sky, Zaidee comes and goes, noiselessly thinking her heavy thoughts; or sometimes sitting on a fallen tree, looking into a clear black pool, a miniature moorland lake, listens to the wind sweeping among the rustling branches overhead, one of the eeriest sounds in nature, and gives herself up to the full indulgence of her young unlimited sorrow. Sermo meanwhile, in much discomfort couching by her side, sniffs the wind with defiance, and howls in a complaining undertone—much disquieted with the wild sweeping motion of those ghostly branches above him, much marvelling by what strange chance his youthful mistress should prefer this strange out-of-doors tumult to the ruddy drawing-room of the Grange; for Sermo's gravest deliberations cannot fathom Zaidee's secret still.

What is it Zaidee says in the murmuring outcries of her girlish distress? A vague appeal to some one, the natural voice of helplessness; and sometimes the most sacred and solemn of names breaks faintly from her lips; but the burden of all is—"What shall I do? what can I do?"—and Zaidee wrings her hands in an agony, and thinks her heart will break.

Poor little self-consuming generous heart! so unlearned and unexperienced in such a sore and singular strait, shut out from all natural advice and comfort! Zaidee is only fourteen, a very simple, unknowing, truthful child, her only lore the teachings of romance, and that one lofty, divine, and wonderful story, which suggests all sacrifice by the unapproachable self-offering which redeemed the world; and if this little pool were deep enough, and such a way of settling the matter could but seem "right," this sincere and downright child's spirit would not stumble at it for a moment. Many a thought of the kind comes in Zaidee's mind, as all the possibilities of her position, and all the harm her hitherto harmless existence may do, throng upon her, and excite her into a tumult of despairing doubts and questionings—what can she do? At forty it is not always easy to answer such a question—at fourteen what should it be? And not a counsellor in all the world has Zaidee, not one to whom she dares disclose her difficulty; none even but Sermo—poor, faithful, bewildered Sermo, whose straining faculties cannot make it out—on whom she can lean when she weeps. But it is still some comfort to see his wistful face looking up into her own, some support to lay her arm upon him, to cry, "Oh, Sermo, Sermo, what shall I do?" even though Sermo has no answer to make to the cry of her distress.

RURAL ECONOMY OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

It was the theory of the French Economists that all wealth comes out of the land; and this their dogma was admitted by Adam Smith as the basis of political economy. He even exempted corn from the operation of his free-trade principles.

The theory may be shortly said to be this, that the possessor of land does not grow only what is sufficient for his consumption, but an overplus, which he exchanges for the product of labour of another kind. His superabundance creates new wants; and as by his skill in agriculture the superabundance increases, so does his luxuries. Hence he feeds the trades and manufactures which supply them, and they are the stimulants to agriculture. But this theory stops at manufactures for *home* consumption. They say that foreign commerce, having many and great advantages, tending greatly to the civilisation of the world, does not, nevertheless, add to a nation's wealth; for that exports and imports are but the exchange of commodities; that in this transfer system individuals may be enriched, but that the country is no richer. By his providence, forethought, and industry, one man may attract to himself a greater quantity of this stock than another, but that the community does not gain thereby. They lay down that the worth of any article is the exact cost of the workman's subsistence, while he is labouring upon it—and no more; and if he exports this, and imports the product of another country, he only has an equivalent in exchange. It is exemplified thus: A manufacturer makes a hundred pounds' worth of lace, the worth being estimated at the cost of his maintenance. He receives in exchange, similarly estimated, wine from abroad, also a hundred pounds in value; and here arises what the old Economists considered the error of the supposed wealth accruing from the export and import of foreign commerce. The wine, we suppose, is sold at home, where the lace was manufactured, at one hundred and fifty pounds. They assert that this is no gain of fifty pounds, inasmuch as it is paid by the home consumer, and is therefore but a transfer from his pocket to that of the importer; and hence that there is no actual increase to the national stock of wealth. This theory was maintained with great ability by Mr. Spence about the year 1800, when our commerce was threatened by the French war—a war emphatically pronounced against our "ships, colonies, and commerce." The object of Mr. Spence was to prove, that the loss of these would not necessarily imply the loss of our prosperity, nor in any great degree tend to its diminution. He chose for his subject—"England independent of Commerce." We have not the work before us, but such was its purport. His book was assailed by the mercantile world; and his replies were able, and greatly strengthened his position.* If we remember rightly, he estimated that, according to the then existing agricultural science—far lower than it is at present—by due encouragement the land might easily be made to maintain a population of sixty millions. Whether this theory be a whole truth, or part of a truth, it is beyond our purpose now to inquire. The very question implies the vast importance of agriculture; and perhaps to no people on earth is it of greater importance than to us in our insular position, with a greatly increasing population, increasing by the instigation of a newly-risen manufacturing system, not immediately regulated by our agricultural products. Few will doubt that the less we depend upon foreign countries for our food, the better. The last year has shown that it is unreasonable to build upon the dream of perpetual peace. The belief that we

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The Rural Economy of England, Scotland, and Ireland. By LEONCE DE LAVERGNE. Translated from the French. With Notes by a Scotch Farmer. Octavo. 1855.

* Mr. Spence, we understand, is still living, known as a learned entomologist, and a most amiable and benevolent man. We know not if he still maintains the above-mentioned theoretical views.

were dependent upon foreign supply, and therefore could not afford to go to war, may have given in its item of motive to the Czar, at this time, to bring to action his long-determined schemes. That there is danger in not looking to ourselves for subsistence is becoming manifest; for had not this last harvest been most plentiful, there might have been a near approach to a famine. People are asking how it is that, after a general thanksgiving, instead of cheap bread we have high prices; and but that the war is universally popular, and engrosses the thoughts of all, there would be much discontent and inquiry into the causes of our present scarcity. Supposing, upon this system of reliance on foreign supply, that the quartern loaf were cheap to the buyer as regards money paid out of his pocket immediately for it, that is not the whole of the cost; for that deceitful cheapness a tax must be paid. There can be no better evidence of the fact than that which Lord John Russell gave in Parliament in March 1851, when, irritated by the taunts of Mr. Cobden, in the debate on the navy estimates, he showed that their recent legislation, by admitting foreign produce for people's food necessitated the extraordinary naval expenditure. He said—

"For the last two or three years we have had eight or nine million quarters of grain imported into this country. Now, think what a loss it would be to this country, being in practice of having our food, to the amount of eight or nine million quarters, coming from foreign countries, if, in the event of a war, we had no naval force and *were unable to obtain that food.* I am therefore of opinion that, necessary as it was to have a naval force to protect our trade in all former wars, a nation which, like ours, allows a free importation of grain, and which is now in the habit (and it is a practice which may continue) of importing eight or nine millions of quarters of grain annally, is still more under the necessity of having a naval force than a nation *which does not derive so large a quantity of food from foreign countries.*"

Well, then, three years after this was said, we have the war—we have the navy—we have had a plentiful harvest, and—a scarcity! At this time 1851, a Frenchman, M. de Lavergne, Professor of Rural Economy in the National Institute of Agriculture in France, prepared a course of lectures upon the rural economy of England. He says, "In the west and north, cereals are being almost entirely given up." He had made himself acquainted, by personal inspection, with every part of the kingdom. If cereals, then, had been so largely abandoned in the west and north (and Ireland should be added), some clue may be found to lead to a solution of the question—why, after so good a harvest, are prices so high? Cereals are of rotation; when once abandoned they cannot suddenly, upon an emergency, be resumed. We cannot, however, be now tempted to pursue this subject into its apparently legitimate ground. Political events and legislation must take their course; he must be wise indeed, who can foresee what they will produce. In the meanwhile, in every point of view, seeing the importance of our rural economy, we would address those who have slighted our soil for the "forlorn hope" of other lands, who have used ungrateful language respecting her gifts and bounty, in the words of advice oracularly uttered to the Trojans—

"Dardanidæ duri, quæ vos a stirpe parentum
Prima tulit tellus, eadem vos ubere læti
Accipiet reduces: antiquam exquirite matrem."

Cultivate your mother earth, on which your sturdy forefathers were born and bred; she will yet repay all your care, and supply all your wants. It would be strange indeed if, for any length of time, Englishmen, and Englishmen only, should mistrust their own land. It is our purpose in this paper to show what great cause we have for reliance upon its productiveness; and it will be gratifying to find it undeniably proved that, for a long term of years, agriculture in England has been, and is still, far in advance of that of any other country. We cannot carry out this purpose more satisfactorily than by extracts from, and earnestly directing the reader to, the admirable work of M. de Lavergne—*Rural Economy of Great Britain and Ireland.* It is most interesting, full of statistical information, and judicious inferences.

Those readers who have been accustomed to see in French authors no very true accounts of this country, will be agreeably surprised in finding these pages remarkable for the utmost possible fairness and candour. A strong love for his subject directs him throughout: we have never seen a work more remarkable for the desire it evinces to come at truths, and to tell them plainly. It should be read by every agriculturist, and become a text-book for the science. At the time when it would have obtained to the author more popular favour to speak to the disparagement of this country, he gave unqualified testimony to the superiority of the agriculture of England in comparison with that of France; and surely his work is the more welcome now, when the old warfare of the two countries is being converted into a noble, and, we trust, permanent emulation.

"The fact is," says our author, "that English agriculture, taken as a whole, is at this day the first in the world; and it is in the way of realising further progress. I design concisely to show its actual condition—to point out the true causes of that condition, and to draw inferences as to its future. France may derive some useful lessons from this study." He considers, with regard to soil and climate—the subject of his first chapter—that greater differences are to be found in the British Isles than in any other country.

"England proper—the largest and richest portion of the three kingdoms—contains thirteen millions of hectares,* or a little more than a third of the total extent of the British Isles, and equal to one-fourth of France. It is this portion especially which is now to be considered. In comparing it with the best cultivated fourth part of France—viz., the north-west angle, comprising the ancient provinces of Flanders, Artois, Picardy, Normandy, the Isle of France, and even adding to it the richest departments in other parts of the country—we have not an equal extent of well-cultivated land to oppose to it. Certain parts of our soil, such as almost the entire department of the Nord, and some other detached districts, are superior in productiveness to the best of England; others, such as the departments of the Seine Inferieure, the Somme, Pas de Calais, and Oise, may sustain a comparison; but thirteen million of hectares, equal in cultivation to the thirteen million hectares of England, we do not possess."

It is not, he asserts, the soil and climate which are the cause of England's superiority, for they are inferior to the soil and climate of France.

"It is now more than sixty years since that great agricultural authority, Arthur Young, admitted this natural superiority of our soil and climate. . . . This celebrated agriculturist renders similar homage to the sky of France. 'We *know*,' says he, with pride, '*how to turn our climate to best account, and the French in this respect, are still in their infancy.*'"

But if France is inferior to England in agriculture, she surpasses other nations of the world, excepting Belgium and Upper Italy, possessing superior advantages. He proceeds from this point to show, in the following chapters, how it is, and why it is, that English agriculture is richer than that of France or any other country. The first subject of his detail is "sheep," and forms the second chapter.

England has ever attached the greatest importance to the rearing of sheep. Its importance is symbolically expressed in the "woolsack," upon which the Lord-Chancellor sits in the House of Lords. Mutton has been so esteemed for ages, that in the foundation statutes of some of our great public schools, as Winchester, it is specified as the scholars' food, and so continues to this day. It is not known where the origin of the race is to be found. But we have reason to believe that it has been so altered by the cultivating care of man as almost to be considered as his creation. In all its varieties, it is an animal of seeming contradictions of instinctive character. Proverbially harmless and inoffensive, it has both courage and skill in protecting itself. As if aware of their inadequate means of defence individually, a flock will arrange themselves, upon approach of

* The hectare is 2½ English acres.

danger, almost with a military precision. Drawing themselves into a compact body, it is said that they place the young and females in the centre, while the males present a formidable front. They have been a byword for stupidity, yet few animals are more sagacious, whether in the selection of their food or in foreseeing and providing against the inclemency of the weather. They are hardy, able to endure the severities of climates, yet subject to diseases which require the constant care of man.

We have somewhere met with a curious remark, that the two creations, wheat and sheep, seem more than any other to have been purposed for the use of man, and to be perfected, each in its kind, solely by his care and industry,—that, in fact, neither can exist without continual human attention. It has been said, that if any given country were sown with wheat, and left; and so with flocks of sheep, and they were left entirely to themselves, — after not very many years, neither a grain of wheat nor a sheep would be found in that country.

There is another noticeable peculiarity in the sheep which fits it for man's use. The wool, which in cold countries supplies the human race with clothing, ceases and becomes a rough hair in hot climates.

Although England has for many hundred years been celebrated for its sheep, and chiefly for the production of the wool, for a century past the object has changed; and while in France the principal product is still the wool, in England it has become the accessory, and meat is the object of greatest consideration. For a time much pains were taken to introduce the Spanish breed, on account of the fineness of the wool, but it was abandoned under a sense of the growing importance of the animal for food. A sheep was not fit for the butcher until about four or five years old; indeed, it was not thought in perfection until six. About the middle of the last century a very great change was effected by Mr. Bakewell, "a man of genius in his way, who has done as much towards enriching his country as his contemporaries Arkwright and Watt."

"Bakewell thought, very justly, that if it were possible to bring sheep to their full development before that age—to make them fit for being killed at two years old, for example—the produce of the flocks, by this single means, would be doubled. With that perseverance which characterises his nation, he successfully carried out this idea at his farm of Dishley Grange, in Leicestershire, after many years of labour and expense."

"This extraordinary breed, unrivalled in the world for precocity, produces animals which may be fattened as early as one year old, and in every case have reached their full growth before the end of the second year."

How very few individuals are sufficient to produce the greatest revolutions in the interests of countries. These are gifted men, and we would fain think gifted to carry out the designs of Providence; they appear just when they are wanted, and prepare the way for other changes which other gifted few have to effect. Agriculturists and mechanic inventors reciprocate advantages. They are necessary to each other. Jethro Tull, Arthur Young, and Bakewell in agriculture, Arkwright and Watt in mechanics, and Liebig and other moderns in chemistry, all in their several ways and sciences, elaborating apparently unconnected work, have, by an undersigned, unthought-of mutuality, wrought the most astonishing changes in the world. *Revenons à nos moutons.* Bakewell's success was so great, the results so astonishing, that his method being pursued through all varieties of sheep, races were thus procured suited to climates greatly differing.

"As everybody wished to have Dishley breed, it occurred to Bakewell to let out his rams in the place of selling them. The first he let returned him only twenty-two francs (18s.) a-head. This was in 1760, when his breed had not reached its perfection; but in proportion as he continued to make progress, and the reputation of his flock increased, his prices rose rapidly; and in 1789 a society having been formed for the propagation of his breed, he let his rams to it, for one season, at the enormous price of six thousand guineas. . . . The wealth which Bakewell has conferred upon his country is incalculable. If it were possible to compute what the Dishley breed has yielded to English agriculturists during

the last eighty years, the results shown would be truly enormous."

England, by directing attention to the sheep principally for food, has been rewarded by unlooked-for events, even with regard to the wool. She no longer imports from Spain, but from her own colonies in Australia, the Cape of Good Hope, and the British possessions in India. "Adding," says M. de Lavergne, "to her own the produce of her colonial sheep, England every year realises six hundred to seven hundred millions of francs, which she afterwards doubles by her manufactures. What a wonderful power of human industry that can thus turn the gifts of Providence to such good account!"

From sheep our author proceeds to the subject of "cattle." Here, too, we are greatly superior to France, though not quite in the same degree as with sheep. The two countries differ in the objects in view. The French agriculturist employs his cattle in labour; the British relinquishes the labour, and has regard chiefly to the milk and meat. The race of cattle which is best for labour is the worst for milk. "France possesses four millions of cows, and the United Kingdom three millions; but three-fourths of the French cows are not really milch cows, and almost all the English ones are."

The enormous consumption of milk in England astonishes our author. They who live upon milk are noticed by Homer as long-lived and the most just of men:—

"Γλακτοφάγων ἀβλων τε δικαιοτάτων ἀνθρώπων."

The blessings our farmers look to from this system are of quite another character—money profits. If this nutriment, under its various forms, fails to prolong our lives, or to render us remarkably just, we must take into the account the adulterations to which milk is subjected before it reaches our population. There is, as it is universally admitted, enough dishonesty in the mixture to corrupt the healthiest. Cæsar said of us, "Lacte et carne vivunt." "The quantities of butter and cheese manufactured throughout the whole extent of the British Isles exceeds all belief. Cheshire alone produces cheese to the value of a million sterling, or twenty-five millions of francs annually."

The same man, Robert Bakewell, who had done such wonders in the breeding of sheep, commenced the improvements, though not with equal success, in the breeding of cattle. "There probably does not exist at this day in Great Britain a single head of cattle which has not been considerably modified according to Bakewell's method; and if none bears his name, as among the woolly tribe, all have equally received his stamp." M. de Lavergne speaks very highly of our breeds of horses—of our success in combining power and speed. We have the best saddle-horses in the world, and, perhaps we might add, the best riders. Riding is the pleasure of the English gentleman. The breed of hunters, as well as the skill of the riders, is owing to the good old English sport, fox-hunting; hence the excellence of the British cavalry in war—man and horse are of the best, for power and courage, and they know each other. We do not expect to find in a foreigner that just appreciation of the sporting gentleman of England, which we mostly have among ourselves. Our author is aware of a feeling among certain economists, inimical to English sports, who rather, in fact, are inimical to any aristocracy but that of trade, and would enforce the destruction of parks and game, that all the land might be productive of food. This is their plausible pretence, but not their real object. Cobbett wrote enthusiastically of the benefits the people at large receive from the location among them of a number of well-educated gentlemen in the parochial clergy. The same may be said of the resident country-gentlemen. It would be bad policy, indeed, to make it the interest of proprietors to be absentees from their estates, by depriving them of legitimate country-sports. The effects of such deprivation would be felt in the deterioration of the English character. Its manliness, its hardihood and courage, are maintained by their country pursuits. These English gentry send their sons, well prepared in strength of limb and stoutness of heart, to our army and navy, and by their home influence keep up

the moral of the people. We do not think M. de Lavergne sufficiently values these advantages; indeed, he seems unnecessarily "to halt between two opinions," or he would see that what is good in the one case is also in the other, for reasons which he overlooks. We quote from page 338—

"Public opinion, which, after much hesitation, at last approved of the expulsion of the Highlanders, has, for a long time, sanctioned the Scotch deer-forests, as the valuable remains of a former state of things now properly abolished. People, however, are beginning to murmur against these last vestiges of ancient feudalism, contending that the deer are too few in number profitably to occupy the vast tracts set apart for them, and that it would be better to use them for feeding sheep. I can understand such an argument when the question concerns England, where certain wealthy proprietors still persist in keeping waste for their shootings large tracts of land in the middle of populous districts, that might otherwise bear crops—such, for example, as Cannock Chase in Staffordshire—which contains nearly 15,000 acres; but in the Highlands of Scotland, I can scarcely believe that the loss is very great. A few thousand sheep, more or less, would be no great addition to the national food; and then, again, the last remains of savage nature in Great Britain would be gone. Nothing but sheep is rather monotonous; nor are we called upon to give way to a mania. To rob country life of all its poetry is going rather too far, even in the interests of farming; and should we not hesitate before destroying the greatest charm which entices the wealthy out of the towns?"

We believe there is no loss at all, even in England proper, and in populous districts; for the moral and other advantages which we have shown, are worth the cost. They are things of greater value than beef and mutton; and, after all, the quantity of land in England laid out in parks and game preserves, is, in comparison with the whole, insignificant. From the horse we descend to the pig, the "animal propter convivia natum." Here, too, Bakewell's principle of precocity prevails. It is our maxim that "a nimble ninepence is better than a slow shilling." The animal here, if not larger than in France, comes earlier to his best condition, and is made food. The number with us is also much greater.

But France beats us in another branch of animal products—the domestic fowl. "The English rear few fowls, the dampness of their climate being unsuitable for it; and, notwithstanding the endeavours which wealthy amateurs have been making for some time past, this occupation has hitherto obtained little favour." With regard to France—"A large portion of the population live upon poultry, especially in the south; and this addition partly makes up for what we lack in butcher-meat." Perhaps, when M. de Lavergne lectured, the poultry-mania in England had not reached its height. What the results will be we cannot imagine; for hitherto very strange shapes show very extraordinary gaits, and give out strange voices. Something very useful and profitable may be intended, but there seems to be no aim at the beautiful, and no sound to make up for the loss of "the cock's shrill clarion." The foreign ugliness is taking possession of the yard; our old barn-door fowl has notice to quit the premises, as no longer "the cock of the walk." The whole village, when they hear the husky choking croak of the new breeds, will miss their ancient friend of the barn-door, who

"Clapped his wings upon his roost, and sung.
High was his comb, and coral-red withal,
In dents embattled like a castle wall;
His bill was raven-black, and shone like jet,
Blue were his legs, and orient were his feet:
White were his nails, like silver to behold,
His body glittering like the burnish'd gold."

Never will the Cochin-China newcomer crow over the fall of the old dynasty, for there is not a crow in him. And how ill set upon his misplaced, ungainly legs; how unlike our old acquaintance, who

"Strutted like a lord about his hall,
And his seven wives came running at his call."

And had he not reason to be proud of his legs, and the use he made of them, when, in the exuberance of his right pleasant vanity, he cried to Dame Partlet—

"And I with pleasure see
Man strutting on two legs and aping me."

We must, however, leave our chanticleer to crow while he can, and resume our agricultural course. And here commences the chapter on the

most important subject—"the crops." There were two ascertained facts which caused a revolution in the agricultural system—the exhaustion of the land by cereals, and the spontaneous growth of abundance of grass for cattle. The cattle-manure supplied the land's renovation, and thus the richness of the soil was restored for the increase of corn, and the large animal production was most valuable in itself. After a while, besides the natural pastures, artificial grasses and roots greatly enlarged the sphere of animal production, which again improved still further the cereal crops. It is thus stated by M. de Lavergne.

"The decisive step in this direction was taken sixty or eighty years ago. At the time when France was occupied with the sanguinary struggles of her political revolution, a less noisy and more salutary revolution was being accomplished in English agriculture. Another man of genius, Arthur Young, completed what had been begun by Bakewell. While the one showed how the most was to be made out of cattle, the other taught how the largest possible number of them could be fed upon a given extent of land. Extensive proprietors, whose efforts have been rewarded with large fortunes, favoured the diffusion of these ideas, by putting them into practice with success. It was then that the famous four-year course—known as the Norfolk rotation, from the county where it arose—began to spread. This system, which, with some variations, prevails at the present day in England, has completely changed the character of the most ungrateful land of that country, and everywhere created agricultural richness. I will not here repeat the well-known theory of this rotation. Everybody nowadays is aware that most forage-plants derive from the atmosphere the principal elements of their growth, while they give to the soil more than they take from it; thus, both directly and by their conversion into animal manure, contributing in two ways to repair the mischief done by cereals and exhausting crops generally."

Here for a while we leave our author, and make a start with another experimentalist, who, upon a system of his own, has defied this exhaustion of the soil, and set aside the absolute necessity of renovation by manure. We paid a visit during the last summer to this experimentalist. We had known him as a very dear friend of many years, of far different tastes and pursuits than that of farming. A cultivated scholar, a clergyman, fond of literature and art, and possessing largely the accomplishments of a well-educated man, we were surprised to learn, some years ago that, having much glebe-land, he was taken with the humour of studying agriculture—not for the sake or with the expectation of profit, but for amusement, and the acquirement of knowledge by practice. He commenced his trial upon a small scale. The study became daily more interesting to him. He read Jethro Tull,* and commenced his experiments where Tull left off. The results have been wonderful indeed; and now he is visited from all parts of the country by persons desirous to see his process. While we were with him, a gentleman came purposely from the neighbourhood of Belfast to Northamptonshire, solely for the purpose of an hour or two's inspection and converse. Our friend has published his system: the little pamphlet is now before us—the ninth edition—"*A Word in Season, or how the Corn-Grower may yet grow rich and his Labourer happy; addressed to the Stout British Farmer.*" We extract a portion of the preface to this ninth edition, which the reader will think startling enough.

"At the opening of this address to the farmer will be seen (p. 9 to p. 28) the plan adopted and recommended for the profitable growth of wheat on a small scale. For the more expeditious and ecomomical process on a larger scale, I refer the reader to p. 28. The result of the experiment there described was so startling and almost incredible, that I deemed it advisable, for the confirmation of the fact, to have witnesses at the measurement of the produce. For there had been wheat after wheat, on exhausted land, with no manure, with little more than a peck of seed to the acre; and yet the yield was forty-one bushels of clean wheat from the half portion of each acre, being at the rate of eighty-two bushels per acre. The produce was sold imme-

* Jethro Tull, a native of Oxfordshire, born about 1680. He died at the Temple. Returning from his travels, he devoted himself to agriculture; and was the inventor of the horse-hoeing system.

diately after harvest, when wheat was at 35s., and on making out my balance sheet —the details of which are given at p. 34 —I found that the net profits from the four acres were, to the proprietor, £37, 3s.

"My profession, my pursuits, and my inclination are all opposed to any enlargement of my operations in farming. Had it been otherwise—had I chosen to take in hand a hundred acres instead of four, for the growth of wheat, the profits would have been upwards of £900. With wheat at 35s. the quarter, the net profit from these hundred acres would, I repeat, have been to the proprietor more than nine hundred pounds. And, moreover, a result somewhat similar to this I should look for, year after year, from the same one hundred acres of land, as I certainly look for it, year after year, from the four. . . . With the most entire sincerity, and with the greatest earnestness, I give utterance to my conviction, that, on tolerably level wheat-land—that is, with very few exceptions, on all clay land—on that very quality of land which is spurned and calumniated as unremunerating—the same system, followed by the same success, could be carried out to any extent which requirements of a farm for other produce might permit. The only obstacle I foresee to its extension, is the want of a clear understanding of the method, and the means of carrying out a practice so new."

The reader cannot fail to remark that the estimate of profit is here taken at 35s. the quarter, and will draw his inference, comparing the result with the present value per quarter. *The "calumniated clay land!"* There is a very amusing as well as instructive little book upon this subject, with a quaint title, *Talpa, or the Mole: the Chronicles of a Clay Farm*, showing, in a facetious, lively manner, the successful treatment of a clay farm, which had previously been disastrous to every occupant. Clay is a mechanical disadvantage, but is of chemical superiority. The revolution wanted is in the mode of culture—to overcome by new mechanical means mechanical difficulties, and to turn to the best purpose the chemical superiority. It is thus the author of *Talpa* writes of Jethro Tull:—

"When that day comes—when the living chemistry of the soil is accepted and understood, not as an amusing and probable speculation, the vaguely suggestive subject of a 'Lecture' before a patronising council, but as a solid working-day, everyday practical fact—then the mechanics of agriculture will not be far behind! Then the touching truisms of Tull—the Galileo of agricultural science, the Luther of modern husbandry—struggling single-handed against a whole dark age of ignorance and banded prejudice—will reach the 'promised land' he saw and pointed out with the finger of the seer, but was never allowed to enter. Blending into the truest of union with the after-discoveries of Davy, De Candolle, Liebig, Boussingault, and our own not less deserving Way and Johnston, and others of distinguished note—his theory of cultivation will propound matter of deep thought and combined action, equally to the chemist and mechanician."

The author of *A Word in Season* is equally earnest in praise of Tull:—

"There are," says he, "few persons well informed upon the subject who will deny that agriculture in England owes more to the genius of one man, wanting though he was in the accuracy of modern science, than to all the scientific schemes which his principles of farming have since evoked. It may give some weight to my present observations, if I state that that man has been my guide in husbandry; and that, though I differ altogether from him in the method of applying his principles to the growth of wheat, yet the principles themselves are those of—Jethro Tull."

Difficulties, real or assumed — for fears are of the nature of difficulties— are the forerunners of great events, of beneficial results. Agriculturists, landlords, and tenants, and even those not, strictly speaking, agriculturists, but the economists and scientific, who look to the serious disadvantage of trusting too much to foreign produce for the maintenance of the population—all are making, in their several speculative ways, agriculture the main interest of their country. The sciences, mechanical and chemical, are constantly at work for the benefit of the soil. We are put upon our mettle, and shall doubtless reach great results in the culture of our lands, as we have in everything else. It is in scientific discoveries, and their application to all our wants, that this age is so remarkable. And the steady, sturdy perseverance of our race, under all difficulties, bids us yet hope, that

even out of the evil we have felt or fancied, permanent good will come.

M. de Lavergne, like every man of taste, is an advocate for sparing the picturesque, and deprecates utility in ugliness. We hope, and are inclined to believe, that in agriculture, as in most things, beauty is always combined with *utility*; and that if with a present view it may in any respect appear otherwise, some new discovery will show us the error, and direct us how to retrace our steps. We take the spirit, if not the accuracy of the wording — "God made the country, and man made the town" — only as far as the free beauty of nature predominates. In fact, town and country are both the Great Creator's and man's. Man was gifted with inventive faculties by which he builds and works out all mechanical arts and things beautiful. His labour, too, is in the country—he changes the face of it; but somehow or other, with design or without design on his part, the result has hitherto been, that natural beauties, on the whole, have not been destroyed. The cultivated country will be found, upon a just comparison, more beautiful than the uncultivated. Even that wonderful invention of mechanism and science, the steam-engine upon our railroads, which landed proprietors, rural poets, and artists so lamented as an unsightly intrusion, we look upon in quite another light. The rapid progress, the changing vapor, creating variety and colour as it goes, and the returning calm and gradual re-coming out of the scene in its many changes, are all elements of the picturesque. We have no lamentations for the legitimate applications of science to agriculture, believing that none will be permitted to be really permanently profitable that are totally, and without compensations of new beauty, destructive of the charms of landscape. We are incredulous that cattle will be for ever turned away from pastures; that our hills will not be "white over with sheep;" that our Academy will not have its modern and future "Paul Potters," with their recognised sketches from nature. Lovers of the marine picturesque were at first alarmed at the unsightliness of steam navigation, but are now convinced to the contrary, and sensitive to the grand effects of steam, cloud, and sky and water, in a more living union and motion.

"With the exception of Normandy, and some other provinces where the same practice prevails, our territory seldom presents that smiling aspect which England does, with its greensward depastured with animals at large. The attractive beauty of the landscape is enhanced by the picturesque effect of the quickset hedges, often interspersed with trees, which divide the fields. The existence of these hedges is strongly assailed in the present day, although hitherto they have been considered as indispensable to the general system of agriculture. Each field being pastured in its turn, it is convenient to be able in a manner to pen the cattle, so as to leave them without any further care. It appears strange to us, whose habits are so different, thus to see cattle, and especially sheep, left entirely to themselves, on pastures sometimes far from human habitations. To account for such a state of security, it must be recollected that the English have destroyed the wolves in their island; and that they have by severe laws, under a system of rural police, protected property against human depredations; and, finally, they have taken care to make their fields secure by means of fences. These beautiful hedges, then, are thus a useful defence, as well as an ornament; and it is only surprising how there should be any wish to do away with them."

A country without trees or enclosure has its own wild and peculiar beauty; it communes with the clouds—poetically with the morning dawn, the twilight, and the gloom of night; but *a cultivated country* without trees and hedgerows, is like a town without inhabitants, and without the order of its streets. Trees are the very life of the land—they are not even mute—their voices in the breeze are pleasant. They seem ever to be telling some story to the earth, which they have gathered from their look-out in the sky above.

M. de Lavergne thinks we are wrong in neglecting buckwheat:—

"As to maize and buckwheat, in place of being causes of inferiority, they ought to be sources of wealth, for these two grains are endowed with much greater power of production than the other two; and what they yield with us (France) in certain parts, shows what they may be made to produce elsewhere."

"In this consists the whole system of English farming: nothing is more simple. A large extent of grass, whether natural or artificial, occupied for the most part as pasture; two roots—the potato and turnip; two spring cereals—barley and oats, and a winter one, wheat,—all these plants linked together by an alternating course of cereals, or white crops, with forage, or green crops, commencing with roots or plants which require to be hoed, and ending with wheat;—this is the whole secret. The English have discarded all other crops, such as sugar-beet, tobacco, oleaginous plants, and fruits; some because the climate is unfavourable, others on account of their exhausting nature, or because they do not like unnecessarily to complicate their means of production. Two only have escaped this proscription: these are the hop in England, and flax in Ireland; both these are successfully produced in their several localities. The value of the flax crop in Ireland is £15 per acre, but its extent is only 100,000 acres. The hop yields a still higher return, but it covers only about 50,000 acres."

In a note, there is a return from the Royal Flax Society in Ireland, showing, in 1853, 175,000 acres. Instead of "discarded," M. de Lavergne might have said prohibited, at least with regard to tobacco. He seems not to be aware of the fact, that once—we believe in the time of Charles II.—a troop of dragoons was sent into Gloucestershire to destroy tobacco crops. We might then grow the plant, but the Free-traders cared not for the freedom of the trade of agriculture. Looking over a pamphlet addressed to Mr. Pitt in 1799, on the encouragement of agriculture, we find, curiously enough, the potato recommended as a never-failing crop. We have seen how dangerous it is to rely upon it, or perhaps upon any one article of food. "Were," says the writer, "the quantity of potatoes to be planted yearly which every farm may easily have, famine would never be heard of. From seasons being particularly bad, we might occasionally have a scarcity of corn of every kind; but in every season we might depend on a full supply of this wholesome article of food, *which rarely or never fails.*" The writer little knew the fatal policy of trusting to this crop—he did not foresee the famine in Ireland. Wiser politicians at least doubted the propriety of advocating a crop which itself encouraged, in a large population, reckless idleness. Cobbett, it is well known, wrote fiercely against it, and took some pains, against fact, to prove it a poison. With regard to hemp and flax, Ireland seems likely to profit by their cultivation; and that the cultivation is important, and should be encouraged, has been foreseen; and the foresight is remarkably applicable in the present day. Mr. Spence, writing at the commencement of this century, in his treatise, of which we have already spoken, *England Independent of Commerce*, says: "If we cannot get hemp and flax from Russia as usual—and most assuredly we cannot, if Russia will not accept our manufactures in return (it might have been added, if at war with us)—we shall have occasion immediately to bring into cultivation upwards of 200,000 acres of waste land, for the purpose of growing these products ourselves. Here is at once employment provided for 200,000 individuals."

It appears, by recent discoveries, that the real properties and uses of the three plants—beet, flax, and chicory—have been misunderstood. The promise from them is great indeed, for it is to the supply of many wants. It is well that the owners and occupiers of the soil should look to all possible ways, and all possible articles of commerce, to which they may apply the land—*their* raw material. We have read with much interest a pamphlet by Mr. Digby Seymour, whose first object is to promote the views of the "Land Investment Society in the west of Ireland." He shows the value of the plants—beet, flax, and chicory. They have ulterior benefits beyond their immediate and ostensible uses; and the objections which at first sight force themselves upon our suspicion, upon investigation vanish. The crops are not exhaustive, as they were supposed to be: after the first uses, the secondary are very profitable for the feeding of cattle; and these uses are to be drawn from all three—and they are rotation crops—and it further appears that there is scarcely any soil which will not receive them.

Our means of happiness arise out of some evil. Thus "Necessity becomes the mother of invention," and *venter* the real *magister artium*. Every famine is a warning: every removal of a good makes the supply of a new one. In our wars with France she lost her colonies: the consequence was, that the people of that country lost the great article of consumption—sugar. Then arose the discovery that beet might be so cultivated as to fill the vacuum. It is now made out that we can produce sugar as well from the beet as the cane. And how well-timed is the discovery, when slaves are emancipated. Nor is sugar from this plant the all—the residue is eagerly devoured by cattle and sheep. "The materials left after the sugar contain the nitrogen and salts which render the beet useful as food, or as manure if returned to the soil." Molasses, too, is sold to distillers for the manufacture of spirits. Again, the same necessity—the apprehension that a cotton supply would fail us, has set the "machinery" of mind to work; and from that wonderful mill, man's brain, we are enabled to turn out cotton from flax—nay, more, to manufacture a material to intermix with our three great staple trades of cotton wool, and silk. Such is the invention of M. Claussen. Take these products instead of sugar, and all said of the beet may be said also of flax, in its ulterior uses. Now, what of chicory? Must we connect it with fraud, and see nothing but the adulteration of coffee? It is a very honest plant, yielding ready and even singular obedience to the hand of the cultivator. Its propensity is to throw off every bad particle of its nature, and to assume virtues with a changed and graceful appearance. "No plant exhibits in such marked degree the effect of cultivation as contrasted with its condition in a wild state. Instead of thick and fleshy roots, the cultivated varieties exhibit them long and bulky; instead of stems two feet high, the cultivated varieties reach the height of from six to ten feet; and instead of oblong, lanceolate, and runcinate leaves of a uniform hue, present them with lobes hooked back, diversified in shape and in shades of colour." For its uses, as beet and flax, so is chicory profitable as forage for cattle. Mr. William Stickney, a practical authority, speaks of its enormous produce per acre; and adds, "It is my opinion that there is no green crop in this country that can pay so well. I believe that it will eventually be the common beverage of the poor, and in a great measure supersede tea and coffee. It makes a rotation crop with beet and flax: like them it gives its return to the land, and therefore, like them, is not exhaustive."

Time's changes are wondrous—old things come round again, and look into the world with a better face than ever—banished dynasties walk quietly into their thrones again. Cotton came in proudly and overthrew the cottiers' dames' spinning-wheels; then pleasant music went out of villages. Cotton drove out flax. Now, what if flax returns and discomfits cotton?—it has learnt something from its rival. "The observations I have made," says Mr. Digby's Seymour, "assume the adoption of Schenck's patent; and for the production of strong fibres for the linen-manufacturer, it will probably be still the most approved system. But it is high time that we should pass to the discovery of infinitely greater importance in the history of the flax-manufacture—I mean the invention for which Chevalier Claussen has obtained a patent, by which the old rival of the flax plant is likely to be discomfited in its own field; and flax, instead of making way for cotton, is transformed into a similar article." This will be a metamorphosis quite Ovidian.

"In nova fert animus mutatas discere formas Corpora."

Some future Darwin, as poetical and less political, may hereafter, with success, unsatirised, sing both the "Loves and the Rivalries" of the plants. Nature is ever humane. Finding that man destroyed the poor bees for their honey, she gave him the sugar-cane; seeing that he made his fellow-man a slave to cultivate it, she showed him the uses of the beet. When we misuse her gifts, she takes them away, and benevolently provides substitutes. "Vivite sylvæ"—let all the plants given us flourish, and our

improved agriculture both feed and clothe a happy population.

M. de Lavergne's chapter on the "gross produce" may be read for its statistics: the result is the great superiority of England. The agriculture of France is, beyond a doubt, much improved since Arthur Young said of it, when travelling through the poorer districts, "It does, indeed, try one's patience to behold a country so lovely, and so favoured by Providence, treated so shamefully by man." While quoting Arthur Young, we cannot resist the temptation of laying before the reader a very curious passage from his journal. He actually saw in Paris the electric telegraph on a small scale: how strange that its uses should have been in abeyance until now!

"In the evening to Mons. Lomond, a very ingenious and inventive mechanic, who has made an improvement of the jenny for spinning cotton. Common machines are said to make too hard a thread for certain fabrics, but this forms it loose and spongy. In electricity he has made a remarkable discovery. You write two or three words on a paper: he takes it with him into a room, and turns a machine enclosed in a cylindrical case, at the top of which is an electrometer, a small fine pith-ball; a wire connects with a similar cylinder and electrometer in a distant apartment: and his wife, by marking the corresponding motions of the ball, writes down the words they indicate, from which it appears that he has formed an alphabet of motions. As the length of the wire makes no difference in the effect, a correspondence might be carried on at any distance—within and without a besieged town, for instance; or for a purpose much more worthy, and a thousand times more harmless, between two lovers prohibited or prevented from any better connection."

With all deference to the gallantry of the preference, we should think the last communication of the least importance: if it be true that "Love will find out a way," love may be left to itself. But the besieged town suggests something of very present importance: and we think it "*a thousand times more harmless*," if it may tend to provide against the irruption of an enemy. We know not if this has been thought of in our need at Sebastopol. The use is so palpable, for communication with the French and English lines, and also with the fleets, that we can hardly imagine it to have been overlooked.

This machinery, it need scarcely be added, which Arthur Young saw so many years ago, is exactly our "electric telegraph."

Of the chapter on "rents, profits, and wages," we have little to remark. Much has been written, and with widely different views of late years, upon the theory of rent. Some philosophers of the economic school have gone so far as to deny the right of rent altogether. We are satisfied that if an estate is sold in the market, rent is implied in the purchase. Governments admit it in taxing both landlord and tenant. It is not worth while to discuss the subject; nor do we care to investigate comparisons of rents, profits, and wages. There are theorists who lament the substitution of the farmer for the old English yeoman, who cultivated his own few acres. Among these we may reckon the author of *Talpa*. M. de Lavergne is of a contrary opinion. We are inclined to side with him. If, indeed, a class of stout-hearted substantial men had been removed from the land, instead of having exchanged their character in a degree, there might be cause for regrét; but it is not so. The farmer, who, had he not altered his condition, would have been the yeoman, has simply bettered his former condition, and this naturally arose with us from his own election. For as agriculture improved, more capital was required for carrying it on; and the cultivator deemed it more to his advantage to turn his capital, generally a small one, in the cultivation, than in purchasing the ownership of land. We consider the class as raised, not lowered. Agriculture is a manufacture requiring skill and capital; and these, the more they are enlarged, create the manly dignity of responsibility.

"Farmers in the best parts of England make fifty, sixty, up to one hundred francs per hectare (15s. to 30s. per acre), and there are some whose total incomes amount to from £500 to £1000. Hence the importance, in a social point of view, of that class which is as firmly established upon the soil as property itself. These are the

gentleman farmers: they live for the most part in a quiet, comfortable style, have their newspapers and periodicals, and produce occasionally upon their table a bottle of claret or port. When visiting the country in England, and provided with a few letters of introduction, one meets with a hospitable reception from these kind and simple families, many of whom have occupied the same land for several generations. The most perfect order reigns in their domestic economy; everything in their houses is conducted with that habitual regularity which indicates long usage. Comfort has gradually been built up by the industry of successive generations, especially since the days of Arthur Young; and they enjoy it as an honourable and laboriously-acquired possession. None of them ever dream of becoming proprietors, for they are better off as they are. To have £100 of income as a proprietor, a capital of at least £3000 is necessary; whilst £1000 is sufficient to produce the same income as a farmer."

Our author is necessarily immediately led to consider the constitution of property—certainly a very important subject, having a political as well as agricultural bearing. Questions are raised whether properties should be large or small. That of proprietorship has been discussed. We are a people of mixed conditions and feelings,—prejudices, as some progressive economists would call them. We are neither quite democratic nor quite aristocratical, but under a limited monarchy, and under long-standing establishments, which require this twofold influence. And surely it is most fit and proper that our land, as a mirror, should reflect both, and exhibit our constitutional aspect. There are surely estates enough, of all dimensions, constantly in the market, to satisfy the social changes of commercially-acquired wealth; and it is well there is such an infusion. And it is good that a considerable portion of the old gentry should remain, and so of the higher aristocracy, without which the monarchy, with its appended congenital institutions could scarcely exist. As long as, according to the genius of our constitution, there must be social grades, so should they be represented in our land. We should think the great difficulty which France has to contend with in building up a secure empire, is in the minute distribution of the lands of the country, and that the inferiority in the agriculture is mainly owing to this cause. For the certain inheritance of land being a pride of the longest growth, has a moral tendency, carrying with it, and handing down from one to another, a sense of responsibility with the patriotic love of the soil. It is clear that an owner would rather improve that which he can hand down as he pleases, than that which he knows he must dissipate by dividing. We have no right to doubt the honesty of the opinions of those who differ with us in taking this view. It mainly results from their being of another political cast, inclining to the democratic side. With our principles, and deeply attached to our old institutions and habits, we bear with great dislike, as with a sense of danger, such questions as primogeniture discussed; and think the damage done to it, in our times, by so much curtailing the power of entail, as ultimately injurious to our best interests—as, indeed, entirely democratic. "The constitution of farming" embraces pretty much the same subject, resolving itself into questions of small or large farms, of proprietor or non-proprietor occupiers.

The chapter on "country life" is very pleasant. The poetry of country life leads our author to our poets Gray and Thomson. The *Seasons* are more admired in other countries than our own. "It was principally after the Revolution of 1688, when England, now free, began to be herself, that all her writers became deeply impressed with the love of country life. It was then that Gray and Thomson appeared." Besides that our author here antedates these poets, who were certainly long after 1688, we think our earlier literature, especially of the Elizabethan age, might have offered better examples. M. de Lavergne happily quotes a happy passage from the inimitable Goldsmith—the character of Dr. Primrose. "The hero of this piece unites in himself the three greatest characters on earth. He is a priest, a husbandman, and the father of a family." He mistakes in saying "Mr. Western *is* a type of the squire" —great hunters and great drinkers. The character, all Englishmen know,

has been long defunct. There is, however, now a great difference between the country residents of the two countries, France and England. There is much truth in the following statement, and, according to our view of the excellence of our institution, much beauty in the fact, for the sake of which it is made:—.

"There are certain privileges attached to landed property. The wealthiest proprietor in a country is usually lord-lieutenant, which, although more an honorary title than anything else, invests its possessor with somewhat of a regal consequence in the county: the wealthiest after the lord-lieutenant are justices of the peace. These are the principal, and almost the only, administrators of justice in the county, the representatives of public authority. In France, public officers are almost all strangers to the department where they are employed; they are bound by no ties to local interests. In England, on the other hand, the landed proprietors are the functionaries in their own district; and although nominated by the crown, they hold office from the fact alone of their being proprietors. There is perhaps no instance of justice of the peace being refused to a wealthy and influential landed proprietor. It is easy to understand how such a system gives consequence to a person residing on his own property. In France, when a proprietor is ambitious of playing a part, he must come away from his estates; in England, he must remain upon them. Therefore everybody in that commercial and manufacturing country desires to become a landed proprietor: those who make fortunes buy land, and those who strive for riches aspire only to follow the same course."

The inference from this passage is very plain—that in France the land and the government are in no sympathetic connection, there being no tie between country inhabitants and the functionaries put over them; while in England, almost every village—certainly every district—is in itself an epitome, a miniature representation of the whole constitution. And thus the whole kingdom is linked together by the recognized bond of a common knowledge of reciprocal rights and laws, and a reverence for all the different orders, which each part sees in miniature in itself.

We shall not separately discuss the chapters on our "political institutions," "markets," and "custom reform." These subjects are intimately connected. The English people have, more than any other, made to themselves *homes*. It is the *home* or family character, the domestic habits of the people, that binds all together, and gives a strength more potent than even our laws. As long as these habits remain, laws, and changes of laws, will not materially affect our condition. This family notion is our preservative element. It will operate contrary even to parliamentary laws. Thus, all the legislative acts to cut off entails will, for a long period, be virtually set aside by the habits of the people—the family habit. As long as there is no compulsory law of division, landed proprietors will, by testamentary provision, keep their lands, and hand them down to their children in compact quantities. It was well said, "I will give you the making of the laws, if you will give me the making of the ballads," because the ballads of a country have no hold if they do not faithfully describe the habits, and touch the common feelings.

We have seen that M. de Lavergne dates our agricultural prosperity from 1688. As some of our modern statesmen have pronounced that England ought not to grow corn, it may be interesting to see that we have been a corn-exporting nation.

"After 1688 everything changed. Clouds gathered over France, now exhausted by the follies of Louis XIV. England on the contrary revived, and, renewed in youth, took a start which was never to be arrested. Instead of advancing, the population of France fell off, while that of England rapidly increased. Boisguillebert, Vauban, and all records of the time, prove the progressive decline of French agriculture. England on the contrary, which under the Stuarts did not produce enough for its own wants, became, a hundred years later, the granary of Europe. Although she had to feed twice the amount of population, and this population living much better than before, she sold to foreigners five hundred thousand to one million quarters of corn—which is enormous, considering the means of transport at that period. It is calculated that, during the last half of the eighteenth century, England sold to her neighbours, and especially to France, one milliard of francs' (£40,000,000) worth of cereals."

The neglect of agriculture in France is graphically shown in an anecdote told in the memoirs of the Marquis d'Argenson, 1739.

"The Duke of Orleans lately laid before the council a piece of bread, which we got for him, made of ferns. In placing it upon the king's table, he said, 'Sire, here is what your subjects live upon.' This is a lesson not to depress the agriculture of a country. It is the best policy to interest the feelings of all in the land. Justly considered, land and commerce, and manufactures, ought to have but one interest—they are of the family bond, and should never be jealous of each other. This jealousy of late years has been injurious, and built upon a false foundation. The cry that was raised against the land has in a great measure been echoed back, and stunned the promoters of it. Their object to lower wages failed, and the chiefs of the party have met with exposures which have enormously damaged their influence. They have done good where they never intended to do any—they have stimulated the spirit and perseverance of the occupiers of land. We shall owe them much for the improvement of agriculture."

There is good sense and just observation in the following passage :—

"The true ballast of the body politic—the salt of society, that which holds it together—is the country feeling. This feeling, no doubt, is of an aristocratic kind, but it is not aristocracy itself; both may exist independently. British aristocracy has made common cause with the country feeling, and this is what constitutes its strength. French aristocracy holds itself aloof from it, and herein lies its weakness. In England, the country life of the upper classes has, in the first place, produced energetic and high-minded habits, out of which the constitution has taken its rise, and then, owing to these habits, liberty has been prevented from running into excesses. This liberal and conservative element has been wanting to us in France."

The audacious assumption, that henceforth the towns are to govern England, was as senseless as it was mischievous. It is a good sign of the return of the sober-minded prudence of the people, that the selfish demagogues of that common-interest sundering school are rapidly sinking into disrepute. There is no greater cause of the improvement of agriculture than our "markets." These markets are formed by our manufactures and commerce. The country not only supplies the towns with subsistence, but also renovates them in its population; it gives them not only the means of life, but of industry. Wherever there are markets—and our trades make markets—there will be good roads, rail and other, there will be canals, and all the better machinery for the cultivation of the land, and conveyance of its produce. Where, then, should be the jealousy? Agricultural statistics prove universally the reciprocity of the systems. Not only do the populations of these towns demand a larger produce for food, but for luxuries also—varieties of food, and in greater quantities. The new wants are the agriculturists' stimulant. The emperor who advertised a reward for the discovery of a new want was no bad political economist (so is our very selfishness turned to good, like the conversion of offensive manures into wholesome food)—he was creating a market. The material of a want is too much considered *per se* by some new philosophers, who ask the *cui bono* of everything; whereas of every want the material will develop itself, and yet not come alone. Hence when the mathematician pronounced of *Paradise Lost* that it proved nothing, as, in contempt of poetry, he overlooked the results of the literary want, setting aside the most important, mind cultivation, with all its high, ennobling aspirations, he overlooked the trade part of the question—the manufacture of paper, and the ramifications of employments—the creation of materials. Markets of both kinds, for sustenance and for trade, are as reciprocally useful—indeed, necessary—as the two hands to the human body. It may be worth considering, if it be not more advantageous to have our markets close at hand than a great way off, to benefit our own people by our reciprocities, than other people who, we know not when, may become our enemies. It is scarcely worth while to discuss with M. de Lavergne political questions involved in his "customs reform," and scattered here and there throughout his work. It is not easy for a foreigner to invest him-

self, even for the purposes of argument, with English interests, which are both of a wide and of a close character. They must be taken together for fair judgment; and our own differences upon individual subjects which they contain, rest upon principles which few foreigners comprehend; for, whether these principles be democratic, aristocratic, or monarchic, they are, in their several relations with the people, modified by habits only felt and understood by ourselves.

M. de Lavergne is inclined to pass an eulogium upon Sir Robert Peel as a statesman, but with a hesitation and modesty, as if he would rather describe what he considered the general opinion of England than his own. He rather, indeed, narrates what has been said by opponent parties than what he himself thinks. He says that England went into mourning when Sir Robert Peel died. If this be meant literally, it is a mistake in the history of these days; it may be only an hyperbole of expression, a French eulogistic phrase, such as that which has been heretofore used, of a nation being "drowned in tears," that is yet living very happily on dry ground. We are persuaded that the obloquy which still adheres to the memory of Sir Robert Peel is not political only. It does not arise from the change in his views, but from the conviction on the part of the landed interests that he, knowingly, and with a previous secret determination, betrayed them—that he allowed them to place confidence in him, and make him their champion, when he was not in heart and purpose their champion, but their enemy. They attacked not his views, but his treachery. They convicted him upon his after confessions, made in the moment of irritation in debate. He promised what he never intended to perform. He professed that the income-tax should be for three years; and immediately, or rather simultaneously, altered the customs duties, with the purpose of making it perpetual. He, in his confession, dated his conversion to the Free-trade movement from a period that did not correspond with his speeches at that time, and subsequently against it. The lovers of candour and open honesty shrank from the introduction of a policy of "expediency," whose only principle may be said to be the absence of all principle. "For the future," says our author, "supplies are certain, since the English consumer has the whole world from which to supply himself." If England has the whole world from which to draw her supplies, she is at the mercy of the whole world; for the whole world is not hers, and she may be thankful to say, never will be hers. In our insular position, we are like a small territory, in which we are the sheep—with stout shepherds, it is true, and strong defences, but surrounded with human wolves, whom, under a treaty of sham reciprocity, we trust to throw us in provender, and neglect the cultivation of our natural pastures; when fattened for use, and unable to provide for ourselves, the wolves will soon break down, or leap over our barricades. The mercy of nations is little better than that of wolves.

We have, it seems, just made treaties with America, on some difficult subjects; and such things as difficulties may occur again. War with Russia, and no corn from Odessa, may have done something towards settling these questions across the Atlantic a little less advantageously to ourselves, under the new and un-English interest of looking to our blood-relations across the water for food. It is not easy to treat of agriculture without touching repeatedly upon this Free-trade question. This reciprocity all on one side—we would avoid it as much as possible. If there be any truth in Malthus' theory that the population is everywhere pressing upon the means of subsistence, it is very likely to press upon the subsistence in those countries whom we are enriching, and therefore enabling by prosperity to increase; and if so, that which they supply to us will become first dearer, and then cease. It must be so, if it be a law.

We hear a great deal of "high farming." In what does it consist? —for there are considerable differences of opinion with regard to the processes. We suppose it must be explained to be the costly application of modern discoveries, chemical and mechanical. The removing agriculture as much as possible from the natural into a scien-

tific course, the converting it entirely into a manufacturing system. Draining was the first innovation; scarcely more than a dozen years old is the practice, which in another dozen years seems likely to become universal. The employment of machines followed; steam is performing its wonders in agriculture as elsewhere. The very plough has notice to quit the lands of which it has had possession more than a thousand years. "The great desire at present is to find means for turning up the soil to a depth hitherto unheard of, in order to give greater vigour to the arable bed." Larger capital is given to the soil, and to every branch of rural manufacture. Though it meets with some opposition, stall-feeding is driving out the old habits. "Nothing is bolder, more ingenious, more characteristic of the spirit of enterprise among the English, than the present system of stabulation, such as has been practised in clay districts by the inventors, and which tends to extend itself everywhere." Is it to come to pass that a reader of poetry (if poetry is to be read when the world is thoroughly utilitarianised) will have to refer to the notes of an antiquarian commentator for the understanding of the line—

"The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea"?

"While, by means of the improved pastures, farmers succeed in keeping, at most, one head of large cattle, or its equivalent, to one hectare in cultivation, which was already much more than could be done in France, it is now maintained, that by stabulation they will be able to keep two, and even three, and so increase considerably the production of cereals. In that case all the land becomes arable; and the Norfolk rotation may be applied over the whole extent of the property, in place of being confined to a half. Such are the changes which take place in things human. Agriculture is subject to them like all else. Hitherto it was the use of the pasture land which, by increasing the number of cattle, and reducing the breadth of cereals, swelled the average return of the corn land. Now, the reduction or abolition of pasturage, while it further increases the number of cattle, supplies fresh means for increasing the fertility of the soil, and consequently for the raising of corn for human consumption."

There is to this passage the following note by J. D.:—"Box-feeding and soiling is not gaining so rapidly in favour as to cause us anxiety, either as to the desertion of our pastures, or the comfort and health of our stock." But revolution succeeds revolution; the great fact of the day becomes the ridicule of to-morrow. The live stock, for which this England of ours had been so praised, is subjected to an evil eye. At a meeting of Society of Arts, Mr. Mechi said that he considered "live stock were necessary evils, mere manufacturers of manure, and unattended with any direct profit. He had arrived at this conclusion from extensive stock-feeding."

Mr. Mechi has come forward again with his balance-sheet, showing, in rent and profit, an advantage of £750 on 170 acres. We take a portion of his statement as it appears in the *Athenæum* of the present month. It is encouraging to have his testimony, that we need not depend on foreign supply.

"While he ventured to assert, from his own experience, that we could grow more than all the food that was required by the British people, he stated that it could only be done by investment and improvement. He urged the employment of town capital in this manner, rather than that the cash-boxes of our capitalists should be filled with bonds and responsibilities from every foreign nation and foreign undertaking. He predicted that in a comparatively short period every farm would have sufficient shelter for its stock, lighted with gas, its fixed steam-engine, economising the costly labour of horses, and warming by its waste steam the various sheds."

He greatly advocated the use of town sewage.

"Among the coming improvements in agriculture, was that of cultivation by steam. On public grounds he had expended some money in the construction of Mr. Roumaine's machine. It had, however, been only partially successful. There was too much velocity and too little steam. The art of raising the soil must evidently be by a slow motion. Enough was shown to prove that it will soon be the order of the day, particularly as the Royal Agricultural Society of England have very properly offered a premium of £200 for such a machine. This was a point of the greatest importance, as he was prepared to prove that

farm horses consumed the produce of one-fourth of the arable land of the country."

We suppose such a machine is wanted as the author of *Talpa* would approve, whose force should be downwards.

M. de Lavergne details the method used by Mr. Huxtable, of Dorsetshire, for distributing his liquid manure. We find, however, that at the meeting on the 6th of December, "the chief points of debate were on the relative merits of solid and liquid manure, and on the application of steam to agriculture. In regard to the former, it was considered by some, that, though liquid manure was very beneficial for grass crops, yet for grain and root crops it was injurious." It is to be hoped that "in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom;" certainly there are material differences of opinion. Mr. Huxtable conveys the liquid manure through pipes under ground, branching off in every direction, and brought to the surface by vertical pipes with caps, to be taken off when distribution is required.

But all these improvements, and suggested improvements, can only be undertaken at great expense. M. de Lavergne calculates the cost at no less than four or five hundred millions sterling. But when he takes into account that in a quarter of a century this nation has expended two hundred and forty millions sterling upon railways alone, he is disposed to think it only an impossibility in other countries, and alone possible in the United Kingdom. He indulges in dreams of wonderful progress. In these our days of united invention, perseverance, and industry, who can assert that he may not awake and find it true? "All this, no doubt, constitutes an immense revolution. Agriculture changes from a natural, and becomes more and more a manufacturing process; each field will henceforth be a kind of machine, worked in every sense by the hand of man, pierced below by all kinds of canals, some for carrying off water, others for bringing manure, and—who can tell?—perhaps, also, to convey hot or cold air as required, for effecting the most rapid changes on its surface." While all this is doing, we can only compare the whole earth to a great ant-hill, with its busy myriads, raising up, triturating the soil, piercing it with their roads of passage in every direction, and conveying their materials for structure, that seem out of all proportion with themselves.

Those interested in agriculture will, in this volume, make a tour with M. de Lavergne through the several divisions of the United Kingdom—the southern, eastern, western, midland, and northern counties. They will find valuable facts given, and just inferences. Our object is rather confined to a general view, than to any arranged detail of the work. For the great results of farming on a magnificent scale, we recommend the reader's attention to p. 204, showing the management of 740 acres by Mr. Rigden, of Sussex. Wales and the islands, Scotland and Ireland, come separately under review. M. de Lavergne thinks Wales should cultivate buckwheat, and expects to hear of brilliant success when experiments are made upon a large scale. The goat obtains his especial regard, as remarkable for fecundity, throwing usually two kids, while the sheep produces generally one.

"The goat, when well fed, gives an abundance of extremely rich milk, which may be made into excellent cheese. In France, where all agricultural industries are known, although too often very imperfectly practised, whole districts owe their prosperity chiefly to the goat. Such is the Mount d'Or, near Lyons, where a goat yields as much as a cow elsewhere. As population increases, I have no doubt the goat will be more appreciated, only we must learn to treat it properly, and reclaim it from that half-wild state which rendered it dearer to the shepherds of Theocritus and Virgil, than to agriculturists and cultivators. All the gifts of Providence are good when kept in their places and treated with skill. The goat's place is on the barren mountains, where shrubby plants can be cultivated for its food, unless, as at the Mount d'Or, it is subjected to the strictest stabulation."

We must beg our author's pardon for a little amusement at the idea of a goat *in his proper place*, a wild mountain, suddenly dropping into the "strictest stabulation." Is the goat naturally more wild than the sheep? The Welsh sheep are well known as breaking all bounds, if transferred to enclosed countries.

Praise is lavishly bestowed upon Scotland. Its agriculture is pronounced to be at this day superior even to the English, at least in some districts. It is the school for farming to which people send their sons. "The best books upon farming which have appeared of late years, have been published in Scotland, and when an English proprietor requires a good bailiff, he generally sends to Scotland for one." Although our author leans to the liking of small, or at least moderate properties, and seeing two-thirds of the land, and about one-third of the whole rental, in the hands of large proprietors, he pronounces Scotland a favourable specimen of large property. He considers also the law of primogeniture favourable to Scotland; for whereas in England and Ireland the law makes a lease personal property, and therefore divisible among children, in Scotland it is not so. "The younger sons of a farmer knowing that they have no title to share in their father's lease, seek a livelihood in other ways, while the oldest prepares himself at an early period for the heritage which awaits him. This is a new and successful application of the right of primogeniture in matters relating to the soil, and it is favourable to that natural movement which, in society in a state of progress, diverts the surplus population from rural occupations into other channels." There seems to be no reason why these same arguments are not of universal application. He thinks much of the prosperity of Scotland owing to the establishment of banks, of the management and stability of which he speaks in high terms. Runs on banks, he says, are unknown in Scotland. The progress of Scotland in agricultural and commercial wealth is more surprising even than that of England. A century ago, the characteristic of Scotland was, with regard to its present source of wealth, barrenness and poverty. Whence the change? Evidently from her union with England. It is the rich firm taking a poor but industrious partner. English capital soon became the stock upon which the energies of the new partners worked. "The counties of Lanark and Renfrew, where manufactures and commerce are most active, have increased in population, in the space of a hundred years, from one hundred thousand to six hundred thousand. Clydesdale, once deserted, now rivals Lancashire for its collieries, manufactories, and immense shipping trade." Why is it that, having taken Ireland also into partnership, no similar progress has been made? Capital will not flow through the obstructions of turbulence. Ireland has disadvantages, in habits of long growth, which time alone, through the many sweeping revolutions that time brings, can change. It is a curious expression which M. de Lavergene uses, "that Scotland, in a political point of view, is an improved edition of England." We leave it where we find it. We do not quite understand the conclusion which our author would draw from a passage, wherein he ascribes the superiority of the Scotch rural economy to the smallness of the number of its labourers. "In France, as we have already observed, the rural population amounts to about sixteen per 100 acres, and in England to twelve; but in the Lowlands it is only five, for an average production at least equal to that of France, and to one-half that of England." The fact seems to disarrange altogether the principles of the Malthusian theory. We cannot think it morally or politically desirable that rural populations should diminish and town populations increase. Certain economists, and even "high-farming" agriculturists, encourage this idea, and look with complacency upon a future very great diminution of rural population. Yet we cannot but think that actual man's labour upon our lands would ultimately increase the productiveness, and keep up a race hardy and industrious, with means of moral advantages greater than can be well applied in manufacturing towns. They are the healthy, sturdy, manly stock; and surely the love of the soil, which is in the habit of their growth, is the true germ of English patriotism. Too much street-dirt has been cast at this honest race, ridiculed as "dolts." A due and well-considered partiality for this our ancient stock, "average men," who have been insolently told to get into the rear, that keener wits, "may

come to the front,"—a regard for those whom Providence has endowed with a true mother-wit, if not so keen, is another inducement to us to recommend the agricultural system of the author of the *Word in Season*, which includes in its promised benefits the happy labourer in full employment.

We look with little interest, if we are discussing only agricultural progress, upon the temporary profits arising out of a fashion—the rents for sporting manors. We should be satisfied to have these sports kept up, and generally followed, not so exclusively as they are appropriated to the wealthy and fashionable. M. de Lavergne writes with a certain zest, as if he had been "on the moors." "Nothing is more fashionable than Highland sports. The pencil of Landseer, the favourite delineator of British sport, has described under every form some of its most interesting incidents; and that bustle, which for two or three months in the year awakens in the slumbering echoes of the rocks something like the gathering of the clans, results in fine incomes to the proprietors." These last few words greatly deteriorate the sport. Shall we startle the admirers of royal academicians—the lovers of the arts, and more especially the flattering admirers of Sir Edwin Landseer—if *we* say, and somewhat boldly too, that in the best sense and feeling of nature his pictures are not natural? Nature seems ever to us to take especial care to keep out of sight the necessary cruelty (we say cruelty as not seeing, yet not doubting, the benevolence of the law) by which animal preys upon animal. Rarely, as we walk the fields or the woods, does the perpetration of this destruction become visible; rarely does the death or agony of the creatures present itself. Most animals prey in the night, when man's eyes are closed; and those that perish by day, and are devoured, are covered in the secrecy of lone places. Nature loves to exhibit the cheerful side of life; the singing-birds come nearest to human habitations, creatures are mostly seen in enjoyment of their life. Nature, kind nature, is fearful to admit man too much into the visible operation of the awful secret of death—is cautious not to familiarise him with the general slaughter going on around him, lest he become more cruel than he is. Now, nature wishes to be painted with this expression of her forbearance. Painters who disobey this injunction deserve not to be called nature's painters. She will have all cruelty kept out of sight. Sir Edwin Landseer makes the cruelty his subject. We scarcely know a picture from his pencil that is not utterly cruel. His works are in defiance of kindliness and humanity. We cannot understand how people can take any pleasure in them, unless it be in the artistic skill, the lowest source of the pleasure derivable from art. There is the "Otter Hunt," wherein the poor creature is represented held up by the huntsman writhing in agony around the spear that pierces him. There is the poor heron victimised in the air—the sporting party, which, according to all human taste ought to be in the foreground, faintly seen in the distance. How unlike the cheerful hunting scenes of Wouverman, in which all cruelty of the sport is kept out of sight, and the gaiety of the party *going* out made alone conspicuous. There is the horrid deer-stalking picture—cruelty to animal, and a degrading of man—for the poor creature is seen shot down in his wildness, and the sportsman skulking like a secreted felon. There was the dead deer locked together after fight, of last year, and the fox and bird of prey coming to devour them, the glazed eyes and death agonies still perceptible in the prostrate carcasses. And is this year's picture better? It is worse, for it must misrepresent royal personages. Our amiable Queen never could have been seen by human eye, smiling as she is about to tread upon the bleeding faces and glazed eyes of the slaughtered creatures heaped upon each other. We ever shall, with the indignation of offended humanity, protest against such employment of art. Pictures of this atrocious kind are multiplied; for where there is much success there will be imitators. We would not have one of them; the very sight would harden our own hearts, if we could like them, and teach our children and grandchildren to be cruel. We protest in the name of art and

humanity; and sincerely hope that foreigners do not consider them as specimens of our taste and excellence in the one, or of our character in the other. Foreigners pronounce us "rough of manners;" can it be wondered at, if they take our characters from pictures which they see so favourably received? It is polite in them that they use no worse epithets. But to return from this digression—if it be one.

Scotland and Ireland are in perfect contrast: Scotland a comparatively barren soil, Ireland a rich one—riches and beggary.

"Even the English admit that Ireland, in point of soil, is superior to England. The conformation of the country is peculiar; mountains range along nearly the whole extent of its coasts, the interior being a vast plain, and for the most part highly fertile. Ireland contains eight millions of hectares; rocks, lakes, and bogs, occupy about two millions of these, and two millions more are indifferent land. The remainder—that is to say, about half the country—is rich land, with calcareous subsoil. What better could be conceived?" "It is the richest soil I ever saw," says Arthur Young, (speaking of counties Limerick and Tipperary), "and such as is applicable to every wish." The misery of the people has been frequently ascribed to low wages; M. de Lavergne shows otherwise. "The wretched condition of the cultivators cannot be attributed to the small amount of wages as distributed over the whole, for not only did this item amount in principle to half the gross produce, while in England and Scotland it is only a fourth, but it was frequently higher, owing to the non-payment of rent. Nowhere, perhaps, was the share of wages greater; whereas, compared to the rent, it should have been less rather than more."

Though the population of Ireland was at no time too large for its acreage, if the land had been under good cultivation, and trade towns had afforded means for receiving any superabundance, in its neglected condition the population was too large, being almost exclusively rural. The cottier tenancy and the con-acre tended greatly to increase it. The rage for renting and underletting in subdivisions became necessities. There being no regular wages-system, and no manufactures from which to obtain a living, the land was the only resource. Children, when they grew to manhood, each looked for his bit of land, and built his hovel, and became the head of another family, because he could do nothing else. Hence early marriages, less improvident than necessary imprudences, stocked the land with a still increasing population. It appears, then, that population does not depend upon one law—prosperity. We are apt in this country to point to the increase, as shown in the census, as a proof of prosperity. Utter poverty and despair, which always endanger life, seem also to have the same tendency, producing unusual fecundity, by a law of reconstruction, or of compensation for the possible loss incidental to the dangerous condition of a society. This is noticed by M. de Lavergne. "There were also two mysterious causes of this unlimited propagation, both proceeding from the miserable condition of the people. The first is the inexplicable physiological law which ordains, for all living species, that the means of reproduction increase in proportion to the chances of destruction. The action of this law may be observed among the lower animals, and also in the human race inhabiting unhealthy climates. As the chances of death increase, births also increase; and, whether among animals or men, the strongest and best-fed races are not those which multiply most. Indifferent as to individual life, nature's first care is to preserve the species." It is as true that when a species becomes at once too numerous and too weak, and likely, from any peculiar condition into which it has fallen, to propagate disorganization, moral and physical, nature brings a pestilence or famine, which sweeps off the least healthy, that a better life may replenish the land. The agriculture of Ireland is rather in promise than existence. We would fain hope that there is a promise. As to measures proposed, or to be proposed, for the raising the condition of Ireland, and bringing it into a state of sufficient security to tempt capital to flow in to

work substantial remedy, they are so many and so contradictory that volumes, not such a review as this, would be required to state them, and fresh volumes again to discuss them.

We must leave the case of Ireland to time and wise legislation, believing that there is now, at least, a sincere desire in this country, and which will be hereafter taken up by every government, to do everything that can be done to promote the best interests of that portion of the Queen's dominions. The Irish do not want now a Swift to advocate their cause. Our governments are as anxious now to promote trade and manufactures in that country, as they were discouraging in the days of the powerful Dean of St. Patrick's. Although we do not coincide in all the views taken by M. de Lavergne, we admire the fairness, the perfect candour with which he treats the whole subject of Ireland. He takes questions, and weighs arguments against as well as for. We give him full credit for a determination throughout his work to search into facts, with the earnest desire to reach truth, and to promote the welfare of every people, by showing them their advantages and disadvantages, their successes and shortcomings; and he lays before them, by specimens and details, what agriculture is in the several countries, and what it may become.

The work is extremely interesting, and is very well translated. It cannot fail to make its way.

MR. THACKERAY AND HIS NOVELS.

It is now several years since that witty Cockney tourist and caustic observer of common follies, Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh, emerged from the incognito which veiled him from the popular eye, and in the person of Mr. W. M. Thackeray claimed the suffrage of the world, no longer as the author of picture-books and journeys unsentimental, but as one of that brotherhood of novelists who are the Shakespeares of our day and generation. Let us disguise it as we will, among all our voices of melodious verse, we have no poet to endow the names and manners of the age of Victoria with that immortality which has seized upon the age of Elizabeth. Perhaps electric telegraphs and steam-engines are not exactly accordant with blank verse; and certainly it does not seem quite desirable to premise a lofty legend with that "waiting for the train of Coventry," which almost entitles our distinguished laureate himself to be sent upon a visit to that world-renowned and ancient town. Of all the sciences, that one which has made least progress in these few hundred years, is the science which makes investigation into the secret heart of our humanity. Professor Owen and Mr. Faraday could confer a vast deal of new and wondrous information upon that unlettered and unscientific individual who wrote the *Tempest* and *Macbeth*; but we question much if the whole array of poets and story-tellers flourishing in these days could make Shakespeare much the wiser, despite of well-nigh three centuries of experience in which we have the advantage of him. It may be possible, perhaps, to make a very glowing and poetic *description* of that world, older than all antiquity, where the Megatherium was monarch of all he surveyed, and where the Saurian was a caste in high life, disdainfully exclusive of meaner reptiles; but we fear it must be quite impracticable to reproduce the manners of that interesting age, the loves and griefs and gossips of its unwieldy society. The world of poetry and romance is purely a human world; the creatures beneath us, and the angels above us, are equally beyond our limits; and however widely we may search for the accessories of our scene, the true material with which we have to deal is that marvellous complexity — that wonderful microcosm of detached and separate existence, which will be itself, and not another, through eternal ages —the heart and mind of man. Upon its hidden and mysterious workings, the discoveries of modern times throw but little light. It is true that they give us a very respectful

idea of Professors Faraday and Owen, and the utmost veneration for the mental powers of these great men and their brethren; but for the millions of unknown and unknowable individuals who make up the great bulk of mankind, it is astonishing how little progress we have made, in the knowledge of *them* since Job fell a-despairing in the Idumean wildernesses, and Moses with his human impatience forfeited the promised land. But not to go quite so far back among the historians of our race, here are Sir E. B. Lytton, Mr. Thackeray, and Mr. Dickens, all of whom, it is certain, have much more acquaintance with science and philosophy than had that great predecessor of theirs, who perhaps, after all, only wrote his plays for the Globe Theatre, and was not prepared to see them text-books in the hands of all the world; yet these three gentlemen, with all their varied insight, will not venture to look down from their nineteenth-century elevation upon William Shakespeare, three hundred years behind them, and boast that they have attained a knowledge, denied to him, of the nature and powers of man.

Yes, it is a grand science which reads history to us out of the cast-off shattered garments of this old old world of ours — interpreting those scales of rock, those morsels of shell, those fairy leaves and flowers of grass, which write, in stony characters, a record that mocks created memory; but perhaps it is a grander science still which deals with those succeeding waves of human life, generation after generation, where every man is in himself a world, with his period of chaos, his volcanoes, his petrifactions, his wonderful phases of transformation. Our patient earth takes ages for *her* changes; but a single hour may witness the shaking of heaven and earth, the vast convulsion which grinds the mountains to powder, and makes a desert of the sea, in the lesser universe of a single heart. Wherefore be modest in your shout of triumph, O philosophers of the nineteenth century. Your Megatherium, though probably a stripling of great promise ten thousand years ago, before time began, is but a structure of bones now, some of them not created bones, but only manufactured ones, on approved principles; whereas the subject of our story, the hero of our speculations, this unfathomable creature, man, though he be ever so small a specimen, not up to the elbow of your gigantic skeleton, has blood in his veins to-day, and *lives* for ever.

Coming back, without any aid of logic, to the point we started from, it is to say, that no manner of digging into the bowels of the earth, or snatching secrets from the sky, or any of our novel arts and mighty sciences, can much increase our knowledge of ourselves — our great enigma — or of the men and women who surround us. This great world of inquiry the poets held in their possession in the old ages — it has passed through sundry hands in intermediate periods — and now, at last, has come to be delivered over, in these degenerate days of ours, to the sole successors of those poets who dealt with men rather than with verses — the novel-writers of our time.

And the name of them is legion. If there still be signs and symptoms, even in this age, whereby you may ward off the too near approach of a philosopher, you must rouse your faculties to double precaution if you would avoid the swarm of young men and old men, of matrons and maidens, possessed with the spirit of divination — the knack of writing novels. That young lady in your friend's drawing-room, whom somebody asks for "a little music" — has not your friend told you that she is the author of ——? And the stout gentleman in the Insurance Office where you paid your premium only yesterday, and the young priest whom you will hear to-morrow, and sundry other innocent and harmless people of whom you think no evil — have you not heard of the religious novel and the political novel, the tale on the sanitary question, and the story in illustration of university reform, given to the world by these good friends of yours? So far has the mania gone, that we have no doubt a very respectable mob could be collected of modern English novel-writers. Like other mobs, it has a few ringleaders towering over the general mass. The foremost figure of all has other claims to public notice than his works; he is a man

of ancient blood and good estate, a patrician of the patricians; he has the learning of a scholar, the experience of a sage, the reputation of a man of fashion. He is *Bulwer;* and though half-a-dozen patrimonies, and half-a-dozen ancestral names should descend upon his present Lytton, the public will not cease to cling to his old appellation. The author of *Pelham* has perhaps fallen a little from his early flush of popularity, but the author of the *Caxtons* and *My Novel* has no longer any chance to fall.

And behind him, pressing close upon this leader of the army of fiction, comes a pair strangely linked together by one of those odd freaks of time, which places contemporaries of the most opposite character side by side. Future generations will speak of Dickens and Thackeray as we speak of Pepys and Evelyn, and they are quite as dissimilar; but if aught of evil should befall the regnant sovereign of this realm of fancy, we will have a civil war forthwith to decide which of these pretenders shall mount the vacant throne. In the meantime, it is premature to agitate the question; there is no just ground of comparison between these two whose names are so commonly pronounced together. Perhaps there are no two men among their host of readers who are further apart from each other than Mr. Dickens and Mr. Thackeray; but instead of unnecessarily enlarging upon the difference, we count it better wisdom to take up this pretty pink volume, patiently waiting the conclusion of a rambling preamble, to remind us, that it has nothing to do with Mr. Dickens, but in every page of it is solely Mr. Thackeray's own.

And the *Rose and the Ring* is not a political satire, though one of its princes is of Crim Tartary; and we are afraid that those who look for one of Mr. Thackeray's wicked and witty comments upon the world in general, will be disappointed in this book. He is not in the vein of teaching either; his Christmas carol does not treat of a magical dream and a wonderful transformation, like some other Christmas carols of our acquaintance. Thanks to Mr. Thackeray, this fairy tale is a pure flash of mirth and laughter, and knows no moral. The little children and the great children may venture for once to enjoy their sport in peace, without being called upon to square up into a row with humility and receive their lesson at the end. There are two princes and two princesses, and two fairy gifts endowing the fortunate possessors with unlimited beauty and loveableness; and, like a skilful artist, after a few complications, Mr. Thackeray contrives to bestow those fairy tokens upon the two poor souls who require to be attracted to one another, and leaves the true lovers to the inalienable glamour of their love. If Angelica loses her rose, or Bulbo his ring, the domestic happiness of this royal pair is not greatly to be calculated upon; and the public peace of the realms of Paflagonia and Crim Tartary may very possibly be disturbed once more; but magnanimous Giglio deprives *his* queen of the enchanted jewel with his own hand, and finds her quite as lovely without its magical influence;—and so Mr. Thackeray, who is by no means apt to rhapsodise on this subject, makes a very seemly obeisance to True Love, the oldest of all the witchcrafts. We will not do our readers the injustice to tell them at second-hand how poor little Betsinda danced before their majesties in her one shoe—or how, by means of this little slipper, the persecuted Rosalba attained to her throne—or of Prince Giglio's infatuation with the grim old Countess Gruffanuff—or the magical bag which supplied him with everything he wanted, from blacking for his boots to armour for his battle;—but we have no doubt that everybody who has not read the *Rose and the Ring*, will be satisfied to know that Mr. Thackeray dispenses poetic justice with an unfaltering hand—that the exile has his own again—and that the usurpers are sent upon their travels. We will not pause to point out the catastrophe of Gruffanuff, and the lesson it impresses upon the brethren of that unfortunate servitor; but we will promise the fireside circle, which has the *Rose and the Ring* read aloud for its general edification, one hearty laugh at the great and unlooked-for discomfiture of the Countess Gruffanuff.

We are bound to say, that while Mr. Thackeray has been disporting himself among the family of Newcomes, Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh, in his episodical existence, has made great use of his time since his last appearance before the Christmas-keeping public. Mr. Titmarsh may rest assured that no thunder will sour the beer which has so little acid in it by nature. The fairy Blackstick is a much more agreeable presiding genius than Lady Kicklebury; and Mr. Titmarsh has never before produced so pleasant a picture-book, nor one whose pictures were so worthy of the text. These illustrations are greatly superior to all their predecessors by the same hand; they are so good that the artist is fairly entitled to rank with the author in this pleasant production; and altogether, amidst our wars and our troubles, in this Christmas which is darkened and shadowed over to so many households, and at a time when common tribulation and anxiety put us in charity with all our neighbours, we are glad that we have to thank Mr. Thackeray for the honest laugh which is not at any one's expense.

Mr. Thackeray, in his own proper person, has not made less progress in kindness and good humor than has his *alter ego*, if we trace his course from *Vanity Fair* to the *Newcomes*. Everybody praises Becky Sharp, and the history in which she fills so important a place. Does everybody like that clever, unbelieving, disagreeable book? But there is nothing to be said on the subject of *Vanity Fair*, which has not been said already—that all its rogues are clever and amusing, and all its good characters fools—that Amelia is a greater libel upon womankind than Becky herself, and that there is a heated, crowded atmosphere in the story which has scarcely any relief, seeing that the good people are by no means a match for the bad, and cannot even pretend to balance the heavy scale of evil. There is no one in the book who has the remotest claim to our affection but Dobbin—good Dobbin, with his faithful heart and his splay feet. Why should the Major have splay feet, Mr. Thackeray? Must the man who is not distinguished by moral obliquity have some physical misfortune to make amends? But the splay feet carry their owner into the heart of our regard, despite their unloveliness. The warmest admirer of Miss Rebecca Sharp is not moved to bestow his affection upon that amiable young lady; and though poor, little, silly Amelia may chance to touch a heart for a moment as she watches in Russell Square for a glimpse of her boy, she is quite too insignificant a person to insure any regard for herself. Mr. Thackeray made a very clever book; and Mr. Thackeray's book made a great sensation and success. There are many admirable things in it—a great sparkle of sayings and happy turns of expression; and the scenes are cut sharp and clear in their outline, and dullness is not within these pages. Nevertheless, we carry but one personage with us in real kindness when we close the volume. Of all its men and women, only Major Dobbin is worth the least morsel of love.

In Mr. Thackeray's second grand exposition of his own principles, and of the human panorama of which he is a spectator and historian—in *Pendennis*—we find a little more to commend. There is Warrington, who has no splay feet; there is sweet Mrs. Pendennis, whom we consent to accept as an angel. It is a sad thing to think of Warrington, such a man as he is, spending his life in those chambers in Lamb Court, with nothing to do but to write articles, the fate of which he cares nothing for, only the Haunt to solace that great heart of his when the day's work is done, and no particular motive for living except the custom and habit of it. Few can paint a wasted life, and great powers wearing down with the continual dropping of every day, better than Mr. Thackeray; but we are glad to think that he has still the means of rescue for this character in the exhaustless resources of fiction. Will not Mr. Thackeray take into his gracious consideration ways and means for disposing of the graceless unknown Mrs. Warrington, and leave Bluebeard free to make his fortune once more? We will answer for the entire satisfaction of the general population of these British Islands with any proceeding of the kind; and we do not doubt that Mr. Warrington, when he is a free man, will find some one more

faithful than Laura, and will not be forsaken a second time for such a coxcomb as Pen. Pendennis himself, though he is good-looking and fashionable, and writes a successful novel, is but a very poor fellow after all—not only falling far short of an ideal hero, but not much to brag of for a very ordinary man. Mr. Thackeray avowedly scorns the loftiness of common romance, and will not have an exalted personage for the principal figure on his canvass; but Mr. Arthur Pendennis does not possess a single feature of the heroic. Unfortunately, when we ought to admire, we are a great deal more likely to despise; and this, though it may be original, is neither true art nor noble; it is not original either; but Mr. Pen is a meaner sinner than Tom Jones.

Leaving Pen—and leaving Laura, who is a very doubtful person, and whom we do not profess to make much of—if Pen is not the best husband in the world, popular opinion, we are afraid, will pronounce that popular sentence, "Served her right!"—there is much more satisfaction in meeting with Harry Foker, who is Mr. Thackeray's special property, the type of a class which our novelist has brought out of the shadows into the clearest and kindliest illumination. Good Harry Foker, who has no great share of brains—who does not spell very well, perhaps—whose habits are not what they ought to be, but who is the soul of honour, of unpretending, simple courage and kind-heartedness. Some score of Harry Fokers, doing, with simple straightforwardness, what their commander ordered, have ridden with open eyes, and without a moment's faltering, right into the open-mouthed destruction, and made heroes of themselves upon the wintry heights of Sebastopol. Not a refined gentleman by any means, it is only genius that can commend this brave good-hearted simpleton to all our affections. A lesser artist might have been afraid of a character so little intellectual, and felt its defective points a reproach to his invention; but Mr. Thackeray has been able to seize upon the genuine sparkle of this uncut jewel, upon the reverence for goodness, the humble self-estimation, the tender-heartedness, and the unsuspected pathos which lie in its depths. It is strange, when he has proved himself so capable of its exercise, that Mr. Thackeray should so much overlook this true alchemy of genius. Is it best to drag the veil of decorum from a hidden evil, or to disclose a vein of native excellence—a secret even to its owner? Mr. Thackeray, who scares his innocent readers with vague intimations of pitfalls round about them, and shocks mamma with terrific hints of the unmentionable ill-doing familiar to the thoughts of her pretty boy at school, does better service when Harry Foker and Jack Belsize, and even Rawdon Crawley, show their honest hearts to us, than when he produces Mr. Pendennis, with all his gifts, as a specimen of modern education, and the civilization of the nineteenth century. What a simple noble gentleman is Lord Kew, who rises just above the strata of the Belsize formation! Such a hero as he is would leave us little to desire.

Only in one respect does *Pendennis* sin more grossly than *Vanity Fair*. Blanche Amory is more detestable, because she is less clever than Becky. How much does Mr. Thackeray owe to the world of womankind, by way of reparation for foisting into their ranks such a creation as this! Nothing less than a Desdemona can atone for such an insult. Can Mr. Thackeray make a Desdemona? He has added some few pleasant people to our acquaintance in his day—Warrington may make amends for Pen, but who is to make amends for Blanche?

And here we touch upon our author's greatest imperfection. Mr. Thackeray does not seem acquainted with anything feminine between a nursery maid and a fine lady—an indiscriminate idolater of little children, and an angler for a rich husband. The "perfect woman, nobly planned," has no place in the sphere of Mr. Thackeray's fancy. Perhaps the secret of this may be, that Mr. Thackeray's world is a conventional world; and that even while he attacks its weak points, "society," the sphere with which he is best acquainted, represents this many-sided globe in our historian's eyes. The mother and the cousin in the little country-house,

weeping and adoring as they read the hero's letters, telling each other of his childhood, those blessed days when Pen was in petticoats, seeing in all this heaven and earth only the bit of consecrated soil under his shadow and the sky over his head, and furious at every other pretender for his gracious favour—that is one side of the picture. On the other is Miss Amory, with that bad leer in her eyes, which we are rejoiced to see has disappeared from the sketches of Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh, calculating her chances of a husband, amusing Mr. Pen into that last resource of idleness—falling in love; weeping "Mes Larmes" in public, and in private cuffing her little brother; and Blanche is the other side of the golden shield, the obverse of the coin, the completion of Mr. Thackeray's circles of female character. It is not a flattering estimate of Englishwomen which will be formed from the pages of this author, whom, of all others, we should fancy our neighbours over the Channel most likely to form their judgment from. Though Blanche has expanded into Beatrice, and Beatrice progressed to Ethel, the character is still far from satisfactory. And we must once more assure Mr. Thackeray, that he owes his countrywomen an Isabella or a De-demona to make amends.

In the one other creation of *Pendennis*, Mr. Thackeray puts forth all his power. The Major rescues *his* class still more clearly out of the shadows than Harry Foker does; henceforward, instead of wordy descriptions of this old gentleman of the clubs, it will be quite enough to say that he is like Major Pendennis. This impersonation is so broad and clear that there is no mistaking it or its identity. There are certain portraits which convince us that they are admirable likenesses, though we are perfectly unacquainted with the original; and even those to whom "society" is an unknown country, must recognise, as an unmistakable individual, this specimen of the aborigines of "the world." Getting on in "society" is the chief end of man to Major Pendennis—it is the grand vocation and duty of life. You must be moderately good, moderately brave and honourable, because the want of these qualities is apt to endanger your success in life; and with all the perseverance and ardour which wins battles or makes fortunes, the Major devotes himself to securing an invitation to Gaunt House, or a gracious recognition from the Marquis of Steyn. It would be a pure waste of sympathy, in author or readers, to condole with the loveless, joyless condition of this old man of fashion. Loves and joys are out of the Major's way—they would simply embarrass and annoy him, these troublesome emotions; the Major has his pleasures instead, and his place in society, which he fills in a manner perfectly becoming the high end he has in view.

When we leave *Pendennis*, we find that Mr. Thackeray takes a great leap out of his ordinary domain. It is no longer the English of the present day, careless and easy, just touched with the slang for which our author has a special gift, but it is English of the Augustan age, English which is balanced with antithesis, and polished into epigram, the English of those dainty people who wore bag-wigs and ruffles, patches and powder. Though we have serious fault to find with the story of Esmond, we are constrained to admit, at the outset, that the execution of this story is exquisite. In comparison with this, almost every other historical work we are acquainted with, except the romances of Scott, is a mere piece of masquerade. The age is not a great age, we confess, in spite of its Blenheim and its Ramilies, its Steele and its Addison; but such as it is, we have it here, a picture which is not merely paint, but is about the best example of absolute reproduction which our literature possesses. Nothing can be more real or touching—more like a veritable page of biography, if biographers were usually endowed with such a style as Mr. Thackeray confers upon Harry Esmond—than the story of the solitary boy at Castlewood, his patrons and his teachers. The picture is perfect in its truth to nature, which is universal, and to manners, which are limited and transitory. Harry Esmond is not a boy of Queen Victoria's time, in the little cavalier's suit proper to Queen Anne's—he is not in advance of his age, nor has any

consciousness of Waterloo dimming the glory of Blenheim. We never find ourselves deceived in him through all his history—the mask does not slip aside for a moment to show a modern face underneath. This book is a marvellous historical picture; in this point of view it is an unrivalled performance, and worthy of all the plaudits which a work, attended by so many difficulties, has a right to claim.

Nevertheless, with so much in its favour, this admirable production carries failure in it as a story, as a piece of human life represented for the sympathy of all humanity — our most sacred sentiments are outraged, and our best prejudices shocked by the leading feature of this tale. It is not only that Lady Castlewood is the confidant of the hero's passionate love for her daughter, yet compensates his disappointment in that quarter with her own hand—but it is the intolerable idea that this woman, who is pure as an angel, and as severe in her judgment of the backsliding as a pure woman may be—a wife—and, still more, a mother, defended by the spotless love of little children — nevertheless cherishes for years a secret attachment to the boy to whom she gives the protection of her roof! This error is monstrous and unredeemable. If we do not count it among the affronts which Mr. Thackeray puts upon his countrywomen, it is because it is too gross an error to look like truth; but it is not less disagreeable on this score. Mr. Thackeray has spent all his pains to make this character a loveable and womanly one, and Rachel, Lady Castlewood, is a very "sweet" person we confess, and would be worthy the idolatry of her historian but for this unaccountable blunder. The Love of the poets is young for a necessity. If it is fashionable to have a hero of discreet years, it requires nothing less than a long, constant, single attachment to make a heroine of middle age in any respect tolerable. A woman who loves two men must always condescend to a little derogation from her primal dignity—and the woman who contracts two marriages must be excused, in romance, by either a forced match, in the first instance, or the saddest and completest disappointment. In any way it is degradation to the heroine of our fancy — but Mr. Thackeray must thrust *his* lady still further down. What had Lady Castlewood done that she should be compelled to fall in love with Harry Esmond, her daughter's adorer, her husband's faithful attendant, her own devoted and respectful son?

The hero himself is a hero in the proper acceptation of the word. It is not the faulty modern young gentleman any longer, but the antique ideal which Mr. Thackeray has resorted to, in consent, perhaps reluctant, but certainly complete, to the old canons of his art. Harry Esmond has all the generosity, all the unselfishness, all the unrewarded and unappreciated virtues of genuine romance. When your hero is an ordinary sinner, it is possible to make him a more distinct personage than your ideal excellence can be—so that Esmond does not always stand quite clear from his background, and has not perhaps such a crisp sharp outline as Mr. Author Pendennis. To make up for this, there is rather more distinctness than is desirable in the character of Beatrice. This bold, unscrupulous, and daring beauty, in whom the passion for admiration and the delight of conquest seems to possess the full power of passions more gross in their nature, is another of Mr. Thackeray's special belongings. Her triumph in her own dazzling charms, and the mischief they make everywhere—the impetus with which her magnificent vanity carries her on—the trickery to which she stoops, and the intrigues into which she enters—never because her own heart is interested, but solely from an insatiable longing to madden every one about her—are combined with a singular power. This splendid creature not only obeys her natural impulse to destroy, but glories in the havoc she makes, and goes forth to new conquests in exulting power over the graves of her victims. For the good of humanity, we may venture to hope that, except within the pages of *Esmond*, the world knows few Beatrices; but it is impossible to deny the power and strength with which this cruel syren is drawn.

And what shall we say to Ethel

Newcome? Ethel is not Beatrice, yet she is little better than a proper nineteenth century development of that all-conquering beauty. For our own part, we confess to being in the most perfect bewilderment as to the conclusion of the loves of these cousins, whose fate Mr. Thackeray has yet to seal. Though the Bumbelcund bank confers a fortune on Clive, will it confer upon Ethel suitable dispositions to make the young gentleman happy? or is it consistent with the dignity of Mr. Clive Newcome to be accepted as a *pis aller?* or must Clive marry Rosey after all and sink down into humdrum domestic happiness, and leave the brilliant star for which he sighed to sparkle into a still brighter firmament, or to shoot and fall into the unfathomable darkness which swallowed Beatrice? We flatter ourselves that, in twenty years experience of novel-reading, we have attained to as clear a prescience of a *denouement* as most people; but Mr. Thackeray, with his tantalising interviews, and all his hints of the future, puzzles and outwits our ordinary penetration. While the conclusion is not as yet, and everything is possible, we do not even find ourselves in a position to advise Mr. Thackeray; we can but assure him honestly, that we see no outlet for him, though we expect he is to make himself a brilliant one. If Clive marries Ethel, how shall we vindicate the dignity of these young people, who cannot marry each other without a mutual sacrifice of pride and propriety; and if Clive marries Rosey, alas for Clive! Solemnly assuring Mr. Thackeray of this dilemma, we leave him to make the best of it, only warning him of a storm of universal dissatisfaction if Clive marries no one at all—a miserable expedient, to which, we fear, *we* should be driven were the conclusion of the *Newcomes* left to our inventive powers.

There is no book of Mr. Thackeray which is so worthy of a great reputation as this uncompleted story. As full of character as its predecessors, it redeems their errors gallantly; and we could almost fancy that, in the scorn of genius for that accusation which pronounced him unable to manage the ideal, Mr. Thackeray has showered a glory of manliness and goodness upon the inhabitants of this little world. There has never been a nobler sketch than that of the Colonel. The innocent heart and simple honour of this old man, and his horror of all falsehood and impurity, are enough to cover a multitude of Mr. Thackeray's sins. We can understand how every individual worth caring for in the story or out of it rejoices to gain the acquaintance of Thomas Newcome. We are grateful to Lady Anne, and like her ever after, for her true apprehension of our Colonel's courtly manners, and old-fashioned chivalrous politeness. We are as ready to adopt him into our heart as Mr. Pendennis and Mr. Warrington can be; and Ethel herself gains an additional attraction when we see her beautiful eyes shining with pride for her noble old uncle. The key-note of the story is struck high and sweet in this character, which is at once so lofty and so childlike; and we cannot pass it by without once more admiring Mr. Thackeray's skill in the retrospective story—the record of Thomas Newcome's misfortunes and troubles in his boyhood, which is almost as well done as the corresponding period in the history of Henry Esmond.

It is not easy to thread at a glance the lively maze of Mr. Thackeray's story—to tell how pretty Ethel is engaged to Lord Kew by family arrangement, and how the young lady filches a green ticket from the Suffolk Street Gallery, with Sold upon it, and comes down to dinner wearing this label, like a wilful and rebellious young lady as she is; nor how good Colonel Newcome, whose great ambition it was to marry Clive to Ethel, and be a happy man in his old age, is balked by this engagement, and goes away sadly to India, to grow rich, if he can, for his dear boy's sake; how Clive is a painter, and varies between ostentation of his art and the least morsel of shame for being engaged in it; how he makes a brave effort, and tears himself away from Ethel, and has almost got the better of his passion; how, of a sudden, the spirit of his dream is changed by hearing that Lord Kew and Ethel have broken off their engagement, at the first intimation of which poor

young Clive finds out that he has not forgotten her, and comes home post-haste to try his hopeless chance once more; how there is a most noble Marquis of Ferintosh in the field before him; how the hero and the heroine have little sparring-matches of courtship, but never came any nearer conclusion; and how last month brings us to the climax of a farewell, which we, for our own part, have no faith in. Ethel Newcome, like Beatrice, is sometimes intoxicated with her own beauty, and the applause it brings—sometimes carried off her balance with the *afflatus* of conquest and victory; but Ethel, we are glad to say, is much improved from her forerunner, and is a much less hopeless character than the beautiful tormentor of Harry Esmond. Is Ethel to consume what remnants are left to her of that fresh girl's heart she had when we first knew her—when she first fell in love with her good uncle—and be a great lady, and blaze her youthful days away in barren splendour? She likes being a great lady, you perceive—such a being was not born for love in a cottage, or for Clive's five hundred a-year, and odd position. Has Mr. Thackeray prepared this beautiful victim for Moloch, or is there hope for Ethel still? The oracle preserves inexorable silence, and smiles upon our queries. We are quite as curious as you are, young lady; but we venture to predict that Miss Ethel Newcome, even though Mr. Thackeray may have compunctions on her behalf, can never "settle down" to romantic happiness. She will have to fulfil her destiny, and marry a most noble marquis. She is surely not for Clive the painter, whether he is to be made a Crœsus or a beggar, by means of the Bumbelcund Bank.

Clive himself, the handsome, dashing open-hearted young fellow, is an admirable hero. He is not called upon for feats of extraordinary generosity or self-sacrifice. His circumstances do not require Clive to take upon himself other people's burdens, or other people's penalties. He has only to enjoy himself, to paint when he pleases, and when he does not please, to draw his father's remittances, and look handsome, and be as happy as he can. There is no great demand made upon Clive's goodness throughout the story; yet we are quite content with him, and willing to believe that he will be equal to an emergency when it comes. We cannot refrain from making one quotation to illustrate the character of Clive, and the quality which, of all other qualities, Mr. Thackerary expounds best. Clive is talking to his father:—

"At Newcome, when they go on about the Newcomes, and that great ass, Barnes Newcome, gives himself his airs, I am ready to die of laughing. That time I went down to Newcome, I went to see old Aunt Sarah, and she told me everything, and showed me the room where my grandfather—you know; and do you know, I was a little hurt at first, for I thought we were swells till then. And when I came back to school, where perhaps, I had been giving myself airs, and bragging about Newcome, why, you know, I thought it was right to tell the fellows."

"'That's a man,' said the Colonel with delight; though, had he said, 'That's a boy,' he had spoken more correctly."

This is a very delicate touch, and shows the hand of a master. Mr. Thackeray's young hero, who is so honest and truthful in his boyish days, does not degenerate as he grows a man.

Lord Kew, too, simple, noble, and manful, is a further example of Mr. Thackeray's most felicitous vein. These young men, who have no great intellectual elevation, and whose rank only makes them perfectly humble, unpretending, and free of all temptations to exaggerate themselves, seem characters on whom our author dwells *con amore*. Then there is the Vicomte de Florac, with his amusing French English, and his middle-aged princess, and that witch and malignant fairy, old Lady Kew, and Barnes Newcome the disagreeable, and the various family circles of this most respectable kindred, with all their nicely-touched gradations of character. There is no mist in this book; every one is an individual, pleasant or otherwise, and detaches himself or herself clearly from the background. The story is not in very good order, broken up as it is by retrospections and anticipations; and it is not good taste of Mr. Pendennis to appear so frequently before the curtain, and remind us un-

pleasantly that it is fiction we are attending to, and not reality; but we think the great mass of his readers will bear us out in our opinion, that the *Newcomes* is not only the most agreeable story, but the cleverest book which Mr. Thackeray has yet contributed for the amusement and edification of the admiring public.

When all this is said, there still remains a great deal to say which is less complimentary to our novelist. It is not, perhaps, the most agreeable information in the world to understand that our innocent schoolboys must plunge into a very unequivocal abyss of "pleasure," before they can come forth purged and renovated like Lord Kew. We are not very glad to hear that somebody could make revelations to us of our brothers and sons and fathers, such as the Duchesse d'Ivery did to Miss Ethel Newcombe. We cannot acknowledge that between the innocence of youth and the goodness of matured life, there lies a land of darkness through which every man must pass; nor do we perceive the advantage of convincing Mr. Thackeray's youthful audience that this is a necessity. The religious circles of our community have of late very much devoted themselves to that class of "young men" for whom so many lectures, and sermons, and "means of improvement," are provided. We are not quite sure of the wisdom of thus making into a class the exuberant young life, which is, in fact, the world. When boys have ceased to be boys, they become human creatures of the highest order of existence. It is no compliment to their discernment to prepare for them mental food which is not suitable for their fathers or their teachers. They are men, with a larger inheritance of hope than their seniors; but their pride is not to be piqued into rebellion, by thrusting them into a half-way position between the man and the boy. But Mr. Thackeray has a natural vocation in respect to his youthful countrymen. If he should happen, in fact, to be a grandfather, in disposition he is a young man continually—it is the life and pursuits of young men in which he is most skilled. Manliness, truthfulness, honour, and courage, are the qualities which he celebrates; and though Mr. Thackeray is a favourite in countless households, it is not to be disputed that his stronghold is among those whose portraits he draws so truthfully, and whose life he describes with so much zest. Now here is scope and verge enough for any amount of genius; but surely it is not advisable that our teacher should lead his pupils to great harm on the way to great good. Is not that the loftiest purity which does not find it needful to fall?

We are afraid Mr. Thackeray is beyond the reach of advice in respect to his female characters. Ethel is very attractive, very brilliant; but we would rather not have our daughters resemble this young lady, it must be confessed; and poor pretty Rosey, with all her goodness, is nobody, and Mr. Thackeray intends that she should be so. If this is not good morals, it is still less good art. Providence has exempted woman from the grosser temptations, and romance has gifted her with a more ethereal life. If we do not bid Mr. Thackeray create a woman of the highest order, or if we are doubtful of his capacity for this delicate formation, we may still beg him to add a little common-sense to his feminine goodness. When these tender pretty fools are rational creatures, the world of Mr. Thackeray's imagination will have a better atmosphere; for besides marrying, and contriving opportunities to give in marriage, besides the nursery and its necessities, there are certain uses for womankind in this world of ours, and we are not so rich in good influences as to forfeit any of them. A coronet is certainly not an idol the worship of which gives much elevation to the spirit of its adorers; but when Lord Kew is so little ostentatious of his decoration, why should Ethel, and her friends for her, compass heaven and earth to obtain such another? Does not Mr. Thackeray think this is too hackneyed a subject for his fresh and unexhausted invention? Might not the next Ethel do something better by way of novelty, and leave this field to Mrs. Gore and Mrs. Trollope, and the host of lesser ladies who devote their talents to the noble art of making matches?

We are not sure how far the Eng-

lish language will be benefited by the dialogues of Mr. Thackeray; they are very clever, very entertaining, and their slang is admirable; but it is very doubtful if it will be an advantage to make these Islands no better than a broad margin for the witticisms and the dialect of Cockaigne. Our light literature begins to have a great savour of the Cockney in it. Our noble ally on the other side of the Channel does not seem so much the better of making Paris France, that we should repeat the experiment. London is the greatest town in existance, but it is not England, though the dialect of its many vagabonds seems in a fair way for becoming the classic English of our generation. Mr. Thackeray's narrative is so pure and vigorous in its language, and his colloquial freedoms are so lively and entertaining, that there are no real exceptions to be taken to him; but every Thackeray and every Dickens has a host of imitators, and it is not an agreeable prospect to contemplate the English of Shakespeare and Bacon overwhelmed with a flood of Cockneyism — a consummation which seems to approach more nearly every day.

Mr. Thackeray is no poet; for one of the highest of the poet's vocations, and perhaps the noblest work of which genius is capable, is to embody the purest ideal soul in the most life-like human garments; and this is an effort which our author has not yet attempted. Perhaps the title which Mr. Thackeray would rather choose for himself would be that of an historian of human nature. In his sphere he is so eminently. Human nature in its company dress, and with all its foibles on, is the subject he delights to treat of; but Mr. Thackeray is not great in home scenes, where the conventional dress is off, and the good that is in a man expands under the cheerful glow of the domestic fire. Mr. Thackeray does not drape his hero in the purple, or make pictures of him as he walks loftily among suffering men; but takes him to pieces with wicked mirth, calling upon all men to laugh with him at the idol's demolition. We are no advocates for idol or for hero worship; but when we remember that there was once in this world a Man who was at once divine and human, whom we are all encouraged to make our example, and following whose wonderful footsteps some have attained to a life grander than that of common humanity, we feel that the highest ideal of the poets is but a fit and seemly acknowledgment of the excellence which has been made possible to our favoured race; and that the circle of life and manners is not complete, till we have admitted into it the loftiest as well as the lowest example of human existence—the saint no less than the sinner.

PEACE AND PATRIOTISM:

A LETTER TO IRENÆUS.

My Dear Irenæus,—I congratulate you. So they have really made you churchwarden, committing the interests of the church militant to a man who so lately was a professor of peace. Has all this change really taken place in consequence of our little adventure at Boulogne? Why, they will be making you a father of the church next, like your great namesake, and I perhaps shall live to see it. "Marte, virtute esto." But what have you done with the broad-leaved hat and straight-cut coat? Having made shipwreck of your principles, you have probably offered up, as the ancients used to do, the weeds you were shipwrecked in—

"Uvida vestimenta maris Deo;"

and I should translate "uvida vestimenta," the garments of a wet Quaker. Perhaps the board-leaved hat might hang beside the helmet and pennon of Admiral Penn, which, if my memory uses me well, are hung in the beautiful Church of St. Mary Redcliffe at Bristol, a perpetual reproach to those descendants who forsook his knightly principles. Such a penitential offering would be at least graceful. As for the drab, there is no doubt about it; it will soon become the military wear, as it has been found that conspicuous regimentals attract rifle bullets. The Russian officers, it seems, from notions of self-preservation, have adopted a garb nearly approaching to that of their Friends of the Peace Society; and I expect that ere long the English and French will have to do the same,—under compulsion no doubt, for it has been proved that they consult nothing but their romantic courage, and seem to think, like the Decii of Rome, that the shedding of their brave lives on the field is necessary to the triumph of their country's cause. Should such a change take place, and the Society of Friends still determine to distinguish themselves from their fellow-citizens, it seems to me that nothing will be left them but to don the scarlet, with gold epaulettes to finish it. We are not prepared to say that this would be a very startling change. It is said that once upon a time one of the brotherhood caught another attired in a red hunting-coat, and the culprit defended his vanity by saying, "Friend, it is only a high drab."

So it appears that the people of Manchester have actually adopted my advice, and burnt John Bright in effigy for his Russian sympathies; this is certainly a little variation on the time-honoured custom of chairing a member, and will no doubt be generally imitated.

Irenæus, I am very glad to see your name as a subscriber to the Patriotic Fund; not that I should have been surprised at this, even had your principles remained unchanged; for several of your late co-religionists, to their eternal honour, have proved their hearts better than their principles (for the credit of humanity, a thing not uncommon), and refused to turn away from the soldier's widow and orphans, though in his lifetime they turned the cold shoulder to him. But I expect that you have subscribed to the Patriotic Fund, not simply because your heart pulled stronger than your dogma, but from a hearty sympathy with patriotism. The other night I took my coffee too strong, and lay awake in consequence for some hours, with my head in a whirl of thoughts and fancies not entirely unpleasant. First, I thought, as people who lie awake commonly do, of my own private little budget, my incomings and outgoings, whether I should make both ends meet this year,—whether or not we could afford a run to Paris, whether it would not be more prudent to wait for the Exhibition,—then of my subscriptions, and other people's subscriptions, and how handsomely John Bull had behaved in the matter of the Patriotic Fund, and the other war-subscriptions. Then I fell a-musing on the word Patriotic; whether it had not changed

its meaning lately somewhat, and whether that change was not for the better, and whether the commencement of that change for the better was not to date from the commencement of the present war with Russia. Patriotism had doubtless fallen into disrepute during the thirty-eight years' peace. It had certainly come to mean the same thing as revolution-mongering. Dr. Johnson was the first to take its character away, by defining it as "the last refuge of a scoundrel;" and not long ago, when a clerical friend of mine made a sudden appearance at another friend's house after a walking-tour in Wales in rather mufti costume, the first exclamation his friend made was, "My dear fellow, you look more like a patriot than a parson,"—especially alluding to a very open neck and shadowy hat which he wore. *Apropos* of the hat as a symbol of pseudo-patriotism, another friend of mine, an Oxford Fellow, was arrested at Heidelberg in 1849, during the state of siege, and detained for a short time till he could prove his identity to the military authorities, on the ground that he had on "a Heckerish hat,"—the hat appearing to these Teutonic wiseacres a political combustible far more dangerous than the head it covered. I suppose the same military authorities would have been more afraid of an empty mortar than of a bomb-shell with a lighted fuse, such as I take a patriot's head to be, the fuse being his eternal pipe. The abuse of the word Patriotism is not new. It has been the custom to call certain characters in history patriots by way of distinction, while it has been also the custom to call certain other characters who showed their love of their country most conspicuously, even by dying in her cause, not perhaps unpatriotic, but still not by the distinguished name of patriots. For instance, why should we call Hampden, Pym, &c., patriots, more than Montrose or Admiral Blake? Admiral Blake was a republican, it is true; but his distinction was not gained in battle with his fellow-citizens, but against a foreign enemy. Milton, again, was as much of a republican or more than Hampden, yet he is never quoted as a great patriot, though he did immortal honour to his country. But I have a dim recollection of learning some catechism of English history when a boy, in which it was asked who was Algernon Sidney? The answer was—A great patriot. So I suppose by that, that Algernon Sidney is considered a model patriot. I certainly did read about Algernon Sidney in Macaulay's History lately, and I think I am right in saying that he opposed certain arbitrary acts of the court of Charles the Second, and that he lost his head in consequence; but as Cæsar's murderers, whatever they did, remained "honorable men," so I suppose must Algernon Sidney be considered — he does not appear to have done much — the model patriot. There are certainly greater names in English history—few people will deny that. Wellington and Nelson are greater names; but they were men of action: it cannot be supposed that either of them had any great objection to their country, seeing that they did her work so well. Still the first idea that strikes us with regard to them is not that they were patriots; but not so with regard to Algernon Sidney—he was *the* patriot. Pitt, Fox, and Burke, again, were much greater politicians, no doubt about it. Pitt, whatever the Whigs thought of him, did love his country, for he delicately hinted to a foreign lady, who made overtures to him in leap-year, that he was wedded to his country; and Fox, it is now generally allowed, was not French in his heart, although he was not very anxious to go to war with France; and Burke, both as Whig and as Tory, was British to the backbone, and his eloquence burns with love of country. Yet neither of these three may occupy the pedestal of Algernon Sidney; he remains to the end the model popular patriot, and none may dispossess him. From all this we may pretty well gather what has been the common notion of patriots and patriotism during the thirty-eight years' peace, and why some people may wish for some other adjective to be applied to a fund for the widows and orphans of soldiers. The first requisite, according to this view, to form the character of a patriot, is that his politics should be democratic;

the second, that he should be a talker rather than a doer,—for we have seen from our trifling induction that even democratic doers are excluded. Yet no one will deny that there is a true as well as a false patriotism, and in this sense the Fund I have spoken of may well be called the most patriotic thing of our day. The love of country, or patriotism, truly so called, is an emotion second and subordinate only to the love of God; it is, in fact, the link between the love of God and the love of man — between Jeremy Taylor's religion and Howard's philanthropy. It is just as unfair to limit its exclusive possession to any set of political views, as it is to limit piety to any set of religious opinions. Yet, as religious sectarians anathematise those who differ from themselves, and deny them the possession of religion, so do political sectarians deny their opponents the possession of patriotism. We begin to see the unfairness of the former view, in those trying circumstances which evoke the spirit of love that they possess in common in religious antagonists; of the latter view, when one puts our manhood to the test, and we see our soldiers, Tory, Whig, and Radical, vying in affectionate obedience to their common country, and shedding their blood with equal readiness at their common country's bidding. Now, at length, we plainly see the truth of those noble words of Arnold, that "political opinions are not the ultimate distinction between man and man," there being occasions which sound the depths of human nature, and cause men to group themselves, whatever their imaginary or artificial discrepancies, under one or the other of the great natural classes of true men or false men, good men or bad. A great spirit-stirring war is an occasion of this kind. As the truth and goodness of individual nature is tested by affliction, so is the reality or non-reality of patriotism tested by war. And even as we require suffering to bring our characters to perfection, and show what our hearts are made of, so does a nation sometimes, we may even say, require the hopes and fears of war to bring out its character, and find the way to its better feelings.

Before this war with Russia broke out, we had been gradually getting less and less national, less and less patriotic. Our cultivated classes were beginning to plume themselves on being citizens of the world, and feeling equally at home in any part of the two hemispheres. Nor do we blame them for this, for it was a natural consequence of a smooth course of prosperity and peace. It is not in abusing the customs of foreign countries or sneering at foreign manners that patriotism is shown, or even in an assumption of superiority over other nations; those who assume the superiority being, by the way, by no means superior specimens themselves. Indeed, it is the essence of patriotism that it is not shown at all until the occasion for its exercise arrives. It is, like true religion, true love, true friendship, emphatically undemonstrative. I have spoken of that pseudo-patriotism which is at bottom mere Jacobinism; I have also alluded to another kind which is mere vulgarity, and which has caused gentlemen in time of peace to seem unpatriotic because they shrank from obtruding their love of country on foreigners. This kind is the patriotism of Brown, Jones, and Robinson, or the Englishman who goes up the Rhine, does Switzerland, and returns by Paris, or *vice versâ*,—not for the pleasure of the thing, but to say he has been there. This class of patriots had begun to make us very unpopular on the Continent before this war broke out; and it will take all the heroism that our soldiers are displaying in this war to do away with the unpleasant impression they have made. It is scarcely too much to say that the airs this class gave themselves were making England a byword in French, German, and Italian society; for into Spain and Scandinavia, being uncomfortable countries, they have scarcely yet penetrated. These people, so far from doing at Rome as the Romans do, if they do not

> "Beard the lion in his den,
> The Douglas in his hall,"

they insult the Pope in his own Vatican, walk noisily up the aisles of Roman churches to assert Protestant

ascendancy, put their hats over their brows when the Host is passing, forgetting, and forgetting only, it is to be hoped, that the deepest injury to a people is a slight to their religious feelings, which is sooner or later resented; talk big about the freedom of the press and liberal institutions in passport-offices and custom-houses on the Austrian frontier; walk with their hats on into public rooms in Germany and elsewhere, and forbear to make the customary salutation, which is a graceful acknowledgment of the presence of others; insist on dining late when all the world dines early; put the waiters to all possible inconvenience, and then make them extortioners by overpaying the inconvenience, to show their command of money—in fact, take every possible opportunity of impressing every public with the usefulness of John Bull, imagining themselves invested with all the past and present greatness of Great Britain. Such are the patriots who, I do not hesitate to say, have made England unpopular in all those parts of the Continent where the people do not cringe to her for her money, and even with detestation in their hearts. In France, perhaps, this feeling was, even before the present war, less strong than in Germany, because the French were more used to us and our ways, and could see beneath the surface, and distinguish one class of Englishmen from others; but I have been told more than once in Germany, that the French, notwithstanding the remembrance of Napoleon's invasion, are better liked in society; and I should not wonder whether this feeling towards England, through the travelling English, has not been one cause why the German people seem cold as to the issue of our struggle with Russia, in which their own interests are so deeply at stake. Now, I do not wish to confound this pseudo-patriot with that respectable agriculturist, Mr. John Bull, the model gentleman-farmer. Mr. John Bull is no traveller; but, when he does travel, he is full of *bonhomie*. He pays through his nose to be sure, but then he does not avenge himself by giving himself airs; and every one who cheats him must have a twinge of conscience in doing so. He travels to get experience and information: he knows he is ignorant of the world, and is affable to every one who is willing to increase his knowledge; but he finds himself puzzled by the languages, and the varieties of coinage he accumulates, and cannot pass; and at last he flies home, down the Rhine, without stopping, like a dog who is disgusted with a bad shot. When at home he does not abuse foreigners, he only wishes he knew more of them; he thinks they make excellent coffee; he likes omelettes for breakfast, and puts Mrs. Bull out of all patience, and her cook out of all temper, in trying to get French dishes out of them. He likes the Continental railway system—regular, punctual, and safe, not racing for life, or rather for death; relieving one of all worry about luggage; giving plenty of time to bait (that is what he likes), and good real refreshments, not the miserable messes of some of our refreshment-rooms. He thinks passports a nuisance, but, as he is not ashamed of his name, does not much mind it, especially as he knows it must be a greater nuisance to the natives—owns, in fact, that he has been generally pleased, though he is glad to get home again, because he feels it more natural. Mr. John Bull is a diamond in the rough, a thorough gentleman at heart; for who so gentle as he, where gentleness of heart is needed? and we must be cautious of confounding him with the pseudo-patriot I have been describing. As for him, he is the caricature and degradation of John Bull, as the ape is of the man, the ass of the horse, the pig of the elephant, the cat of the lion, and the gent of the gentleman. I would make a diminutive of the time-honored name, and call him John Bully. John Bully is nothing more or less than a fattened Yankee; and what is a Yankee? I do not mean an American gentleman like Washington Irving, but an American mob-man, like those who refused to drink our Queen's health at Richmond, on the anniversary of their Independence. For there is the deteriorated, the underbred American as Englishman—such a degenerate Yankee is an Anglo-Saxon run to seed, and left to the natural law of deterioration common to all unmixed races.

As the Spanish hidalgos have become stunted by breeding in-and-in, so has the surly Anglo-Saxondom of the Pilgrim Fathers become more rank by being left to vegetate by itself. Besides, in leaving their own country they in a degree threw off some of the better feelings generated in long time in their native blood. It was with them as with that first-rate race of horses, the hunter, that, transported and put to other uses, fell back to the original cart-breed, to which it owed rather its strength than its generosity of temper. The Saxon sturdiness in us in Old England, lacking nothing of its robust vigour, is spiritualised and refined by its mixture with the virtues of other races. The Briton, at home, adopts, and, as it were, engrafts upon himself, without casting off his own native worth, the good of many races. Mixed *in England* with the Norman and the Dane, in Scotland with these and with the Gael, in Ireland with these and with the original Celt, he becomes the aristocrat of the world, and his offspring consists of as fine men and as fair women as ever existed upon earth. But, as far as he is Saxon only, if left to his own devices, he remains for ever a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, altered by civilisation into a spinner of cotton or a digger of dollars, according as his habitat is a British manufacturing town, or some Eden of the Western wilderness. Now, English patriotism does not reside in the Saxon, as Saxon only, for he is by nature a serf, and the son of a serf: he cares little or nothing about freedom, and does not understand its meaning, though he is well up in the slang of revolutionary agitation, and lends a ready ear to political incendiaries. The truth is, he does not want freedom, but he craves for equality, because it is the forbidden fruit—just as he feels a craving for ardent spirits when fatigued. None but the noble and the good, and those who are brought up in a natural way, really care for freedom, or know what it means; but for all that, it is a passion in finely-constituted natures, like the love of fresh air or mountain scenery; and the noble and the good would rather die than have it taken from them, whether by a one-headed or a many-headed despot. The love of freedom is no new love with us, as it is with some other nations—it is an ancestral tradition, as Burke says, with its monumental inscriptions and bearings armorial; but it does not come so much from those ancestors who lost it at Hastings, as it does from those Norman patriarchs whose lance, poised by a hand like a lady's, but directed by an arm like a crowbar, carried victory on its point from the North Cape to the Holy Sepulchre; or those terrible Vikinger, who had as good a seat on the wildest waves as their Norman cousins had on their fiercest horses, and who have left the glorious heritage of a sea-empire, which, God willing, we will hold fast, in spite of John Bright, for ever. It is the existence of these two kinds of pseudo-patriotism, Irenæus, and the extreme talkativeness of the men who represent them, that has brought Patriotism into such bad odour with sensible people during the peace, so that they were tempted to abjure the name and even the thought altogether. When an educated Englishman went about abroad, he felt certain sympathies for foreign customs and ways, and certain disgusts at home customs and ways. Sometimes, in despair at getting them altered, he took to living abroad altogether; and he fancied, from the perfect acquiescence of his nature in such arrangements, that the love of his country was dead in his heart; at least he did not trouble himself to know whether it was dead, or only sleeping to recruit its strength. We will suppose him, for instance, located in France. While he was there, his tastes were gratified by the national love of beauty, and he felt that, although it was wrong for all classes of that nation to spend too much of their time in profitless pleasure, he felt, too, that it was equally wrong for most classes of his own nation to spend too much of their time in equally frivolous business, and that the former was of the two certainly the more graceful and the more intellectual error. In England, people seemed to live their lives away in a vain effort to enjoy themselves on a perpetually-increasing scale, till old age found them not having enjoyed themselves at all;

in France, they rather took time by the forelock, and seized enjoyment before they had fairly the means, as an Irish boy-lover jumps into matrimony. This plan struck him as equally wise with the other, and much more agreeable to contemplate, because in appearance, if not in reality, less selfish; and of all things in the world, selfishness is the most unlovely to contemplate, which is probably the reason why we are so loth to turn our eyes inwards, when perhaps we might see it in ourselves. And supposing accident had thrown him among the burghers of the Fatherland, he loved their quaint, old-fashioned ways; he loved to see lingering among them dear old domestic institutions—silver weddings and golden weddings, Christmas trees, and the like, which have been driven out of England, where many like them existed once, by the racket of cotton-mills, as the ancient nightingales of the banks of the Avon have been scared by the Bristol steamers, to be revived, if at all, only spasmodically, and as a German importation. He loved, too, the gardens, and the music of the gardens, and the little tables in the gardens, where all classes sat together, and none trode on each other's toes, but all knew so well their places and positions, that a prince was not afraid to doff his hat to the man that had made it; and there was none of that coxcombical and supercilious cutting, which seems a necessary institution in our more democratic country, to preserve one class from the intrusion of another, but which is nevertheless in aspect ungenial, and in spirit unchristian. And supposing he had wandered to

"The palms and temples of the South,"

and had gazed with an artist's eye on those lands of bright colours, hatched by warmth and sunlight, where everything and everybody seemed doubly beautiful in that lovely day, and even the moon seems a great white sun—and the very beggar in rags seems put there to carry off the distance, and sit for foreground figures—where breathing the air and basking seem in themselves luxuries not to be purchased by many in the north, so sweet in the very feeling of life, without action or motion or thought; and supposing him, moreover, to bear with him a poet's heart, as all better natures bear, whether they write verses or not—capable of feeling the sacred charm that antiquity gives to all it touches in those favoured regions, when time, "the beautifier of the dead,"—who even near the haunts of business hates restless action, and clothes the lazy mill-wheel with moss, and the useless tower with ivy—has a full commission to beautify without stint or interruption;—under such influences an Englishman was to be pardoned, if he could feel that it was well to be elsewhere than in England, both for heart and mind and soul, and if, without something to make it worth while to be awake and stirring, his patriotism did sometimes nod, or even profoundly sleep. And if this was the case with the educated Englishman—if he was too much disgusted with the parade of false patriotism to make demonstrations of the true himself—if he was for the nonce beguiled out of the knowledge of its existence in himself, by the artistic and historic attractions of other less business-doing countries, what must have been the effect of the long peace, with its smooth course of commercial prosperities, on the commercial classes themselves, who, becoming in peace the most prominent classes, were supposed by foreigners to stand for Englishmen in general? With them the feeling of patriotism was more than put to sleep; it was sensibly weakened, and even in some extreme cases, like those of the Peace Society Caryphæi, irreparably injured, if not irrecoverably destroyed. Else how can we suppose that a British-born man could dare to say, print, and publish, that it mattered not if Constantinople became Russian, so that it continued to take our cottons;—it mattered not if Russia menaced the independence of the West, so that we had one freedom left for our time, no matter what happened to our child—namely, free trade with all the world? Yet these base Britons—who would be fitly described as Heber describes the Jews, in the depth of their ignominy, as a tribe

"Who, dead to glory, only burn for gold"—

are just exactly those who prate most about progress, liberty, equality, and the rights of the people. Did they believe in their hearts that liberty and equality could co-exist? No; they were worldly-wise enough to know that liberty can only exist where the gradations of society which God has ordained, and the differences of individual gifts that He has given, are preserved and observed by man with a due attention to their fusion and kindly blending. But they have plainly shown now that they care not in their hearts, that they never cared, for liberty, and that they would as lief live under an autocrat as under a commonwealth, as long as slavery demanded no higher per-centage than liberty as a deduction from the profits of their trade. War has been to these characters the touch of Ithuriel's spear; it has shown their spurious liberalism in its true falsity and ugliness. This party had, before the war, by dint of meetings, speeches, pamphlets, and arguments, nearly bored the country into its views. The country has plucked up a spirit now, and will bear their tyranny no longer. The first blast of the trumpet calling us to arms has blown away the cloud of Manchester smoke that was surging over us all, and revealed again the fair face of the old heroic Britain, and the fact that she still possesses sons with arms as stalwart, and hearts as true, as of old; daughters, too, as dauntless and devoted as those of Rome in the days of Clœlia, but far more beautiful in the sphere of their self-sacrifice. And love of country, with this war, has come back into all our hearts, has it not? And do we not feel ourselves awaking as from a dream of degradation, where the soul is haunted by the conscience of a dishonourable action into a feeling of health, and strength, and honesty, and truth? Do we not now feel, what I question if we felt before, that the Britain of a thousand years of glory is our Britain now, and that the nation's heart has not changed, though its hands have touched dirt; for are not the heroes of Alma and Inkermann as veritable heroes as those of Cressy and Agincourt, or Bannockburn and Prestonpans? True, the event has shown that this heroism was not dead—it only slept; its beauty was still there, with all its sharpness of edge, though overlaid with vulgar matter, as the fine carvings of some of our old churches were overlaid in a tasteless age by a formless and worthless covering of stucco. The effects of this time of deterioration in national spirit still remain with us, but they are only exceptions to the general feelings aroused by the war. The Peace Society are left almost "alone in their glory," or their shame, as examples of the unpatriotic spirit which a little while ago was general. And there are yet found citizens of what Napoleon somewhat unjustly called the nation of shopkeepers, who seek to turn a penny by national suffering, and advertise cheap mourning and inexpensive widow-caps, in the innocence of their speculative hearts, no doubt; still, what a bitter satire on the spirit of trade so lately dominant with us? But such monstrosities are the exceptions now, and not the rule. The antique romantic feeling has got the upper hand, and may it long keep it! yes, even till the Russian war has withdrawn into the dim distance of history. The evils of war are patent and notorious; the good of war is less on the surface, but yet not less truly existing. You have come in to my views on that point, Irenæus, before now, after just making fight enough to save your honour. But the greatest good of war is the social harmony and nationality of feeling it produces among ourselves. See how it merges all party distinctions among ourselves, not less remarkably, indeed, than the manner in which its hot breath has fused in one the interests of two nations, antagonists time out of mind, who seemed, through the peace, affected with a hopeless coldness towards each other. What is Toryism, Radicalism, Whiggery, to those who have faced death together in mortal combats, and warded the enemy's steel from one another's throats? Here we have a War Minister, said to belong to the Conservative party, writing to the wife of General Sir De Lacy Evans, generally known as a Whig, and something more: "All know him to be a gallant soldier; but I know nothing more noble in the records of war than a veteran general

rising from his bed of sickness at the sound of a battle, hurrying to his troops, and, instead of claiming his right to command them, resolving not to supersede the junior who was winning the laurels of the day, but remaining at his side, aiding him with his advice, and assisting him as if he were his aide-de-camp. God grant him a safe return in due time." His Grace of Newcastle said truly, "nothing more noble;" but there was one deed equally noble—it was that of the Marshal of France, who would have no downier death-bed than the back of his battle-horse, for what he almost knew were the last agonies of his overtasked frame. As for the Opposition, with their noble leader, they may well be called Her Majesty's Opposition. What is their conduct? Though turned out of office in an unusual manner, they appear to have forgotten it, and are the first to eulogise, not the conduct of the war at home, but the conduct of the soldiers the Ministers have sent out. Far from wishing to embarrass Ministers, they do all they can to strengthen their hands for the *real* contest—the contest between the legitimate, not mercenary belligerents—provoked as they are by the Ministry in slyly, surreptitiously, and with insolent speed, hastening this atrocious Foreign Enlistment Bill, odious to the whole nation—so manifestly bad that one would almost believe the Ministers brought it in, and tacked to it their threat of resignation, with the hope of being defeated, as a way open to them to extricate themselves from the difficulties which they cannot manage, and which disgust the whole nation by rendering their imbecility conspicuous to the whole world. The Opposition blame Ministers only because they think it for their good—because they tremble for the consequences of a want of vigour in the conduct of the war. They have ceased to be a parliamentary Opposition, in the common sense of the word; they have resolved themselves into a committee of criticism, hoping to keep Ministers up to the mark, by letting them know that influential eyes are upon them. So much for the effect of the war on the political world! Its effects on the religious world are still more striking, as we know how much the *odium theologicum* exceeds the *odium politicum* in virulence. It is refreshing to see clergymen of the Established Church and Dissenting ministers impressing on their congregations, that orthodoxy and heterodoxy have a common country, and that with both it is equally a Christian duty to support the widows and orphans of the brave who fall in her cause. But one instance is worth a thousand generalities. I have it. There is a banquet by the citizens of Waterford to the officers and men of the 89th regiment before they go off to the East. Here is the Lord Bishop of Cashel, and the Right Rev. Bishop of Cashel, who are commonly distinguished by the habit one has of signing his name by itself, and the other his name with a cross (a traditional custom, we must suppose, from the time when the R. C. Prelate put his mark instead of his episcopal name, scorning "the fetters of four-and-twenty letters," but now manifestly superfluous)—one proposing the Queen's health, and the other, immediately after him, "Success to the 89th regiment, and the allied army in the East;" one, as it were, being the proposer, and the other the seconder, of the same resolution; for shall we not say that the success of the Allies in the East and the health of our Queen are nearly one and the same thing, especially as she bears that name of good omen, Victoria? As for the good Roman bishop, he grew so warm in the cause, that it was quite necessary to remind those present that "he was not a soldier, but he belonged to the church militant, and, as a servant of God, was fighting against the devil." After this, I must say that I should prefer remembering the "Fifth of November" rather as the anniversary of one of the most heroic struggles in the annals of England, than as the failure of a fanatic's attempt to spring a mine under a King and Parliament, whose heirs fell to loggerheads, and whose blowing-up might have saved us much trouble in the way of civil war, and the sackcloth and ashes of Puritanism in which we had to repent of it. But there is one social effect still

more striking than the lessening of civil and religious differences amongst our population—I mean the removal, to a great extent, of the great icy barrier between the rich and the poor, and the drawing together of the low and the high by the same patriotic sympathies. This feeling has its origin on the battle-field, but it will not be long before it will ramify itself into the remotest nooks and corners of the country, and affect the whole of its social intercourse. During the peace the great impassable gulf which seemed fixed between the rich and poor continued to widen hopelessly, and there were symptoms, in some quarters, of the growth of an internecine hatred in consequence. It was all owing to a relation having sprung up between men which is founded wholly on interest—the relation of the employer and employed in its unmodified form. As for honourable service, or the mutual dependence of free man on free man for the convenience and comfort of both, but with a due attention to natural subordination, and taking note of such duties as respect, obedience, devotion on the one hand, and protection, instruction, affectionate solicitude on the other—this was superseded, and even brought into disrepute, under the names of feudality and flunkeyism. Our domestic servants were assimilating to the American "helps" in independence, and, it may be added, in helplessness, when dependence would have been a boon. There were faults on both sides—utter selfishness on both. The servant looked upon the master, whatever his means may have been, as a mine of wages and perquisites; the master on the servant as an indispensable animal, to be got rid of as soon as he became useless. The old chivalrous loyalty of service had quite died out; men had forgotten that the word knight is synonymous with servant, and that in ancient times the elder of gentle blood was served by the junior of the same. The necessity of discipline preserved the old feelings in the army and navy alone, still properly, and most honourably, called the united *services*. War teaches a good lesson here. What can we imagine more ruinous in war than unsympathetic, independent, self-reliant, individual action? and yet a large class of persons think that the affairs of peace go on better when such action is the rule. But the soldier has proved here, as he often is, the very salt of the earth—yes, we may say so without irreverence—in a scarcely less emphatic sense than a higher class of soldiers are in the world of the human soul. The officer who leads to victory, and the private who follows him to death, even when he knows it certain—yes, both equally certain, for soldiers that go forth to die *must* conquer—these are the true peacemakers, and they have rushed between the scowling and threatening ranks of society as effectually as the daughters of the Sabines did between their conflicting fathers and husbands. When our soldiers see, and their friends at home read, of our delicately nurtured officers of the Guards, the men of wrinkleless coats, unruffled hats, and speckless boots, camping out in the rain, like the shelterless poor outside a workhouse, eating hard biscuit and salt pork, drinking bad brandy at £5 a bottle, and smoking cabbage cigars or none, and withal thinking roughing it like this excellent fun, and writing home, while shell and shot are scattering dirt over the paper, in the most indomitable spirits, even though they do not get promoted, as Junot did, by such accidents; when they see them again, in the midst of all their frolic, tending their wounded men like sick-nurses, and taking their interests to heart as if they were brothers or sons, it will be hard if all exaggerated notions of the selfishness and hard-heartedness of the rich to the poor do not disappear, and if the truth is not recognised, that where the fault has been, it has arisen, as Hood says, "for want of thought, and not for want of heart." Peace made the rich forget the poor, and the poor remember the rich as ill-designing men told them to remember; war brings the poor to the minds of the rich, not as those to be got rid of, or a surplus population, but as very interesting human beings, many of them with like feelings, equal hopes and fears, a sense of honour and dishonour, virtue and vice, at any rate as strong as theirs, and an amount of education quite alarming, which may

put some high-born dunces on the "qui vive," and would be still more alarming if it were not tempered with so much modesty, ay, and fear of God. And war, too, as we read in innumerable soldiers' letters, and in the gratitude of their wives and children, widows and orphans, gives the poor a voice to bless the rich, and makes both classes feel to each other like a parent and a child, between whom there has been a long and painful misunderstanding, and consequent separation; but at length some touching circumstance warms their hearts to each other again, and there is a gushing reconciliation, showers of tears, and sunbeams of joy. Thus does war, even destructive and fearful war, possess a certain deep harmonising power like the power of song described by Schiller :—

"And even as, after hopeless yearning,
Long separation's dreary pain,
A child with tears for pardon burning
Springs to his mother's heart again;
So to his childhood's peasant-dwelling,
His harmless youth and pure delight,
Behold the might of song compelling
From strange wrong ways the travelled wight;
Once more in nature's faithful arms
From freezing rules his bosom warms."

But I spoke of tha effect likely to be produced on the minds of the rich by the letters of the private soldiers from the Crimea. I got a file of the *Times* the other day, and looked them over. They certainly have agreeably surprised many people. Nor does education seem to have a whit impaired the soldier's courage—only to have changed it from the ferocity of a bull-dog into the resigned valour of an immortal creature; nor yet their obedience, for all in this army, high and low, seem to sympathise with discipline: all bear inevitable evils manfully for the simple reason that their education tells them they are inevitable. Here is a letter from a band-serjeant, George Berry, 4th (King's Own). How does he begin his letter? "I ought to be very thankful to God for sparing me to write to you this night, when so many of my brothers-in-arms are lying dead round me." Could words have been found more clear or more full, more fitting to express the first thought that passed through the mind of a good soldier and a good man after the battle? He goes on with an equally clear description of the Alma fight. How well he describes the astonishment of the Russians at the pushing manners of the British—"They fought well for about three hours, then they began to fall back, completely paralysed, as our men began to get close up to them." Paralysed was a hard word, but he could not have used it with a better knowledge of etymology; it was the Homeric idea of the effect of fear on the limbs. And there is a Homeric power of painting in the description of what the cavalry did, united with great *naïvete* — "Our cavalry soon overtook them and used the sword to them, and made heads and arms fly in the air;" and in the description of the field, with great tender-heartedness superadded — "I can assure you it was an awful sight to see the dead lying about: in some places we could not walk without walking over them." The letter concludes with a sentence which shows that chivalrous sense of honour is not confined to the commissioned officer — "I hope the people of England who complained of our delay are satisfied now." Here is another from Private Jerome Falery, grenadier company, 38th regiment. He gives a synopsis of the history of the expedition until the date of his letter; but in his description of the battle, sporting propensities come out: "All the aristocracy of Sebastopol came out to see the sport [this reminds us of one of the lawn-meets at Badminton House], and they fully expected that we could not stand out more than three days; then we were to be driven into the sea. But they found out their mistake, for it was not much more than as many hours before they were like hunted foxes from their covers." But how cheerfully and bravely he speaks of the probabilities of war: "Ours is the first regiment for the front, and perhaps this is the last letter that I may be able to write to you. You may laugh at the idea of making sure of getting into Sebastopol; but I can assure you we go to take it, and if we do not take it, we will not return." An artilleryman writes a good description of the

enemy's manœuvre of firing a village in their front; his professional speciality is amusing: "Before we recovered from our surprise at this manœuvre, there came from all points, and along the front of the hill, a perfect shower of 18, 24, and 36lb. shot." The artilleryman speaks of cannon-balls in numerals, as other mortals do of partridge-shot. How does this letter end which begins, "I am grateful I am spared to write you an account"? It ends with, "Kiss my baby a thousand times: I thought much of you all in the battle." Soldiers, it seems, think of their wives and babies like other people: if they had them by their sides in the battle-field, it would be hard for even Cossacks to fight against them. And the Cossacks too have wives and babies, say the Peace Society. True; this consideration increases the solemnity, but does not destroy the medicinal effect of war on the framework of human society. Another letter begins, as this one ended, with thought of the man's human appendages at home: "I trust you and baby are quite well, as I am happy to say is the case with me at present." This letter describes very succinctly the obstinate resistance of Sebastopol. "Yesterday we advanced up to Sebastopol, about there miles from here, and sent in a flag of truce to summon the place to surrender; but they say they won't go." His description of the sacking of the country-houses is very graphic: "Thousands of men loaded with tables, chairs, sofas, chests of drawers, pier-glasses, geese, ducks, cabbages, fowls —in fact, everything that can be imagined. Our men lay on beautiful feather-beds and costly sofas in the open-air—arm-chairs and mahogany tables to grub off." But how does the private soldier speak of military outrages? "Some beasts, destitute of manly feeling, will even rob poor wretches, who, through age and poverty, have not attempted to escape." The man is full of his glory. "Lord Raglan thanked us for winning on the 20th, in a stunning manner." But his heart is at home, after all, with his wife and child: "That God may protect you and my child is the fervent prayer of your loving husband." Here is a letter from Private Joseph Hornell, 1st Royal Fusileers, in which he notices very naturally the small account a man makes of his knapsack in the heat of action: "I was tired with carrying a load on my back before I got into the fight; but after I got through the river and into the fight, I did not feel the load at all; for I looked over my shoulder to see if I had it safe on my back, for I felt as if I had nothing on; and it was safe." Who that has got tired at shooting does not know the difference that finding game makes in the weight of his gun and shot-bag? Here is a note from a private in the 23d Welsh Fusileers to his mother. How the old lady must have held up her hands when she read the following: "Dear mother, I am shot through the thigh, but by luck the ball has not touched the bone. . . . . I wish I were well again, that I might join my regiment. There will be some hot work at Sebastopol; our lads are longing to be there." Here is an account of the state of Sebastopol, and of the appearance of its besiegers, written by a private of the 7th Royal Fusileers: "The people in Sebastopol are as thick as bees in a hive; it will be a horrid massacre. The people will kill themselves with fright. They are even encamped in the streets; we can see them with the glasses:" and an equally good description of himself— "Tell my poor Carey that she would not know me if she saw me, for I am all hair from my eyes to the neck." A soldier of the 68th reminds his friends that "it is very easy to talk of war, but it is a very different thing to take part in it, or to view the field after all is over." A dragoon of the heavy brigade, who can handle pen or sabre with equal dexterity, tells of their brilliant skirmish at Balaklava in words that strike home as well as his arm did. After his due meed of praise to the gallant Highlanders, "three regiments of their cavalry tried to gain possession of the Highlanders' position, and charged them; but they had no time to repent, for they went down like cut corn." He proceeds to describe the part he took in it himself: "I never felt less fear in my life than I did at that time; and I hope God will forgive me, for I felt more like a devil than a man;" and "I escaped without a scratch, thank God, through

I was covered with blood; my horse was not even wounded. But oh, the work of slaughter that then began! it was truly awful; but I suppose it was necessary. We cut them down like sheep, and they did not seem to have power to resist." This brave soldier was humane, and reverential as well as brave; he was not one who would have murdered the wounded, even if he had happened to find himself a major in the Russian service. Behold here a soldier of the 4th Light Dragoons, saved by a miracle from the bloody race of Balaklava, writing with the utmost modesty, as if he had done and suffered the merest trifle; "Oh, how thankful I am, dear parents! I am sorry I have not much time now, as we expect every moment to go and attack the enemy, who are in sight of us. . . . . We gave them a great slaughtering yesterday. . . . . Dear mother, do not alarm yourself about me; I have a good opinion I shall see you again. I shall never forget the 25th of October—shells, bullets, cannon-balls, and swords kept flying all around us. I escaped them, except a slight scar on my nose from the bursting of a shell, and a slight touch on my shoulder from a cannon-ball [not the tap of a lady's fan, I should think], after it had killed one of our horses; but, thank God, it did not disable me." How a horse-soldier loves his horse! it reminds one of that affecting scene after Corunna, when they changed horses that each man might be spared the shooting his own. "In one part of the battle I lost my horse, owing to the one in front of me being shot dead, and my poor horse fell over it, and I was unhorsed. In getting up my horse took fright and got from me, but fortunately for me I saw another that some poor fellow of the 8th Hussars had been killed from: I mounted it in a moment, and was in the rank again. On my return from the charge [what a return!] I got my own horse again; he had galloped to the camp, and, dear parents, I was as glad when I saw him there as if I had got half the world given to me." There is a modest confidence in the ending of this letter, which shows as much as anything what stuff our fellows are made of. "When I wrote to——, after the battle of the Alma, we had only lost two men; but in this battle we have lost the better half. But I keep in good heart. We have hitherto thrashed the Russians, and we shall do so again." Here is a letter from a corporal in the 5th Dragoon Guards, and another compliment to the brave kilts: "Some of them went to attack the Highlanders who formed square [he made a mistake here; they did not take so much trouble], and popped them off very nicely." Their commander should be called in future by the Russian name of General Popoff. Our friend had a narrow escape, like everybody else. His horse was shot; he was nearly lanced; he got a loose one belonging to the Enniskillens, and rode back, shooting a Russian who tried to stop him. This event he relates with the accustomed humanity of our soldiers: "I had observed a pistol in the holster-pipe, so I took it out and shot him in the arm; he dropped his sword: then I immediately rode up to him [he might not have done this if he had had time to think, but the Russian had another arm and probably pistols], and ran him through the body, and the poor fellow dropped to the ground." Here is a letter of peculiarly fine feeing, which *The Times* gives in its original imperfect spelling. It is from a corporal to his widowed mother. He consoles her most delicately, on the ground that a slain brother was not like the youth who, in Scripture, was singled out for restoration to life, as the *only* son of his mother, and she a widow:—"Dear Mother, I am sorry to tell you that poor George got shot in the leg, above the knee, and was forced to have his leg off at the thigh; and his being so weak from the hardships we have had to go through, caused his death in two days; but I was with him all the time. He died very happy, and wished me to let you know that he died an honour to his country. He felt that he was quite prepaired to die, and told me to bid you all his last farewell, until we'll meat in the next world, witch I hope we will altogether." How inexpressibly tragic are the homely mis-spellings! But you would rather, I think, decline my small talk on the subject of this letter. There is a Holy of Holies in

the affections of man, where none may enter but the priest; and he alone is the priest, who is or has been in exactly a similar situation to those initiated by misfortune.

> "Some feelings are to mortals given,
> With less of earth in them than heaven;
> And if there be a human tear
> From Passion's dross refined and clear—
> A tear so limpid and so meek,
> It would not stain an angel's cheek—
> 'Tis that which pious fathers shed
> Upon a duteous daughter's head!"

What would you have said, Sir Walter, of the tear of a widowed mother dropping on the letter, written by a soldier-son, which tells of the death of a brother soldier-son, slain at the crisis and acme of human glory? Let the poet who inherits the mantle of Scotland's bard, and none else, describe it. Your taste, I am sure, will bear with no profane commentator. "Poor George's last words was, 'Arthur, my dear brother, [the brave fellow had probably been Christened after the Duke], be sure and write to poor mother, and tell her I die quite happy; and be sure to always write to her, to let her know how you are getting on.' He shook hands with us both, and kissed me for you, and my brother Shallto for his brothers, and then he went off quite easy. I saw him buried, and everything." This letter, though written by one, is signed by two brothers, one a corporal and the other a private in the 55th regiment of foot. So much for the letters from the private soldiers. My quotations will satisfy you, Irenæus, that Captain Sword can be Captain Pen as well upon occasion, and that the schoolmaster is abroad among rank and file, and is gone with them to the far Crimea. I need not say that the officers' letters are equally interesting, but they are such as officers have no doubt written before from the battle-field;—the privates, I should think, had written such letters never. They are written, both of them, with the gentlemanly simplicity, as well under the same circumstances, of *Cæsar's Commentaries*. There is no hurry in any of them, though they all doubtless illustrate in the highest degree, precious brave letters as they are, the pursuit of literature under difficulties. Many of them might have been broken off, at any moment, by a stray shot or shell, and the writer hurried into eternity. You know, Irenæus, how much stress you and I lay on writing a letter without interruption. I am writing this very identical letter to you in my younger brother's rooms in the University of ——, with what we call "the oak sported," to keep out intrusion; and, in my case, it is my friends, and not my enemies, I am afraid of. There is an interest about some of these letters from the seat of war which does not belong to others. The fingers that held the pen are too cold now to hold or feel anything—even cold as the Russian soil which holds them; and those also are especially interesting that tell of the heroic deaths, and deathless deeds, of brothers in arms. I would particularize one from a humble soldier, which speaks in terms of affectionate admiration of the death of Ensign Clutterbuck, whose last words were, "Come on, 63d!" as, with the courage of Cæsar's standard-bearer, he waved their colours in front of them to put them on their mettle for the charge. It was the poor boy's maiden battle, I believe, with the exception of Alma. A few short months before, he knew no fiercer contest than that in the foot-ball field of an English public school. To see soldiers speaking in such terms of officers is very delightful. Let but the officers pay equal honour to the men, as I believe they do, and the whole world will be the better for it. But it is almost invidious to name an instance, where death or victory was the rule of the conduct of all. These letters tell of deeds of arms unparalleled, we may say, in ancient or modern times. If the three hundred Spartans had conquered the whole Persian host at Thermopylæ, their victory would have been scarce more wondrous than the victory of Inkermann. As for the glorious reverse at Balaklava, there is nothing like it in real history. I hope that, in a hundred years, the grandsons of the men engaged will not think it fabulous; but I am afraid they will. There was something a little like it in the Peninsula and at Talavera, mentioned by Napier. The German cavalry had turned back, with a charac-

teristic excuse from their commander, "I will not kill my young mens;" but, as Napier says, the English blood was hotter, and the English cavalry rode into destruction among quarries and broken ground. But that was but the exaggeration of fox-hunting pluck, and they did not know of the danger before. In this case, each of these gay cavaliers,

"Celeri conspiciendus equo,"

rode with his eyes open, as if at a review in the Phœnix or Hyde Park, splendid in his trappings, and gallant in his bearing, as if all the eyes of all the ladies in London or Dublin were upon him, to nothing less than certain death. But there was no levity in this. It was the stern martyrdom of duty. They could not, they would not, have ridden so for mere glory. Never has discipline achieved such a triumph, except, perhaps, in the case of the solitary Roman sentinel, whose skeleton was found all cap-a-pie in a sentry-box at Pompeii, who stayed there till he was smothered by Vesuvius, because those who were to relieve his guard had fled. As to the fatal order, I think most persons allow that there was no one to blame. The commander had every reason to believe the enemy in full retreat, instead of in position; and the fact of the order being "to follow," and not "to charge," and the interpretation of that order by the fiery valour of those to whom it was addressed, seems to me to exculpate everybody, and make the chain of accident complete. Charity for all, but charity, above all, to the manes of the bravest of the brave!

I cannot forbear to notice here, in speaking of the officers' letters, that some have compared the tone of them, disparagingly, with that of those of the men, on the ground that they do not appear so much to appreciate the solemnity of the situation, and that this apparent levity has been attributed to the jocose popular literature which confessedly composes part of the education of the upper classes, and which may undeniably be abused. Officers write more letters than privates; those who wrote light ones doubtless wrote serious ones. Blame is to those who sillily published the one kind chiefly. Poor *Punch* has peccadilloes enough to answer for without being hauled over the coals for the demoralization of the style of our officers. I should rather say that this difference results from a certain irony that pervades the life of our upper classes. I use irony in its classical sense of speaking less than the truth, for fear of speaking more. We have had enough of the humbug of "earnestness," and "carnest men." Oliver Cromwell has been excused for butchering his Irish prisoners, because he was an "earnest man." Our upper classes hate demonstrativeness. Where they feel most deeply they say least about it, and this often leads to disguising the most genuine and the finest feeling under apparent levity. It ought to be remembered that many divines, even of the strictest school—we may instance Rowland Hill—have been utterly unable, even in public, to restrain their natural jocosity; proving that it is best to be natural.

"Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurrit."

To divorce hilarity and seriousness we take to be an innovation dating from about the time of the Covenanters. Enough of this. Whatever our officers said, they did their part most nobly; self-sacrifice, in its most trying shape, in its most incredible degree, has been the characteristic of their conduct through this Crimean campaign. They have ever been the first to lead, the first to fall, and the last to retire. To borrow an image from the religion of Odin, the Valkyriers, or choosers of the slain, have shown a terrible partiality for the lives of our officers. Their conspicuous position is not fair to them, and I cannot think why Government have not modified it by an order before now. But this is not all that Government has to answer for. These hero-officers and hero-men have been stinted in their equipments, and have had their hardships forced upon them unnecessarily through the peddling financial policy of Free-trade Ministers, well called *Peelites*, who pay for their own reputation for consistency at the expense of their country's armies.

Are the men who can write these letters to be put in the scale with an

equal number of stupid serfs, who have never been educated at all? It is true that one human soul is of the same value as another in His eyes without whose will not a sparrow may fall; but a sparrow is of less value than a man, though both are cared for by Him; and one human body is certainly of a greater value to human society than another. By all means let us save those brave bodies by every possible appliance of mechanical science. We have enough of iron in England, and enough of gold in Australia; let us bear down, lop, and burn the Russian Hydra with iron and with gold, with fire and with sword, but not gorge it first with a living mass of precious English flesh. Our soldiers have proved they have souls and hearts, and are not to be thrown away any longer. It was the same sad story at Alma and Inkermann as at Sabraon and Chillianwallah; living men had to answer artillery, and slain men were set in the balance against dismounted guns. At Gujerat it was better. If Bem, in the Hungarian struggle, could manage to move heavy guns as well as light, and if he gained all his victories by overbearing the enemy by superior artillery, why on earth cannot we? Men of Manchester, men of peace,—Ἀχάϊδες, οὐκέτ' Ἀχαιοι — not Greeks, but Greekesses — answer this, if you can. There is the whole of your North of England like a gridiron with railroads; surely some of this iron might have been used for making us better than the Czar in artillery. I do not think I am saying too much when I say, that as this Russian war is all owing to a pacific policy, so is all this slaughter in the Crimea owing to the people of peace doing their best to keep up our reproach of being a non-military nation. We ought to have been always, in every item, fully prepared for a great war, and so the great war would never have come. But sad it is, that those who have been in error do not pay the penalty; our heroes in the Crimea, *proh pudor!* are the scapegoats of the men or old women of Manchester.

Irenæus, you have profited by the lessons of this war; you are no longer what I knew you. Is it true that you are to have a commission in the militia? I should like to see so good a fellow among them. They too, new as they are, are doing good. A clergyman of a country parish told me, that it is astonishing how the militia-service improves the rustics in order and cleanliness — in fact, it makes them, as the Philistines say, quite a different stamp of article. Slovenliness of living, as slovenliness of conduct, has been a chief cause of the poor condition of our peasantry; and cleanliness, the clergyman might also have said, is next to godliness. A change of spirit in the country gives hope of better things; may He who is over all preserve our Queen and country in their hour of trial, and give us victory, as He alone can; and may the severe lessons which this war has already taught never be forgotten. Peace is a blessed thing, but there is no rose without its thorn; and I fear that Peace and Patriotism are not the best of friends with each other; it is to prove as much that I have coupled them like two quarrelsome hounds in the heading of this letter.—Ever yours.

TLEPOLEMUS.

THE STORY OF THE CAMPAIGN.—PART II.

WRITTEN IN A TENT IN THE CRIMEA.

[At the last moment we received the following continuation of "The Story of the Campaign" from our friend in the Crimea, accompanied by a private letter, from which we give an extract:——"*Camp before Sebastopol, 7th Dec.*—Several days that I have set apart for writing up have been spent in the saddle. Could I have managed it, you should have had the account of the battle of the 5th; but the divisions of the army are scattered at such a distance from me—several miles—that I have been unable to collect the information necessary for accuracy in describing the events of the day, and I was too much occupied myself to see all that passed, being in the thick of it, as you will believe when I will tell you that my horse, receiving three wounds, was killed by a cannon-shot, which passed through him behind my leg; and a poor sergeant, in the act of extricating me, had his thigh carried away by another. It was a gloomy, but a glorious business. The cannonade, far more tremendous than at Alma, lasted, almost without intermission, for more than nine hours."]

CHAP. IX.—THE POSITION BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

Most of the inhabitants of the valley had left the doors of their houses locked, as if they intended to return shortly, and expected to find things as they had left them. But, notwithstanding a general order (called forth by a great slaughter of turkeys, geese, and hens with rifles and revolvers) that private property was to be respected, the houses in Kadukoi, the village at the entrance of the valley, were pillaged, and the doors, window-sashes, and rafters for the most part taken away for firewood. Some of the chiefs of the army took up their quarters in Balaklava; a post-office was established, and ships laden with siege materials were brought into the harbour and ranged along the road in front of the houses, which the great depth of water close to the shore rendered almost as accessible and convenient as a wharf. Private speculators set up stores for the sale of grocery and clothing; cargoes of the same articles were brought from Constantinople in the hired transports; and in most instances advantage was taken of the necessities of the troops to demand shamefully exorbitant prices.

Meantime the third, fourth, and light divisions were moved up to the heights of Sebastopol, and bivouacked within long cannon-range of the fortress. Some shot, pitched into their positions, forced them to move, on different occasions, a little to the rear; but, after a time, this ineffectual annoyance was for the most part discontinued, and at the beginning of October the rest of the allied army was moved up to the position it was intended to occupy, leaving the cavalry, a troop of horse-artillery, the 93d Regiment, and some marines and seamen, with guns from the fleet, to protect Balaklava.

For eight days the time was spent in landing and bringing up the materials and armament for the batteries of attack; and these being collected in sufficient numbers, the trenches were opened. This process was rendered very difficult and laborious by the soil, which was extremely rocky, and the progress made in it necessarily slow. As the whole interest of the campaign was now focused in this particular portion of the Crimea, it will be well to describe minutely the position which was soon to become the theatre of a series of conflicts. These would be but imperfectly understood without a fuller idea than a map can give of the whole of the ground occupied by the allied army, and by the enemy.

Looking at a map of the Crimea, the reader will see that a valley extends from the inner end of the har-

bour of Sebastopol, where the Tchernaya runs into it, to that of Balaklava. From the former harbour to the ruins of Inkermann the valley is from twelve to fifteen hundred yards wide; then the heights on either side separate till, at the point where the road to Mackenzie's Farm crosses the Tchernaya, they are nearly four miles asunder. Here a rounded cluster of gentle eminences divides the valley into two defiles: these, sweeping round from south-east to south-west, unite in one plain, which, traversed by small hills, spreads to the gorge of the valley of Balaklava, and up to the heights right and left. Thus this valley, extending from one harbour to the other, forms a wide neck to a small peninsula of which Cape Kherson is the extremity, and on which the allied troops took their position. This peninsula, having steep cliffs at the sea-shore, consists of a high undulating plain, or range of plains, cleft by deep gullies that descend gradually to the basin in which lies Sebastopol. From a point opposite the ruins of Inkermann, to that where the road from Sebastopol descends to Balaklava, the range of heights bounding the valley is unbroken, except at a point easily defensible, where the Woronzoff road crosses it. But to the left of the point opposite the ruins of Inkermann the ground south of the Tchernaya slopes upward so gradually as to oppose no serious obstacle to the advance of troops to the heights, while the English division posted there was not on the ridge looking into the valley, but on another ridge in rear of it. Thus the space between the right of the allied batteries of attack and the heights opposite Inkermann was, while unintrenched, the weak point of the position. The ground will be more minutely described in an account of the two actions of which it was the scene.

The harbour of Balaklava lies, as has been said, in a cleft between high and steep mountains. Beyond the inner extremity of the harbour this cleft continues itself for about half a mile in the small cultivated valley described in the last chapter.* A row of low isolated hills extends across the entrance of the valley and up the heights on each side, to the plains of the peninsula on the one hand, and to the cliffs above the sea on the other, thus forming a natural line of defensive posts. At about 3000 yards in front of these, on the plain, sweeping, as before described, from the valley of the Tchernaya, is another range of isolated hills, the left of which is within cannon-shot of the heights held by the Allies, and the right one near the village of Kamara, which lies on the mountains forming the southern boundary of the plain. This last range of hills, crowned with small intrenched works armed with artillery, and garrisoned by Turks, formed the outposts of the Allies in front of Balaklava. Thus, the position extended from the sea-shore in front of Sebastopol round the heights of the peninsula to the Woronzoff road, and thence across to the last hill on the plain near Kamara; while an inner line of posts extended across the entrance of Balaklava valley, up to the heights of the peninsula on the left and round to the sea-cliffs on the right, enclosing valley, town, and harbour.

Of the gullies already mentioned as channelling the plains, the principal one divides the peninsula nearly in half. Resembling at first a wide ditch between grassy slopes, it gradually becomes a deep winding ravine with steep rocky sides like the dry bed of a wide river, and descends to the basin of the inner harbour. The left of the English lines in front of Sebastopol rested on one margin of this ravine, the right of the French lines on the other. The greater part of the French troops were encamped behind their lines on the site of the ancient Khersonesus, leaving a large space by the sea unoccupied. Their supplies were landed at Kamieth Bay, one of the deep narrow recesses of Cape Kherson, from whence to Sebastopol the coast is indented by many inlets. There a fleet of transports assembled, so numerous that their masts looked like a forest; and a wharf afforded the necessary convenience for landing the multitude of stores which crowded the beach

* See our last Number, p. 637.

and the environs of a small city of tents.

Half-way between Cape Kherson and Balaklava the bold coast line turns back at a sharp angle, close to the site of an ancient temple of Diana, now occupied by the monastery of St. George. It stands on the edge of a high sloping cliff, and consists of a long low range of white buildings, with pillared porticoes and green roofs and domes. The cliff it stands on is of yellow clayey stone—the next headland southward, abutting far beyond it, is of extreme richness of colour—a deep pearly grey, dashed with dark red, of a tone which, even on a gloomy day, imparts to the mass a kind of sunset radiance and glow. A sergeant's guard of Zouaves is stationed in one of the buildings, and many Russian families continue to inhabit the place. Passing through the edifice by a steep flight of steps, a gallery is reached extending along the upper face of the cliff. Terraces connected by a winding path jut out below, and near its base the rock is clothed with a shrubbery of small firs. There was a sound of chanting as we passed along the balcony: the Zouave who accompanied us opened the door, and motioned us in without ceremony. The place was a very small low chapel, its walls hung with sacred pictures executed with elaborate vileness. A priest in a red garment was reading prayers to some others who sang the responses. He was bareheaded, but the rest, clad in black gowns, wore tall cylindrical caps, from which black veils descended behind. There was something strange in coming thus suddenly from a great camp into the presence of this secluded brotherhood, whose devotions, usually accompanied only by the dashing of the waves below, were now broken by the less seemly sound of the distant bombardment.

The whole of these plains are probably much the same in aspect now as in the days when Diana's worshippers crossed them on the way to her temple. A short dry turf, scarcely clothing the grey rock, which everywhere pushes its fragments through, is, except the patches of coppice, the only verdure. No fields nor gardens tell of an attempt to make the soil productive, but here and there vines cling to the side of a slope where the earth is deepest, and are enclosed by walls of loose stone. A few trees, soon cut down for firewood, surrounded the farm-houses, and others grew at intervals down the course of the larger ravines. Lit by a warm sun, bounded by a blue sea, and enlivened by the view of the white-walled city, the aspect of the plains in October was fresh and almost cheerful, while, looking inland, the tumbled masses of hills always lent grandeur to the landscape. But when a north wind whistled piercingly across the heights—when the dense fogs of November hung their grey drapery along the horizon, and rested in cold white masses on the hills—when the green turf grew mire, and the leafy coppice a texture of wet brown twigs and roots, and yellow turbid pools settled along the course of the ravines, it was no wonder that the tents of the Arab, who is at least dry and warm in his desert, seemed preferable to the camp before Sebastopol, and the hardiest soldiers turned now and then a longing thought to the firesides of England.

CHAP. X.—COMMENCEMENT OF THE SIEGE.

The ravines already mentioned, five in number, beginning in the middle of the plains of the peninsula, descend in courses, more or less winding, to the basin of the harbour. On the slopes of the plain, between these ravines, the English batteries were traced. In front of them, in the angle made by the outer and inner harbours, and on the right of the latter, stand some large public buildings belonging to the dockyard, and a large barrack. These, in the absence of permanent defensive works, were covered by strong and solid earthen batteries on commanding points, thrown up simultaneously with the progress of our own trenches. In front of the right of our attack was a round tower, surrounded by an intrenchment armed on all sides with heavy guns. Next was a very large battery, composed of two faces meeting in a salient angle; this was known during the siege as the Redan. Near

the inner harbour was another, known as the Barrack Battery, capable of firing on our left batteries or on the French. These were all that were immediately opposed to us, besides the broadsides of a line-of-battle ship in the inner harbour, and the long guns of some steamers.

Between the English camps and the fortress the ground sloped upward to a ridge, and then downward towards the Russian batteries. It is evident that the farther down these slopes our trenches were placed, the more they were commanded by the enemy, and the higher must be the parapets to cover us from their fire. In such very stony and deficient soil it would have been almost impossible to obtain the requisite amount of earth very low down on the slopes, and our first batteries were placed on some spots where the ground rose gently upward for a space on the face of the descent.

From the left of the great ravine to the Quarantine Harbour the ground is comparatively flat and unbroken, and on the right portion of this space the French trenches were opened at much shorter range than those of the English. In the angle of the outer and inner harbours, opposite the French attack, stands the town of Sebastopol, protected partly by parapets of masonry, partly by earthen batteries.

The distinctive features of the campaign have been noticed in a preceding chapter; the siege now commenced has also its peculiarities.

In ordinary sieges, the place having been completely invested so as to confine the garrison to its own resources, the trenches are opened at about six hundred yards, enclosing one or more salient points of the fortifications. Thus the works of the assailants being on the arc of the outer of two concentric circles described from a point within the fortress, while the defences are on the arc of the inner one, six hundred yards nearer the centre, it follows that the besiegers always have space for a far greater number of guns than are mounted on the works to oppose them. When the superior fire from the batteries in the trenches has overpowered that of the place, the works are pushed forward; other batteries are established close enough to breach the walls; and the breach becoming practicable, the assault is made, and the garrison, being overpowered by superior numbers, the place is taken.

In the present instance, the assailing force being insufficient to enclose the whole extent of front, the southern side of the harbour only was invested, leaving the formidable forts on the north unassailed, and the road from the interior free for supplies of all kinds. The front attacked being about three miles in extent, the space at the disposal of the garrison enabled them to reply with at least as many guns as the besiegers could bring to attack them. But had the Russian batteries been totally silenced, and the south side taken by assault, the outer harbour, acting as a huge wet ditch, presented a fresh obstacle, backed by a fresh line of batteries, and rendered a new series of operations necessary. If the harbour had remained open, the fleet might have come in to support an assault of the land forces; but, on entering Sebastopol after the defeat at the Alma, Menschikoff had caused eight large ships to be sunk across the entrance. Henceforward, so long as this obstacle existed, the operation of the fleets was limited to making a diversion by attacking the forts at the entrance; and this was the part it took in the combined attack.

Until the whole of the allied batteries were ready to open together, not a gun replied to the fire which the Russians did not cease to direct, first upon our camps, and afterwards on our trenches. Hidden as the allied camps were behind the crest of a hill, there must have been something of mystery and awe for the garrison in this strange silence, almost the only token of the presence of an enemy being the increasing height of the parapets of the trenches.

On the 17th at daylight, pursuant to the general orders of the night before, the silence was broken by such a peal of artillery as has scarcely ever before, in the most famous battles or sieges, shaken the earth around the combatants. A hundred and twenty-six pieces, many of them of the largest calibre, opened at once upon the Russian defences, and were answered by a still larger number, of equal range and power. The din was incessant, and the smoke in the batteries so dense

that after a few rounds the gunners laid their pieces rather by the line on the platforms than by a view of the object aimed at. The first visible effect of our fire was on the Round Tower, the pieces mounted on which were soon dismounted, and its surface deeply scarred by the shot of the heavy 68-pounder guns in the naval battery on the right, practising at a range of more than 2000 yards. Several explosions took place this day—the first in a French battery, where a magazine blew up at half-past eight in the morning, killing and wounding fifty men and disabling the battery; another less serious one occurred afterwards in the French lines. In the afternoon the Russian magazine in the Redan was fired by a shell from the English batteries, and silenced a great number of its guns; and shortly afterwards a number of cases filled with powder blew up in rear of the English trenches, doing but little damage. The Lancaster guns (a new invention now tried for the first time in war), of which there were several in our batteries, sent forth their missiles with a rushing noise exactly like that of a railway train, and were distinguishable at each discharge amid the din of the cannonade.

At one o'clock the French and English fleets, whose attack had been anxiously expected, stood in, and engaged the forts at the mouth of the harbour, the former on the south, the latter on the north side; and the deep volleying thunder of their broadsides, continuing without an instant's pause, gave a new character to the cannonade, while a dense canopy of smoke, hanging heavily above the scene, hid the sea, the harbour, and the town, from the spectators on the heights in front of the English camp. The Agamemnon and the Sanspareil maintained on this occasion a position much nearer to the forts than the rest of the fleet, which anchored, for the most part, at upwards of 2000 yards.

When the fire ceased at nightfall, and the gains and losses were counted up, the result was by no means commensurate with the expectations previously afloat in the allied army. High authority had been quoted for the opinion that we should silence the Russian batteries in a few hours. The less sanguine had prescribed three days as the limits of the contest. Our progress hitherto had fallen short even of the latter estimate. On the Russian side many guns had been disabled, the works had been much damaged, and Fort Constantine was said to be seriously shaken by the fire of the two line-of-battle ships; but on ours, the French attack had totally ceased since the explosions of the morning. The Russian works, being of earth like our own, were repaired with equal facility, and the disabled guns were replaced by fresh ones from the arsenal. It was while watching the renewed vigour of the enemy's fire, and seeing our own wounded borne by from the trenches, that we received on the 18th the mail bringing the absurd and mischievous announcement of the fall of Sebastopol, and read the details of our own imaginary victory—an announcement happily characterised afterwards in a newspaper article as "discounting" the glory of the conquest. It was robbing success of its best rewards thus to give us our honours before they were due.

The interest excited by a contest of artillery, without decided advantage on either side, soon languishes; and in a few days the thunder of the bombardment was almost unheeded. But the troops in the trenches and batteries were hardly worked, and exposed by day incessantly to a tremendous fire. The space in the magazines in our batteries was at first insufficient to hold ammunition for the day's consumption, and to take in fresh supplies formed one of the most trying duties which artillerymen can be called on to perform. Waggons filled with powder, drawn by horses of the field-batteries, were driven down the face of a hill for upwards of half a mile, in full view, and quite within range of the enemy's guns. A shell bursting in the waggons would have blown horses and men into the air; and to the risk of this were added the usual chances of being struck by shot or splinters; yet neither the officers (often mere boys) nor the drivers ever showed the slightest hesitation in proceeding on their perilous errand. Several horses were killed by cannon-shot, and on

one occasion a shell, lodging between the spokes of a wheel, exploded there, blowing off three wheels and the side of the waggon, and blackening the cases of powder without igniting their contents.

Hitherto the attention of the Allies had been concentrated on the fortress, but on the 20th October a new element forced itself into their calculations. Russian troops showed themselves on the cluster of low heights which, as before mentioned, divide the valley of the Tchernaya into two defiles. Some Cossack horsemen lounged about the meadows at about two thousand yards from our position, and about fifty infantry soldiers, emerging from a ravine in the heights, crossed to the river for water, remaining for some time on the bank of the stream, and returning with a deliberation which showed they felt secure of support if molested. A body of cavalry with some guns also posted itself on the Bakshi-serai road, near the bridge which crosses the Tchernaya there, and close to the meadow where our own artillery had bivouacked on the night of the flank march. From day to day this force seemed to be augmented, and was judged to be the rearguard of an army whose numbers, being hidden in the farther defile, were unknown.

On the night of the 20th a sortie was made by the garrison on the French trenches. The Russians, calling out in French, "*Ne tirez pas, nous sommes Anglais,*" penetrated into the works without opposition, and bayoneted some of the defenders, but were speedily repulsed with a loss of six killed and four wounded. During the next few nights some Russian guns on the heights in the valley once or twice opened fire on the Turks garrisoning the outposts in front of Balaklava, without result.

CHAP. XI.—ATTACK ON BALAKLAVA.

In the description of our position, the line of outposts occupied by the Turks was said to be on a range of low hills, crossing the plain from below the heights of the plateau to the opposite mountains near the village of Kamara. Between these hills the plain slopes upward from Balaklava to a ridge, and down on the opposite side, where the valley, as before mentioned, is divided into two defiles, the one sweeping round to the left under the heights of the plateau held by the Allies, the other passing straight on to the Tchernaya. In this latter defile, and on the low eminences dividing it from the other, the Russian army, now numbering thirty thousand men, under General Liprandi, was posted.

At daybreak on the 25th the Russian guns on the eminences and in the valley commenced a cannonade on the outposts held by the Turks. A troop of horse-artillery and a field-battery, supported by the Scots Greys, were ordered up from Balaklava to the slopes between the outposts, and found themselves opposed to the fire of several field-batteries and some guns of position, which covered an advance of infantry against the hills on the right. As the troop was armed only with six-pounders, it and the field-battery were quite overmatched, both in metal and in numbers; nevertheless, our artillery maintained the contest till its ammunition was exhausted, when it retired, having lost a good many horses and a few men, besides Maude, the captain of the troop, who was severely wounded by a shell which burst in his horse.

At about 9 A.M. the first division and part of the light were ordered down to support the troops in Balaklava, which consisted of a body of marines and seamen, with heavy ships' guns, on the heights to the right of the valley, the 93d Highlanders and a Turkish detachment in front of the village of Kadukoi, and all the cavalry drawn up behind their encampment on the plain to the left, near a vineyard. The first division, passing along the heights from the Woronzoff road to that which descends from the plateau to the valley of Balaklava, had a complete view of the attack.

The Russians, pushing on a large force of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, had just succeeded in carrying the works on the hills nearest Kamara.

Two large columns of cavalry, numbering probably three thousand each, swept with great rapidity over the slopes of the other hills nearer to our position, and the Turks who garrisoned the works there, firing a volley in the air, fled with precipitation over the parapets and down the slope. The Russians passed on; and their guns, darting out from the columns and dotting the plain at intervals, fired shells at us up the heights, all of which burst short. At that moment three heavy guns—two Turkish and one French—in position on the heights along which we were passing, were fired in succession on the Russian cavalry, the right column of which, losing some men and horses by the first shot, wavered, halted, and, before the third gun was discharged, turned and galloped back. When the smoke of the battery had dispersed, we saw that the left column, passing over and down the opposite slopes, was already engaged with our cavalry on the plain. There was something almost theatrical in the grandeur of this portion of the spectacle; the French stationed on the heights, and the English passing along them, looked down, as if from the benches of an amphitheatre, on the two bodies of cavalry meeting in mortal shock on the level grassy plain, which, enclosed on every side by lofty mountains, would have been a fit arena for a tournament of giants.

The Scotch Greys and the Royal Dragoons, charging in front, were impeded by the tent-drains and picket-lines of their own camp, and, advancing but slowly, though with great steadiness, were swept back for a hundred paces by the torrent of Russian horsemen, fighting as they went, the red coats, fur caps, and grey horses, conspicuous amid the dark masses of the enemy. Then the 4th Dragoon Guards, advancing like a wall, buried themselves, in an unbroken line, in the flank of the Russians, while the 5th Dragoon Guards charged in support of the Greys and Royals. For a moment sword cuts and lance-thrusts were exchanged—then the Russians turned and fled confusedly back over the slopes, pursued for several hundred yards by the whole of the heavy cavalry, the Greys and Royals having rallied in time to join in their discomfiture.

While this was going on, part of the enemy's column, throwing its right shoulder forward, made a rush for the entrance of the valley. The 93d were lying down behind a slope there; as the cavalry approached they rose, fired a volley, and stood to receive the charge so firmly that the horsemen fled back with the rest of the column, pursued as they went by the fire of the battery (Barker's), which had already been engaged in the morning.

At this stage of the action the enemy's infantry and guns held the two hills nearest Kamara, and had taken, in the works there, nine iron twelve-pounders, which we had confided to the Turks. We held the two points of the ridge nearest to our own position, and an intermediate one, crowned with a redoubt, remained unoccupied. The divisions advancing to support our troops having descended into the plain, some field-batteries were moved forward, and a desultory and ineffective exchange of fire took place, at very long range, between the Russian guns behind the hills they had taken, and our own posted on the slopes in our possession.

At the same time the brigade of light cavalry, which had not yet been engaged, had advanced to the edge of the slopes, whence they could look down on the enemy rallied on their own side of the plain, who had posted there a battery, flanked by two others, to repel any attack which might be made on them in their turn. Captain Nolan, author of the book on cavalry tactics, serving on the staff, brought an order to the commander of the cavalry to charge the enemy. To do so seemed desperate and useless; but Nolan asserted the order to be peremptory, and, joining in the charge which presently took place, was struck by a shell in the breast and fell dead. Never did cavalry show more daring to less purpose. Received in front and flank by a fire which strewed the ground, for the half-mile of distance which separated them from the enemy, with men and horses, they nevertheless penetrated between the guns and sabred the gunners. Captain Lowe, of the 4th Dragoons, is said to have cut down eleven of the enemy with

his own hand. This gallantry availed nothing. The whole Russian force was before them; a body of cavalry interposed to cut off their retreat; and, assailed on every side by every arm, and their ranks utterly broken, they were compelled to fight their way through, and to regain our position under the same artillery fire that had crashed into their advance. Singly, and in two's and three's, these gallant horsemen returned, some on foot, some wounded, some supporting a wounded comrade. The same fire which had shattered their ranks had reached the heavy cavalry on the slope behind, who also suffered severely. Our loss would have been greater but for the timely charge of a body of French cavalry, which, descending from the plateau, advanced up the heights in the centre of the valley, where they silenced a destructive battery.

The ridge of hills, stretching entirely across the plain, hid the occurrences on the Russian side of the ground from the view of our troops in front of Balaklava; but the nature of the disaster soon became apparent. Riderless horses galloped towards us over the hill, and wounded men were brought in, or rode slowly back, escorted by their comrades. I saw three privates of heavy dragoons riding back in this way. The middle one, a smooth-faced young fellow, hardly twenty, in no ways differed in his demeanour from the other two, sitting straight in his saddle and looking cheerful; but, as he passed, I saw that a cannon shot had carried away a large portion of his arm, sleeve, flesh, and bone, between the shoulder and elbow, leaving the lower part attached only by a narrow strip of flesh and cloth. Colonel Yorke of the Royals, too, rode past, supporting himself with his hand on the cantle of his saddle, and, in reply to an inquiry from the Duke of Cambridge, said his leg was broken.

In this unhappy affair the light cavalry lost 10 officers and 147 men killed or missing, and 11 officers and 110 men wounded, with 335 horses. The heavy brigade lost, during the day, 9 men killed, and 10 officers and 87 men wounded, and 46 horses.

When the artillery fire ceased, some rifles were moved in skirmishing order up towards the hill near Kamara, apparently as a preliminary to an advance to retake it. But none such took place, though the expectation was universal amongst our people that it was to be recaptured at once. Towards evening some rum and biscuit were served out to the men, who had had no dinner, and at dusk the first division was marched back to its own encampment on the heights. The Russians were left in possession of two of the outposts held by the Turks in the morning, and nine guns, and their columns remained in the plain, about 1,500 yards from our front, drawn up as if to offer battle. Much murmuring was heard that they should be allowed thus to defy us, and to keep possession of the hills. But their success was rather apparent than real, and, but for the loss our cavalry suffered, would have been even beneficial to us. While it showed us that we were holding a front more extended than was necessary or desirable, it conferred on the enemy no advantage worth fighting for. Balaklava was no more assailable after the action than before; and if the possession of the road into the mountains by Kamara was convenient to the Russians for supplies from the interior, they could, by a detour from the valley of the Tchernaya, have communicated with it.

The Turks were loaded with abuse for running away from the outposts, and losing the guns; and certainly the celerity with which they fled from the left of the position reflected no great credit on them. But the amount of obloquy seems undue. Others besides Turks would have left slight field-works attacked by an army, and having no support within cannon-range. The redoubts and works nearest our heights were so weakly constructed as to be rather a cover for the defenders than an obstacle to the assailants. Any sportsman would have considered it no great feat to have ridden his horse over both ditch and parapet. These works were held by few men; the distance from them to the scanty force covering the entrance of the valley of Balaklava was 3,000 yards; and they were not all abandoned without a struggle; for an Englishman serv-

ing with our Ottoman allies, told me on the field that he had seen thirty-seven of the fugitives from the posts on the right who had received bayonet wounds in their defence. But the combats on the Danube had procured for our Mussulman friends such a reputation for valour in defending intrenchments, that it was believed to be necessary only to throw up a few shovelfuls of earth, and any Turk posted behind them would live and die there; and the reaction produced by the upsetting of this belief, operated a little unjustly to their disadvantage.

It is not easy to assign any precise object to the Russian attack, except that of penetrating into the village, and doing what hasty damage they could to the stores there, and to the vessels in the harbour. To attempt to hold the place without the command of the sea, and with a very superior enemy on the heights on each side, would have been madness. The Russians would have been enclosed, and destroyed, or captured to a man. Nor, in any case, would the loss of Balaklava, though a disaster, have been absolutely crippling to the allies, or effectual for the relief of Sebastopol, since the British might have landed their supplies, as the French did, at Kherson: and the abandonment of Balaklava, as too distant from our siege works, was once said to be in contemplation.

CHAP. XII.—FIRST ACTION OF INKERMANN.

On a detailed map of the Crimea, a path is shown which, branching to the right from the Woronzoff road in its course towards Sebastopol, descends the heights to the valley of the Tchernaya, close to the head of the great harbour. On this road the second division were encamped across the slope of an eminence. The road, passing over the ridge, turns to the right down a deep ravine to the valley. To the left of this road the ground, sloping gently downwards from the crest in front of the second division, rises again to a second eminence about 1,200 yards in front of the first; and from this second ridge you look down across the head of the harbour in front, on the town and allied attack on the left, and on the ruins and valley of Inkermann on the right. To the right of the road the ground, first sloping upwards, then descends to the edge of the heights opposite Inkermann. All the space between and around the two ridges, down to the edge of the heights, was covered with low coppice.

From the first, the Russians showed great jealousy of any one advancing on any part of the ground beyond the ridge. As soon as any party, if even but two or three in number, showed itself there, a signal was made from a telegraph on the Russian side of the valley to the ships in the harbour, which (though the spot was not visible from their position) immediately sent up shot and shell at a tolerably good range. As the ridge in front was rather higher than that behind which the second division was posted, and as the road, as well as the slopes from the valley on the left of it, afforded facilities to the advance of an enemy not found at any other point of the heights, this was notoriously the weak point of our position.

About noon on the day after the action at Balaklava, a Russian force was descried from the naval battery on the right of the attack, sallying from the fortress, and, shortly afterwards, the pickets of the second division were driven in. Volleys of musketry on the ground between the ridges showed the affair to be serious, and a battery from the first division hastened to join those of the second in repelling the attack, while the Guards were moved up the slope in support. Some shot from the enemy's field-pieces were pitching over the ridge, behind which the regiments of the second division were lying down, while their skirmishers met the enemy's down the slope; and the guns of the second division had come into action on the crest of the hill. The battery of the first division (Wodehouse's) ranged itself in line with them, and, the enemy's guns being at once driven off the field, the whole eighteen pieces directed their fire upon

a Russian column advancing half-way between the ridges. Unable to face the storm of shot, the column retired precipitately down the ravine to its left, where our skirmishers fired into it, and completed its discomfiture. Another strong column then showed itself over the ridge, and, after facing the fire of the batteries for a minute, retired the way it came. Presently the first column, having passed along the ravine, was descried ascending, in scattered order, the height beyond; at fourteen hundred yards every shot and shell pitched among them, our skirmishers also pressing hard on their rear and flank. When they had disappeared over the hill, the only enemy visible was the body of skirmishers fighting with our own on the space between the ridges, and to them our guns were now turned. From the circumstance of those of our men who had been on outpost duty that day wearing their great-coats, it was difficult to distinguish them from the grey-clad Russians, especially as all were hidden to their waists in coppice, but an occasional speck of red enabled us to avoid mistakes. The Russian skirmishers, under the fire of our guns and musketry, retired, as I have always seen them retire, without precipitation, turning to fire as they went; and, in less than an hour from the beginning of the combat, the space between the ridges was cleared of them. As their columns retreated towards Sebastopol, they came within range of the Lancaster gun in the right siege-battery. The naval officer in charge (Mr. Hewett) blowing away the right cheek of the embrasure, to obtain the requisite lateral sweep, fired nearly a dozen rounds into them with very great effect; and the men of the second division, pressing on their rear, were with difficulty recalled from the pursuit. The Russians left a hundred and thirty dead within our pickets. We took forty prisoners, and a great number of wounded were brought into our hospitals. Next day parties from the fortress were seen on their own side of the hill, burying numbers slain in the retreat. Altogether, the Russians were estimated to have lost 1000 men, while we had ten killed and sixty wounded; so that this brilliant affair made amends to the army for whatever was unsatisfactory in the combat of the preceding day.

The regiments engaged in this action were—the 30th, 55th, 95th, 41st, 47, and 49th. The batteries were Turner's, Franklin's (commanded by Captain Yates), and Wodehouse's.

While the Russians were retiring, a French staff-officer came to General Evans, with an offer from General Bosquet of immediate assistance, which Sir De Lacy declined with thanks, requesting him to inform the French general that the enemy were already defeated.

Parties of the attacking force were observed to carry intrenching tools in this enterprise. The design of the enemy probably was, after driving back the troops in front, to throw up cover on the opposite ridge, from behind which they might afterwards attack the same point of our line with sufficient force to follow up any advantage, and meet the allies on the plains. Had they succeeded in intrenching themselves, we must either have dislodged them at once in a pitched battle, or have allowed them to collect troops and artillery there till it should suit their convenience to attack us with every advantage on their side. The value of the service done in repelling them with so inferior a force (there were 1500 men of the second division engaged against 8000 Russians) was perhaps not quite appreciated. It is scarcely too much to say, that the presence of a strong intrenched force upon that part of the ground would have been a more serious disaster than the loss of Balaklava. However, even had they succeeded in driving back the second division, they would have been encountered by the other divisions coming to its support. But the Russian general probably calculated that the attack on Balaklava of the previous day would have induced us to strengthen that part of the position at the expense of the rest, and that we should be able to oppose but a weak force in an opposite quarter.

All that afternoon waggons were bringing in wounded Russians. Passing the hospital tent of the first division on the way to my own that evening, I saw a neat boot sticking out of the door-way, the wearer's leg being

supported by an orderly. I looked in, but quickly withdrew. A young Russian officer, extended on a table, whose thigh-bone had been splintered by a ball, was undergoing amputation of the hip joint. As I turned away, the booted limb was detached from the bleeding mass and laid on the ground. He died in an hour. Outside the same tent next day, I saw a guardsman making soup in a large camp-kettle, while within a stride of his fire lay the bodies of five Russians, in different postures, who had died of their wounds, and had been laid there for burial. The young officer's body was laid apart, covered with a blanket, and near it, covered also, but not hidden, was a heap of amputated arms and legs.

On the night of the 26th, a body of horse, galloping from the valley through the French outposts, up the Woronzoff road, rushed through the divisional camps on each side, and were supposed to be cavalry on some desperate errand, the darkness preventing it from being discovered that the horses were riderless. About a hundred were captured. They were completely accoutred, some for hussars, some for lancers. Bags of black bread hung at the saddle-bows. All were bridled, but the bits were out of their mouths, as if they had broken from their pickets; and it was surmised that they had been startled by some rockets which the French had fired at troops passing along the valley.

On the 27th, a new parallel was opened as a place of arms in front of our left siege-battery, and a day or two later the French trenches were pushed to within two hundred and fifty yards of the place.

Great anxiety prevailed as to the officers and men missing since the action at Balaklava. It was said that the Cossacks had been seen riding over the field, transfixing the wounded with their lances. On the 28th, Captain Fellowes was sent with a flag of truce to ascertain their fate. He was civilly received—told that the dead were already buried and the wounded cared for—and that, if he would return next day, the names of the survivors should be ascertained and given him, with any messages or letters they might wish to send. On returning the day after, he learnt that only two officers were alive in the enemy's hands, and that but few prisoners had been made. The Russian general is said to have expressed his surprise at the desperate charge of the light brigade; saying, the English cavalry were always reputed brave, but this was mere folly.

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CONTENTS.

Whence have come our Dangers?	123
To an Italian Beggar-Boy,	137
Zaidee: A Romance.—Part III.,	139
Ferrier's Institutes of Metaphysic,	159
Schamyl and the War in the Caucasus,	173
Revelations of a Showman,	187
The Life of Lord Metcalfe,	202
Bulwer,	221
The late Professor Edward Forbes,	234
The Story of the Campaign. Written in a Tent in the Crimea.—Part III.,	236

Chapter XII. (*Continued.*)—XIII. Battle of Inkermann.—XIV. Winter on the Plains.

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WHENCE HAVE COME OUR DANGERS?

"If," says Shakespeare, "is a great peacemaker." It is so; and there is another word which is a great war-maker, and that word is, "Reduce." If a man were to proclaim to the world, "I have £100,000 worth of plate and jewels in my house; I never travel without £20,000 worth of diamonds on my person; but I have such entire confidence in the justice, honesty, and pacific disposition of the whole people by whom I am surrounded, that I have sold all my firearms, taken all the bars off the doors and windows, and procured the dismissal of the whole police in the country," we all know what he might expect the first dark November night. Yet wherein would such preposterous conduct differ from that of Great Britain, which during forty years of peace, has been continually boasting with reason of its vast and growing riches, its immense realised capital, its boundless wealth, and at the same time taking every opportunity to disarm its inhabitants, and expose its treasures, without protection or guard of any kind, to the depredation of its warlike and rapacious neighbours?

So equally has the blame of the insane conduct which has brought us into our present straits, been diffused through all classes of the community, that no one has any title to lay it upon another. All classes, speaking generally, were affected by the *mania of reduction;* the passion was universal. The few individuals who, like ourselves,* never ceased to lift up their voices against the general delusion, were overlooked or derided; and every new Parliament was marked by successive reductions of the noble force which had brought the war to a glorious termination, and which, if kept together, would have rendered the country invincible. The urban constituencies clamoured for a diminution of taxation and a reduction of the standing army; their representatives in Parliament tamely submitted to be the organs of their insanity; the press almost unanimously hallooed on the same frantic course; Ministers, in their successive budgets, took credit to themselves for following out their injunctions, and shaping their estimates according to the universal wish. Amidst a chorus of unanimity and loud cheers from both sides of the House, the process of folly went on, with scarce any intermission, for thirty-five years, until at length the national defences were reduced to such a degree, that Sir Charles Adam, a Lord of the Admiralty, said in 1837, in Parliament, that it was "a mistake to say the empire was unprotected, for we had *three sail of the line and three frigates* to defend the shores of England;" and when Lord Hardinge was made

* See "Our External Dangers," *Blackwood's Magazine*, February and March, 1851.

Master-General of the Ordnance in 1849, he found just ten thousand men and forty-two guns left in Great Britain, after providing for the necessary garrisons, to save London from capture and the British empire from destruction.

While this deplorable system of infatuation was going on, various events occurred which might have roused even the most insensible to a perception of the enormous danger with which it was attended. A war broke out with China: it cost seven millions, and lasted three years instead of one, because we could only attack the Celestial Empire, with its 360,000,000 inhabitants with six thousand soldiers. Dost Mahommed offered to submit to the East India Company, and put the military force of the whole Affghanistan tribes at their disposal for £50,000 a year; it was refused by Lord Auckland, on the principle of saving every penny; and the consequence was, we were driven into the Affghanistan expedition, which cost £10,000,000, shook the Indian empire to its foundation, and induced a disaster unparalleled since the loss of Varus's legions. Lord William Bentinck, with the cordial concurrence of the Directors, reduced our native army in India from 280,000 to 180,000 men, and the consequence was, that we were reduced to the last straits in the war with the Sikhs; and the nation, which possessed the resources of 150,000,000 men, was brought to the verge of ruin by one which had only the military strength of 6,000,000 at its disposal. But for the heroic determination of Lord Hardinge and Lord Gough, and the invincible courage of 7000 British troops under their command, our Indian empire would have been irrevocably lost, from the system of reduction, on the field of Ferozeshah. And the military strength of the empire which had struck down Napoleon was, within five-and-thirty years afterwards, strained to the uttermost to put down the insurrection of 80,000 naked savages in Southern Africa, who never could bring 6000 men into the field.

These were the open and known perils which attended the system of economy and reduction during the last forty years; but the secret and less known, but not less real dangers, of this eventful period, were still more appalling. When its annals come to be written, it will be seen that twice during that period we were on the verge of a war with France, *and once with France and Russia united*, and that at a time when we had scarce any force to oppose to the armaments of either of these powers, far less of both put together. The rupture with Egypt in 1840, which was ended by the bombardment of Acre; the dispute about Queen Pomarre, in Otaheite, a few years after—both brought us to the very edge of war with France; and in 1850 we were so near a war with France and Russia united, that the ambassadors of both of these powers had actually left London! We bullied ourselves into a quarrel with these great powers, by espousing a dispute of Mr. Finlay and Don Pacifico with the Greek Government about £2000 or £3000, and only escaped out of it by abandoning the attempt, which had actually commenced, to extort damages from the Cabinet of Athens at the cannon's mouth, and submitting to the Russian proposal of arbitration. At the time when we incurred the enormous hazard of a war with these powers united, we could not have brought 12,000 men into the field to defend London and Woolwich, after providing, in the most restricted way, for the defence of the maritime fortresses. We now know what it is to maintain a contest with Russia, even with the aid of France, in the Crimea, for the conquest of Sebastopol; but what would it have been, had we been driven singly to withstand the armaments of both these powers, in the Isle of Wight, for the defence of Portsmouth? Yet such a contest was not only probable, but imminent; far more so then than the one in the Crimea was a year ago. And at that time our popular orators, with "unadorned eloquence," were urging upon applauding multitudes, in London and Manchester, the propriety of selling our ships of the line, disbanding our troops, and trusting to the Peace Conference to settle the disputes of nations; and successive Chancellors of the Exchequer, amidst loud cheers from both sides of the House, and the

warm encomiums of the public press, were bringing forward estimates, cutting down to the very lowest point our military and naval establishments.

It cannot, at least, be said that this course was pursued without due warning. Sir Francis Head, and many military writers of distinction, pointed out the peril in the most emphatic manner; and if our readers will turn to *Blackwood's Magazine* for February, 1851, they will find the following passage in an article on the "External Dangers of the Country:"—

"How rapidly will the scales one day fall from the eyes which have so long been blinded: how bitter will be the regret at the inexplicable insensibility now to solemn warnings: how intense the indignation at the delusions, which, for the sake of present advantage to the deluders, have so long been practised upon men! The burst of indignation with which the appointment of the Lord Cardinal was received throughout England can afford but a faint image of the feelings of agony which will then wring the British heart; the frightful cry of distress which will arise up from famishing and anxious millions—*the universal horror at past neglect, which will then send the iron into the soul of our whole people.* Their efforts to redeem the past will probably be great; their struggles will be those of a giant; but it may be too late. They will be in the condition of the Athenian people after the expedition to Syracuse, or when Lysander cast anchor before the Piræus; of the Carthagenians, when the legions of Scipio, in the last Punic war, drew round their walls; or of the Parisians, when "Europe in arms before their gates" demanded the surrender of all their conquests. They will be profoundly mortified, they will be cut to the heart, they would give half they possess for a deliverance; but they may be forced to submit; and to the annalist of those mournful times will only remain the task of drawing the appropriate moral from the melancholy tale, and recording the peril and ruin of England, for the instruction of, and as a beacon to be avoided by, future times."*

The theory that wars are to cease; that pacific interests are to govern the world; that the angry passions are to be stilled, and every man is to enjoy the fruits of his toil under the shadow of his own fig tree—is amiable from its pacific spirit, and will always be popular with the simple and unreflecting, from its seeming economical tendency. It is liable only to two objections; that it is utterly impracticable under the existing constitution and circumstances of human nature; and if it were practicable, that it would lead to the ruin and subjugation of the State. If, indeed, all men were of the same disposition, placed in the same physical, moral, and political circumstances, and actuated by the same interests, it might reasonably be expected that this would one day be the case. If all men were equally virtuous and peaceful, and all alike inclined to pursue their own path without molesting or disquieting their neighbours, the Utopian vision might possibly be realised. When Moscow is as free and as dependent on commercial interests as Manchester, and Paris as London; when the Cossack ceases to long for plunder, and the Frenchman to sigh for glory; when women shall cease to be attracted chiefly by the halo of military glory; and the military spirit, when once thoroughly roused, shall cease to thrill through the inmost chords of the British heart, —we may hope for the cessation of war, but not till then.

In truth war, as men's minds are at present constituted, is an essential element in the moral government and improvement of the world. With our eyes fixed, indeed, on the charnel-house of Balaklava, the gory fields of the Crimea, the anguish brought into so many families by the loss of their bravest and their best, none can dispute the present evils and partial agonies of war. But observe, even at the moment when their sufferings are endured, the moral elevation and enlarged sensibility which war produces. Behold the heart of a whole nation throbbing as that of one man at the call of patriotic duty! Behold our nobles standing forth, as their fathers did in the olden time, as the traditional leaders of the people, and casting aside all the follies and frivolities of peace to exhibit the patience and fortitude of war! Behold the people following them with alacrity to the combat, crowding with joy to

* *Blackwood's Magazine*, February, 1851, lxix. 201, 202.

the scene of danger, braving wounds and death in the cause of their country, and renewing on the fields of the Crimea the devotion of Thermopylæ and Marathon! Behold a whole nation standing up with enthusiasm at the glorious spectacle, and making the shouts of their exultation and the thunder of their applause resound through the world; and every human being within it, from the Queen on the throne to the captive in the dungeon, uniting in deeds of gratitude, and in the expressions of thankfulness, and joining in the beautiful words of the Sovereign—"Let not any private soldier think he is neglected; his Queen thanks him, his country honours him." Let us think on these things, and compare them with the spectacle which the same nation exhibited a few years before, when selfish interests were alone predominant, when every man was trying to make a fortune at the expense of his neighbour, and we were raising statues, not to chivalrous heroes, but to railway kings! Let us think of these things, and bow with submission to the laws of Omnipotence, which have made war part of the destiny and the means of punishment and reformation to a corrupted being, and acknowledge that, if prosperity is joyful, "sweet often are the uses of adversity."

Even in an economical point of view this wretched system of reduction, which has so often been adopted by the English during peace, is as short-sighted and pernicious as it is perilous. It inevitably leads to the recurrence, and multiplies tenfold the cost of war. Deprived of all consideration, and respect from the foreign powers by whom it is surrounded, a rich and renowned, but disarmed state speedily becomes the object only of envy and cupidity to its warlike and rapacious neighbours. Attack, attracted by riches, prompted by jealousy, suggested by ambition, is encouraged by the absence of defence, the prospect of helplessness. The prestige of former fame, the remembrance of past triumphs, may for a time protect it, and conceal present weakness by the halo of former renown; but that cannot be expected to last very long. The inevitable time will come, the hour of danger will arrive, when the passions of ambitious and penniless rapacity will be let loose on the wealthy and unprotected state—and how is it then to be defended? Enormous efforts, gigantic expenditure, will be required to avert disaster or subjugation. Even if they are made, success can in the end be attained only at the cost of immense sacrifices of blood and treasure, and after the sufferings of a long, hazardous, and burdensome war. Four-fifths of the debt which now oppresses the industry and weighs down the national strength of England, has been occasioned by the selfish parsimony of former times. Danger is averted by preparation; war is often avoided by the inspiring of dread; if begun, it is shortened by the exercise of strength. Had four millions a year additional been expended on the army between 1784 and 1793, Paris would have been taken in the first campaign, and nineteen years of subsequent most costly war, and the contraction of £600,000,000 of debt, would have been avoided. If we had had 100,000 infantry and 20,000 cavalry and artillery, and 80,000 militia in the British Islands in the beginning of 1854, the Czar would never have ventured upon war; or if he did so, he might, with an able Government directing the attack, have lost Cronstadt and Sebastopol in the first campaign. It was the defenceless state of England which prompted the Emperor Nicholas to his invasion of Moldavia and Wallachia in July, 1853. Had we been even moderately prepared, he would never have crossed the Pruth. If we would discover the real authors of the war, we shall find them in those who counselled admiring and assenting multitudes at Manchester that the age of war was passed, that we should disband our troops and sell our ships of the line.—Their names are Richard Cobden, John Bright, and Joseph Sturge.

Xenophon says that, if Athens had been an insular state, it would have conquered Sparta in the Peloponnesian war, because it could, with its command of the sea, have ruined its adversary, while its adversary could not have reached it. That advantage which Athens wanted England possessed; but it has been all but thrown away by the infatuation of our people

and the blind submission to popular dictation of our rulers. Wafted on board its powerful navy, its magnificent steamships, the army of England could in a fortnight have reached either Cronstadt or Sebastopol, while the forces of Russia were hermetically sealed within their granite bastions. If we had had such an army, what marvellous, what decisive success might, under able direction, have been attained in the first campaign! If 40,000 men had accompanied Sir Charles Napier to the Baltic, where would now have been the fleets of Sweaborg and Cronstadt? Burnt in their harbours, or prizes at Spithead. If a reserve of 30,000 men had been at hand in Malta to reinforce the army which conquered at the Alma, Sebastopol would long ere this have been taken. A real investment would have been made: and while half of our army pressed the fortress alike *on the north* and south, the other half would have covered the siege, and, if attacked, renewed the triumphs with which the campaign opened. Decisive success was within our power, if we had possessed, when hostilities broke out, a force at all commensurate to our national strength or material resources. If we have not gained it, and have only achieved barren victories, these are owing to the glorious chivalry of our officers, the indomitable courage of our men, which have, in some degree, compensated, though at the expense of their own blood, the long-continued blindness and infatuation of the country, which rendered useless all the immense advantages that Providence had put into our hands.

The anxiety which we now so generally feel for the safety of our heroic army, and the fearful chasms which sickness and hardships, more than the sword of the enemy, have made in its ranks, has forcibly drawn the attention of the nation to the causes of these disasters, and the way in which the prospects of a campaign, which began with such brilliant success, have become so overclouded in its close. The chief cause, as already shown, is to be found in the monstrous reductions of former years, and the infatuation with which our constituencies demanded, and our press applauded, and our rulers adopted, the system of economy which paralysed our strength just in proportion as our enemy was increasing his. An army is not made in a day; long training, extensive preparation, is indispensable towards its formation. It takes two years to make a horse-soldier; fifteen months to make a thorough foot-soldier. If hurried into the ranks before thus instructed and trained, they may indeed become *chair au canon*, or encumber hospitals; but it is in vain to expect from them the efficiency of real soldiers. They may fight bravely in the field, but they will melt away under the severity of military duty: the dripping bivouac, the stinted rations, the service in the trenches, will prove fatal to their inexperienced strength. This has been sufficiently proved in the siege of Sebastopol. The troops which suffered most from fatigue and sickness there, were the new regiments and the young soldiers. The idea so common with civilians, therefore, that it is time enough to raise soldiers when they are required, and folly to maintain a costly peace establishment for the eventualities of war, is an error of the most dangerous kind.—*If the army is not raised and trained in peace, it cannot act with effect in the first years of war.* Early disaster is inevitable; and this, accordingly, has been invariably experienced in England for a hundred and fifty years. The defeats in Flanders in 1793, in Affghanistan in 1840, and in Caffraria in 1849 were examples, of which the horrors of the Crimean bivouac has been the last. To raise soldiers and send them off at once, after a few months' drill, to the seat of war, is worse than useless. It is sacrificing life and strength, courage and devotion, for scarce any advantage. To make a good soldier in 1854, he must have been enrolled in 1852, and disciplined through the whole of 1853; and a dragoon requires a still longer apprenticeship. There is but one way of having a powerful and efficient army in the beginning of war, and that is to have it established on an adequate scale, and thoroughly organised in peace.

Nor is this all. The *administrative* part of the army is not its least important department, and it is the one

in which long previous organization and preparation is peculiarly indispensable. It is the one, accordingly, which invariably is found most deficient, and from the faults of which most disaster ensues on the first breaking out of hostilities. The wagon train, the providing huts and tents for the soldiers, the cooking department, the securing of magazines, the organising the means of transport for the baggage, the providing mules and bat-horses for the officers and men, the arrangement and preparation of hospitals, medicines, surgeons, and nurses, the clothing and equipments of the men, are as much the duty of those at the head of an army, and fully as essential to its success, as combating bravely in the field. Cæsar tells us, in his Commentaries, he began all his expeditions with "Re frumentaria provisa;" and Marshal Saxe said, "he was the best general who fed his soldiers best." These administrative duties, however, are less conspicuous than those in the field. They are less imperatively called for in peace, and therefore, under an economical system of government, which, disregarding the interests of the public service, looks only to the diminution of its expenditure, they are the first to be neglected. Where is now the admirable wagon train, organised by Wellington, which brought up in the depth of winter the siege equipage that tore down the ramparts of Ciudad Rodrigo? Where the hospital establishment which awaited, and so wonderfully restored, the sick and wounded at Lisbon? The whole administrative department, which by incessant effort during six years he had brought to such perfection, has been quietly consigned to the vault of all the Capulets, in order that Liberal Ministries might obtain loud cheers from both sides of the House by bringing forward reduced estimates; and the camp at Sebastopol, the charnel-house at Scutari, the horrors of the mid-passage, have been the consequences.

Add to this, that the duties of a soldier are only *half learned* by all the military tuition he has received during the last forty years in the British Islands. Take a soldier in the Guards, the Highland Brigade, the Scots Greys, or the 11th Hussars. He is admirably drilled, disciplined, and equipped; he is as brave as a lion, and excites the admiration of every beholder by his gallant bearing in Hyde Park and the hills of Chobham. If called into battle he will exhibit the heroism of the Alma, the devotion of Balaklava, the iron constancy of Inkermann. It is well; his country may well be proud of him, and *she is proud*. Is that all she has to do? Do these heroic efforts in the field exhaust his military duties? What preparation has been made for the remainder —that is, for nineteen-twentieths of the duties he has to perform, the life he has to lead? Put him in the trenches of Sebastopol, with the water up to his knees, and a cannon-ball every minute whizzing over his head; place him on a night-watch, with a stealthy Muscovite battalion creeping up in the dark to his feet; send him to cook his victuals, to put up his tent, to assist in getting firewood, to lend a hand in dragging guns through the mud, to forage a country for provender for the horses, to do any other of the daily *pacific duties* of a soldier in the field, and he is as ignorant of them as the child unborn. He has never been taught them, and he is left to pick them up as he best can, by the pressure of hardship and suffering in the field, often under the guns of an enemy, or by observing what is done by his better instructed and experienced Allies.

It is commonly said that this is owing to our insular situation, and happy exemption from actual warfare, by the respect excited by former victories. There never was a greater mistake, at least so far as the last forty years are concerned. The truth is, that, so far from having had less military experience than other Powers during that period, we have had *incomparably more; and, in particular, far more than the troops either of France or Russia*. Our naval supremacy and colonial empire have brought us into collision with fierce and barbarous nations in every quarter of the globe. The former of these Powers has never fired a shot during that period, except at Antwerp in 1832, at Algiers in 1830, and with the Arabs in Algeria afterwards. The lat-

ter has had no warfare since the peace of 1815, except in Turkey in 1828–9, and Poland for nine months in 1831, and Hungary in 1849, with occasional conflicts with the Circassians and Persians. But the English during that period have maintained great and long wars in every quarter of the globe; they have successively encountered the Mahratta alliance of 1817, the Pindarree war of 1819, the first Burmese war of 1825, the storm of Bhurtpore, the Goorkha war, the two Affghanistaun expeditions, the Scinde campaigns, the Gwalior conflict, the desperate passage of arms on the Sutledge, the battles of Ferrozeshah, Sobraon, Chillianwallah, and Goojerat, the second Burmese war of 1852, the three Chinese campaigns, the two bloody ones in Caffraria. All the armies of continental Europe put together have not had the military experience which those of Great Britain, especially in India, have enjoyed since the battle of Waterloo.

How, then, has it happened that an army composed of such admirable materials, headed by such noble officers, and trained by so much and such dear-bought experience, is always found so lamentably deficient in practical skill and administrative organisation, when serious hostilities first break out? The answer is to be found in two circumstances, springing out of our constitution and government, which have been little attended to in the first conflict of parties during the last anxious months, more solicitous to heap blame upon individuals than affix a stigma on institutions or customs. It is in these, however, that the real cause of the present disasters and anxiety is to be found, and in the awakening of the nation to them that the only security against their recurrence is to be looked for.

The first of these is, that, from our army having been reduced to so low a figure since 1815—at an average not more than 100,000 or 110,000 men, of whom one-half was absorbed in *isolated* colonial stations, or *detached garrison duties* at home—great part of our army, and nearly all the young soldiers, have never known what it was to act in large bodies together. There are many regiments in our army which, for the first time in the experience of nine-tenths of the officers and men in them, had never been brigaded with another before they stood shoulder to shoulder at the Alma or Balaklava. They had formerly seen only outpost duty in Ireland, or garrison duty in the Mediterranean or the West Indies. This is an evil of the very first magnitude, which, in the long run, and for the active administrative duties of a campaign, often renders the courage and strength of the men and heroism of the officers of little lasting avail. They are sent into active service, and exposed to the hardships and sufferings of real warfare, without the smallest knowledge or preparation for it on the part of either the civil or military authorities of the army. If, like all the Continental states—even the smallest—we had had camps of 20,000 or 30,000 men together annually formed, *moved about and provisioned from magazines* in England and Ireland during the last twenty years, we should never have seen the woeful and almost incredible ignorance in those respects which the Crimean campaign has exhibited, and with which, not less than with the courage of our troops, Europe is now ringing from side to side. It is impossible it could have been exhibited, if experience had taught our civil and military officers in the Queen's service, as it has long done those in the Native Indian army, the necessities of men when banded together. But the thing could not be thought of till 1853, when it was begun on a small scale at Chobham, because we had not men to brigade together; and if we had possessed them, the Chancellor of the Exchequer could not have faced a reformed House of Commons with a proposal of £200,000 or £300,000, to instruct our troops in the first elements of real military service.

The second is, that, during the forty years of peace and incessant clamour of the constituencies, the House of Commons, and the press, for economic reduction, it has become a fixed habit of all superior functionaries, in all departments of the public service, *to estimate inferior ones according to the reductions of expenditure which they could effect* in their several depart-

ments, and of these inferior functionaries to look for approbation or promotion according as they exhibited the same qualities, without the slightest regard on either side to the interests of the public, or the right administration of the public service. *Dread of visible expense* was the bugbear which stood before every one's eyes. There was an enemy whom they all had to face. He was to be found, not on the Continent, but in the House of Commons. His leader was neither Nicholas nor Napoleon, but Joseph Hume. Reduction in all departments was the one thing needful: it was the condition of ministerial existence, the *sine quâ non* of official toleration or patronage. If any young public officer, unacquainted with the secrets of the service, was indiscreet enough to propose anything involving present expenditure, however small, to avert future disaster, however great, he got first the cold shoulder; next, if he persevered in his efforts, dismissal. We speak of a matter as notorious as the sun at noonday. If any one doubts it, let him consult, *in private*, any Government functionary, in any department of the public service. This has been the main cause of all our disasters during the present campaign, which otherwise would be incredible. Every public functionary, from the Chancellor of the Exchequer downwards, has been taught during nearly half a century to avoid everything which, however slightly, could entail present additional expense on the public service; and not even to hint at deficiencies or evils, how great soever, which by possibility could swell the estimates for the ensuing year. So invariable has been this practice, so stern this necessity, that it has stamped its image and superscription upon our whole public servants from the highest to the lowest. They all bent to necessity, and that was the necessity of propitiating a clamorous House of Commons, which during the same period was earning popularity by taking off taxes: they all looked for favour and promotion, and that by pursuing a course which was year by year bringing the nation nearer to perdition.

In proof that this was the real cause of our Crimean disasters, it is sufficient to mention the fact, that the evils which have been experienced have been all those which belonged to what may be called the *extra-administrative service*, and required extraordinary outlay at the beginning of war beyond the usual and accustomed estimates. The ordinary commissariat was excellent, and it fed the troops as well at Constantinople or Varna, *or day by day* at Sebastopol, as it had done at Chobham or Knightsbridge; but nothing was provided for storing magazines in fine weather, and during summer, for the storms of winter, or providing a road while the sun shone which would stand when the storms of winter began. The ordinary clothing was good, and excited the admiration of all who beheld it, when the troops first arrived at the Bosphorus; but winter clothing was never thought of till absolute want forced attention to it upon Government, in the beginning of November. The regimental surgeons were excellent, and in more than the usual proportion to the men; extra surgeons, a medical staff at Scutari, though destined to receive the whole wounded from the Crimea, there were next to none. The artillery horses were good as they appeared at Chobham; where were the reserve horses and waggon-trains to bring up the siege stores and magazines, and supply the casulties of the campaign? It is not to be supposed that the many sensible and able men in the various departments in the administrative and medical branches of the army were not alive to these deficiencies, and, in fact, they were pointed out by the medical and civil officers of the army. But no one ventured to urge them on the Government, and the Government had not sense enough to propose them, for they had the *former* experience of a reformed House of Commons before their eyes. We say the former experience: for, like all other popular bodies, the reformed House, though steadily resisting *previous* expense or preparation, became loudly clamorous for effort, and regardless of expense, when the danger was before their eyes; and the British people, now thoroughly awakened to their danger,

would gladly agree to the most liberal grants of money.

Two other particulars deserve especial notice before concluding this subject.

The first is, that the department of the army in which the superiority of the Russians has been most apparent, is the very one in which the English, in the pride of intellect, expected the most decisive success. We boasted of our science, our mechanical skill, our arts; and the complacent admirers of existing things told us confidently our artillery would at once prove its superiority to the Russian, and that Sebastopol would be "smashed" in three days. Where are these boasts now? We have defeated the enemy, but it was by the qualities which have descended to our officers and their soldiers from their Norman and Saxon forefathers, but from no aid which we have derived, either from the wisdom and forethought of our popular Government, or the skill or genius of our mechanical people. In both these respects we have been beat by our despotic enemy, outdone by his barbarian subjects. In number and weight of guns, the Russian artillery has shown itself as superior to ours as the Russian administration has, in the raising, feeding, and bringing up of large bodies of soldiers. Whence this extraordinary difference, so exactly the reverse of everything which, in the pride of civilisation and intellect, we had expected? Simply in this, the one cost money, the other did not. The blood flowing in the veins of our officers, which recalled the chivalry of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, in those of our soldiers the constancy of Agincourt, cost Ministers nothing; but it would have cost them a great deal, and they must have faced a reformed House of Commons five years ago, to produce an artillery and siege equipage superior to what the Czar had collected at the very extremity of his dominions. Thence the victories of Alma and Inkermann won by our soldiers, and the siege of Sebastopol still protracted, amidst heroic constancy, from the long-continued faults of our Government.

The next circumstance worthy of notice is, that the deficiencies which have appeared in our service have appeared chiefly in those departments where, according to the popular doctrines, we should least have expected them, and the success has been achieved in those where, if their principles were correct, deficiency and ruin were to be expected. There has been no failure in the Guards, headed by the flower of the aristocracy, at the Alma or Inkermann, or in the cavalry led by the chivalry of England in the immortal charges at Balaklava; but can the same be said of the commissariat department, the reserve medical staff, the harbour arrangements at Balaklava, the providing of draught-horses and passable roads at Sebastopol? In these departments, intrusted to the direction of the sons of the middle classes, the deficiencies we all deplore have chiefly appeared. Observe, *we do not* ascribe blame to the employes in these departments; we do not say they have failed because they were the sons of clergymen and physicians. We know well what the British empire owes to the sons of these men. We neither repudiate nor are ashamed of our own order. But what we do say is, that the calamities we deplore have been owing to a *general cause which has rode over them both*, and that that cause is to be found in the senseless economy and reductions which have been forced upon successive Governments since the peace, by public clamour and the Liberal press; and that it is unfair to say it would be remedied by substituting for the class in which glorious success has been obtained that in which chiefly deficiency has been experienced.

Having said so much on the general causes of our present difficulties, we have little space left for that which occupies so large a portion of public attention, which is, the comparative merit or demerit of the persons engaged in the service that has experienced them.

We are not among those who require much from a War Minister, still less of those who assert that civilians are incapable of rightly discharging the duties of the office. On the contrary, we think that a civilian, if an able and instructed man, is sometimes more likely to fill the office with advantage than a military man, because he is

less liable to the influence of *insignificant* military details, objects of care to martinets, or of powerful military connections. But admitting this on the one hand, it seems equally clear, on the other, that there are some things which the nation has a right to expect in one who undertakes the direction of its military armaments. It is entitled to expect that he shall know that winter succeeds summer; that it sometimes rains, and somewhat heavily, on the shores of the Black Sea in November and December; that a Russian winter is severe, and absolutely requires warm clothing for the troops to be ready before it sets in; that it takes three weeks for the military tailor to clothe an army, and three weeks more to send it to the Crimea from London; that men require food at all times, and armies magazines in bad weather; that wounded and sick men require surgeons, and attendants, and hospitals—and vessels conveying the maimed to them, suitable attendants; that if roads are bad, or liable to be broken up, they should be mended during the fine weather; and if a winter campaign is to be entered upon, the men, if they are not to die like dogs, must be hutted; that meat cannot be ate raw, nor coffee drank unroasted; that fires cannot be made without fuel, nor fuel got without beasts of burden to bring it to the camp; that Russia is a great military power, and England, in comparison of its strength, a very small one. These are not great requirements from a War Minister; and if to these are added the essential requisites of *moral courage*, and ability to face a reformed House of Commons, the main duties of a War Minister will be satisfactorily discharged, though he possesses neither the energy of Napoleon, the administrative powers of Marlborough, nor the constancy of Wellington.

The first blame which we attach to Government, in the conduct of the present war, is that they did not call out the militia of the *whole empire*, and largely increase the regular army *years before it broke out*. They tell us themselves that it was long foreseen, that it was known to them, that it was unavoidable, and that they were made aware by the words of the Czar himself to Sir H. Seymour, that he contemplated the partition of the Turkish Empire, and invited us to share in its spoils by accepting Egypt and Candia. Well, knowing this, aware of an impending rupture with the greatest military power in the world, what did they do to guard against its dangers? Why, *they went out of office in February* 1852 *rather than call the militia out even in England*, and for six weeks pertinaciously resisted Lord Derby's effort to establish it. In Scotland and Ireland it was not called out till August 11, 1854, and it is not yet embodied. Lord Eglinton and Sir A. Alison loudly complained of this extraordinary neglect at the great meeting on Scottish Rights, held at Edinburgh on November 4, 1853, six months before the war broke out, but four months after the Pruth had been crossed, and it was evidently unavoidable; but they met with nothing but ridicule and abuse for their pains, especially from the *Times* newspaper. Had their advice been followed, we should, in May 1854, have had 40,000 additional disciplined troops to defend our own shores, and serve as a nursery for the troops of the line. The Foreign Enlistment Bill was the child of this supineness and folly. We were obliged to incur the contempt of the world by seeking for foreign mercenaries with a population of 27,000,000, because we had not courage to face the hostility of a reformed House of Commons, by proposing in time the requisite measures for the arming of our own people.

When the war did break out in March 1854, our preparations at that, the eleventh hour, were wholly disproportioned to the magnitude of the contest in which we had engaged. Mr. Gladstone proposed an increase of 15,000 men to the regular army, and £3,000,000 to the estimates, to combat an empire possessing 70,000,000 of inhabitants and 600,000 men in arms! It is true, £3,000,000 additional was voted when the war was raging and the House had somewhat warmed in the fight, but still no word of the Scottish or Irish militia, which to this day is not embodied, though we have been three months in mortal strife in the Crimea with above 100,000 Russians. When we now-

see what the contest is in which we have engaged, it is lamentable to think of the supineness which has characterised our preparations for it. What have the Russians done? Levied 1 man in 100 in their whole dominions, which will bring at least 250,000 men into the field. What has Louis Napoleon done? Called out 150,000 men, and contracted a loan of £20,000,000. What has England done? Ordered 25,000 men additional to be added to the regular army, of which only half are enrolled; and none can be made effective soldiers for a year to come—that is, till Sebastopol is either taken, or the siege raised, and the fate of the campaign is decided. Thence the introduction of the Foreign Enlistment Bill, proposing to join German mercenaries to our noble soldiers, who "go into battle shouting England, England! and die saying we have done our duty."

We attach no blame to *Ministers*—whatever we may do to all *Ministries* and Houses of Commons since 1815, for their senseless reductions—for not sending out a larger army to the East in April last, nor for the destination which they gave it. They sent out nearly 35,000 men, as that was all they had to send at the time. In fact, the regiments sent off were made up to that amount only by such copious drafts from those left at home that they were rendered perfect skeletons, and have since been filled up entirely with raw recruits, wholly unequal to the fatigues, however adequate they may be to the dangers of the campaign. As little is it any reproach that they were sent at first to Varna. To defend Constantinople, at that time seriously menaced by the Russians, was the first object of the campaign: it was justly the first object to erect lines in front of it, like those of Torres Vedras before Lisbon. It was not till the siege of Silistria was raised in July that offensive operations could be thought of; and then Sebastopol was the great object, because its capture and the destruction of the fleet would at once, and in the very first campaign, have attained the principal objects of the war.

The fact of the victory of the Alma having been gained, and the Russians shut up, though with an army yet in the field, in Sebastopol, proves that, though not nearly so strong as might have been desired, the allied army was at least able, in the first instance, to beat the enemy, and seriously menace his great stronghold. It was not, however, more than half the force required for its reduction, as Sir Howard Douglas has clearly demonstrated in his most able paper on the Crimean campaign, annexed to his great work on gunnery, and published in the *United Service Journal* for January 1855. But it was there that the great want of foresight in the conduct of the campaign became conspicuous. *We had no reserve force in Malta or Corfu to keep the army* in the field up to its level of 27,000 men, which it had attained when the Allies landed in the Crimea. The reinforcements sent out in September and October were mere driblets, not amounting in all to 3000 men. In November 12,300 men, according to the Duke of Newcastle, were sent out; but "trop tard" to avert the carnage of Inkermann, and repair the subsequent waste of life during the siege. Eight thousand men, with a few guns, were then exposed to the assault of at least 50,000 Russians, with 84 guns placed on an advantageous height. Had they not resisted with an heroic constancy which rivals the devotion of Thermopylæ, the allied army would have been pierced through the centre, and probably forced to capitulate. Reinforced by a reserve of 20,000 men from Malta and Corfu, as the army might have been—for the men were in the British Islands, and *were sent out, though too late* for the attainment of present success, or the averting of frightful disaster, between July and December—we would have routed the Russians at Balaklava, preserved the road by Kadikoi from Balaklava to the camp, hurled the Muscovites in confusion down the steeps of Inkermann, and enabled the French on the same day, in repulsing the sortie against them, to capture Sebastopol and terminate the war in a single day.

But the greatest mistake of all, and which is the most incomprehensible, is the OMISSION FROM FIRST TO LAST TO INSTITUTE ANY REAL OR EFFECTIVE BLOCKADE OF ODESSA OR THE

Sea of Azoff! One and all of the Russian prisoners taken at Inkermann, said they *came by sea from Odessa*, and that the two Grand-dukes came in the same way. Ministers denied this; but the fact is now ascertained that Odessa has never yet been blockaded, for the *Gazette* of Jan. 10, 1855, contains for the *first time* a notification of an effective blockade of that harbour from February 1, 1855! The troops who came up in such unexpected strength at Inkermann, and so nearly destroyed the allied army, reached their destination, it would appear, a fortnight sooner than was anticipated, because, with thirty ships of the line and forty steamers in the Euxine, we had never blockaded the enemy's great commercial harbour. Odessa has been to them through the whole campaign as effective a magazine and *place d'armes* as Constantinople was to us! No wonder the Russian troops are well fed while ours were starving. No wonder they brought 80,000 men into the field from Balaklava to Sebastopol on November 5, and, but for the heroic gallantry of our troops, would have ruined the entire allied army at Inkermann. The effect of Dannenberg's corps, 40,000 strong, coming up so much sooner than was expected, was incalculable, for the assault *had been fixed for the very next day*, November 6th, and to all appearance would have been successful. In repulsing the sortie of the Russians on November 5, during the battle of Inkermann, the French were *actually in Sebastopol*, and the Russians sprung the mines, their last resource! Whence this astonishing, this inexplicable, this inexcusable omission on the part of a Power possessing a decided and undisputed maritime superiority? Why were not Odessa and the Sea of Azoff blockaded closely since May 1854? How incalculable would have been the results of so obvious a measure! We do not pretend to solve the mystery; we leave Ministers to do that. We suggest only one question which we should like to see *noticed and answered:* Were Odessa and the Sea of Azoff left open TO CONCEAL THE EFFECTS OF FREE TRADE, and *prevent the verification of the predictions made by the Protectionists* as to the effect of that measure, by rendering us dependent on foreign supplies, *to raise grain, even after the finest harvest in these Islands, to famine prices, when the foreign supply was intercepted?*

Nothing need be said as to the unaccountable administrative omissions of Ministers in providing for the plainest and most obvious necessities of the allied army in the Crimea on the approach of winter. When was the order for winter clothing issued by Government? The Duke of Newcastle has told us. It was on *November* 8, three days after the battle of Inkermann, and when the bad weather had already commenced. The loss of the *Prince* was of little moment, as the parliamentary papers regarding its contents proved.* When the warm clothing did arrive at Balaklava in the first week of January, after half the winter was over, where were the beasts of burden to bring it up to the camp? Were there no bat-horses to be bought in Constantinople or Turkey—a city containing 1,000,000, an empire boasting 35,000,000 inhabitants? Why were huts not provided for the men at Constantinople in *September and October?* Were there no shipwrights in the Golden Horn? Why not buy a few old merchantmen, and break them up into wooden log-houses for the soldiers? Why is our cavalry dismounted, our artillery without horses, our batteries unarmed with guns? Where was the

* The warm clothing lost in the *Prince* was, according to the Parliamentary Return—

Woollen socks, . .	35,300	Watch-coats, . .	2,500
Wollen frocks, . .	53,000	Blankets, . . .	16,100
Flannel draws, . .	17,000	Rugs, . . .	3,700

A grievous loss, certainly, but by no means the clothing for the whole army which was ordered on November 8. Besides, who appointed, in the face of serious warnings, the captain of the *Prince*, or the harbour-master, who, after she had been in harbour, and landed the 46th regiment, sent her *with such a cargo on board* into the open sea, under the precipitous rocks of the Crimea, in the stormy month of November?

reserve medical staff when the wounded arrived in thousands from Alma at Scutari? Where were the attendants for them during the passage from Balaklava? Where are the magazines of biscuit stored up in the British camp for winter use, as they were in the French during the six weeks of fine weather after the army first arrived at Sebastopol? It is plain that nothing was foreseen or provided for; and the only conceivable reason why it was so, must have been that *forethought implied preparation, and preparation expense.* Even the miserable excuse of terror of expense is awanting, for the country, long before November, was incessantly urging the necessity of winter preparations, and the papers loudly demanded it.

Mr. Cobden said at Leeds that we had no concern with an aggression three thousand miles off—that we should leave the Russians and Turks to fight it out themselves, and withdraw our troops without delay from the Crimea. He forgets that, if we can reach the Crimea in fifteen days from Portsmouth, the Russians can reach Portsmouth in fifteen days from Sebastopol; and that if we shun the contest in the Crimea for that great fortress, we may have to maintain it in Hampshire for our own arsenals. He says the Czar is not more ambitious now than the French were in the time of Napoleon, or than we ourselves have been in India. This is too true. It is hard to say whether the American Government, elected by universal suffrage, and strongly influenced by mercantile interests, or the French Convention, springing from the storms of the Revolution, or the British rule in India, directed by a mercantile company, or the Russian in Europe, wielded at the will of the Czar, has proved itself most ambitious. We are all more or less ambitious—prudence or inability to rob alone restrains us. The conclusion Mr. Cobden draws from this is, that since we live in a world of robbers, we should submit quietly to be robbed—since we live in a world of smiters, we should present our cheek to be smote. The conclusion we draw is, that we should prepare ourselves manfully for the struggle, and avert disaster by taking measures to prevent it,

Happily for the country, there can *now* be no longer any doubt as to the course which should be pursued to attain this object. In this respect, at least, the reformed Parliaments have done a very great service to the nation. They have presented a *beacon to be avoided* by all future rulers. We have nothing to do but *undo everything which they have done, and we are sure to be right.* Their principle was to sacrifice the future to the present, and we see the consequence; let ours be to sacrifice the present to the future, and we shall see the consequence. Submit to present burdens in order to purchase future advantages—that is the well-known secret of success in private life, and it is the equally certain means of attaining prosperity and security in public affairs. There is no royal road to safety in nations, any more than to kings in geometry. If we would be secure in the end, we must make sacrifices in the beginning, just as, if we would be rich in old age, we must be industrious in youth. Why is the Czar now so formidable, and able to bid defiance to banded Europe, and hold the balance, even notwithstanding his comparative poverty, with the united forces of England and France? Simply because in peace he did not relax the sinews of war, but, on the contrary, employed forty years of pacification in making a great and ceaseless preparation for future hostility, as we did in relaxing former efforts, and abandoning the means of future defence—*Fas est et ab hoste doceri.* Let us, now that we are engaged in this conflict, imitate this example; and the superior wealth, energy, and courage of our people must in the end, as it did in the war of the Revolution, secure to us the victory.

Let us not be deterred by early disaster, even if, *quod Deus avertat*, it should occur. Recollect the disarming, after the victories of Marlborough, was punished by the convention of Closterseven; that after the American War, by the flight from Flanders; but recollect also that the energy of the Earl of Chatham produced the peace of Paris, the constancy of Wellington, the triumph of

Waterloo. To attain similar advantages, however, we must make similar efforts. The first thing to do is to double the strength and increase the efficiency of our army. There is but one way to do this—draw your purse-strings. Foreign mercenaries will never do. To defeat the Muscovite hordes, we must have bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh. But we cannot do this without an increase of pay. The war market in Europe has to compete with the peace market at home and in the colonies; and an increase of wages can alone secure for it the preference. *Raise the pay of foot-soldiers to* 1*s.* 6*d. a-day, and of dragoons and artillerymen to* 2*s.*, and you will have no want of soldiers of your own race, who will perpetuate the glories of Agincourt and Inkermann. Encourage virtue and fidelity in the ranks, by opening the path of honour and promotion, in limited numbers, to the most deserving. *Increase immensely your field and heavy artillery*, that ceaseless object of Russian increase and of English diminution. Remove from the officers the frightful injustice, that he who perishes in the service of his country loses the price of his commission, and leaves his family beggars, while he who deserts it leaves them in comfort. Call out, without an instant's delay the *whole militia*, and raise by ballot a "landsturm" or local militia, immovable, save in case of invasion, to nourish its ranks and those of the regular army. Let the rich submit to a doubled income-tax, the poor to enhanced spirit, tea, and house duties. We are aware of the dangers of prediction in public affairs, but we will hazard one. We have the means of success within ourselves and our noble allies, if we will only use them: like the Douglas and Percy together, England and France may bid defiance to the world in arms. It is the unforeseeing only who are ultimately punished. Victory will in the end reward the arms of freedom, if those who wield them are worthy of its cause.

TO AN ITALIAN BEGGAR-BOY.—

Thou miniature of woe!
Thy half-clad, meagre form
Along the streets doth go—
Starvation's spectre! Sun and storm—
To thee alike—
Unheeded strike
That head which ne'er did covering know.

Thy ravenous eyes do glare
Like a young wolf's, dread boy!
Fearful is childhood's stare,
Bereft of childhood's joy:
It makes me wild
To see a child
Who never gladdend at a toy.

Oh, hard must be the lot
That makes a *child* a dread!
Where children's smiles are not,
Thorns grow in flowerets' stead;
A child's glad face
Is Heaven's own grace
Round manhood's stern existence shed.

Turn off that hungry eye,
It gnaws at Pity's heart!
Here's bread—but come not nigh—
Thy *look* makes agues start!
There—take the whole—
To thy starved soul
No crumb of joy will bread impart.

Thine is the famished cry
Of a young heart unfed,
The hollow spirit's sigh,
For something more than bread.
"Give! give!" it says—
Ah, vain he prays
To man, who prayer to God ne'er said!

Wert thou of woman born—
Did human mother's breast
Nourish thee, thing forlorn?
Hath any love carest
Thine infant cheek;
Did'st ever speak,
Or hear, the name of father blest?

No, no, it cannot be!
Thou art the birth of Want—
Thy sire was Misery,
Thy mother Famine gaunt!
Thou hadst no home,
The naked dome
Was all the roof earth thee could grant.

See! here a happy troop
  Of real children come,
Their lips the fond names group
  Of Father, Mother, Home!
    They go not far—
    Love is the star
That draws them back whene'er they roam.

But wherefore, with mock grin,
  Dost thou pursue these now;
Hath childhood any kin
  Or kith with such as *thou?*
    One hand did form
    The bird and worm—
No other kinship these allow.

Hark! there rings Nature's laugh
  Fresh from those well-fed throats,
Old age leans on his staff
  To listen to its notes:
    That gush of joy
    Makes him a boy—
How glad remembrance o'er it gloats!

Does that spasmodic scream
  Jerked from thy shrunken chest,
A human effort seem
  To laugh among the rest?
    It shocks the ear,
    O God! to hear
  Woe, through a child's false laugh, confest!

And have these children all
  One Father, who each owns?
How partial blessings fall
  Upon his little ones!
    Why, outcast boy,
    Must thou mock joy,
While these pour out its natural tones?

Ah! why indeed? Be hushed
  Short-sighted soul! and wait,
To learn why worms are crushed,
  While birds sing at heaven's gate;
    Why pools infect,
    While lakes reflect,
The pure sky, and bear Fortune's freight.

E. C. M.

FLORENCE, *Dec.* 1854.

ZAIDEE: A ROMANCE.

PART III.

CHAP. XVIII.—THE CLERGY.

A LITTLE group of reverend gentlemen stand in the porch of Briarford school. The subdued hum behind, full of awe and a little excitement—the sun-burnt urchin peeping from the window, with his hand over his eyes for custom's sake, to shade him from the sun, though no sun is here—the neat little woman curtseying and respectful behind, taking leave of the Vicar and his reverend associates, give you note that some pastoral oversight or examination has been going on in this small noisy sheepfold to-day.

First of all, here is Mr. Wyburgh, vicar of the parish. If the good man were minded to disguise himself, scarcely a scarlet coat could serve the purpose, for his trim and snowy linen, his close clerical vest and spotless costume, his stiff plain band of white neckcloth, is not more distinctly and decorously professional, than is the very voice and smile, the little gesture of the reverend hand, and measured cadence of the respectable footstep, so familiar on all parochial highways. You will perceive that the Rev. Richard Wyburgh is what, when we would speak after a complimentary fashion, we call "under the middle size"—in plainer words, a small spare figure, without an ounce of superfluous weight to encumber his activity; not a strong man by nature, but knitted into sinewy vigour by a life of patient exertion, undemonstrative and unboastful; a little short-sighted, as those concentrated puckers round his keen, kindly, twinkling eyes bear witness; a little bald, with thin locks half-way between white and sand colour in complexion, and strangely feathery in texture, fringing his well-formed head; otherwise not a sign of age about him—as quietly alert and full of spirit as in his youth.

A singularly different person is Mr. Wyburgh's curate, who stands beside him. Tall, lank, stooping, and "ill put together," there is not much that you can call handsome in the outer man of good John Green; and poor Angelina, though she sighs over them most dolefully, cannot manage to bleach those refractory neckcloths into anything like the purity of Mr. Wyburgh's. This prosaic and commonplace care is a very novel one for the Curate's pensive bride; but, after all, she would do her duty if she could; and it is melancholy to see the Rev. John, how he holds out these neckcloths at arm's-length, and shakes his head with a comic ruefulness before he puts them on—though he is, after all, so much of a sloven by nature, that this is a fitting chastisement of his own evil ways. Mr. Green's coats, however made, wear in a peculiar fashion of their own: the skirts so soon learn to hang heavy with pondous volumes, of which burden they retain the shape even when itself is removed; and the collar stands out high and distinct from the neck, which slants away from it, stooping forward. Mr. Green carries a prodigious stick, a most truculent and suspicious-looking bludgeon, and has a wardrobe of hankerchiefs of all the colours of the rainbow thrust into one pocket, to balance the book in the other. So it is in reality a very odd figure which overshadows the Vicar, drawing back a little within the porch of the village school.

The third person is Mr. Powis, rector of the small adjoining parish of Woodchurch, cadet of the antediluvian great family in Wales, servant and suitor of Margaret Vivian of the Grange; and it is needless to say how unstained and glossy, how irreproachable, at once in worldly fashion and in clerical propriety, is the costume of Mr. Powis, in whom is nothing odd, nothing characteristic, not a stray lock or a spot of dust, to suggest to you that he has not newly stepped from his dressing-room—or "from a bandbox," as the village critics say. Daylight does not detract

from the good looks of Mr. Powis; he is still a very handsome young man, and not exactly a coxcomb either, but with grace enough to be slightly shy in his consciousness of his own good looks. You could not find in all the county three men who have less natural affinity; and Mr. Powis, with distinct politeness, and Mr. Green, with a lumbering impatience much more sincere but not quite so courteous, stand lingering and holding apart, to hear the little lecture on education, on its importance, and the extreme necessity of clerical supervision, which Mr. Wyburgh delivers with his clear voice and his forefinger, for the instruction of his juniors, who are by no means anxious to be instructed.

And now they advance along the village street towards the Vicarage; Mr. Wyburgh and Mr. Powis, extremely decorous representatives of the ecclesiastical estate, proceeding in good step and line; Mr. Green sometimes straying a little before, sometimes falling a little behind. And now before the vision of the reverend brethren appears the high-seated Grange, overlooking village and country, with its background of trees waving in the brisk Cheshire gale; the clouds afloat around it like aerial companions, and the sun striking red and cheery upon its shining roof and picturesque gables, but leaving the front in shade. A smile in which there was just a suspicion of complacency and simpering, and a little sigh sentimental and conscious, came to the lip of the young Rector, in acknowledgment of the home of his lady and love.

"A pleasant family the Vivians—a great addition to the society here," says Mr. Powis, with an air of abstraction. Society is a word very much in Mr. Powis's mouth.

"Capital young people, sir—excellent girls," answers the Vicar. "Many a cottage in Briarford will miss Miss Vivian when she is married. That is to be immediately. By the by, Mr. Green, I think of asking Philip for a bit of ground behind the hill yonder for our district school; a good situation, sir; capital, for the poor brickmakers, who begin to squat about there in these wretched huts of theirs. We must do something for these poor fellows, Mr. Green."

"Rogues and reprobates," said Mr. Green laconically, shaking his head.

"The more reason we should do something for them—the more reason," said Mr. Wyburgh. "Philip Vivian must take measures, sir, to improve the condition of his tenantry, now he is come to man's estate. Not that I complain of his mother—a most admirable person; but Philip is young and has all his life before him. We must do great things in this parish yet."

"Do they have much intercourse with Castle Vivan, I wonder?" said Mr. Powis. "Sir Francis is a very influential person. Are our friends on good terms with the other branch of the family, Mr. Wyburgh?"

"I have heard of Sir Francis Vivian," said the Vicar, in his turn shaking his head; "but I think my knowledge goes no further. They are on good terms undoubtedly; family feuds are unknown at the Grange; but I suppose there is little intercourse. I never remember to have seen their relation here."

"A great pity," lamented Mr. Powis. "So influential a person as Sir Francis Vivian is an invaluable friend for young men. I have heard he has a great deal in his power."

A slight half-perceptible sigh concluded this speech. The Vicar turned his quick eyes with an intelligent penetrating glance upon his young companion, and there was something of irony in the Vicar's smile.

"Church preferment, a large share? I have heard of that," said the Vicar quickly.

"I cannot say. General influence in the world, and active life is what I mean," said Mr. Powis, with momentary confusion. "Large landed property and wide family connections make almost any man important, and Sir Francis is an extremely energetic man—certain to advance any one in whom he took an interest—an invaluable friend."

"Good for Percy Vivian," said the Curate, "if Percy were a steady fellow, and would work at anything—which he won't do."

"Time enough, sir, time enough. We never do great things when we are boys at home," said the kind Vicar. "I would rather not trust to

a Sir Francis, for my part. A good life and a true, where independence is, has more comfort in it than preferment. I have always found it so."

"I cannot see what possible cause there is why the one should compromise the other," said Mr. Powis coldly, but with an increasing colour and some annoyance; and the young Rector was very well pleased to turn aside, and take leave of Mr. Green at the Vicarage door. Mr. Powis was to dine at the Vicarage to-day, not greatly to his own enjoyment; but it was one of the professional duties which this most proper and exemplary youth would not neglect on any score.

Mr. Green, who had dined already, lumbered on upon his way; and shooting like a great cloud into the dim little parlour, where Angelina had at last been persuaded to have a fire, stood turning his back upon the shadowed window, and spreading his great hands over the grate for a moment before he sought his own more special retirement.

"There's that young Powis asking all sorts of questions about some great friends the Vivians have in the other end of the country," said the Curate. "If your friend Miss Margaret is to have him, Lina, she had better look up all her connections. A pretty fellow! I believe he likes her too; yet if they could not help him up the ladder, Margaret Vivian might pine herself to death for aught he cared. Pity that she gives him such a chance. But we're all fools enough in such concerns."

So saying, the good Curate swept away, knocking half-a-dozen little books off a table with a whisk of his heavy skirt as he passed, and putting in serious jeopardy Angelina's inkstand, and the light-coloured carpet which an ink stain would "ruin." Escaping rather more swiftly than he intended, after this, Mr. Green saw nothing of the dark slender figure in shadow of his wife's green curtains, who had heard all he had to say; and only some ten minutes after, when glancing up from his own window at a passing shadow, Mr. Green saw Zaidee Vivian hurry forth from the door, did the horror of having made this speech to other ears than his wife's break upon him. Starting up, he hurried again, lumbering and disquieted, to Angelina's parlour. Yes, without dispute, Zaidee had been there.

"She will never think of it again," said the Curate, rubbing his forehead ruefully. "That girl is always dreaming and abstracted—she will never think of it more." So saying, Mr. Green charmed away his own annoyance by the headlong plunge he made into next week's sermon, wherein the divine speedily forgot that there was such a family as the Vivians in the world.

Nor could the Curate have guessed, by any possible reasoning, how heavily these words fell upon poor Zaidee's heart, or how she lingered on her homeward way, desolate and solitary, with the last overwhelming drop hanging on the brim of that cup of bitterness, which was almost too much for her hand to hold.

CHAPTER XIX.—FAMILY PROSPECTS.

"I think, mamma, it would be good for Zaidee to go with me," said Elizabeth; "she grows very pale, and looks very sad. Poor child, the change would rouse her again. What can be the matter, I wonder? But I think she should go with me."

"Bernard would not like it, Elizabeth," said Mrs. Vivian.

"Bernard could say so, mother," said the bride, with her sweet tranquil composure, and her faint passing blush. "We have not so slight a confidence in each other surely *now*, that we cannot speak without disguise. If it displeases Bernard, he will tell me; but I do not think it can."

"Bernard will not like to share your company with any one. I should not be pleased if he did," said Mrs. Vivian. "Your Aunt Blundell is going to London. I did think I should send Sophy and Zaidee with her for a little change. I confess Elizabeth, Zaidee bewilders me; and she is not ill either, for I have spoken to

Dr. Ellis. This is, let me see, the 10th of November—in a fortnight comes Philip's birthday, and the 27th is your *fête*, Lizzy. If all this—her new dresses, and the present I have for her, and being one of your bridesmaids, and all the gaiety—makes no improvement, I shall certainly send Zaidee away for a change."

"Take my advice for once, mamma—send her to school," said Margaret. "I am quite ashamed, for my part. We have all a tolerable education but Zaidee. It is quite a disgrace to us how she has been neglected."

"You forget that I am in fault, if that is the case," said the mother quickly. "Zaidee has not been neglected—nonsense. But I daresay she has been spoiled. Six months at a good school might do very well, and improve her greatly; I shall certainly think of that. But you must not take her, Elizabeth—certainly not—on a wedding tour. The thing is quite out of the question."

She looked like a queen assenting graciously to some great edict concerning a nation. But Elizabeth only said, "Very well, mother, if you think so," as she turned away. Elizabeth did not ask to be convinced, and that sweet grace of acquiescence with which will and personal opinion had so little to do, had a singular conformity with the majestic looks of this simple-hearted bride.

"We are almost ready, mamma," said Margaret, "I wonder if I could finish my poor little picture before Lizzy comes home to Morton Hall. There is really nothing to do now, except what must be done at the time; and all the things are so well prepared, and all the servants so interested to have them right. I don't think we have forgotten anything, which is rare enough when there is so much to do. I think I may perhaps get my picture finished, after all."

"Has any one seen it lately?" said Mrs. Vivian, in the same undertone in which her daughter spoke. This picture, crowa of all the love-tokens which Elizabeth should carry with her, was "a great secret," intended to be hung privately in the bride's own retirement in her new home, to surprise her when she returned, and was laboured at with great mystery, and in the strictest seclusion, though Margaret had so many confidants as to startle her with perpetual fears of discovery.

"No, mamma; no one to speak of—only—oh yes, there was Mr. Powis," said Margaret, blushing deeply. "That was Sophy's fault; she is so unguarded—it was not mine."

"And what did Mr. Powis say?" said the mother, who was certainly not displeased.

"Oh, Mr. Powis thought very well of it," said Margaret hurriedly, with an attempt at being careless. "A great deal better than I do, I am sure. I daresay he did not think I could do anything of the kind. Philip and Percy are coming to lunch, mamma—I can see them. Oh no, indeed, it is not Philip—I do believe it is *that* Mr. Powis again."

"Well, he is not a ghost to startle you so," said Mrs. Vivian with a smile; "and we must give him some lunch, I fancy. Philip is in the library—go and call him, and don't look frightened. Lizzy, Bernard is not near so handsome as Mr. Powis."

"Do you think so, mother?" said Elizabeth. She was returning from the little room at the moment, and such a bright sparkle of mirth and satisfaction awoke in Elizabeth's smile.

"I am sure of it," said the gratified mother, smiling too, and scarcely with less brightness. "There is Sophy grows pretty like the rest of you, and by-and-by I suppose I shall grumble, like poor Mrs. Morris, that there is no rest for me till you are all gone. A bad example, Lizzy—and to be set by you!"

"I am four-and-twenty, mamma. At least I have been in no haste to leave home," said Elizabeth, with her tranquil grace, drawing a seat to the table by her mother's side.

The tears came to the mother's eyes. Something, that sounded indistinctly like a blessing on "my dear child," fell like music on the ear of Elizabeth; but the others were trooping in by different doors to this little family refreshment;—Philip from the library, with Margaret in her fresh sweet flush of awakened feeling—shy, and hanging back upon his arm; and handsome Mr. Powis, very eager to please everybody; and Percy, with so much bright affection, fun and

mischief in his eyes. As they took their places round the table—this kindly table, which was used for all purposes, and was not above a comfortable mid-day meal—Mrs. Vivian had to raise her quick hand to her eyes once more before she could see them all clearly;—those young, joyous faces, those lives so rich with immeasurable hope. She thought she had never realised so fully before the bright unclouded future which lay before these dearest children—that they themselves had never seen its fulness of blessing so well.

The door opened again. This time it is Sophy, flushed and eager, solemnly followed, first by Sermonicus, afterwards by Zaidee, looking so pallid, dark, and pale, like the autumn sky, and with something of dogged and obstinate resistance in her face. Sophy, who has evidently something to tell, and whose excitement, much different from her cousin's, makes all her lilies and roses only the prettier in their flush and glow, begins hastily, "Mamma!"—but catching a sudden glimpse of Mr. Powis, pauses and grows embarrassed, stopping in her course a little within the door.

"What is it, Sophy? No secret, I should think," said Mrs. Vivian, with a slight frown, calling her forward. Mrs. Vivian was much too polite to let even a chance guest fancy himself in the way.

"Mamma, I want to tell you of Zaidee," said Sophy, hurriedly. "I am sure it is something wrong—it must be something wrong, or she never would have hidden it from me. I have watched her since ever she began to be so sad, and she is constantly stealing away to the little room where Margaret found that oak chair. She has something there, mamma! I cannot tell what it is—something she hid away in a great book, looking as if she could have killed me. I am very sorry for Zay. I would not vex her for the world," said Sophy, the tears coming against her will; "but only look at her now—see how she looks at us all—and make her tell what she has there."

Sophy's excitement was so real and genuine, and Zaidee's blank gloom of despair so evident, that every one was startled. Mrs. Vivian rose almost with a tremble. "I do not understand what all this means," said Mrs. Vivian. "What is it, Zaidee? Sophy, you must calm yourself. Sit down, child, and tell me what it is."

"It is nothing, aunt Vivian," said Zaidee; but Zaidee's voice was hoarse and strained, and had a sound so unnatural, that Elizabeth and Philip rose at once from the table and hurried towards her too.

"If it is nothing, show it to mamma; show it to Philip," cried Sophy, eagerly. "Oh, Zay, only let anybody see it! it cannot be nothing if you hide it so."

"Where is the place?' said Philip. Zaidee looked up at him wildly, into his clear prompt eyes, and, with a cry, sprang from the hands extended to detain her, and fled from the room like a startled deer.

CHAPTER XX.—ANOTHER DISCOVERY.

She could hear his steps behind her in swift pursuit as she flew along those bewildering passages, and Zaidee's feet rang upon them in the wild pace of despair. Reaching the door at last, Zaidee swung it behind her in the force of her excitement, and snatched at the book in which her secret lay. But, alas! she had only plucked the paper out, and held it visible in her trembling fingers, when Philip entered after her into the little distant room.

Philip was considerably excited too; for neither frolic nor trifle was consistent with the strange desperation of Zaidee's face. "Come, let me see it, Zed," he said, with a half smile. "What is this mystery? Zaidee, give the paper to me."

But Zaidee, with her wild despairing face, looked up to him and clenched her hands upon the treasure she held. "Don't Philip! it's only mine. *I* found it—don't take it from me!" cried Zaidee; and her breast heaved almost to bursting with a great, tearless, convulsive sob.

"This is something serious," said Philip Vivian. "No trifle could move

you to such passion. I must see the paper. Zaidee, this is like a boy—not like a woman."

She had been holding it still with a wild struggle to retain possession. At these words Zaidee's hands fell; she could resist no longer, deep shame overpowering for the moment even the stronger emotions which had inspired her resistance; and with a scared and colourless face, trembling, but perfectly silent, she turned upon him the breathless eager observation of a child.

The paper rustled in Philip's hand. Philip's strong youthful frame wavered for a single instant, as if before a sudden blow; then he went on steadily to the end; and even when he had reached the end, was silent still, like a man stunned, and needing time to recover. Then once more Philip looked up, and now, as colourless as Zaidee's, blanched and ghastly was Philip's face, and his tongue stammered, and clove to his mouth as he began to speak. "Where did you find it?—why did you not bring it at once to me?"

Poor Zaidee made no answer—only another loud, strong sob, without the relief of tears, burst from her lip. Over her eyes lay a burning, heavy weight, but she could not weep. There was no softening film upon her vision to hide Philip's face, and the sudden stroke of calamity which Philip manfully laboured to bear up against, but scarcely could in this moment of overthrow. Again the same question, and Philip's lips were parched, and faltered still.

Zaidee was struck with all a woman's awe and compassion for the suffering of the man before her. She could not bear it. Involuntarily she sank down upon the ground at his feet, and touched them humbly. "Philip, it broke my heart," said poor Zaidee, and she lifted up to Philip's eyes a face which bore full testimony to the truth of what she said.

Philip threw himself abruptly upon an old bench which they had left here, the only piece of furniture in the desolate little room, and, bending down his head, covered his face with his hands. Why should he be too proud to acknowledge that this blow stunned and stupefied him? It is no such easy thing to lose an inheritance, the certain patrimonial right to which a man is born—no such light matter, in the flush of early youth and happy prospect, to look these things called beggary and ruin suddenly, without a moment's preparation, full in the face. Into this chamber of fate Philip had entered only a few seconds ago, the young Squire, the Lord of the Manor, heir and master of the Grange. Now the poorest peasant in Briarford was a less penniless man than he. And all the misfortunes involved—the possible consequences to his mother and sisters, the overwhelming change in his own destiny, the overthrow of Percy's dreamings—flashed upon the young man's mind. A single groan, low and bitter, burst from his heart; it was impossible to feel and see and experience all the depths of this fully, and make no sign.

But Philip felt the humble touch of Zaidee's hand, and indistinctly saw her at his feet. Then he remembered all her solitary misery, her woe-begone and ghost-like face, her childish forlorn unhappiness, her very words so recently spoken, "it broke my heart"—and Philip's heart was moved with a softening compassion which brought heavy tears to his eyes in the weakness of his own calamity. He put out his hand unsteadily to lay it on her head. "Poor child!" said Philip; and he, too, was so young—a home-bred, inexperienced youth; and they burst together into one sympathetic outbreak of sudden tears.

Only a few great burning drops, which he hid with his hands in the shame of manhood; but they did relieve the *hysterica passio* which struggled at his breast; and Philip Vivian looked down once more on his little orphan cousin, now weeping in wild abandonment, all her defences broken down. "Poor child!" repeated the disinherited heir, whom Zaidee's hapless existence deprived of his birthright—and tender compassion, true and brotherly, was in Philip's heart. He thought it was a very sad fate to be the means of depriving one's dearest friends of all they had in the world. He never for a moment thought that Zaidee could find any counterbalancing comfort in the inheritance which she gained; and it seemed to Philip's

ingenuous, unworldly eyes, as if his own misfortune was actually less than hers. His heart was full of the sincerest, unaffected pity for Zaidee, and he laid his hand upon her drooping head, with a vain attempt to comfort her, and repeated again, "Poor child!"

And Zaidee suddenly stayed her weeping, and took his hand within her own. "Philip," she said, looking up with sudden courage, "you will not make us all unhappy—you will not kill *me?* I cried, because I had nothing in the world to give you on your birthday. Philip, will you take this from poor Zaidee? You never were cruel to any one all your life before. Do not shake your head, and hide your face. Oh, Philip, you would not kill me?"

"No, Zay; I would not harm you for all the pride on earth," said Philip, with strange and touching humility; "and I am grieved for you more than I can say. But the Grange is yours, Zaidee. Neither it, nor this sacred piece of paper, can I accept from you. I know your heart very well, how sincere it is, but you are only a child; and I"——The young man rose with a singular boyish perception of his manhood, erect and noble——"I, though I am now a very poor man, helpless in the eyes of the world—I am your natural protector, Zaidee, and bound to see that you have all your rights."

"It is not my right—it is your right, Philip!" cried Zaidee, starting up in her turn with flashing eyes. "My grandfather Vivian was mad—he must have been mad, or he could not have done anything like this. And grandfather Vivian never thought of me; it was my father he thought of. My father is dead. Me! I am no one—I am only a woman, Philip! It was never meant for me."

But Philip remained unmoved. The youth had recovered his balance of mind and purpose; and though his heart was heavy still, a hundred sudden springing hopes roused him already to strength and confidence. Something slightly comforting, too, was in this last view of the subject which he had just taken. A will could disinherit Philip, but no will could make him less the head of the family, the representative of the ancient line, the dedicated champion and defender of all its children and its rights. A chivalrous glow warmed the breast, which this stroke had stunned for the moment, and with a grace of generous love and protection, he held out his hand to this "poor child."

Come, Zaidee, they must all know," said Philip. As he spoke, his face once more clouded. This was no pleasant news to carry to them in their happy family assembling; and however he might master the calamity in his own person, it was very hard to realise it once again for them. He took Zaidee's hand almost with solemnity, he scarcely heard her renewed burst of supplication and tears; and Zaidee could not struggle against the absorbed force of decision and purpose in her cousin's face. Very pale, very awe-stricken and silent, she submitted to his guidance, and they went down solemnly together to the family room.

CHAPTER XXI.—A FAMILY MISFORTUNE.

The family party had been excited in no small degree by the sudden flight of Zaidee and pursuit of Philip. Mrs. Vivian and her elder and younger daughters gathered together in a little group apart, in considerable anxiety and dismay, fearing something, though they could not tell what. Percy was expostulating. Margaret alone, occupied with other thoughts, sat in her place by the table, persuading herself that common civility demanded of her some answer to Mr. Powis's soft-toned speeches. Mr. Powis seemed rather to enjoy the confusion, Margaret thought, and insensibly his chair had approached her own.

"Because it pleases Zay, a romantic young lady, to make a little mystery," said the sensible Percy—"everybody knows the habits of young ladies—because this X Y Z of ours has some crotchet in her brain, here are you all disturbing yourselves as if there was an earthquake. You, mother!—and even so composed a person as Elizabeth. I suppose this little bit of excitement is a pleasant

foretaste of what awaits us. I suppose women like to be flurried. Sophy, I beg you won't cry at least;—make the most of it, if you must, but spare your tears."

"Oh, mamma, how long they are! What can it be?" cried Sophy, wringing her hands. Sophy's distress was far too real, even to hear what Percy said.

"We must look to Zaidee, Elizabeth," said Mrs. Vivian. "Poor child, I believe it is all her foreign blood, so excitable, and with such strong feelings—we must do something whenever there is time."

Percy shrugged his shoulders. "There is not a philosopher among us but Peggy, yonder; see how well she bears up," said Percy; "and, in good time, here are the hero and the heroine. Lo, they come!"

But even Percy turned with a start to consult the looks of the others when Philip's pale determined face, so singularly changed, and Zaidee's awed and trembling pallor appeared at the open door. The two advanced solemnly and silently, like leaders of a procession; Philip holding firm in his own Zaidee's hand, and Zaidee rendering a passive helpless obedience to his guidance, which was very strange to see.

"Mother!" said Philip Vivian as he approached; and his voice was strange and harsh, and the word came with so much difficulty that he had to repeat it again. "Mother, a great change has befallen us all. I can say nothing to prepare you—I can only beg you to summon all your courage. Zaidee has had good cause for her grief—poor little Zay! But I am young, and so is Percy; we will set out on the world together," continued poor Philip, almost hysterically, and with glistening eyes. "Mother, you do not understand me; you cannot understand me, I know; but I—I am no longer heir of the Grange."

Mrs. Vivian rose from her seat with a low cry. Her daughters clustered hurriedly about her; Margaret for the moment forgetting that there was such a person as Mr. Powis, who for his part stood at a little distance, with more curiosity than he cared to show.

"It is Zaidee," said Philip, hastily. "All these years, while I have had the credit of it, she has been the true heir of the Grange. Here is the will. But it is my office to see her righted now."

And Philip loosed his hold of Zaidee's hand, and hastened to support his mother. A flush of generous pride and courage supported himself; but it was very hard once more to realize and recognise this misfortune, as it fell sudden and sharp upon *them*. And Philip's "office" was to support, to protect, and comfort. The old Squire and his arbitrary will could take nothing but house and lands from Philip; not an atom more of natural right or dignity could be subtracted from the inalienable possession of the young chivalrous Head of the House. He felt this in his inmost heart, and it defended him like triple mail.

But Philip's mother was moved with very different feelings. "My boy! my boy!" cried Mrs. Vivian, "what do you tell me—a will—the will my poor Percy looked for so long?—and you are disinherited for Zaidee?—that child! and we have all had her in our heart so long? Oh Philip, Philip, do not speak to me! At her age I would have died a hundred times rather than wrong another so!"

"Zay could not help it. Oh, mother, Zaidee is not to blame!" cried Sophy, generously, through her tears.

"Dear mother, look at her. Poor child!" said Elizabeth, her sweet eyes overflowing with pity and grief. "Whatever comes to us, Zaidee will suffer most of all."

"And Zaidee would have died; Zaidee would have broken her heart, and perished, before she said a word," said Philip, with reproof in his tone; "but I thank heaven I am her natural guardian, and right shall be done to her now."

"I wonder who dares speak to me of right," said Mrs. Vivian, wildly. "Right! Percy was his father's eldest son—so is Philip. Philip is the heir of the Vivians, the head of the family. You need not speak to me. Do you think I cannot judge? The Grange is Philip's birthright, children,—do you all hear? I will dispute it to the

last. Zaidee, do you say? What is Zaidee compared with my son? Only a girl, a friendless little orphan, who has known nothing but love and kindness here; and my brave noble boy—O Philip, Philip, it will break my heart!"

Mrs. Vivian threw herself into her chair once more, and sobbed aloud. Elizabeth knelt down before her, and took in her own her mother's hands. No one spoke. In their youthful respect they all forgot what individual share in the matter they had, and grouped around her silently, the principal sufferer; while a natural instinct taught them all, that their mother herself had reached the softening point, and would subside to a softer emotion now.

An interval of silence, during which Mrs. Vivian struggled with this hysterical sobbing, followed, and then she laid her hand softly on the beautiful head bending at her knee. "Elizabeth, too,?" said the mother, "my dear beautiful Elizabeth—a bride—and all this misery to come now;—and Percy setting out in life—and Margaret,—where is Margaret? Has she left me at such a time as this?"

"I am here, mamma," said Margaret, faintly, from behind her mother's chair; for Margaret had just seen Mr. Powis edging stealthily towards the door, as if in fear.

"And I was so happy and so thankful for you all," continued the mother, "this very day—at table here—where the bread is not broken still—not half an hour ago, Philip; troubled for nothing but for Zaidee; thinking you were all so well—so well—almost boasting to myself. God help me! How can I bear to see you all cast down and brought to poverty? I could bear any thing for myself; but you, children—you!"

"We will help each other; we will hold together," said Percy, eagerly. "Do not fear, mother; you have two sons."

And Mrs. Vivian melted into gentler weeping, saying their names as they gathered round her, each pressing closer than the other. Such a wealth of youthful energy, affection, hope, and generous emulation! She was mistress of the Grange no longer, but so rich a mother still.

Meanwhile Zaidee stood alone, in her solitary misery unconsoled. Tearless and dry were Zaidee's eyes, and her forehead burned and throbbed over them with such a glow of pain that she almost fancied she must be going mad. Wild flashes of light came and went before her sight; a wild hum of sound rung in her ears; her heart leaped in her breast with a strong and rapid pulsation; her hands were burning hot, as they clasped each other with that involuntary desire to hold by something which assailed her in her solitude. But Zaidee neither moved nor spoke. When her cousins crowded round their mother, she alone like a statue, stood still, and made no sign. In a strange haze of other half-discerned words, Mrs. Vivian's first bitter exclamation came back upon Zaidee again and again, and she reasoned with her own vexed soul. Should she have died? Almost a sanction seemed to come to this dread experiment, from the outcry of Mrs. Vivian's grief. Would it be lawful now to go away and die, to relieve them at once and for ever, from such a miserable supplanter? The thought burned in upon Zaidee's brain;—what should she do?

She did what it were well if all would do in the great straits of life. She went away with her noiseless step, alone and silently, to the far-away retirement of her own room. She knelt down upon her little cushion, laid her burning brow upon her father's Bible, and carried her desolate heart to God. She was no philosopher, this poor child. Careful thought and reasoning were unknown to her—she never thought it unlawful to carry one desire or another into that sacred presence, but went with them all, simply and humbly, in the boldness of a child. And Zaidee asked for the immeasurable boon of Death; asked that it might be freely given her from the good hand of God, and with weeping and passionate sobs of love, prayed for blessings on them all, name by name, but that she herself might die. The early afternoon darkened over her forgotten loneliness, but neither anger nor bitterness came to the forlorn heart of Zaidee; she was only heart-broken—very sad.

CHAPTER XXII.—WHAT EVERY ONE MUST DO.

"Zay, Zay! you are not asleep?"

"No. Sophy." Poor Zaidee does not add what she believes, that she will never sleep again.

"Mamma sent me to bring you down stairs; we did not forget you, Zaidee. *I* have been thinking of you all the time," said Sophy, putting up her hand to her eyes, which were red, and had wept many tears; "but Elizabeth said it was best to leave you alone. People might think it was very weak, perhaps," continued Sophy, with a little relapse into crying, "but we are all so very sad,"

Zaidee, in her despair, writhed under these words as at another blow.

"But everybody knows very well you are not to blame. How could you be to blame?" said Sophy. "That wicked old grandfather Vivian never saw you. I am sure he did not care for you more than for Philip. They say we must not call him names," said Sophy, clenching her pretty rosy hand; "I am sure I cannot help it. If it was good for you, I should not care, but you are as sad as any of us. Oh, Zay, that wicked old man!"

"He is dead," said Zaidee; "he cannot harm any one now. It is only the living who can do harm. If I had died when I was a baby, or before I came to the Grange, grandfather Vivian's bad will could not have wronged Philip. I wish I had only died when my mother died."

"And I wish you would not speak so, to make things worse," said Sophy, with a half petulant sob. "What good does it do to talk of dying? You are to come down stairs, Zay—they are all there—and we are talking of what we are to do."

"But aunt Vivian does not want to see me; aunt Vivian cannot bear to look at me, Sophy," said Zaidee, sadly.

"You must come; mamma sent me herself. If she was overcome at first, Philip says you must forgive her, Zay," said Sophy. "Poor mamma, she was so proud of Philip! Zaidee, you must come."

Without the chamber door, Sermonicus, very solemn and disconsolate, sat erect, keeping watch. Sermo, in his wisdom, saw that the climax had arrived, whatever it was; but why his old ally and dearest friend should forsake his company, Sermo could not tell, and he was depressed like all the rest. Wistfully inquiring with his eyes what the mysterious cause might be, Sermo descended after the two girls; but still more bewildered grew Sermo in sight of those youthful footsteps grown so heavy, and the silent clinging together of those young figures—not a word passing between them, each so drooping and downcast. Sermo could make nothing of this strange and sudden change.

Once more within this kindly room, the family rest and haven—once more in this sweet glow of home-like twilight, the curtained windows at one end, the broad cold sky and sweeping clouds looking in through the heavy mullions at the other, the warm central flush of ruddy light from the fire. But no one observes now this full and kindly comfort—no one notices those pretty effects of light and shadow; common use and custom establish them all in their wonted places; yet far from the wonted use of fireside discussions is this one which is beginning now.

Not a mind among them which does not tingle still with the sudden blow; not a heart that is not wistful and uneasy, ready to groan over the new and unaccustomed pain, but toiling after a fictitious cheerfulness for the others' sake. Every one thinks "*I* could have borne it gladly, had it been only *me*;" every one questions, wonders, "what can I do?" Calamity has found them singularly unprepared—open at every point of attack, and sensitive in all; but the first result is a rush together, a silent embracing, and blending into one of all their interests—and a unanimous struggle to throw off the burden, and find modes of exit and deliverance from this family overthrow.

And there sits Mrs. Vivian, the fairy godmother of poor Zaidee's fancy, more upright than she ever sat before, playing the tips of her fingers restlessly upon her lips, and leaning upon the arm of her chair. Mrs. Vivian's mind is full of conflicting schemes, conflicting feelings; for the mother has

no sooner boldly formed a plan, than she shrinks with sudden humiliation, thinking of her children. If they could but be kept out of the necessary hardships—but, alas! it is herself rather in her elder age that must be kept out, whereas the heat and burden of the day remains for them. But Mrs Vivian is unwilling to compromise a dignity—unwilling to touch, with so much as a finger-point, a single sensitive youthful feeling; yet ever comes back to the certain starting-point, something must be done; and she is so anxious, too, to do something. The failure of all her endeavours for a feasible project fills her with vexation, yet nothing will come to unite what she would do with what she must.

And here is Zaidee—poor woe-begone, forlorn child, stealing in the dark behind her chair. "Mother," said Philip in a warning under-tone—but his mother's own heart had already warned her. She rose and drew the orphan to her usual place at her own side.

"Zaidee," said Mrs Vivian, holding both Zaidee's hands in her own, and folding them over each other with tremulous agitation—"they tell me I said something very cruel to-day. Poor child, you do not think I ever meant to blame you—you whom I have brought up since you were almost a baby? But Zaidee, it was dreadful to think of Philip. I never grudged anything to you; but Philip was the heir, the head of the Vivians, and my own noble boy!"

Zaidee made no answer, except by a shudder which crept over all her frame slow and violent—a kind of bodily earthquake—and continued to look up intently into the speaker's face.

"I have known this as his birthright all his life," continued Mrs. Vivian rapidly, looking down upon Zaidee's hands, and plaiting them over each other. "I have never thought but of the natural succession, that he should hold his father's place; and it was a great shock to me—and in the shock I spoke rashly. You will never think again of what I said—for Philip and the Grange have always been one to me, Zaidee—I never thought of them apart."

"Then you will speak for me, aunt Vivian?" said Zaidee, eagerly, but in the very low tone of deep emotion. "What can I do with it all?—it was never meant for me. I am only a woman—I never can be anything but a woman; and I would be so proud—oh, aunt Vivian!—instead of breaking my heart as I do now, I would be Zaidee at home again, so proud and happy, if you would only ask Philip to let me burn that paper on his birthday, that no one may ever know that it was possible to wrong him. It is not righting me, Philip—oh, you cannot think so—it is wrong to me, and to us all; for Philip, aunt Vivian—Philip is the true heir."

Aunt Vivian shook her head mournfully. The true heir—yes, so he was, by all the rights of natural justice, of usage, and ordinary inheritance; but Philip's mother, still more than his estate, regarded his honour. Her eye wandered to that fatal bit of paper spread open upon the table—that weighty document which Philip would not trust out of the range of his own hand, and the vigilance of his own eye; and Mrs. Vivian sighed drearily, and shook her head once more.

'Oh, aunt Vivian, speak for me!" cried Zaidee. "Philip is proud, but you know better. He would not kill me with his own hand, but it will be as bad. I will kill myself rather than have any one say that the Grange is mine!"

And Zaidee suddenly started up with passion in her eyes, and all her tears dried in a moment. She could not distinguish what the remonstrances were which rose around her; she only understood a vague outcry of expostulation and reproof, in which every one joined save Sophy, who alone, scared and horror-stricken, sat silently weeping, and looking up with mute looks of appeal into Zaidee's face. But a gentle arm stole round the excited girl. Elizabeth, mild and self-possessed—a little paler than usual, but with her sweet womanly composure unbroken—drew her young cousin to her own side—subdued her outburst of passion, Zaidee could not tell how—melted her once more into quiet weeping—and, keeping round her the kind enclosing arm which seemed to restrain Zaidee's very heart, brought her back to the family circle. They all owned the calming influence of Elizabeth, and gathered close again in their household deliberations, for-

getting this agitating episode, and resuming the council where it had been broken off.

"I hope every one understands," said Philip, with the slightest possible tremor in his voice, "that though we are all grieved for Zaidee, this is a subject which must never be mentioned again among us. Every one must perceive at once my duty to Zaidee, and I trust no one doubts that I will do it."

A flush at once of manly pride and youthful modesty—the rising blood of the brave young heart which entered thus upon its generous vocation as family head—covered Philip Vivian's face. His mother and sisters looked at him proudly with tears in their eyes. Philip had been but a youth, easy in his undisputed right, and owning all the family subordinations—himself no head, but only a member of the loving circle, when this morning rose. Now, and suddenly, Philip was a man—deciding for himself with a man's steadiness, if still with a youth's rash and rapid promptitude, and with a man's loving and solicitous forethought looking anxiously into the future for them all. Little wonder that Mrs Vivian covered her eyes with her hand, and again in her heart blessed "my noble boy!"

"You remember the appointment in India that Sir Francis Vivian offered to get for Percy?" said Philip, speaking rapidly. "Mother, our own feelings must not stand in the way. If it is still to be had, I will accept it. I have made up my mind; and Percy can still go to London. After the first year, I will surely be able to help him through his studies. This misfortune can have no effect on Elizabeth; and for yourself, mother, you are Zaidee's natural guardian. I think you should remain with Margaret and Sophy at home. I mean," said Philip, faltering as he cast a wistful glance round the familiar room—"I mean, here, in the Grange."

"I cannot, Philip, I cannot!" exclaimed Mrs. Vivian. "Stay here, in my own house, after it becomes the property of another heir—after you are banished from it, and all my children scattered? I cannot, Philip. Anything else—anything else! But I cannot stay in the Grange, when it is neither yours nor mine."

"We could go to London and be near Percy," said Margaret. Margaret was very pale, and her eyes looked heavy. Altogether, a startled, chilled expression, full of apprehension and dread, which she would not whisper to herself, but which appalled her with her first suspicions of human truth and trustworthiness, was upon Margaret Vivian's face. And they all perceived it—all had a perception of its cause, but no one dared to speak of sympathy to the maidenly reserve which would rather die than be pitied on such a score.

"It would not be so very expensive living in London; they say people may live as they like there. I should like that, mamma," said Sophy; "and then, if we must lose Philip, we should at least have Percy still."

Mrs Vivian made no answer for some time; and when she did speak, it was rather her thoughts breaking forth and becoming audible, than words addressed to her little audience. "And Colonel Morton—and your Uncle Blundell—and all our friends who were to be here.—Colonel Morton is a worldly man.—Heaven help us! What if we have greater misfortunes in store? Elizabeth, my dear love, what will you do?"

Elizabeth answered readily in her most tranquil voice: "I will write to Bernard to-night, mother; and Colonel Morton is Philip's guardian, and ought to know. If anything is changed by this, I will say it has happened well; but I fear no change."

The bride did not blush now. Her beautiful cheek rather paled a little, but her composure was unchanged. Elizabeth, who never spoke of such a thing as love, nor knew what high-flown expressions meant, knew—a better satisfaction—how surely a true heart might be trusted, and feared no evil. Like Faith herself in her lofty humility, Elizabeth always trusted and never feared; the others took confidence from her very look, there was so strange a power in its repose.

But Zaidee, with Elizabeth's arm round her—subdued and broken down, crouching in her corner, and weeping out her tears—Zaidee had no part in the family consultations,—Zaidee was alone.

CHAPTER XXIII.—A NEW IDEA.

Yet Zaidee, helpless and without a word, listened to all they said. They fancied her absorbed in her own grieving, and inattentive to their deliberations. They forgot that her keen senses were never so much absorbed as to lose sight of anything that passed before her; and they were too much occupied themselves to think how every word and look penetrated the heart of this poor child, who was the innocent occasion of all their care. Always quick to perceive the changes of these beloved faces, Zaidee read, as in a book, the chivalrous resolve of Philip, the impatient eagerness of Percy, the dreadful doubt and trembling which struck poor Margaret like a palsy. Through her tears looking at them all, she interpreted every glance aright; but Zaidee's words were all spent and exhausted. Elizabeth's arm round her controlled her strangely from any renewed outburst of passion or entreaty. She had nothing more to say.

By-and-by the family council broke up. They dispersed to write letters. Philip, Elizabeth, and their mother, had each to communicate this unlooked-for change to some one; and they went to their separate apartments heavily, as if the act of telling consummated their sudden fate.

"Never mind, Sophy," said Percy, with the ghost of his former smile trembling on his lip, "some great fortune will come to us yet. Never fear. Philip will marry a Begum; or some great lady will lay hold of me. Never fear."

But Sophy only sat still on her stool by the fireside, and cried. Margaret went wistfully to that great mullioned window, where the darkening sky of night looked in, and from which all those solitary bleak lines of road stretched away under a faint gleam of early moonlight into the horizon before her eyes; while Percy himself, afraid to compromise his manhood by a sympathetic weakness, left the room hurriedly for some occupation of his own. Unnoticed in the darkness, Zaidee escaped after him, her cheeks burning, her heart throbbing. A new chance opened to Zaidee. She was still but a child, and, fearless in her innocence, never dreamt of evil interpretation to her guileless thoughts. With something like renewed hope, she hurried once more to her own apartment, to think over this possibility which appeared before her tearful eyes. She was no reasoner, poor child; and to think over, with her meant to muse upon and realise in fancy the thought presented suddenly in a flash of inspiration to her rapid mind. Breathless and greatly agitated, much unlike a person gravely thinking over a reasonable project, Zaidee idled away a few troubled moments in her own room. Then dashing away her tears with a hasty hand, hearing her heart beat loud in her ears, and feeling all her pulses throb with terror and excitement, she descended once more with the flying step of her old use and wont. The drawing-room was still dark, and still Sophy sat disconsolate by the bright hearth, and Margaret stood wistfully gazing out from the window. Zaidee's errand was not to the drawing-room; she passed through it hastily to the library-door.

With one dim light burning on the table—with the fire dying on the hearth, the curtains undrawn, and that black, pale, wintry sky looking in again like a watchful spirit—very chill and gloomy was the aspect of this room. Its dark piles of books withdrawing into the shadow, its black unlighted corners, and that old vacant easy-chair, where Zaidee could almost fancy grandfather Vivian, triumphant in successful malice, glorying over the desolation he had made. But to look upon that manly youthful face, glowing with new necessities and new powers, full of generous ardour and an old-world knightly devotion, was enough to defeat the malice of any Satan. If Philip had lost the Grange, he had found better gifts to make compensation. As for Zaidee, catching only with her quick glance how he sat there at the table writing, with the light of the lamp full upon his face, she did not venture to look at Philip, but, gliding in with her silent rapid footstep, came unobserved to his side.

"Zaidee!—is it you?" Philip's nerves were somewhat excited; so

that, looking up in the half light, and seeing suddenly this figure beside him, he was considerably startled, and left a trace of his start on the page before him, in the shape of a great blot.

"Philip"—Zaidee was breathless with agitated haste—"Philip, Percy says you may marry a rich lady. You will not let me burn that paper. Philip, will you marry me?"

Philip Vivian's face flushed crimson; but, in her earnest innocence, Zaidee, unblushing, stood before him, her eyes lifted to his, her whole soul in her intent and steady look. In most cases there is something sufficiently embarrassing in the commonest proposal of this kind; but Philip, in the present strange reversal of ordinary wooing, faltered under Zaidee's grave and resolute eyes like a timid girl—faltered, blushed, could find no words to answer her. But no blush came to the dark pale face of Zaidee, lighted up with the gleaming anxiety of those eyes. No more than of some abstract creature did Zaidee think of herself—herself had no share in this proposed transaction; only a last hope, a desperate expedient for restoring the Grange to Philip, was this bold proposal; and sincere and single-minded, the child in her defended the budding woman. Zaidee knew no shame.

To Philip Vivian the moment of silence seemed an hour. "Zaidee," he stammered, his embarrassment taking almost the aspect of anger, "a woman never asks this question of a man."

Then for the first time a flush stole over Zaidee's face. "Twice to-day," said Zaidee, dropping her head and folding her hands like a reproved child—"twice to-day you have called me unwomanly, Philip—but I cannot help it; it is not my fault—nothing is my fault, though I am so miserable. But you could send me away," she continued, looking up with renewed supplication: "I do not care where you sent me to—I could go away. Philip, will you answer me?"

Philip turned away his head: for the moment, with a young man's sensitive pride, he only saw how absurd his position was, with his little cousin standing here by his side, urging this extraordinary proposal upon him. He felt ridiculously embarrassed and ashamed; and, in the second place, he felt impatient and angry: "I have no answer to give," said Philip hastily; "and I must beg you to leave me, Zaidee. Go to my sisters—go to Elizabeth, and do not tell her what strange things you have been saying. Never mention this to any one. I suppose you are too young to know," said Philip, very red and much embarrassed still; "yet one always expects a girl to have some perception. Zaidee, go."

Zaidee went, but not to Elizabeth. The poor girl in her solitude strayed out to the dark, to the windy elevated fore-court which lay between the moat and the door of the Grange. The trees bent and swayed with their long bare branches before the wild Cheshire wind. Fresh and strong this gale blew upon her flushed and heated face, catching her hair out of the braid, as it caught these stray leaves in the corners where last night's gale had left them; and the clouds rushed at a flying pace along the sky, keeping strange time to the dreary rustling among the trees. Zaidee drew a long breath, and opened her arms with a weary gesture to the fresh assaulting wind. Her heart was *sore*—wounded for the first time, and aching with poignant injury and shame;—shame, for now she began to think of what she had done, and to perceive why Philip thought her unwomanly. The child had almost died in Zaidee's breast at that moment, to give place to the premature woman; but her original grief stepped in once more, overpowering all slighter emotions. No expedient served her; every hope had failed—and she was indeed the supplanter of her cousin, the usurper of Philip's birthright and Philip's ancestral home.

CHAPTER XXIV.—DELAY.

"He said I was not to tell Elizabeth. If it was so very wrong, they ought to know; they should not think me better than I am," said Zaidee in her thoughts, as she stood facing the night wind without the door

of the Grange. "I *will* tell Elizabeth—I will tell Aunt Vivian; and then—"

And then——. What should follow did not appear; but something had softened once more the dull despair in Zaidee's eye. Again there was a gleam of light in her face—a wavering illumination of reverie and musing. Some project or other, perhaps as wild as her last hope, but at least sufficient to give temporary comfort and animation, had risen again in Zaidee's mind. She turned her face homewards once more. There were lights now in the forsaken, disconsolate drawing-room, where Margaret, composing herself by an effort, sat in melancholy state by the table alone. Margaret was professedly reading, but you might have watched for hours before you saw her turn a page.

Zaidee directed her steps this time towards the bower of the household —that pretty bright "young ladies' room," which with all its decorations —those home adornments which made home so lovely—preserved still a glimmer of brightness where everything else was dark. Mrs. Vivian and Elizabeth were seated here together by the fire, and nothing neglected or out of order proclaimed the calamity which had come upon the house. The ordinary use and wont —the daily composure and quietness which these few hours had interrupted more violently than years of common life could have done, startled Zaidee in her excitement as she crossed the threshold. She almost persuaded herself that the dreary change which had passed over everything else was but a dream. But to tell her own guiltiness and shame, in the matter of her proposal to Philip, was a sufficiently hard task to claim all her attention now. Pale and breathless with the boldness of terror, Zaidee told her tale—what she had done; and stood before her judges, appalled at her own grievous misdemeanour, waiting to hear her doom.

But Aunt Vivian only kissed the culprit, and drew her handkerchief across her own eyes; while Elizabeth, with a blush and smile, contracted her beautiful brows the slightest in the world, as she whispered, "Zaidee, never do it again," Zaidee had no mind ever to do it again; but she was comforted to find no thunderbolt of condemnation descend upon her, after all.

"Mamma, will you come and have some tea?" said Sophy, looking in with a disconsolate face. Sophy could still drown all *her* grievances in a good fit of crying; and her heart was all the easier that her eyes were red. They followed her silently once more into the family room. They were all weary and languid with the emotion of the morning; they had no heart for further consultation—further discussions, or arrangements. The fire was low and the lights few, for Margaret was fanciful in her grief; but no one had the heart to brighten this comparative gloom. Far apart and silent, the family, who were wont to cluster so lovingly together, had thrown themselves into corners of sofas and separate unused chairs. A faint murmur of conversation, question and answer, only made the quiet heavier. The drawing-room of the Grange had never looked so dreary since Squire Percy died.

In the window lay a little heap of Zaidee's work. With a faint perception of Zaidee's meaning in labouring at these coarse and homely household necessities, Mrs. Vivian gathered them up to put them away. "This was never work for you, Zaidee," said the old lady. Zaidee looked up at her with tears in her eyes, but made no answer, though her look followed Mrs. Vivian's movements with a mournful regret, strangely different from her former passion. Mrs. Vivian continued to move about with melancholy activity, while all the rest sat quiet round her. Percy, who was of the irritable genus, and had nerves easily annoyed, broke out in uncontrollable impatience at last.

"If you would but sit down, mother!" exclaimed Percy. "We are not to leave the Grange tomorrow, are we?—and you are not preparing for a funeral or some great solemnity? There is surely no need for all this dreary putting away."

Mrs. Vivian had been "setting things to rights," as that strange operation which conveys familiar matters out of the way to put them "in their proper place" is called. All the pretty tools of the sisters—the

materials of their graceful industry—she had begun to arrange in solemn order, and shut up in drawer and workbox; and she had even lifted some books, naturalised in the drawing-room, to carry them off to their proper position in the library. At Percy's remonstrance his mother suddenly stopped—said, with a long sigh, "that is true"—and retreated drearily into the nearest vacant chair. It was a chair in a corner quite apart and separate: they were all seated so.

"I have written to most of the people, Philip," said Mrs. Vivian, after another long pause; and very strangely Mrs. Vivian's voice rang through the unusual silence of the room. Philip made no answer. There seemed some spell upon them all; for every one tried to find something to say, and no one could succeed.

When suddenly Zaidee rose, and hovered with a blush and hesitation between her aunt and Philip. "Will you do this for me, then?" broke forth Zaidee abruptly. "If you will only do this for me, I will ask nothing more. Don't tell any one yet. There is surely no need to tell any one. Let everything go on till Philip's birthday. Aunt Vivian, I will never ask anything else, if you will do this for me. You can tell the people, if you will, on Philip's birthday."

"But why delay till then, Zaidee?" said Mrs. Vivian. "It is hard to do, and it had better be done soon."

"No, no," said Philip hastily; "we have held a false position too long; let us be done with it now."

"I will never ask anything again," pleaded Zaidee—"never all my life, Aunt Vivian. I will never trouble you again, if you will but do this for me now."

And Percy, who had been whispering with Elizabeth, interposed, with a gleam of mischief in his eye. "If Philip will neither take the estate, nor marry Zaidee, nor do anything she wants, I think, mother, at least he has no excuse for refusing so modest a request as this."

Philip, who was grievously ashamed of Zaidee's proposal, and dreaded nothing so much as a mention of it, shrank back in instant confusion. Zaidee, who did not quite know why her cousin should be so mightily ashamed, stood her ground; and Zaidee triumphed. The letter which Mrs. Vivian had written to Colonel Morton, and Elizabeth's communication to her betrothed, were the only ones sent to-night; and it was with a sigh, half of satisfaction, half of disappointment, that Mrs. Vivian committed her other letters to the flames, and sat by, absorbed in thought, while they fell to ashes at her feet. If the record of this day could but be destroyed as easily! "And I might have burnt it, and no one ever have known," said Zaidee, with bitter self-reproach. But no burning of that fatal bit of paper, though the Grange itself made the bonfire, could suffice to destroy it now. Grandfather Vivian's will was in Philip's keeping, and Philip's proud young honour was vowed to establish it. The rights which were rights this morning, could never be rescued back again from the change which had come upon them; for while memory lasted, every Vivian here would remember this day.

"Zaidee has thought of something—something may happen still before Philip's birthday." This was Sophy's secret comment. No one else made any comment at all, but they went to their rest heavy and wearily, to sleep, or not to sleep, as their case was.

CHAPTER XXV.—SCHEMES.

Zaidee has indeed thought of something. What is this the girl is about in her little turret-chamber, where the wintry light breaks in, in many coloured patches, and the wild wind without, rushes, as if to force admittance, against the casement? Not a very elevated or lofty task; but her whole sincere soul is in Zaidee's face.

It is only an old copy-book, spread upon the window-sill before her; and work for which she has less taste could scarcely be than this doleful writing of copies, which Zaidee pursues with silent and absorbed earnestness. Truth to tell, with no great success either; for still poor Zaidee's straight lines will not be straight, and these capital letters limp woefully,

heading the lessening file of words, which come to such a dwarfish stature before they reach the end of the line. When the page is finished, it is hard to see any improvement; and shaking her head sadly over it, with a dreary sigh Zaidee begins again.

The chamber door is closed for hours—closed upon Sophy, who is offended, and wonders what it means—wonders if Zaidee is changed in heart by her new position—and goes away heavier than ever in her own spirit;—closed upon Sermo, too, who sits without, now and then appealing pathetically with paw and voice. But Zaidee has no leisure for Sermonicus, and he also must go away, much wondering, to find another companion; while hour after hour—alas, such lengthy, weary, slow-paced hours!—Zaidee, faithful to her copy-lines, bends over her book and writes, till mere fatigue overcomes the rising fervour of visible improvement, and the new heiress of the Grange rises from her labour at last.

It is only to put on hastily her plain brown straw bonnet, with its blue ribbon, and to draw her little cloak over her shoulders. Very sombre in colour is the dress of Zaidee—not much unlike that brown girlish complexion of hers, through which you can scarcely prophecy what kind of womanhood may bloom. Sermo, poor fellow, has only now retired, in offended dignity, to his place by Mrs. Vivan's footstool; but Zaidee does not care to have Sermo with her in her present expedition. The rain is sweeping white across the country, from which every sign of life seems to have been driven by the blast. The sandy path leading to Briarford trickles all over in little channels with streamlets of the rain; and the wind, though somewhat cowed, does no discredit to the month or to the locality. There is little out of doors to tempt the wayfarer; but Zaidee, much indifferent to the weather, passes through it undismayed, turning her solitary rapid footsteps towards the little house, with its scrubby flower-pots and green shutters, the curate's cottage, where Angelina has her bower.

A very shady and not over-cheerful apartment to-day is the bower of Angelina. This young lady has not learned yet the charm of the fireside; and instead of the fireside, the Curate's wife sits by the window with her poetry book, looking out upon the dreary rain, upon those poor drenched dahlias and hollyhocks in her little garden, and upon the broken hedge and rushy watery field which lies without. Angelina, to tell the truth, is as dull to-day as the dullest young lady who has no "resources." A needle and a thread, if she had skill to use them, would be unspeakable comfort to this mistaken lover of the Muses; but Angelina has a lofty disdain of all the pretty labours of lady-like leisure, and has not learned yet the housewifely necessities which by-and-by will compel her to occupation. The poetry book, however, proves a very poor substitute for the woman's work which Angelina scorns; and she looks out disconsolately over her drenched flower-plot—looks in with a dreary glance to the dim room shadowed with its green curtains—wonders if anybody will call—and thinks, with a tear rising in her eye, of mamma and her little sisters, and all the needful, natural subordination from which she was so proud to escape into the dignified freedom of a married lady—a clergyman's wife. But, however, here she is now, uncommanded and insubordinate—no one to please but the indulgent Curate shut up in his study, who may shrug his shoulders sometimes, but never grumbles in comprehensible words. So the Curate's wife once more draws herself up, and bends her face between her drooping curls over her book of poetry—a production not much more cheerful to look upon than the dreary Cheshire flat before her, under this white blast of November rain.

When suddenly there flashes upon her disconsolate reverie the illumination of Zaidee's face. Zaidee's face has been wetted by rain-drops, and flushed with striving against the wind, but is glowing bright with intention and purpose, such as never fell to Angelina's lot. Looking forth with vague wonder, the Curate's wife almost forgets to smile a recognition of her welcome visitor. What can Zaidee want? Mrs. Green marvels—for no one can doubt that Zaidee wants some-

thing. Meanwhile Zaidee herself, without so much as observing that there is any one at the window, presses forward to the door and enters, the fringes of her cloak—alas the day!—dripping upon the light-coloured damask which covers Mrs. Green's chairs, and leaving a visible print upon the sofa as she brushes by.

"How wet you are!" cried Angelina, springing up to unfasten the cloak, lest Zaidee, careless of the damask, should throw herself, fringes and all, into the easy-chair, the glory of the room. "Dear Zaidee, did you come all this way through the rain to see me?"

"No," said Zaidee, with unhesitating and simple sincerity. "But I ought to say Yes," she added immediately. "I came to speak to you about something. The strings are wet—never mind the cloak. Are you sure Mr. Green is busy, and no one will come here but you?"

"I *must* mind the cloak," said Mrs. Green, not quite so sincere as Zaidee; "you will catch cold; and so shall I, I believe, it is so very wet. I will ring, and send it away"—and Angelina held the unfortunate garment at arm's length, and went daintily towards the bell—"and then we shall be quite alone."

Zaidee had not thrown herself within the magnificent arms of the easy-chair. She stood before the fire, holding her bonnet in one hand, her face a little downcast, her other arm hanging listlessly by her side. The Curate's wife shivered slightly, and complained how cold it was; but Mrs. Green took her chill not from the weather, but from the look of Zaidee, so absorbed and self-contained, and full of incomprehensible energy and intention. Zaidee was at all times very unconscious of being looked at—she was more so than ever now.

Mrs. Green, full of expectation, sat down in the easy-chair. Zaidee stood still, full of her own thoughts, before the fire. The cloak had been removed, the door was closed—they were alone.

"I want you to tell me," said Zaidee hurriedly, "if you have ever found that girl yet for the nursery governess; for, if you have not, I know one that would like to go."

"What girl?" Zaidee's abruptness confused Mrs. Green, who was never over-quick of comprehension.

"You told me—you remember?" said Zaidee, with a slight gesture of impatience, "about the young lady who was to be married, and had written to you. Have you found the governess yet?"

"No, indeed, Zaidee," said Angelina eagerly. "How strange you should come to speak of that; for I have just had another letter from Charlotte this morning."

"And what does she say?"

Mrs. Green fortunately did not pause to wonder at her visitor's strange and anxious interest, or Zaidee might have been moved to some greater demonstration of impatience; for Zaidee, alas! was only a very fallible human girl, and knew she might be arbitrary with this sentimental Angelina almost to any extent she chose.

"She says, poor thing, that she can't be married till some one comes to take charge of the children," said the Curate's wife. "There are six of them, Zaidee; no wonder she is anxious to get away. It is a delightful task, no doubt; but then one's own little brothers and sisters are hard to manage sometimes. And you think you know some one? Shall I go to see her? What shall I do?"

"I want you to write now. Pray, if you please, do this for me," said Zaidee, trembling slightly. "I want you to lose no time: here is your blotting-book. I will never ask you anything again, if you will do this now for me."

Mrs. Green could not explain why she too trembled and was frightened when Zaidee thrust a pen into her hand, and stood over her with an excited face; but Zaidee had never been so peremptory and despotic before. Her friend faltered, but could not refuse to obey.

CHAPTER XXVI.—A LETTER.

"What shall I say?" asked Mrs. Green, holding the pen suspended in her hand, and looking up with a troubled, timid eye. She had wondered at

Zaidee, many a time; but Angelina, to tell the truth, was now a little afraid.

"You know whether you were great friends," said Zaidee impatiently. "If you were, you should say 'Dear Charlotte,' I suppose."

"Oh, I assure you, I need no instruction how to begin," said Mrs. Green, with considerable offence; saying which, in a handwriting which could not have been distinguished from Miss Disbrowe's own, or from the handwriting of any of all Mrs. Green's female correspondents, so exactly similar was its running angular lines to theirs, Mrs. Green began—

"My dearest Charlotte"—

("I thought you were not very great friends," said Zaidee, in astonishment. Angelina's rapid pen ran on)—

"I cannot tell you how much delighted I am with what you tell me of your prospects. May you be happy, my sweet friend! for, alas! so bright a lot does not fall to all; and I, who have now experience in life, know better than you can do, how bare it is of all those blessings we expect when we are girls. I know it becomes us all to be thankful and submissive, and I hope I fulfil my duty and try to be so; but I do congratulate you, dearest Charlotte, on your approaching union with the first object of your unwithered affections—the man of your heart!"——

Angelina paused—and so did Zaidee, out of breath. Zaidee's interest was caught for the moment into another channel. She looked up anxiously in her friend's face. "Do you mean you are not happy," said Zaidee wistfully; for since she came to know what unhappiness was, a great pity had risen in Zaidee's heart. "And Mr. Green—he is so good a man, too. I like him myself."

"I wonder what you mean, Zaidee," cried the Curate's wife in alarm. "I am sure I have not said a single word of Mr. Green. I am quite sure I did not mean anything—and he will come in and see it, and think I am complaining of him. And it is all your fault, Zaidee Vivian. Oh, what shall I do?"

"You are not to put it away. Don't, if you please," said Zaidee. "Tell the young lady about the governess, and I will send it away myself."

After a pause of faltering indecision, Mrs. Green took her pen once more. "But I know nothing of this governess—you have not even told me her name—I can't tell if she will suit or not. Pray, Zaidee, be content, and leave me till I can write by myself; it flurries me so, to have you here."

"Say she can read," said Zaidee hurriedly, without at all heeding this remonstrance, "and write, but not very well; and can work at her needle too, though not like Margaret or Elizabeth; and I would be content to do anything," continued the girl, unconsciously appearing in the first person, as her face reddened with emotion and the tears came to her eyes. "I would serve the children, and teach them all I could, and work at what the lady wanted, and be very quiet and humble, and never angry; and I do not want any money—only to let me go into their house into London—and keep me there."

"Zaidee, you!" Mrs. Green's pen fell from her hand in the pause of utter dismayed astonishment which followed Zaidee's speech.

"Yes, it is me," said Zaidee. "I cannot stay at home any more. I must go away somewhere, and you will do me good if you will send me there. No one is to know. I want to go where no one can find me again. I want to go away for ever and ever. You need not cry, though it is very kind of you; for I should do a great wrong if I did not go away. Now that you know it is me," continued Zaidee, suddenly sitting down on a stool by the fire, with a sigh of weariness, "you can say yourself what I am able to do."

Pale with fright and agitation, the Curate's wife sat looking at her, as she turned with a strange worn-out indifference to gaze into the fire. Mrs. Green waited long for Zaidee looking round again, that she might catch her eye; but Zaidee never looked round. She seemed to have completed her revelation, and sat waiting passive and absorbed till her commands were obeyed.

"But I dare not do it, Zaidee," cried poor Angelina at last, almost hysterically. "I dare not for my

life. I must tell Mr. Green and Mrs. Vivian first, and hear what they say. I could not help you to go away secretly; it would be a sin. Oh, Zaidee, surely you cannot mean it! They are so kind to you at the Grange. Why would you go away?"

Zaidee rose hurriedly. "Do you know the pool in the hollow at the foot of Briarford Hill?" she asked with great gravity, but almost in a whisper. "If you tell Aunt Vivian and Mr. Green, and any one tries to keep me here, I will go to the water yonder and die; for I am in earnest—I am not deceiving. Mind, no one shall hinder me. If you will not help me to go away, I have only the pool left—nothing more."

The Curate's wife was stayed in her scream of horror by Zaidee's gesture. "It is a dreadful sin—a dreadful sin," cried Mrs. Green, trembling over all her frame.

"I do not know that—I cannot be sure of that," said Zaidee, speaking quick, and with a bewildered face. "I think of it till my head aches, but I can never tell. It would be for *them*—not for myself, but for them; and nothing that was done for them could be so great a sin."

"Will you ask Mr. Green—he could talk to you?" said Angelina in great distress. "I cannot say anything in such a dreadful matter, Zaidee. I am older than you, but I do not know very much. I—I dare not do anything. Oh, pity on us! What can I do?" And fairly overcome by horror and perplexity, poor Angelina, quite unprepared for such a strait, burst into tears.

But there were no tears in Zaidee's shining eyes. She put her hand upon her friend's arm, and Angelina looked up from her weeping. "Tell the young lady I will go. You will make me happy—you will save my life," said Zaidee. "Write what I can do—say I will do anything, if they will let me come. You cannot change me, but you will make me happy if you write."

"Then let me ask Mr. Green first?" sobbed the victim of Zaidee's despotism.

Zaidee withdrew her hand. "If you please," she answered with solemn composure; "but I have told you then what I must do."

"Oh, Zaidee, never say that—never think of that," cried Angelina, with a shiver of terror. "I will do anything to put that dreadful thought out of your mind. Yes, I will—I will, indeed, whatever you like, Zaidee. Tell me what to say."

It was some time before a letter could be produced which satisfied Zaidee; but it was concluded at last. Zaidee herself had relapsed into her former quietness, but the Curate's wife trembled with agitation, embarrassment, and terror. "What will I say to Mr. Green? What would Mr. Green say to me, if he knew what I had done?" mourned Angelina, who had at heart a devout belief in her husband, and respect for him. But the thing was done, and Zaidee sat before her, looking into the fire, with her face so pale, her air so self-occupied and resolute, her simple girlish sincerity so visible through all, that Angelina's perceptions were quickened into clearer insight than their wont. She could do it—she would do anything she had made up her mind to," concluded Mrs. Green, looking on, awe-stricken and afraid; for there was no possibility of doubting that Zaidee had made up her mind.

She went away by-and-by, pacing with her long quick dreamy steps along the road—the letter in her bosom, and the purpose firm in her heart. Poor desolate heart—it throbbed so high with its wild romance of love; for Zaidee's youth had been nourished with dreams, and inspired with the breath of those great heroisms which teach us the secret of self-sacrifice. Zaidee knew His example, first of all, who gave Himself, an unspeakable ransom, for a world of enemies; and Zaidee was too young and untaught to think there was sin in withdrawing from the visible ordinance of Providence; or to remember that she had no right to dispose of the life which God had given her for His will and not for her own.

FERRIER'S INSTITUTES OF METAPHYSIC.

WHAT is Metaphysic? Imagine a trout rudely taken out of a deep brown pool in a broad river, where it can either lie in luxurious ease, and wait for the rolling worm, or, darting off in its more lively moods, arrogate to itself, with a large unchartered liberty, the whole breadth of the clear many-plashing stream; imagine the smooth, shining, rapid, well-conditioned creature suddenly lifted up from these large waters, and transported into a garden pond of moderate dimensions; and then consider what will take place. Do you conceive the finny animal will sit down at once, satisfied with its condition, and make no attempt to explore the character and the boundaries of its new habitation? Assuredly no fish, though physiologists say they have very small brains, was ever so stupid. Depend upon it the creature will make many a desperate bolt, and not a few magnificent leaps, and glorious plunges, before it settles down contentedly in one quiet nook of this very limited corner of the watery world, within which your human masterdom has confined it. Before it has consumed its first worm in this narrow tabernacle, it will certainly have made the range of its whole confinement, and, after poking its nose against half-a-dozen ragged promontories, and blinding itself more than once in unknown beds of slime and reeds, will betake itself to its first meal in somewhat of a sullen temper, and after dinner suffer, for the first time in its life perhaps, no doubtful indications of incipient dyspepsy. Its first sleep in the new narrow world will, in like manner, be troubled with very disagreeable dreams; imaginations of grinning vampyres and water-kelpies sitting upon its stomach—of merciless shepherd boys grasping its slippery throat with firm hand—and half-a-dozen other sensations of pleasure, stricture, and asthmatic anxiety about the chest. After waking from this first troubled sleep, the creature, instead of saluting the first twinklings of the bright morning sun with a clear serene joy, will no doubt preface its morning meal by another exploring expedition. Every little creek, formerly passed over, will now be minutely explored; every troubled eddy, indicative of the entrance of some meagre brooklet, a feeder of the stagnant water, will be shot through with many an impatient dash; and the little brooklet itself traversed eagerly, till, scarcely affording water for so large a traveller, it ends in a waterfall thinly plashing down a high stone-faced wall, over which, alas! to trout of trout born, there is no leaping; for my lady certainly did not make her pond in such a foolish fashion, that a bright-scaled tenant, once in, might by any possibility get out; except of course, in the desperate suicidal way, which no wise fish will attempt, of leaping, with white-spotted belly, clean upon the dry grass and the butter-cups. There is plainly no hope for the fish to get beyond the watery boundary thus set; but the fish will not believe this, and ought not to believe it, till it has made every possible trial to get out. After having made these trials, however, it will begin to consider how best it may make the most of its altered condition; it will first cease exploring, and then forget even to grumble; it will make a minute and accurate survey of its narrow realm, and learn to find out the admirable variety that to a scrutinising eye is revealed, even within the limits of what to the first glance appeared a very weary and dreary monotony. In a word, it will gradually be developed out of a sullen grumbler, and a desperate kicker against the pricks, into a very bland, benign, philosophic trout, talking to itself, like old Goethe, largely of the benefits of limitation, and painting out in imagination, with a mild artistic

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Institutes of Metaphysic: the Theory of Knowing and Being. By JAMES F. FERRIER, A.B., Oxon., Professor of Moral Philosophy and Political Economy, St. Andrews. 1854.

satisfaction, the dangers which arise to fish and men from too large liberty, and the various frightful accidents of storm and flood.

These things, to the non-metaphysical reader, may serve as an allegory. Metaphysics, according to our notion, is the science that teaches man the length of his tether. Philosophy—we use the word with Professor Ferrier and the Germans—is that system of reasoned first truths that teaches the delicate-plumed human soul where and how far it can flap its wings with comfort and prosperity. It teaches a man that he may not fly to the moon; that he cannot know what is not knowable; that he cannot walk before his own nose, or leap out of his own skin. In a word, it is the strict, systematic, scientific statement of the ultimate circumambient and inherent necessities of our nature.

Many people have doubted whether such a science be possible; the majority certainly do not see the use of it, even if it were possible; and what is worst of all, very many of those who have attempted to establish it, instead of bringing out any clear and intelligible result, have only succeeded, like the poor fish whom we have symbolised, in raising a commotion among beds of otherwise quiescent mud, and blinding their own eyes with the results of their own impertinent enterprise. But, despite of all such unfortunate issues, man is a restless creature, and must philosophise.* Eyes may be blinded and noses may be broken, but the coast of our limited human thought must be surveyed, and the soundings of our little ocean registered. If it be vain to hope to know everything, it were cowardly to try to know nothing. Wherever there is thought and aspiration, there must be metaphysics of some kind. Most men are content to carry it about with them in a concrete form; it may be in the shape of a calmly enveloping atmosphere, it may be in that of a rude, dashing instinct: but there are men who will dig at the root of our mysterious life-tree, and see how it grows; who will elaborate for years a subtle theory of our vital growth, and pile it up into a bright, intelligential palace of absolute truth. One of those full-mailed, heavy-armed soldiers of speculation is Professor Ferrier; and in these days of light skirmishers and flying riflemen, it is really a rare delight to greet an academic gentleman, in full harness, striding, without any modesty, like a strong Ajax, into the bristling battle-field of abstract speculation with mighty paces—*ναιρά βιβάς*—and brandishing his huge, seven-hided shield in the face of a whole army of Hectors, as lightly as if it were my lady's fan. Whether Professor Ferrier be right or wrong in the fundamental position of his subtle theory, may puzzle wiser heads than those who swear by Reid and Stewart to determine; but certainly he comes forth like a true metaphysical knight, and magnifies his vocation gloriously. No one will charge him, as Hume, we believe, did Beattie, with dressing up "philosophy for the ladies."

To those extremely practical and exclusively utilitarian people who will persist in asking, *What is the use of metaphysics?* we might content ourselves with replying by asking a wider question, *What is the use of living?* There is no use of living, because living is an end and not a means—a supreme *τέλος*, as Aristotle is always saying, concerning which the question *for what purpose* (*τὸ οὗ ἕνεκεν*) is not put by any sane man. A cup exists for the sake of a draught; and a draught exists for the sake of being drank; and drinking exists for the sake of supporting life; but life exists for no sake at all. It is. Men love life for the sake of life, and for no ulterior purpose. For if you say that you love life that you may enjoy it, this adds no new idea, but merely expands that which we already possess. For all life, in its normal state, is pure enjoyment; and it is only by its normal state that the nature of

* Πάντες ἄνθρωποι τοῦ εἰδέναι ὀρέγονται φύσει—the first words of Aristotle's Metaphysics—a commonplace enough, no doubt; but, common as it is, a sufficient statement of the ground why, in all ages, when there is a full and free development of mind, men, in some shape or other—poetry, perhaps, or theology—must at least attempt metaphysics.

anything can be accurately characterised. Now, metaphysical investigation requires no plea of utility any more than life, of which, in fact, it is but one among many forms. As the life of a bird consists principally in flying and singing, of a toad in creeping, and of a weasel in running after rats, and an ichneumon in breaking crocodiles' eggs, so the life of certain persons called metaphysicians consists in hunting after first principles; and no person is entitled to question the use of this particular species of activity, any more than to inquire why all foxes should not be bears, or all bears should not be foxes. The good people of Miletus, as Aristotle tells us in the first book of the Politics, used to be very hard on Thales, the grave old water-philosopher, for his strange habits of star-gazing when sensible people were asleep; in astronomy and meteorology they could see no use: but when on a certain occasion, by help of curious meteorological observations, the philosopher had foretold the state of the weather and the prospects of the olive crop—and not only so, but also filled his own pockets and outwitted all the merchants in Ionia by getting the command of the olive market—then they doubted no longer the utility of philosophy, and the solid terrestrial value of gazing at the far firmament. But Thales did not for that reason become a merchant. He happened to make money by his meteorology on that occasion; but money was not the thing he cared for—he therefore remained a philosopher as before, thinking nothing of this grand exhibition of the utility of his speculations. He thought that knowledge, and the exercise of our highest faculties, was in itself, and with no ulterior purpose, as worthy an object to be lived for—or say rather as proper a function of living—as gathering olives from green trees, squeezing oil out of them, and exchanging that oil for so many pieces of yellow gold. Nothing indeed could more distinctly show the necessity of metaphysics, than that certain people will put the question *what is the use of it*. The very putting of this question shows that the persons who put it have formed to themselves no distinct idea of what an *end* or *object* is as distinguished from a *means*, a *work* as distinguished from a *tool*; are perhaps living altogether at random, or in the daily habit of mistaking a material instrument for a moral purpose, a mere machinery for a manufacture. For if the first result of metaphysical investigation be, as we have just indicated, a merely negative one, to ascertain beyond what limits the human mind cannot go, there comes out also, as the necessary correlative of this, the positive result of how far the human mind can go and ought to go. It is a pettish humour that leads the baffled speculator altogether to despise what appears a merely negative result; no result of a large and well conducted inquiry is, or can be, merely negative. If you find your north-west passage blocked up with eternal ice, you have at all events sailed over some large space of salt water that is not blocked with ice; you have made your observations on white and red snow, on bears and porpoises, on the northern lights, and on the magnetic pole of the earth. You have, moreover, spurred the enterprise and steeled the hardihood of our British navigators. Though baffled in what you set up as your main end, you have gratified your curiosity in a thousand other points equally interesting—in a large human view, perhaps more so. Your negative result, how far soever beneath the altitude of your anticipation, is certainly a great way above the level of nothing. Be thankful for that.

It is amusing among men to observe how many persons in this country fond of proclaiming their aversion to metaphysics, are found daily in their reasonings to proceed on principles of which metaphysical science supplies the only exact and satisfactory foundation. A painter, for instance, if he be an honest devotee of his art, and no hireling, is dissatisfied when you attempt to break off from the discussion of the merits of some famous work of art, by quoting the vulgar maxim *De gustibus non est disputandum*, and publicly declaring your belief in Lord Jeffrey's famous heresy, that beauty is a mere matter of association, and has no fixed principles of certitude. He knows by experience, or at least he feels, and has spent his life in the practical carrying out of the contrary.

He believes that there are eternal principles of beauty, recognized equally by Praxiteles and Raphael, subject to no innovation, and imperatively commanding assent from every thinker that knows what art means. The belief in these principles, as indeed, of all first principles, is essentially metaphysical,* can be justified by no science but that which is above and beyond anything that mere external nature and sensuous feeling can witness to—and yet your painter hates metaphysics! So our Protestant theologians, who are eager to build the exquisite architecture of their creeds on "the Bible, the whole Bible and nothing but the Bible," are continually starting from a foundation which owes any stability it can possibly receive, not to the Bible, but to that substructure of ineradicable convictions and instincts in the mind of man, which it is the business of metaphysics to muster and to marshal. And yet your theologian suspects philosophy! It is in vain, indeed, that the far-spreading, fair-blossoming, rich-fruited branches of the great tree of our humanity strive to shake themselves free from the deep earth-imbedded root, which, though it lives in darkness, is the great conductor of those vital juices, without which neither branches, nor blossoms, nor fruits can exist. No man is bound to cultivate, but as little is he entitled to despise, metaphysics. If you have no time or no inclination to make a reasoned system of the principles and motives on which you are daily acting, and as a man cannot but act, you have no right to quarrel with those who do so.

Such are the general views that strike us with regard to the nature and objects of metaphysical science, and its right to maintain that position which it has always claimed among the liberal arts. We shall now see how Professor Ferrier states his own case.

"A system of philosophy is bound by two main requisitions,—it ought to be true, and it ought to be reasoned. If a system of philosophy is not true, it will scarcely be convincing; and if it is not reasoned, a man will be as little satisfied with it as a hungry person would be by having his meat served up to him raw, Philosophy, therefore, in its ideal perfection, is a body of reasoned truth.

"Of these obligations, the latter is the more stringent: it is more proper that philosophy should be reasoned, than that it should be true; because, while truth may perhaps be unattainable by man, to reason is certainly his province, and within his power. In a case where two objects have to be overtaken, it is more incumbent on us to compass the one to which our faculties are certainly competent, than the other, to which they are perhaps inadequate.

"This consideration determines the value of a system of philosophy. A system is of the highest value only when it embraces both these requisitions—that is, when it is both true and reasoned. But a system which is reasoned without being true, is always of higher value than a system which is true without being reasoned.

"The latter kind of system is of no value; because philosophy is "the attainment of truth *by the way of reason*." That is its definition. A system, therefore, which reaches the truth, but *not* by the way of reason, is not philosophy at all; and has therefore, no scientific worth. The best that could be said of it would be, that it was better than a system which was neither true nor reasoned.

"Again,—an unreasoned philosophy, even though true, carries no guarantee of its truth. It may be true, but it cannot be certain; because all certainty depends on rigorous evidence—on strict demonstrative proof. Therefore no certainty can attach to the conclusions of an unreasoned philosophy.

"Further,—the truths of science, in so far as science is a means of intellectual culture, are of no importance in themselves or considered apart from each other. It is only the study and apprehension of their vital and organic connection which is valuable in an educational point of view. But an unreasoned body of philosophy, however true and formal it may be, has no living and essential interpendency of parts on parts; and is, therefore, useless as a discipline of the mind, and valueless for purposes of tuition.

"On the other hand, a system which is reasoned, but not true, has always some value. It creates reason by exercising it. It is employing the proper means to reach truth, although it may

* This is Aristotle's well-known definition, in *Metaphysics*, i. 2:—"Επιστήμη τῶν πρώτων αρχῶν καὶ αἰτιῶν θεωρητική."

fail to reach it. Even though its parts may not be true, yet if each of them be a step leading to the final catastrophe—a link in an unbroken chain on which the ultimate disclosure hinges—and if each of the parts be introduced merely because it is such a step or link,—in that case it is conceived that the system is not without its use, as affording an invigorating employment to the reasoning powers, and that general satisfaction to the mind which the successful extrication of a plot, whether in science or in romance, never fails to communicate.

"Such a system, although it falls short of the definition of philosophy just given, comes nearer to it than the other; because to reach truth, but not by the way of reason, is to violate the definition in its very essence; whereas to miss truth, but by the way of reason, is to comply with the fundamental circumstance which it prescribes. If there are other ways of reaching truth than the road of reason, a system which enters on any of these other paths, whatever else it may be, is not a system of philosophy in the proper sense of the word."

This looks modest enough; but the Professor is by no means destitute of that high confidence in his own system, without which no man will attempt so arduous a work as a reasoned theory of "Knowing and Being." Indeed, through the whole body of the work, he may well be charged rather with an over-confidence in his own footing on ground so slippery, than with a deficiency in that decision which is necessary for the pronunciation of a distinct dogma. He tells you, loudly, that he considers himself to have made a great speculative discovery that no man ever made before, unless it were Plato, perhaps, and Bishop Berkeley, and Spinoza; but these three, great as they were, only saw through a glass darkly, whereas Professor Ferrier looks on absolute knowing and being in the face, and, like Diomede, sees clearly all the gods in the battle, because Pallas Athena has blown from his eyes the mist that obscured the vision of all previous champions. This will, no doubt, be an offence to many; and there is a whole army of keen Hamiltonians in this city who will not willingly be reputed blind: but, for our own part, we have a very kindly feeling to any man who is mounted on a hobby, especially a metaphysical hobby; and when he rides so valiantly, and so gracefully too, as Professor Ferrier unquestionably does, instead of curling the critical brow, we are inclined rather to give our good humour full swing, and to cry, *Bravo! Euge! σοφῶς!* even to what we do not perfectly understand. A ship with full sail and a galloping tide will often ride gallantly over shallows, where a moderately-rigged slow-sailing hulk would be stranded. With a half-conviction, we should never have got this theory of Knowing and Being at all; but now we have it, and rejoice. In such matters, a great attempt is better than in other matters a small success. If, again, the grand problem has been truly solved—if the τὸ ὄντως ὄν—that which veritably exists—the alone true and the truly substantial—is, through the subtlety of our Saint Andrean Professor, at length within our grip—there is nothing impossible, or contrary to the history of human science, that the discovery should now for the first time have been made, or at least clearly and consistently stated; for though the principles of metaphysical truth are deeply seated in the heart of humanity, their evolution is slippery, and their exposition difficult. On this subject the Professor's introduction contains some admirable observations, which we shall here subjoin:—

"The unreasoned and generally unsatisfactory state of philosophy is to be explained by the circumstance, that no inquirer has ever yet got to the beginning; and this, again, is to be accounted for by a fact for which no man is answerable, but which is inherent in the very constitution of things—the circumstance, namely, that things which are *first* in the order of nature are *last* in the order of knowledge. This consideration, while it frees all human beings from any degree of blame, serves to explain why the rudiments of philosophy should still be to seek, and why speculation should have exhibited so many elaborate, although unreasoned and ungrounded, productions, while its very alphabet was in arrear. This view may be the better of some illustration.

"First principles of every kind have their influence, and indeed operate largely and powerfully, long before they come to the surface of human thought

and are articulately expounded. This is more particularly exemplified in the case of language. The principles of grammar lie at the root of all languages, and preside over their formation. But these principles do their work in the dark. No man's intellect traces their secret operation, while the language is being moulded by their control. Yet the mind of every man, who uses the language with propriety and effect, is imbued with these principles, although he has no knowledge of their existence. Their practice and their influence are felt long before their presence and their existence are perceived. The operative agencies of language are hidden; its growth is imperceptible.

'Crescit occulto, velut arbor, ævo.'

Like a tree, unobserved through the solitudes of a thousand years, up grows the mighty stem, and the mighty branches of a magnificent speech. No man saw the seed planted—no eye noticed the infant sprouts—no mortal hand watered the nursling of the grove—no register was kept of the gradual widening of its girth, or of the growing circumference of its shade—till, the deciduous dialects of surrounding barbarians dying out, the unexpected bole stands forth in all its magnitude, carrying aloft in its foliage the poetry, the history, and the philosophy of a heroic people, and dropping for ever over the whole civilized world the fruits of Grecian literature and art.

"It is always very late in the day before the seminal principles of speech are detected and explained. Indeed, the language which owed to them both birth and growth may have ceased to be a living tongue before these, the regulating elements of its formation, come to light, and are embodied in written grammars. That most elementary species of instruction which we familiarly term the A, B, C, had no express or articulate existence in the minds, or on the lips, of men, until thousands of years after the invention and employment of language; yet these, the vital constituents of all speech, were *there* from the beginning.

"Logic is another instance. Men reasoned, generation after generation, long before they knew a single dialectical rule, or had any notion of the construction of the syllogism. The principles of logic were operative in every ratiocination, yet the reasoner was incognisant of their influence until Aristotle anatomised the process, and gave out the law of thought in its more obvious and ordinary workings. Whether Aristotle's rudiments of logic have not an antecedent rudiments—which time may yet bring to light—is a somewhat unsettled problem in speculation.

"The same analogy may be observed, to a large extent, in the formation of our civil laws. The laws which hold society together, operate with the force of instincts, and after the manner of vague traditions, long before they are digested into written tables. The written code does not create the law; it merely gives a distinct promulgation, and a higher degree of authority, to certain floating principles which had operated on people's practice antecedently. Laws, in short, exist, and bind society, long before they exist as established, or even as known laws. They have an occult and implied influence before they obtain a manifest and systematic form. They come early in the order of nature, but late in the order of knowledge; early in the order of action, but late in the order of thinking; early in the order of practice, but late in the order of theory.

"So in regard to philosophy. Its principles, like all other principles—like the elements of every science and of every art—though first in the order of nature, are last in the order of intelligence; only there is this difference between philosophy and all other creations, that its principles, being the earliest birth of time, are therefore among the very last that shall be completely extricated from the masses in which they lie imbedded. They force man's general powers forward into the light; for themselves, they shrink back, and keep aloof from observation. The invariable rule seems to be, that what is earliest in the progress of existence is latest in the progress of discovery—a consideration which might lead us to suppose that all science can advance only by going, in a manner, backwards, or rather by *coming round;* that the infinite future can alone comprehend or interpret the secrets of the infinite past; and that the apotheosis and final triumph of human reason will be, when, after having traversed the whole cycle of thought, she returns—enriched only with a deeper insight and a clearer consciousness—to be merged in the glorious innocence of her primitive and inspired *incunabula.*"

We shall now endeavour to give a short exposition of Professor Ferrier's system, and its relation to those of most note in the speculative world.

Concerning "knowing and being," as the two ultimate entities or forms of entity with which the science of first principles has to do, there are four main schemes towards one or

other of which all thinking men feel themselves necessarily determined,—

I. That which can be known, and that which alone exists, is one thing, viz., MATTER.

II. That which may be known, and that which alone exists, is one thing, viz., MIND.

III. Two things essentially diverse and opposite, exist, the one active and the other passive — MATTER and MIND; and both are known separately and independently.

IV. Matter and mind both exist, but in such necessary interaction and intercommunion that they cannot be separated, and are not separately knowable. Nothing exists truly, or is knowable, but the conjoint concrete action of these two elements of all existence.

Of these schemes the reader will at once recognise in the first the system which is usually denominated MATERIALISM. Of all schemes of the philosophy of existence, this certainly is the most unsatisfactory and absurd; for it starts with ignoring that which we know better than anything else, viz., the spiritual unity within, and ends by turning the perplexing, but certainly not orderless, multiplicity without, which we can never directly know, into a chaos. We much doubt, indeed, whether a thoroughly consistent believer in mere matter ever existed; for mere matter, as we commonly conceive it, is something that does not and that cannot originate motion. The question, then—*πόθεν ἡ ἀρχὴ τῆς κίνησεως—whence the beginning of motion?*—with which Aristotle pressed the early metaphysicians of his country, the materialist can only answer by assuming along with matter, or rather inherent in matter, a motive power or force, which altogether contradicts and annihilates the idea of matter as vulgarly conceived; and a materialist will then be, not a person who believes in mere matter, but in matter combined with blind, unintelligent, and purposeless force. Thus stated, this system, though altogether inadequate for the interpretation of the laws of a world where order is everywhere manifest, and confusion only occasional, at least takes a form which is not utterly nonsensical in the mere statement of it; and, in fact, nothing is more easy than to point out how such a disorderly way of viewing the universe may arise. When a man's inner life has got into a habit of mere whim, freak, impulse, and ephemeral passion, and he has thus, by real experience, become acquainted with a little world of disorder within his own breast, it is not difficult, but rather extremely natural and easy, to suppose a similar chaotic state of the great world of which he is a part. Men are accustomed to make their gods after their own likeness. A confused microcosm—to borrow the phraseology of some of our old mystics—will not readily conceive, or may not willingly admit, the idea of a well-ordered macrocosm. The broken surface of a troubled pool will not reflect the clear image of the one unbroken sun. An ill-governed mind and a disorderly life, joined to a loose habit of thinking and a love of paradox, will generally be found sufficient to account for the existence of a thorough and consistent system of materialism such as we have described. But the fact is, that no word is used in a more loose way than Materialism; and as the most pious pantheists are in common parlance often slumped into the same category with insane and godless atheists, so we have no doubt that many an honest thinker has been branded as a materialist, who, if his maligners had understood the meaning of their own language, would have been sent adrift floating in the limbo of an unsubstantial Spiritualism with Bishop Berkeley.

The second of the four schemes above indicated is even this Idealism, or transcendental Spiritualism, regularly associated in this country with the name of the pious Bishop of Cloyne and the long-forgotten virtues of tar-water. This philosophy, in its pure and unmixed form, is more noble than the other, but not a whit more reasonable. Using the word "mind" in the sense naturally belonging to the word, as a permanent, central, intangible force, capable of projecting ordered schemes of thought and action, to say that nothing exists but mind, is to speak mere nonsense; for the world is made up not merely of motions, but of things that move and are moved. Pure idealism, therefore, like

pure materialism, starts with a glaring contradiction to its own terms; and it is not to be supposed that a sensible and sane man would be satisfied with such a baseless phantom of a theory of the τὸ ὄντως ὄν even in a dream. Professor Ferrier accordingly denies that Bishop Berkeley refused his belief to the existence of matter; he only said that it was not knowable to the mind except through the medium of ideas, and does in fact derive all its worth and all its truth from mind, just as the solid many-nurturing earth derives all its form, all its colour, all its blossom, and all its fruitage from the divine power that walks aloft in the sky, which the oldest Greeks called Hyperion, and their later children Apollo. In this sense, also, we shall see that Professor Ferrier himself is an idealist; while to materialism, and every possible form and modification of the sensuous philosophy, from Epicurus down to Locke and Condillac, he presents a front of irreconcilable and internecine hostility.

The third scheme is not the scheme of any particular school of philosophers, so much as it is everybody's scheme, and the catholic categorical declaration of common sense. It is that scheme which, in his famous article on the theory of perception, Sir William Hamilton designates natural realism, or natural dualism. According to this doctrine, the existence both of mind and matter is assumed as the great primordial fact given in the act of consciousness, which no man ever doubts of but philosophers; because philosophers are the only race of men subject to the disease of attempting to prove everything, and who, with their feet firmly planted upon a rock, are guilty of the madness of being curious to demonstrate that they are not floating in the air. 'Tis an old story. "*Nihil est tam absurdum quod non dixerit aliquis philosophorum.*" But, on the other hand, common sense, when pronouncing on such matters, must not be allowed to be over-conceited. Common sense was given us to judge of common matters; but surely ontology, or the science of the τὸ τί ἦν εἶναι, is not so very simple and superficial a matter, but that "vulgar thinking" may possibly err in pronouncing definitely thereon. There are mysteries about the connection, and inter-dependence of mind and matter, which no common sense ever did explain. While, therefore, we would by no means quarrel with those philosophers who assume mind and matter as two opposite and separable entities, which we are bound religiously to believe and take cognisance of as contrary, distinct, and separate, we cannot, on the other hand, charge with any flagrant absurdity the thinker who refuses to take cognisance of matter or mind separately, but insists pertinaciously on the fact, that what we know and what we are is not so properly an opposition of two separate and contrary things, as a combined concrete action of two things contrary, indeed, but always conjoined (like the opposite poles in a magnet), inseparable, and not even to be conceived of as separate. This view of the matter is the fourth of the four schemes, and also the theory of Professor Ferrier; to whom—whatever may be thought of its value—unquestionably belongs the merit of having been the first among our Scottish metaphysicians, clearly, distinctly, and elegantly to set it forth. No doubt "vulgar thinking" will be apt to be startled at a doctrine so directly in the teeth of its dearest and most familiar dogmas; but vulgar thinking would annihilate metaphysics altogether if it could; and it is the special mission of such thinkers as Professor Ferrier to teach common sense to take in a reef from its high-blown conceit, and confess, with Socrates, how much wisdom lies sometimes in a confession of ignorance. That a man of Professor Ferrier's subtlety and learning should profess himself not thoroughly satisfied with the received doctrine of the relation of mind to matter, may teach self-satisfied Common Sense that there may possibly be more things in Heaven and Earth, and in the human brain, than are dreamt of in the philosophy of the shop and the market-place. If a mouse capable of living in a hole, and nibbling cheeese, were to project a theory of political economy, this, placed side by side with Plato's *Commonwealth* and Aristotle's *Politics* would

present an instructive sample of the "vulgar thinking" current among mice, no doubt; but men would object to many things, and perhaps find the whole attempt ludicrous. So the "vulgar thinking" of our wisest men of the field and the forum may contain many maxims at which angels smile, and which to a god shall appear sheer delusion. There is a vulgar notion, for instance, that gravitation is a property of matter, that attractions and repulsions of all kinds are properties of matter; but when this vulgar notion comes to be analysed, it will be found that there can be no attraction without the permanent action of a force; and that a force permanently acting according to a law, is the proper function, not of matter, but of mind, even according to the ideas of "vulgar thinking" itself. There is, therefore, in the whole extent of the external world, nowhere to be found anything corresponding to that which "vulgar thinking" calls matter *per se;* but always and everywhere that matter is presented to us in organic combination with mind working according to a law. In other words, as old Anaxagoras saw, more than two thousand years ago, to talk of a mass of ordered ὕλη without a νοῦς to put it into order, and to keep it in order, is just as absurd as to suppose an organ playing without wind. So in all existence and in all knowledge where "vulgar thinking" supposes that there is an object, separably and distinctly known. Professor Ferrier, as a metaphysician, says that cognition is not the mere apprehension of an object, but the result of an action between the object and the knowing mind. As when an acid is brought into contact with an alkali, it is impossible for the keen fluid ever to lay hold of the acrid solid in such a way as that the alkali shall still be an alkali, and the acid an acid—but the action of the two is only possible on the condition that both shall lose their separate identity, and co-operate towards the production of a new compound; so knowledge is not possible of a thing, but only as the product of two things—which two things for aught that we know, may be as inseparable and indispensable to one another, as the numerator is to the denominator of a fraction. It is not the sun that gives light, when we see, nor the eye that sees; but seeing is the product of a living eye and a quickening sun, and, except as the expression of the conjunct action of these two factors, has no meaning.

Metaphysics have generally been accused of being useless; and Sir William Hamilton, in one of his massive and masterly essays in the *Edinburgh Review*, has favoured this idea so far as to limit the utility of metaphysical thinking to the gymnastic which it supplies to the faculties; but in the doctrine which Professor Ferrier in his book presents, elaborated with such ingenious and erudite care, we are made familiar with a principle than which none that we know exercises a wider influence on the growth of opinion and the formation of character. The sophism of hasty generalisation has been often alluded to by logicians as the true source of error in our common reasonings; that is to say, our tendency from a few carelessly collected and inaccurately observed facts to draw sweeping conclusions, which may seem to us as a hobby-horse with which we shall override the universe. But take the other grand sophism of "vulgar thinking," which Mr. Ferrier has exposed, viz., the imagination that the object of thinking is an object separate from the mind that knows it, and we shall soon see what a litter of lame Vulcans this haughty Juno, apart from her male and legitimate lord, has brought to light. A painter never pretends to give you the object which he represents—he only gives you his view of it; that is, in Professor Ferrier's phraseology, *the object plus his point of view, his faculty of vision and representation*—that is, notwithstanding the *plus*, something always considerably less than the whole object: but in our moral, political, and religious judgments of all kinds, we continually forget that the thing on which we give judgment is one thing, and the point of view from which we judge is another thing. Not that we would articulately declare ourselves infallible—we leave it to the Roman Pope to do that; but we do not deliberately and clearly see, perhaps never wish or care to see, how much the result which

we present as a purely extrinsic and objective something, is inoculated with a strange virus which comes from our own bad blood. We quietly assume that our judgment of the thing is really identical with its inmost nature and character; we drop the EGO out of the account, and calculate very valiantly that 5 — 2 is still equal to 51 Hence arises the gigantic pretence, the dogmatism, the despotism, and the intolerance of opinion in individuals, but specially in great masses and associations of men. Hence church rages against church, and dogma tramples dogma on the ground; hence the Czar of Russia styles himself the alone orthodox, and does not care to know anything of the claims of John Knox and other orthodox personages in this quarter of the world. For why?—simply because they have ignored Professor Ferrier's great proposition, that all cognition is a compound of the object known and the mind which knows it; and that some fragment of every belief, not yet purged by philosophy, must be a figment of him who holds it. So much for the amount of error, which the untutored Ego may impart into cognition; but the Ego, when separated from the disturbing elements of crude passion that envelop it, is the foundation of the most important familiar truth; in which capacity also, however, it is too often disregarded, and becomes the source of another class of errors, which Professor Ferrier has, in the following passage, very forcibly and elegantly set forth.

"That the common, permanent, and necessary constituent of all knowledge should not have been brought clearly to light, and turned to good account, and had all its consequences pressed out of it long before now, is not a little remarkable. It has scarcely, however, been even enunciated—certainly not emphatically dwelt upon. There cannot be a doubt that speculation, from a very early period, has aimed at the ascertainment of the immutable and universal feature which all cognitions present. It might have been expected, therefore, that the first consideration which would have occurred to the inquirer would have been this, that the factor in question must be that which we are more familiar with than we are with anything else—must be that, to find which we must have a very short way to go. For, surely, that which we always know, and cannot help knowing, must be that which we are best acquainted with, that which lies nearest to our hand, and which may be most readily laid hold of. This reflection might have been expected to bring him to the question, What, then, is that which we are most familiar with, and cannot help knowing, during every conscious moment of our lives? And this question would have been followed, one might have thought, by the prompt answer, It is *ourselves*. Nevertheless, both the question and the answer were missed. The common element has indeed been sometimes obscurely indicated, but its importance has never been sufficiently proclaimed; its fruits have never been gathered in. The words inscribed over the porch of the temple at Delphi, *γνῶθι σεαυτον*—which, properly interpreted, must mean "Consider well; it is *thyself*, oh man, that thou art conscious of, in and along with all that comes before thee"—have been oracular in vain.

"Several causes might be pointed out in explanation of this oversight: they are, however, mostly, if not entirely, reducible to the one great and leading cause which has been already referred to; to wit, familiarity. The influence of this principle in deadening the activity and susceptibility of the mind is overwhelming to an extreme. Drugged with this narcotic, man's intellect turns with indifference from the common and the trite, and courts only the startling and the strange. Every one must have remarked, both in his own case and in that of others, how prone we are to suppose that little advantage, and no valuable result can accrue from a careful study of that to which we are thoroughly habituated. "Perpetual custom," says Cicero, "makes the mind callous, and people neither admire nor require a reason for those things which they constantly behold." Rare events are the natural aliment of wonder; and, when it cannot be supplied with these, our inquisitiveness is apt to languish and expire. Abundant examples of this tendency—this proneness to prefer the unusual to the customary, and to conceive that things are marvellous in proportion to their rarity, and that the seldomer they appear the more are they entitled to our regard—might be drawn from the practice of mankind in the daily conduct of life, as well as from the history of science in all periods, but especially in the earlier stages of its development. The Science of an untutored age passes by unheeded the ordinary appearances of nature; but her interest is easily aroused, her attention is readily enchained, by such

mysterious portents as the earthquake and the eclipse. She is blind to the common and familiar phenomena of light; she is deaf to the common and familiar phenomena of sound: she has eyes only for the lightning; ears only for the thunder. She asks with eager curiosity,

> Quæ fulminis esset origo,—
> Jupiter, an venti, discussâ nube tonarent?

But she leaves unquestioned the normal or every-day presentments of the senses and the universe; she pays the tribute of admiration to nature's exceptions far more promptly than to her majestic rule.

"It is thus that uncultivated men neglect their own household divinities, their tutelary Penates, and go gadding after idols that are strange. But this proclivity is not confined to them; it is a malady which all flesh is heir to. It is the besetting infirmity of the whole brotherhood of man. We naturally suppose that truth lies in the distance, and not at our very feet; that it is hid from our view, not by its proximity, but by its remoteness; that it is a commodity of foreign importation, and not of domestic growth. The farther it is fetched the better do we like it—the more genuine are we disposed to think it. The extraordinary moves us more, and is more relished, than the ordinary. The heavens are imagined to hold sublimer secrets than the earth. We conceive that what is the astonishing *to us*, is also the astonishing *in itself;* thus truly making 'man the measure of the universe.' In this superstition the savage and the *savan* fraternise (bear witness, mesmerism, with all thy frightful follies!)—and, drunk with this idolatry, they seek for truth at the shrine of the far-off and the uncommon; not knowing that her ancient altars, invisible because continually beheld, rise close at hand, and stand on beaten ways. Well has the poet said,

> 'That is the truly secret which lies ever open before us;
> And the least seen is that which the eye constantly sees.'
>
> SCHILLER.

But, dead to the sense of these inspired words, we make no effort to shake off the drowsing influence, or to rescue our souls from the acquiescent torpor, which they denounce—no struggle to behold that which we lose sight of, only because we behold it too much, or to penetrate the heart of a secret which escapes us only by being too glaringly revealed. Instead of striving, as we ought, to render ourselves strange to the familiar, we strive, on the contrary, to render ourseves familiar with the strange. Hence our better genius is overpowered; and we are given over to a delirium, which we mistake for wisdom. Hence we are the slaves of mechanism, the inheritors and transmitters of privileged error; the bondsmen of convention, and not the free and deep-seeing children of reason. Hence we remain insensible to the true grandeurs and the sublimer wonders of Providence; for, is it to be conceived that the operations of God, and the order of the universe, are not admirable, precisely in proportion as they are ordinary; that they are not glorious, precisely in proportion as they are manifest; that they are not astounding, precisely in proportion as they are common? But man, blind to the marvels which he really sees, sees others to which he is really blind. He keeps stretching forwards into the distant; he ought to be straining backwards, and more back, into the near; for there, and only there, is the object of his longing to be found. Perhaps he may come round at last. Meanwhile, it is inevitable that he should miss the truth."

From this extract the reader will see that in Professor Ferrier he has not to do with a mere metaphysician—that is, according to "vulgar thinking," a dim grey anatomy of abstractions, but with a living man that can handle a pen, in literary form, feature, and expression, well-rounded and complete. There are, indeed, many indications in the present volume that the author is something more than an academic thinker, and is well able to put forth fair buds and blossoms of rich concrete beauty, so far as his subject will allow. On several occasions he bursts out not at all like a sober Professor with a black gown, but very like an alert brush-tailed red squirrel, sometimes even like a bomb at Sevastopol exploding furiously beside a sick man's hammock. Witness the following:—

"The early physiologists gave out that the mind was some kind of *aura* or finer breath, some highly attenuated species of matter; but they certainly never succeeded in showing that it was known as this. That very important point was prejudged. Their hypothesis was founded upon analogy. Matter was patent to universal observation. All things were seen to be material. Man's organism was material,—why should not his mind, his most intimate self, follow the same analogy, and be material too? Hence its materiality was assumed. The word,

indeed, by which the thinking principle is designated in all languages bears evidence to the inveteracy of the superstition that the conception of mind might be formed by conceiving a material substance of extreme fineness and tenuity. Many circumstances have conspired to keep this fanaticism in life. The supposed visibility of ghosts helps it on considerably; and it is still further reinforced by some of the fashionable deliriaments of the day, such as *clairvoyance* and (even A. D. 1854, *credite posteri!*) spirit-rapping. These, however, are not to be set down—at least so it is to be hoped—among the normal and catholic superstitions incident to humanity. They are much worse than the worst form of the doctrine of materiality. These aberrations betoken a perverse and prurient play of the abnormal fancy—groping for the very holy of holies in kennels running with the most senseless and god-abandoned abominations. Our natural superstitions are bad enough; but thus to make a systematic business of fatuity, imposture, and profanity, and to imagine, all the while, that we are touching on the precincts of God's spiritual kingdom, is unspeakably shocking. The horror and disgrace of such proceedings were never even approached in the darkest days of heathendom and idolatry. Ye who make shattered nerves and depraved sensations the interpreters of truth, the keys which shall unlock the gates of heaven, and open the secrets of futurity—ye who inaugurate disease as the prophet of all wisdom, thus making sin, death, and the devil, the lords paramount of creation—have ye bethought yourselves of the backward and downward course which ye are running into the pit of the bestial and the abhorred? Oh, ye miserable mystics! when will ye know that all God's truths and all man's blessings lie in the broad health, in the trodden ways, and in the laughing sunshine of the universe, and that all intellect, all genius, is merely the power of seeing wonders in common things!"

What say you to this, gentle reader? Surely the man that wrote these sentences has blood in his veins; and that's more, one sometimes thinks, than could be said of Aristotle. Professor Ferrier, indeed, seems in his whole make and type to fraternise more largely with Plato than with the Stagyrite. What a fine compliment to the grand architect of the ideal philosophy is paid in the following short passage:—

"Nevertheless, if Plato was confused and unsystematic in execution, he was large in design, and magnificent in surmise. His pliant genius sits close to universal reality, like the sea which fits in to all the sinuosities of the land. Not a shore of thought was left untouched by his murmuring lip. Over deep and over shallow he rolls on, broad, urbane, and unconcerned. To this day all philosophic truth is Plato rightly divined; all philosophic error is Plato misunderstood."

But there are other things about Plato, in Mr. Ferrier's book, well worthy of very serious consideration. What, for instance, will Professor Thomson of Cambridge, and his brother Platonists, say to the following exposition of the *ἀισθητὸν* and the *νοητόν*?—

"We have had expositors of Plato, commentator after commentator, talking of their great master's super-sensible world as something very sublime—something very different from the sensible world in which the lot of us poor ordinary mortals is cast—insinuating, moreover, that *they* had got a glimpse of this grand supramundane territory. Rank impostors. Not one of them ever saw so much as the fringes of its borders; for there is no such world for them to see; and Plato never referred them to any such incomprehensible sphere. This *terra incognita* is a mere dream—a fable, a blunder of their own invention. *Plato's intelligible world is our sensible world.* We shall see by-and-by in the ontology that this announcement may require a very slight modification, but one so slight that meanwhile it may be proclaimed in the broadest terms, that Plato's intelligible or super-sensible is our sensible world—just the material universe which we see and hear and handle: this, and nothing but this, is Plato's ideal and intelligible home. But then,—his sensible world must be moved a peg downwards. It must be thrust down into the regions of nonsense. It must be called, as we have properly called it, and as he certainly meant to call, and sometimes did call it, the nonsensical world, the world of pure infatuation, of downright contradiction, of unalloyed absurdity; and this the whole material universe is, when divorced from the element which makes it a knowable and cogitable thing. Take away from the understood the element which renders it understandable, and nonsense must remain behind. Take away from the intelligible world—that is, from the

system of things by which we are surrounded—the essential element which enables us, and all intelligence, to know and apprehend it, and it must lapse into utter and unutterable absurdity. It becomes—not nothing—remember that—not nothing, for *nothing*, just as much as *thing*, requires the presence of the element which we have supposed to be withdrawn; but it becomes more than nothing, yet less than anything; what the logicians term 'an excluded middle.' The material world is not annihilated when the intelligible element is withdrawn—as some rash and shortsighted idealists seem inclined to suppose. Very far from that: but it is worse, or rather better, than annihilated: it is reduced to the predicament of a contradiction, and banished to the purgatory of nonsense."

Before concluding, we must make one remark on a phasis of Professor Ferrier's philosophy, not the least important in a practical point of view,—we mean the remarkably concrete and real character which it presents. The shallow conclusion, from a first glance at the Professor's book, that some persons may have made—viz., that he is a transcendental idealist, who will have nothing to do with matter—will be sufficiently checked by the following extract:—

"It may be proper at this place to remark, parenthetically, that the discussion respecting matter *per se* is interesting and important, not so much on account of any conclusion as to the independent existence or non-existence of matter which the inquiry may lead to, as on account of the truths in regard to knowing and thinking which the research brings to light. Philosophers have been too apt to overlook this consideration, and to suppose that the main object of the research was to prove something either *pro* or *con* respecting material existence. That, however, is a point of very secondary importance, and one which, at the outset, ought not to be attended to at all. The inquiry should be gone into as if it were merely the smelting process, by which the most secret and essential laws of cognition and of thought are to be extricated from the dross of ordinary opinion, and submitted to the attention of mankind. Viewed in this light, the importance of the discussion cannot be too highly estimated. The agitation of no other question can make known to us the fundamental laws of all knowledge—the binding necessities of all reason. If any other topic will answer this purpose, let it be announced: philosophers will very readily proceed to its examination. Would people inquire directly into the laws of thought and of knowledge, by merely looking to knowledge or to thought itself, without attending to *what* is known, or to *what* is thought of? Psychology usually goes to work in this abstract fashion; but such a mode of procedure is hopeless,—as hopeless as the analogous instance by which the wits of old were wont to typify any particularly fruitless undertaking,—namely, the operation of milking a he-goat into a sieve. No milk comes in the first instance, and, *even that* the sieve will not retain! There is a loss of nothing twice over. Like the man milking, the inquirer obtains no milk in the first place; and, in the second place, he loses it, like the man holding the sieve. Modern wit has not equalled that intolerable jest, which describes exactly the predicament of our psychologists, in their attempts to ascertain the laws of thinking and knowing, by merely looking to these, considered as mental operations. Our Scottish philosophy, in particular, has presented a spectacle of this description. Reid obtained no result, owing to the abstract nature of his inquiry; and the nothingness of his system has escaped through the sieves of all his successors. They drag for abstractions in nets composed of abstractions; and, consequently, they catch very few fish. If we would avoid this termination to our toils; if we would protect ourselves against the unpleasantness of losing no result twice over, we must go to work in a very different way. It is of no use inquiring into the laws of knowing and thinking, considered as abstract operations. We must study the contents, and not the mere form of knowledge; for the form without the contents,—the law without that which the law determines,—is elusory as the dream of a shadow. We must ask, and find out *what* we know, and *what* we think;—in other words, we must inquire whether matter *per se* be what we know or think, or whether we have not, all along, been practising an imposition upon ourselves in imagining that this was what we knew, when, in truth, this was not what we knew. If any important conclusions are to be reached, the concrete, and not the abstract, must be the object of our investigation, and this is what these Institutes have endeavoured to keep constantly in view."

In these observations is brought out a point of the utmost importance for all metaphysical inquirers. "*They drag for abstractions in nets composed*

of abstractions; and, consequently, they catch very few fish." We would have this sentence written in letters of gold on the frieze of every metaphysical professor's hall. By all means, Mr. Ferrier, let us have done with abstractions! If we are to have a reasoned system of first principles, let it be a system of the principles of our whole life in this complex order of things, not merely of one-half of it, imagined as separate from that from which it never is separated. From this distinct recognition of the essentially concrete nature of all knowledge, we anticipate the greatest benefits to metaphysical science. Under this form, it will no longer insist on standing alone, as it were, on a haunted tower, holding grey communion with itself, and with the ghosts of its own conceit; but it will go forth lustily, and lend itself to poetry, and history, and art, inhabited, like the eloquence of Plato, by the very soul of music, and clad with the beauty of green fields. We hope, also, at no distant day, from the fair promise of the present volume, to see Professor Ferrier engaged in a work affording a larger field for "concrete" philosophy than the subtle discussion of the present volume presents. We have already said that he wields the pen gracefully, and that he is anything but a dry bloodless speculator; a "mere metaphysician;"—which, like a mere mathematician, a mere lawyer, a mere theologian, a mere scholar, or a mere anything else, is a monster always with a most religious instinct to be shunned. Would Professor Ferrier, who evidently reads Greek—not at all a necessary accomplishment in a Scotch professor of Moral Philosophy—perhaps be so kind as work out for us an elegant exposition of the philosophy of Plato in its principles and its applications? Or shall we still be indebted for all our good books, on such subjects, to the Germans, with their eternal prosy interminable tomes, and complex overladen sentences, the very aspect of which in a healthy-minded Briton produces horror? Shall it be said that philosophical scholarship is to be found nowhere within the bounds of broad Scotland, save in the brain of Sir William Hamilton? After two such names as Dr. Adams of Banchory, and Colonel Mure, may not Scottish scholarship at length aspire to rise from those "grammatic flats and shallows" in which it has been floundering, and dare to wing its way into those higher regions of thoughtful learning which have hitherto been swept almost exclusively by birds of German feather? Is it altogether beyond the power of our five universities to produce a Stahr, a Brandes, or a Schleiermacher?

SCHAMYL AND THE WAR IN THE CAUCASUS.

The question has doubtless ere this been asked, How could it for a moment have entered into the heads of any of her Majesty's Ministers, that it was possible to remodel the constitution of the country by a new Reform Bill, and at the same time, by way of a light employment between its heavy reading, to conquer the Russian empire, a distance on the surface of which may be measured equal to half the diameter of the world at least, with a contingent of some twenty-five thousand men? The only answer to such a question must be, that Russia's powers of resistance have been greatly underrated, or at least that they have been measured by her apparent powers of aggression. And her powers of aggression have been measured by her inability to completely subdue a little mountainous corner of her vast dominions. It is quite true—while Russia was in amity with the Western powers, while England was busy spinning cotton and France was busy settling and unsettling her domestic affairs, as she is wont when she has nothing better to do, just as fastidious housekeepers move their furniture and rehang their pictures, never satisfied with the last arrangement—that all this time the whole military power of this monster empire, unbroken and undistracted, was kept at bay year after year by a ridge of mountains, and a handful of semi-barbarous tribes garrisoning them. And this fact appears the more surprising when we consider that the Caucasus has been for a long time nothing more than a large fortress completely invested, having Russian land to the north and south of it, and Russian lakes to the east and west of it; nor even thus a compact fortress, but a long line requiring defence cut through the middle by the pass of Dariel, and dividing diagonally the trapezoid figure formed by a line drawn from the Caspian to the Black Sea on the north, by the coast of the Caspian on the east, by the coast of the Black Sea on the west, and the Russian province of Georgia on the south-west and south, and thus assailable by sea or by land by a power possessing the resources of both, in every part of it.

Nor must it be forgotten that Russia has long established her garrisons in the outer works of this great fortress; that many of its original defenders have succumbed to her, and have even co-operated with her against their neighbours; and that it is only, as it were, the central keep or natural donjon which has held out in so unparalleled a manner. If we examine the conditions which have made such a state of things possible, our attention is primarily directed to two facts. The first is the easy defensibility of a country which is both mountainous and wooded; the second is the overwrought and uncompromising religious fanaticism of the inhabitants.

Now, it appears that there is but one way of effectually subduing a country that is both mountainous and wooded. This is to pierce the mountains with military roads and destroy the bush. But as the country must be subdued to a great extent before either of these measures can be taken, we are reminded of a means of bird-catching familiar to all nurseries. That even mountains comparatively bare present great military obstacles, has been abundantly proved, as they constitute natural fortresses of the very strongest kind—the deficiencies of which, where they exist, the very rudest kind of art is capable of supplying.

Nowhere do we get a better notion of this than in the picturesque narrative of Xenophon, where he describes the march of the Ten Thousand through the mountains of Kurdistan before they debouched on the wintry table-

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Schamyl als Feldherr, Sultan und Prophet und der Caucasus. Schilderungen der Völker und Länder Kaucasiens. Von Dr. FRIEDRICH WAGNER. Leipzig, 1854.

Die Kaukasischen Länder, mit Illustrationen und Karte. Carl B. LORCK, in Leipzig.

lands of Armenia. Wherever there is a defile there are heights above it. The army must march through the defile, and the heights are in possession of the enemy; so it is necessary to storm the heights, in the face of all opposition, before the defile can be used; and even in case of the best success, when the heights are stormed and the main army has safely passed—unless the storming party are prepared to occupy the heights for ever—they must expect annoyance in retiring, as the enemy will probably immediately occupy the vantage-ground they have left. But difficult as it may be for a military power to act in a bare mountain country, this difficulty is incalculably increased by the existence of woods. In naked mountains, the enemy, though often difficult of access, may be found when looked for, and attacked; for where one man can climb, another can. Nor are even caverns an efficient protection, as a poor North African tribe once found to their cost, when, as has probably happened in more instances than one, they were smoked out. But it is otherwise in the case of woods. This any one who has been in the habit of fox-hunting may judge of from his own experience. Every sportsman knows the average extent of the largest covers, and how small they appear in comparison with a genuine continental wood. He also knows that he may have the bad luck to be kept in one a whole day, galloping in every direction, forwards, backwards, and sideways, pushing through thickets, plunging through quagmires, with his horse all thorns, and sweat, and excitement, pricking up his own ears at all kinds of strange noises which give alternate hope and disappointment; till at last his temper fails, and he begins to think Lord Chesterfield right, who, when asked why he did not go hunting, replied, "I have been." Now, this will give no bad notion of what war must be in the bush; the only difference being—and that no slight one, even to the strongest nerves—that each party is pursuer and pursued. It is hunting an enemy, who will never break cover if he can help it, for the good reason, that his means both of offence and defence consist in keeping close to it, added to the occasional whistle of a ball from before or behind, and a puff of smoke from some tree or other; and as there are trees everywhere, any one of them may screen the next assailant. Thus, as we should expect, history abounds with instances of regular forces being bewildered and cut off in woods by irregular, who of course are the best suited to this kind of work. Besides many modern instances, one of the most striking of which was the misfortune of the French general Vandamme, in a *cul-de-sac* of wooded hills at Culm in Bohemia, we have an abundance of such cases before the invention of firearms; such as the loss of the Athenian force, under Demosthenes the general, in the woods of Ætolia; the defeat of the Roman army at the Caudine Forks; and the destruction of the legions of Varus in the Westphalian forest, which was part of that Hercynian wood which then covered the face of half Germany. But supposing the wood to be on even ground, and of limited extent, it is possible to clear it of the enemy, by a line of skirmishers advancing across it. Not so when it climbs the side of a snow-covered ridge, and extends far away over the horizon. This is perhaps the greatest condition of difficulty to an attacking army; and it is with this that the Russians have had to contend in the Caucasus. With a country of such a nature, it requires no great amount of courage in the defenders to give much trouble. But supposing courage and resolution in the defenders superadded to the difficulties of the ground, the unequal nature of the contest is increased, and we do not wonder that, in this way, mere handfuls of men have often put to flight large battalions. The most striking case of this that occurs to us was the battle of Morgarten in Switzerland, in which a large body of Austrian men-at-arms, amounting to some thousands, was attacked and discomfited by a few hundred herdsmen of Schwytz, Uri, and Unterwalden. To arrive at Schwytz from the plain country of Switzerland, it was necessary for the invading army to pass along the shore of the Lake of Egeri, at the end of which they found the passage closed by a wooded mountain dipping

down to the water's edge. As they were defiling round this corner, difficult enough of itself, on a sudden they were astonished by an avalanche of rocks and tree-trunks rolled down upon them from above by invisible hands; and, while in confusion, made more inextricable by the encumbrance of armour, they were attacked and slaughtered hand to hand by the light-limbed mountaineers, who drowned those they could not cut to pieces, and, stopping both ways of retreat, left few to tell the tale of the day.

We have mentioned the first condition which has enabled the Caucasians to hold their own so long against Russian aggression, and to keep their highlands standing dry in the deluge of her dominion, like a hog's-back reef in the sea. We now come to the other condition—the animus of the inhabitants, a strong independent feeling fostered by a religious fanaticism, kept at its highest pitch by a succession of prophets pretending to divine inspiration. Now we know that it is most poetical to refer heroic deeds done by small forces against large to the simple inspiration of the love of liberty; but we question whether this feeling has not been immensely overrated as a motive of action. No people in the world, always excepting our friends of the Peace Society, like to be murdered and robbed without resistance; and no less than this has generally been the alternative of fighting, in cases where resistance has commonly been attributed to an innate love of freedom. The story of Tell, who is looked upon as the champion of Swiss liberty, is quite a case in point, whether it be true in fact, as we most sincerely believe, or a myth, as literary heretics love to think. Tell only flies to arms when the tyranny of Gessler has become personally inconvenient to himself. The abstract love of freedom is the result of education, and capable of becoming a strong motive of action only with the educated and refined. Hence the indifference of the great mass of the Italian people to the efforts of the revolutionary agitators, and, consequently upon that, the speedy exhaustion of the revolutionary fire. It is difficult to move the peasant of the Campagna, as long as his siesta may be taken equally undisturbed under Pio Nono or Mazzini. We do not wish to pursue this subject further here, than merely to observe that, however agreeable it would have been to ourselves to represent the Caucasian tribes as actuated by a stern attachment to liberty in their resistance to Russia, it is perhaps more consistent with truth to say, that such resistance was principally brought about by religious fanaticism, kept at boiling-point by a series of personally interested chiefs. This is a case in which we must, it is to be feared, part with romance for the sake of truth, as Aristotle parted with Plato's theory of ideas, alleging that Plato and Truth being both his friends, his conscience obliged him to prefer Truth, in a case where they clashed. We should be delighted to make Schamyl and his people appear pure-minded and unselfish champions and martyrs of liberty at war with despotism. We fear that they must be looked upon chiefly in the light of bigots of the first water, puritan Mussulmans, hating everybody and everything Christian, and objecting to the Czar for a very different reason from that for which we object to him—namely, because they consider him as the very embodiment and quintessence of Christianity. They oppose him to the death, because they believe that his object is to convert them to his faith. That they think he means also to subvert their ancestral liberties, has doubtless a force with them, but a secondary one.

Before we proceed to speak of Schamyl, the chief instigator of the crusade against Russia—if that, indeed, can be called a crusade, which is a war of the Crescent against the Cross—we will just observe, by the way, that with the Circassians, properly so called, this movement has little to do.

The Circassians or Tcherkesses inhabit the mountains west of the Elburz, which overhang the coast of the Black Sea; while it is in the mountains east of the Elburz, and even farther still, east of the pass of Dariel, that the chief resistance to Russian power has been kept alive, the country to the westward having more or less submitted to Russia, and having been bridled with a set of frontier fortresses, extending from Redout Kalé to Anapa.

This limitation must be carried still farther. We see by the map that the Caucasus ends to the east in a point called Cape Apscheron, in the Caspian. From this point westward the mountains increase in extent and height, and being more accessible for some distance, from this point westward, have been Russianised, so that Daghestan is virtually joined to Georgia for nearly half its length; and to that extent the Russians may boast "il n'y a plus de Caucasus," as the French boasted once with regard to Spain, "il n'y a plus de Pyrenées." Thus the really independent tribes inhabit a comparatively small portion of the Caucasus. They are included in a loop formed by the Terek to the north and west of the main chain of mountains to the south, and the Koïssu to the east, and are called by the general names of Tchetchenzes and Lesghians. Amongst these tribes are laid the principal scenes of the life and exploits of Schamyl; and it will be seen by the map that the neighbourhood of Tiflis in Georgia is more exposed to their inroads than other parts of that Russian province. By this it appears how much more the subjection or independence of mountain tribes depends on geographical than on moral conditions. Thus the recesses of the Caucasus have proved, in modern times, as effectual a barrier to Russian conquest, as those of the Grampians did in ancient times to Roman, or in the middle ages to English; in modern times, the improvement of the means of offence requiring for the defence greater inaccessibility. Of these Caucasians the Ossetines are said by Dr. Prichard to be probably of the purest and most ancient blood. These inhabit as nearly as possible the centre of the chain, close upon the country of the Tchetchenzes, whom we must therefore conclude, taking also into consideration the difficulty of their country, to partake in a great measure of the same characteristics. It is not probable that the Tartar and other conquerors of the East found the central Caucasus easier to subjugate than the Russians, who, whatever may be their barbarism in other respects, are quite as forward, as we find to our cost, as any nation of Europe in the art of war. The hostility of the Caucasian tribes to Russia is not new. We find in 1711 that the murder of several merchants' families by the Lesghians, induced Peter the Great to march against them at the head of twenty thousand men, supported by vessels in the Caspian. He punished the Lesghians effectually; built the fort of Sviatoikrest (Holy Cross) on the Sulak; took Derbend; ordered a descent on Baku, a town to the south of Cape Apscheron, where the roads from Georgia and Daghestan meet round the mountains, and pointed out the spots most favourable for the placing of castles. The Empress Anne lost all her possessions in the Caucasus, and contented herself with founding Hisliar, on an arm of the Terek of the same name, as a boundary to the Russian possessions in this direction. The Empress Elizabeth endeavoured to reduce the Ossetines, by sending missionaries to convert them; but their success was not equal to her wishes: they built a church, but could not fill it. The Empress Catherine II., however, was more successful. She took possession of Habardah, and founded Mosolok, on the northern curve of the Terek, and several of the surrounding tribes submitted to her. The power of Russia gradually increased all about the Caucasus, until the end of the eighteenth century; but the heart of the country still remained untouched. About the year 1812, General Jermoloff received the command of the Caucasian province, and he has left a reputation second to none of his predecessors. Yet it must be taken into due consideration, that the hostilities between Russia and the mountaineers were not so important then as they have become since, because at that time the different clans were at feud among themselves. Jermoloff conciliated the submissive tribes, but showed great severity towards those which still held out against him. The Schamyl of that time was Amulad Bey, who excited insurrection in Daghestan. He was taken prisoner, but managed to escape. Jermoloff, nevertheless, succeeded in suppressing the rebellion, and put a price on the head of Amulad. He, however, contrived to avoid all pursuit, and to vanish from the scene of action, leaving no trace behind him. In the year 1818, thi

Jermoloff built some fortresses in the Tchetchna country; but the mountaineers surprised the castle of Amir Hadji Yar, and put the garrison to the sword. Two Russian generals, Grekof and Lissanewitch, came to besiege this castle, now in the enemy's possession. The Tchetchenzes fought till their powder was exhausted, and then made a rush, sabre in hand, by which they succeeded in cutting their way out through the Russian army. The Russians now thought it worth while to invite them to a conference. They dared, however, to admit only one Mullah to the council of war. Fearlessly did this Tchetchan listen to their proposals; but when the generals began to speak of falsehood and treachery, the proud mountaineer gave them back their own, and expressed his hatred against the oppressors of his country in the strongest and most unmeasured terms. "Peace, traitor," said general Grekof, "or I will have thee hanged." "Is that the way ye honour the laws of hospitality?" answered the Tchetchan in a fury, threw himself on the general, and stabbed him to the heart. There was a clash of sabres, a report of pistols, the room was filled with soldiers; but before the Russians could bring down the Mullah, not only General Lissanewitch, but a colonel and two subordinate officers, had yielded their lives to the force of his single arm.

After the recall of Jermoloff, Paskiewitch was appointed to the command of this province. Without immediately assailing the central Caucasus, he drew the meshes of Russian conquest closer round it, by the subjugation of the Persian provinces to the south of it, and by his brilliant campaign in Asiatic Turkey in the year 1828. After this he was engaged in an expedition against Abchasia in 1831, which he left for the Polish war, resigning his command to General Paccratieff. About the same time the Russian general Pullah received a severe check in the so-called Devil's Pass, the Gibraltar of the Tchetchenzes.

General Wiliaminoff, who died a natural death in 1839, inherited Jermoloff's popularity with his countrymen. He affected a peculiar style in his general orders, which commonly began, "The worthless Tchetchenzes have again revolted;" and used such expressions as, "If heaven were to fall, the Russian bayonets would be able to prop it up." Absurd as this style may appear to European ideas, it was calculated to impose on Oriental imagination, and was defensible on the same grounds that the pompous restoration of the gates of Somnauth, in India, was defended.

A General Sass made his name so terrible in the Caucasus, by his rapid expeditions and severe measures, that it became a bugbear to unruly children, as those of many worthy and unworthy heroes of modern and ancient times have been. The same compliment was occasionally paid to Lizianoff; and Jermoloff himself was called by the Circassians the "Russian Devil." But the official successor of Paskiewitch, as governor-general of the Caucasus, was General Rosen. In the mean time the war had considerably extended its limits; for Kasi Mullah, like a true descendant of the Prophet, had gone forth preaching a holy war, with the standard of insurrection in one hand, and the Koran in the other. He raised Daghestan to revolt, attacked the Russian garrisons on the Caspian Sea with partial success, and plundered the adjacent country. To stop his aggressions, Rosen determined to attack him in his stronghold of Himri, the place where he was born. He placed himself at the head of the expedition, directed on this point in the year 1832; but though he shared its fatigues and perils, its laurels were reserved for Wiliaminoff. On the 18th of October, Kasi Mullah was massacred with his Murids; whilst Schamyl, one of this religious order, whose fame dates from that day, escaped in a marvellous and apparently miraculous manner. Before we proceed with our notice of this singular personage, we must caution readers that doubts have been entertained as to the simple fact of his existence, as if he had lived long ago instead of in our own time—the same kind of doubts that have been thrown out regarding the existence of Theseus or Hercules, or other semi-mythological characters. An habitual reserve and assumed sanctity has wrapt up Schamyl in the same obscurity in

which other heroes are enveloped by time and distance. Most of the facts related with regard to him only rest on hearsay evidence; some of them, as we shall see as we go on, being of a character to invalidate the evidence on which they rest. He is extraordinary and mysterious in every way, most extraordinary in the hair-breadth escapes he is said to have experienced. In this, as well as the general character of his exploits, he resembles closely the semi-fabulous hero of ancient Messenia, Aristomenes. This difficulty of obtaining authentic information regarding Schamyl, seems owing in part to the unapproachableness of the scenes of his life, in part to the religious seclusion in which he lives, either from natural disposition, or with a view to his influence on those about him. The very nature of the narrow escapes told of him would make many sceptical as to his surviving them; for supposing them true, his safety would appear miraculous.

We have before mentioned the affair of October 18, 1832 (only twenty-three years ago, we must remark,) when the Russians stormed the castle of Himri, after having long been kept at bay by Kasi Mullah, and the Murid Schamyl. They won the stronghold only after they had battered the defences with cannon, and also had fought for a long time hand to hand with the besieged. In the storm, Kasi Mullah fell, and several of the Murids. Schamyl himself, wounded by a musket-shot and bayonet-thrust, managed to cut his way out and disappear, to be heard of soon again in some other direction. This was the first of these strange escapes. One version of this event is singular. It was long maintained by some that Schamyl was taken prisoner at Himri, and, after having been brought to St. Petersburg, appeared in his own country again as a Russian officer, in arms against his countrymen; but having taken umbrage at some conduct of his general, deserted back to his own people. This story is again said to be true, not of Schamyl, but of one Daniel Bey, a Caucasian chieftain, who deserted the Russian service, in which he held a command, to join Schamyl. Two years afterwards, Schamyl is said to have had another escape of the same kind. The story of this is connected with the "vendetta," or traditional family feud, which appears to be as common in the Caucasus as in Corsica, or as formerly among the Highland clans. In the country of Daghestan, that region about the south-western coast of the Caspian, lived a khanum, or princess, of the name of Pashubike, who, being Russianised, had acted as an enemy towards Kasi Mullah. Hamsad Bey, the follower of this prophet chief, who was killed, as we may remember, at Himri, having enticed the two sons of this khanum into his tent, under pretence of negociation, slew them, and by these means more easily succeeded in capturing Chumsak, her capital town, and putting the khanum, their mother, to death. Here was a glaring case for the avenger of blood. Omar Khan, the eldest son of the khanum, had been brought up with two brothers, named Osman and Hadji Murad. These brothers fell on Hamsad Bey, as he was worshipping in the mosque, and, undismayed by the sanctity of the place, killed him on the spot. This deed, however, cost one of them his life. Osman was sabred by the Murids who were present. His brother, however, escaped, and raised a revolt among the people, who fell upon the Murids in overwhelming numbers. Those who escaped the massacre which ensued made their way to the tower. Schamyl was one of these; and his presence, added to their despair, prolonged the defence. Hadji Murad ordered the tower to be set on fire. Two Murids only escaped. One was a man who had betrayed to Hadji Murad the original plan of his associates, after swearing to keep their secret. His escape was only for a time, for he was dragged back and burnt alive. The other was Schamyl. How he escaped, none knew; but he did escape, leaving no clue as to where or how he was gone. Schamyl's third extraordinary escape happened in the year 1839, at the taking of the fortress Achulko. This was a siege in which a remarkable contempt of death was displayed on both sides. The Tchetchenzes defended, and the Russians attacked. The place was at last carried in spite of the precipices on which it stood, and which were crowned not only by men, but by women, who

emulated the fabled Amazons of the Caucasus, and were seen above, in fluttering robes, loosening masses of stone, handling firearms, and exciting to the contest the men themselves. It was on account of Schamyl, and with hope of taking him, that this eagle's nest was attacked. Achulko was taken, but not Schamyl. He was looked for, first among the slain, then among the prisoners; but he was nowhere to be found. There were left, indeed, a few Tchetchenzes, who had climbed to the clefts of the rocks higher up. Their movements were watched; and some, who gave themselves up, were asked if they knew what had become of Schamyl. After much hesitation, they confessed that he was still above, but intended to let himself down in the night, and make for the open country. His capture now seemed certain, and a party of soldiers were expressly set to watch for him. After waiting till midnight, this party heard a very slight noise overhead. Down came one of the mountaineers, who, after an examination of the ground, made a sign to those above that the coast was clear, and on this down came another as softly and as nimbly as a cat. A third followed. It must be he, thought the Russians, who as yet had not moved, for this one was wrapt in the white mantle which Schamyl was known to wear. The soldiers rushed out, pounced upon them, caught all three, and went off with them to the General's tent, eager for thanks and reward. Great was their disappointment when they found that neither of these was Schamyl. As for the real Schamyl, he had taken advantage of the short absence of the Russian guard to slip down at the same spot, and to gain the bank of the river Koïssu. They fired in the direction in which they thought he was gone, but they could not prevent him from gaining the other bank and vanishing in his peculiar and supernatural manner.

Schamyl kept his own counsel with regard to this escape from Achulko; if his people considered it miraculous, so much the better for his influence over them.

This singular man, who has ever since these occurrences been the life and soul of the anti-Russian party in the Caucasus, is said to have been thirty-seven years of age when he became chief of the Tchetchenzes. He was born in the village of Himsi, the scene of the first of his great escapes, in the year 1797, and is consequently at present fifty-seven years of age, though said by some to be nearer seventy.

Of course, in such cases figures are hardly ever infallible. Men and women who lead hard lives in the mountains, look older than they are; and most semi-barbarous people seem to have a superstitious objection to too great accuracy on these points, so that those who obtain information from them can only profess to approximate to the numbers of a tribe or the age of an individual, as some railway directors, in defence of their notorious unpunctualities, only profess to approximate to the hours marked on their time-tables.

Schamyl, even in boyhood, distinguished himself by precocious intelligence, and a proud spirit impatient of control. He was never satisfied with a second place in any attainment, physical or intellectual. He ever strove to overcome a natural weakness of body by exertion strained to its highest pitch; and whenever he was surpassed in the sports and trials of strength in which he and his companions engaged, he would shut himself up for whole days to mourn over the discomfiture. Nor was his mind less active than his body. This was the reason why the untamable boy was yet all respect and obedience to one man who had power over him, that man being his tutor, Jellaladdin. By him he was thoroughly imbued with knowledge of the Koran and of the Arabian school of philosophy. His tutor, a member of the school of the Sufis, directed all the latent enthusiasm of the pupil into the channel of religious fanaticism, and by this means prepared him to achieve his peculiar greatness. At the death of Hamsad Bey Schamyl was invested with his mantle by acclamation. He has ever since remained the acknowledged head of an ultra-Mahomedan sect, the very Jesuits of Islam. He professes to be guided in all he says and does by direct inspirations from Allah. Then a feverish exaltation, not in his case without its majesty, attends his words

and deeds, and has a strong effect on those who are under him. "He has," says a poet of Daghestan, "lightnings in his eyes, and flowers on his lips."

He is of middle height, fair countenance, and light hair; but fire is added to his eyes by their contrast with the shade of dark and bushy brows. The only exception to an appearance of energy and youthfulness is a beard which has become grey early in life. Nor is this fiery activity artificially kept up, for, though an old campaigner, he messes like an anchorite. He eats little; he drinks, as some would say, nothing, as he only drinks water; and sleeps the fewest possible number of hours.

These particulars rest on the evidence of Russian prisoners of war who have returned from Daghestan. Schamyl's residence, or rather stronghold, was for a long time the castle of Achulko, the scene of the third of the strange escapes we have mentioned. He made his Russian prisoner build him a two-storeyed house there in European style. From this little spot he made his sway felt far and wide for many years. For some time he was without the sinews of war—he had no pay for his troops—in fact, it is said they had to keep him; yet their fanatical spirit, kindled by his, made him as rich in influence as if he had possessed millions. The lives of his Murids were at his disposal at a moment's notice, and at the slighest sign.

The Russian general Grabbe was the most determined enemy that Schamyl ever had. Having obtained permission to reach him if he could in his rat's hole of Achulko, in the spring of 1837, he set out on his perilous expedition. The place was sixty versts from the most advanced Russian post. The intervening country was cut up with ravines, and it cost the Russians many toilsome days to arrive at the foot of the rock where Schamyl's castle stood. But as yet the invaders had none but natural difficulties to overcome. The Tchetchenzes had been gathering at Achulko to receive them, and thus had forborne to impede their march. The Russians thought that the great business was to get their guns and mortars within range of the castle; and this done, the surrender of the enemy would follow.

Shot and shell soon did their work on the rudely-built walls; but they were as far from taking the place as ever. The rock was burrowed like a rabbit-warren; and from the subterranean passages of this inland Gibraltar, the mountaineers, out of danger themselves, fired with the deadliest effect upon the besiegers. Nothing was to be done without storming, so an assault was attempted, which failed, with the loss of two-thirds of the assailants. Consideration for the lives of his men might have deterred a Wellington from a desperate attack on Burgos, and induced him to place his fame in abeyance till the next campaign, but was not likely to interfere with the programme of a Russian general. Two fresh assaults put the Russian commander in possession of two important points, and it was determined to attempt to carry the whole place by undermining it. The besieged, fearing to be blown up with the fortress, withdrew for a time to the surrounding rocks, and prepared to resist the assault there.

The Russians took advantage of their momentary panic to assault the place, and this time with success, on the 22d August 1839. All the garrison were put to the sword, Schamyl, it was believed, being among them. We have already related the particulars of his escape. He turned up suddenly and unexpectedly among the Tcherkesses or Circassians proper; and how he came there, no one knew. Driven from Daghestan, he preached with but moderate success the holy war against Russia among the Adighes and Ubiches. Finally, he reappeared in his own mountains, and established himself in Dargo, where Grabbe again determined to find him out, making the attempt in May 1842. This time the Russian general fared worse than the last. The Russian column got entangled in the woods and defiles, and in this state was fallen upon by Schamyl's people, and obliged to retreat with the loss of half its number. Ever since that time, war has been going on with changing fortunes, but unabated violence. Latterly, the pressure of the Russian power has been taken off the Caucasus by the war with Turkey, and Schamyl is said to have taken advantage of this to

make forays into the Russian territory, in which the mountaineers have carried off a considerable amount of booty, and on one occasion several Russian ladies, whose restitution the representatives of the allies at Constantinople are said to have endeavoured to procure, as a graceful present to a national enemy—with what success we know not. It is to be feared that some of them may have already been added to the numerous wives of the mountain chiefs, this fate having befallen other captive ladies. Schamyl is now no longer the mere head of the Tchetchenses, but all the neighbouring tribes pay him the blindest obedience. His deeds against Russia are only a part of his greatness. The state of the Caucasus in our time has been like that of the Rhine-land in the middle ages—a sort of feudal anarchy, where what the Germans call "fist-right" was the only code of laws systematically acted upon. Not only was every tribe hostile to its neighbour on civil and religious grounds, but family was in feud with family in the same tribe, and the law of blood-vengeance, which we have already adverted to, was the rule under which all lived and many died. Schamyl, seeing that the perpetuation of this state of things prevented any common action against the public enemy, and especially objecting to offering up valuable lives to petty feuds, has managed to modify it so that even the hostile sects of the same religion—namely, those of Omar and Ali—are induced by him to make common cause against the Christian foe. When it is taken into consideration that religious sects commonly hate each other more in proportion to the slightness of their doctrinal differences, and in all cases each other more than those of an entirely opposite religion, this will not appear the least difficult task that he had to perform. The whole of the country over which he rules is divided into twenty provinces, each governed by a man called Il Naib; but only four of these governors, who are the most tried adherents of the prophet, have absolute authority: the rest are obliged to refer to the superior power for the ratification of their acts. Each furnishes three hundred horsemen—every ten families providing one. The family to which that one rider belongs is exempt from other imposts: the other nine furnish equipment and provision. These horsemen must be ready to mount and ride for their lives at all times, even in the night. This reminds one of the martial law enforced by the fiery cross of the Highland clans. In the year 1843, Schamyl had eight thousand of such horsemen. These serve for his standing army; but besides these he has a militia. The whole male population of the Auls or Caucasian hundreds is exercised in arms and horsemanship. This militia is bound to defend its own district in case of attack, and on emergency to take a part in the prophet's expeditions. Schamyl's own body-guard consists of a thousand men, each of whom has a fixed portion of the spoils of war, besides an allowance of three florins a-month. To belong to this body is an object of ambition to all the Auls of Daghestan. Schamyl's revenues consisted at first entirely of the black mail he levied in the Russian provinces. Of this he had a fifth, according to immemorial custom. Of late, however, a regular taxation has been introduced, and the common treasure is swelled by a tithe of the harvest. Another source of the sinews of war is remarkable, considering the fanaticism on which the system rests. It consists of a kind of lay impropriation of the revenues of the mosques and dervishes; but some of the ministers of religion are indemnified by being taken into military service, and others by receiving civil appointments; and, after all, the war might be considered in the light of a crusade, and that, in carrying it on, religious funds would not be much misapplied. A system of couriers riding from village to village has also been set on foot, probably revived from antiquity, as we know the Persians had it in the time of Xenophon. Bravery in war is honoured, in the European manner, by orders; while the punishment of death is inflicted for cowardice, treachery, theft, or murder. Schamyl does not disdain to resort to pious frauds to uphold his power, and pretends, perhaps himself in part believing, that he has confer-

ences with Allah on the most important matters. These conferences are supposed commonly to take place once a-year, and he prepares himself for them by a long course of seclusion, prayer, and fasting. During the whole of this time his house is strictly watched, and no one is admitted to his presence. That Schamyl practises systematic imposition, is to be expected from his fanatical character; nor must we suppose this to detract from the sincerity of his fanaticism. A fanatic may impose, without being an impostor in the worst sense of the word. Nor is it quite correct to call Mahomet, or Cromwell, or Schamyl, half-fanatic, half-impostor. All fanatics practise imposition, because fanatics; nor must they therefore be charged with the moral meanness of those who impose for little selfish ends. Full of their own views of religion, they have no eyes to see the plain right and wrong of simply moral questions. The end of all they say and do is to them so paramount, that the means become a secondary consideration. This seems to us to constitute the very distinction between fanaticism and healthy zeal. But we must be cautious here of extending our charity too far; for by far the greater number of religious impostors are certainly not fanatics, but mere swindlers. Do not let us for a moment be supposed to place Schamyl in the same category with Joe Smith, the Mormon prophet, and the blasphemous leaders of the "Agapedome." Joe Smith's memory has the advantage of a quasi-martyrdom, and on the strength of this his followers are making hundreds of converts, especially among the Welsh sects. It is almost a pity that the people who lynched him did not content themselves with tar and feathers. Unless we take the more charitable view of Schamyl's fanaticism, nothing can be said in palliation of a crime which, according to Dr. Wagner, will for ever stain his memory—a crime no less than matricide. The story is told by the German doctor much as follows: it seems to us of doubtful authority, as it was told to a Russian officer, name unmentioned, by one of the most confidential of the Murids, being not improbably a mere cock-and-bull story, to inspire an exaggerated fear of the character of the prophet-warrior. In the year 1843, the inhabitants of the Greater and Lesser Tchetchna, being hard pressed on all sides by Russian troops, and left helpless by the Lesghian communities, resolved to send a deputation to Schamyl, with the request that he would either send a sufficient number of warriors to enable them to make head against the Russians, or else empower them to submit to the Russian government, as their means of resistance were at an end. Now, it was well known that any one taking such a proposition to Schamyl, did it at the risk of his life, and in consequence no one could be found to volunteer to play the part of Archibald Bell-the-cat. The Tchetchenzes saw there was nothing to be done but to choose their envoys by lot. The fatal choice fell on four inhabitants of the village Gumri. Dangerous as was their mission, these proud mountaineers dared not show timidity, and they started on their journey to seek out Schamyl in his township of Dargo. In proportion, however, as they approached it, the danger of their errand appeared to them in stronger light, and the instinct of self-preservation was awakened. They held several consultations as to the safest means of approaching the chief on the subject, yet without fixing on any plan, till at last the eldest of them, called Tepi, turned to his companions with these words—"You know," said he, "how impossible it would be even for those Murids, who are most intimate with the mighty Imam, to use with impunity the expression 'submission to the Giaour.' What would then be our fate if we dared to appear in his presence with such a mission? He would at once command that our tongues should be cut out, our eyes put out, or our hands lopped off; and all this would not do our people the least good, but simply leave our families without support. I have turned the matter over in my mind, and thought of only one feasible plan of effecting our mission." Tepi's companions, of course, pressed him to communicate this plan. "I have heard," he continued, "that there is but one person who exercises a decided influence on the Imam, and

dares to utter words in his presence which would be the death of any one else. That person is his mother. A connection of mine, Hassim Mullah, in Dargo, will manage to introduce us to her without much difficulty, especially if we make him a present of part of the money we have brought." The other envoys were satisfied with this proposal, and empowered their companion to carry out his views. When they arrived in Dargo, Tepi's friend received them in an hospitable manner, and Tepi took the earliest opportunity of letting Hassim Mullah know the object of their visit, and asking for his co-operation. No sooner were the words uttered than Hassim broke out in a passion. "How could I," said he, "be so unmindful of my honour as to put my hand to help so shameful a project as that of subjection to the Giaour?" Tepi knew his man,—made a dive into his pocket, and let slip, as if quite by accident, a handful of gold pieces on the carpet. Hassim Mullah's features immediately relaxed from their sternness, and he begged his friend to go over the story again, as he had understood him but imperfectly the first time. He asked him, at the same time, how many of such gold pieces he had brought with him. "Three hundred pieces," answered Tepi. "Our whole tribe has subscribed to make it up. Here are seventy of them. We intend to devote the residuary two hundred and thirty of them to the Khanum, if she succeeds in obtaining her object from her son." Alas for human nature! Hassin Mullah agreed to further their design, on condition of cutting down to two hundred pieces the old lady's bribe, and pocketing the remaining thirty himself. When all had been agreed upon, Hassim went to the Khanum, a lady universally respected for her benevolence, but who nevertheless was known to have an itching palm, and succeeded in persuading her to speak with her son on the dangerous subject. Accordingly, the same evening she entered her son's apartment, who, with the Koran in his hand, was just preparing to despatch the Murids in attendance on him with exciting messages to different tribes. In spite of this urgent business, he granted his mother a private audience, which was prolonged beyond midnight. The precise nature of what passed between them was never ascertained. The next morning, when Hassim Mullah visited the Khanum, he found her in tears, and deadly pale. "My son," she said, with faltering voice, "does not by himself venture to decide on so important a point as that of the submission of the Tchetchenzes to the Giaour; so he is gone into the mosque to pray and fast there till the moment when the Great Prophet shall reveal his will to him from his own mouth." Schamyl had, in fact, shut himself up in the mosque, having commanded all the people of Dargo to come about it and pray until he should make his appearance with the Prophet's verdict. The whole people responded to this appeal, and surrounded the mosque, praying and howling. But thrice twenty-four hours passed; many of the devotees failed for hunger and want of sleep. At last the door opened, and Schamyl came out, pale, and with bloodshot eyes. After he had spoken in a low voice to one of the Murids who stood near, he mounted on the flat roof of the mosque, whither several Murids accompanied him. There he remained standing in silence for some minutes, while all the people looked up to him with trembling expectation; and as for the Tchetchenzian envoys, they scarcely dared to breathe. Suddenly one of the Murids, who had been sent to fetch the Khanum, appeared with her on the same roof. The Imam immediately ordered her to stand before him, and exclaimed, raising his sorrowful eyes to heaven—"Great Prophet, thrice holy are thy commands; they will be done." Then he turned to the people, and spoke with a loud voice, "Men of Dargo, I have a fearful thing to announce to you. The Tchetchenzes have entertained the shameless thought of submitting themselves to the Giaour, and have even gone so far as to send envoys to ask for my permission. These messengers well knew the criminality of their business, so they did not venture to appear before me, but turned to my wretched mother, who, with the weakness of her sex, gave way to their importunity, and laid the wicked plan before me. My tender love for

her, and her urgent entreaty, emboldened me even to consult Mahomet, the beloved of God, with regard to the Divine will. Wherefore have I, through three days and three nights, supported by your prayers, invoked the Prophet's judgment. He has honoured me with his answer; but that answer came on me like a thunder-clap. According to the will of Allah, it is decreed that the first person who brought the infamous proposal of the Tchetchenzes before me must be punished with a hundred heavy strokes of a whip. Alas! this first person was no other than my mother." When the poor old woman heard her name so mentioned, she raised a shriek of lamentation; but Schamyl was inexorable. The Murids tore the long veil off the Khanum, bound her to a pillar, and Schamyl himself took the scourge to accomplish the frightful penance. At the fifth stroke, the Khanum dropped down dead under the lash of her son, who fell weeping at her feet. This was enough for nature; in a few minutes he sprang suddenly up, and his eyes sparkled with an expression of joy. He raised himself to his full height, and spoke in a tone of dignity. "God is God, and Mahomet is his prophet; he has heard my earnest prayer, and permitted me to take upon myself the rest of the strokes to which my poor mother was condemned. I do it joyfully, and recognise therein, Holy Prophet, an invaluable sign of thy grace." And quickly, and with a smile on his face, he threw off his upper garments, and commanded two of his Murids to inflict upon him the rest of the blows. They did so, laying on the bare back of their commander ninety-five heavy strokes, each of which drew blood without his face changing a feature. After the last stroke, he put on the clothes lying at his feet, came down among the astounded people, and asked, in a quiet collected tone, "Where are the miscreants for whose sake my mother was obliged to suffer this frightful punishment? Where are the envoys from the Tchetchenzes?" "Here, here," cried a hundred voices; and in another moment the trembling victims were dragged before the face of the fanatical chief. Every one expected their instant death, and some Murids were already unsheathing their heavy sabres to be ready to execute them at a word from the Imam. The Tchetchenzes lay with their faces to the earth, and muttered their dying prayer; but not one of them dared to lift his head to ask for a pardon which all thought impossible. Schamyl, to the surprise of all, lifted them up with his own hand, bade them take courage, and said, "Return to your own people, and relate to them, as a fit answer to their criminal and inconsiderate request, all that you have seen and heard about me." One may easily conclude that no message of similar import ever again found its way to Dargo. Now, on whatever authority this horrid story may rest, we cannot help being sceptical about it, for internal evidence seems against it. If Schamyl could obtain the Prophet's permission to receive ninety-five lashes for his mother, he surely might, in the first place, have obtained permission to be her substitute for the whole hundred. Any hero of the same stamp, whatever his religious frenzy, would have preferred suicide to parricide. We have Scriptural authority for Jephthah's sacrifice of his daughter; and such stories as those of the sacrifice of Iphigenia by Agamemnon, and the case of Aristodemus the Messenian king in classical antiquity, have probably a true foundation; but in Oriental custom, as in Roman law, children were considered the slaves and property of their parents; in no case, even under the woman-degrading regime of Islam, parents of their children. In fact, the entire subjection of the child would point, if anything, to an exaggeration of parental reverence. We cannot believe that Schamyl's influence over his people would have been increased by the sacrifice of his mother, though it might have been by his own vicarious penance. They must have invented this part of the story to frighten the Russians. As to his strange escapes, there is no reason to believe them untrue, any more than those of the Bruce, or any other authenticated hero. Some of our own men in the Crimea have escapes to relate just as miraculous. We will quote a few words from a letter in the *Times* from a private in the Scotch Fusiliers, a

native of Girvan, in Ayrshire. "A musket-ball went through my right arm. It was just like a pin touching me at the time. I continued firing about five minutes; then I got a ball in the left breast. I never fell; but, thank God, the ball passed quick as lightning through my back, just below my shoulder. The wound is three or four inches higher before than it was behind, because the enemy were higher than we, they firing in a slanting direction." He goes on fighting, nevertheless. "I was staggering down the hill as well as I could, when I was soon struck on the arm with a bit of a shell. I had no time to say a word till another ball went through my left thigh. I got about twenty yards further down, then fell on my face. I never got timorous till then." [Did you get timorous then, Joseph Coulter? We question it; at all events, we should think ourselves rather brave with your allowance of timidity.] . . . "I tried to get up, and with the help of God I got to my feet once more. I was not one minute on my feet till a ball struck me on the first joint of the middle finger of my left hand, and broke it. I still kept my feet. . . . My thigh is quite well. In my next I will tell you how I got off the field. I am now able to walk about. I will soon be as good a man as ever. . . . Our quartermaster-sergeant, happening to pass, called out, 'Halloo, my dear fellow, where are you struck?' I said, 'Well, sir, I am struck with four balls and a bit of a shell.' 'Good God!' he said, 'and are you not dead yet?'" He surely ought to have been dead long ago, on the same principle as that on which the Duke ought to have been beaten at Waterloo. He was dead by every rule of science, but he told his own story. Here is an escape as miraculous as any of Schamyl's. It is a great disadvantage to Schamyl's reputation that he enshrouds himself in such inaccessibility. Few Europeans have been favoured with an interview with him. The Caucasus has been dangerous to any travellers who might have been taken for Russian spies, and it would be difficult, without a knowledge of the language of the inhabitants, to identify oneself. One of our steamers was fired at, in mistake for a Russian, by the Circassians when they were burning the forts that the Russians had abandoned, although when they found out their error, they were profuse in apologies. Our officers who landed on a subsequent occasion, though they fraternised with the Circassians, could learn little or nothing about Schamyl. The fact is, that Circassia proper has been only occasionally the scene of his operations, and the fishers on the Black Sea have been in a manner, more so formerly than now, brought under Russian power. These very Circassians about whom most is known, and with whom Mr. Bell and Captain Spencer became acquainted by actual residence among them, are very odd people. The position of woman amongst them in some respects resembles that of woman in the West. Being to a great extent monogamists, probably because they cannot afford polygamy, their women seem to play a higher part than in Turkey proper. We have mentioned their exploits in war, equal to those of the maid of Saragossa. Nevertheless they export their daughters for sale in the Turkish slave-markets, and to replenish Turkish seraglios. It may be that the high position of woman is an old tradition in the purer races, and that some of the original blood of the Teutonic stock still lingers in the Caucasus, which in the West runs in the veins of those who, heathen or Christian, have always reverenced woman; so that Tacitus remarked, in astonishment at this trait of civilisation eighteen hundred years ago, "Aliquid divini inesse putant." We must not be considered ungallant if we do not impute this Teutonic woman-worship entirely to moral and intellectual superiority. The women of the German races are more beautiful than the men. It is not so with the Turks and Greeks —not so even with the Italians, in spite of Lord Byron—or, dare we say, even with the Spaniards. We have ourselves observed a superiority in the beauty of the men of Catalonia and Arragon, at least in the mountains, to that of the women, who are beaten by their French sisters on the other side of the Pyrenees. But in the Caucasus, female beauty appears to be in perfection, and must have its effect on society in spite of Mahomedanism. Thus we cannot help thinking that all the good the Caucasians have, belongs to their ori-

ginal traditions. They resemble in their good points the mountaineers of the Tyrol and Servia; but they are spoiled to a great extent by Islamism. It is well to ponder this. Our ladies and the ladies of Paris are really in danger of a little sentimental Islamism, for they play Omar Pasha quadrilles, forgetting that the Turks, like the fabled Tenth, "never dance;" and they wear in their head-dresses gilded crescents, as the Athenians used to wear golden grass-hoppers. This is anything but the place for theological discussion, but we have surely a right to observe, in spite of our Ottoman alliance, that a religion can be worth nothing which is no religion at all for half the world, except by special favour, and that half the fairer and the better. Those whose Turkish sympathies would lead them astray, would do well to take Scott's *Talisman* from the shelf, and read over the dialogue between Sir Kenneth and Saladin. We do not believe that civilisation in Turkey can ever be more than a mere varnishing of decay. Her Christian races must rise, her Ottoman race must fall, and woe be to us if we attempt to arrest the decrees of Heaven. It is for her Christian races that we are warring now, if we know what we are about, and that they may be left to their natural development, unshackled by Muscovite interference. We must not for a moment suppose that we are fighting to rivet the sceptre in the hand of a power—

"A Dio spiacente, ed a nemici suoi"—

or no great good fortune can attend our arms.

The highest praise we can give the Turkish government is that of "laissez faire,"—that it does not interfere with its Christian subjects. As long ago as 1849, we met at Chamouny some Moldavian gentlemen. They assured us that under the Porte they enjoyed nearly perfect civil and religious liberty, for they never saw a Turkish official; they only paid a trifling tribute; while, even then, they lived in continual dread of the encroachments of Russia. All this, however, is owing, not to the benevolence, but the imbecility of Turkey, whatever galvanic life Omar Pasha may give to her armies. Considering all this, we must not hope too much from Schamyl's co-operation. It is doubtful whether he will ever be in a position to carry on war beyond his own mountains; though in his own mountains the diversion our arms are making makes him easily impregnable, and takes off the weight that he has felt for the whole of his former life, so that he may fortify himself in them, always supposing his existence, at his leisure. The Caucasus safe, Georgia is isolated, and a little organisation of the Turkish armies there by European officers would give them the upper hand. Their Asiatic armies are disorganised now, because the officers are sunk in sloth and every degrading vice; for it is in the rich and not in the poor, that the worst effects of Islamism are seen. Schamyl might possibly be able to get as far as Tiflis, as we see that a spur of his mountains runs out in that direction; but we question if he has artillery for a siege, and we should fear that his manner of carrying on war might make his alliance questionable, for the same reasons that Lord Chatham objected to our employing the Red Indians and their scalping-knives in the American War. If we cannot beat Russia by fair civilised fighting, we had better not beat her at all. As it is, she has shown but a bad example, although the Emperor is to be acquitted of such deeds as murdering the wounded, as he publishes an ukase against it; yet we should scarcely be justified in retaliating, as long as she is more cruel to her own soldiers than to the enemy—such cruelty appearing to be part of her military system. This is due to the Tartar blood of subordinates, more than, we should think, to the disposition of Nicholas. When speaking of Schamyl, we forgot how little the Czar himself, who is so much more accessible, is really known by the world as a private man. He is probably only now beginning to come before the world in his true colours. He is too near us for us to see him, as Napoleon was to our fathers. Posterity will see him and judge him, and One higher than posterity.

REVELATIONS OF A SHOWMAN.

We have often regretted that the inimitable author of Gil Blas has not given us, in his entertaining volumes, a minute and detailed biography of that ingenious personage, Ambrose de Lamela. He appears but too rarely in the pages of that excellent romance, and we are rather tantalised than satisfied by the glimpses which we are permitted to obtain. Rigid persons may object to certain of his actions as slightly latitudinarian, but we are left in no doubt as to his principles. If, from some unexplained confusion in his ideas, he decamped with his master's portmanteau two days after entering his service, he had previously made a visit to church, "where he had been, to return thanks to heaven for having preserved him from all evil accidents on the road from Burgos even unto Valladolid." A little later, we find him levying contributions on the country, in the disguise of an abstaining anchorite; next, he puts on the garments of an Inquisitor, and makes free with the ducats of a Jew; afterwards, being convinced of the iniquity of cheating, he becomes a Carthusian monk, and is advanced to a place of trust in the convent; and finally, towards the close of the romance, we find him, in consequence of a relapse from the ways of virtue, walking in procession to the pile as one of the victims of an *auto da fé*. To this sad fate, Le Sage, though by no means the most austere of moralists, thought fit to condemn his pattern of the hypocritical rogue; nor, though we admit the ingenuity of Ambrose, and are vastly tickled by the account of his depredations—though we admire his dexterity in gulling the public, and acknowledge the aptitude of the means which he employed—can we find fault with the author for his measure of retributory justice. On the contrary, we should have felt rather shocked had we been compelled to take leave of Ambrose in the character of a grantee and millionaire, enriched by the proceeds of his swindling, and maintaining a considerable position in society, on account of the wealth amassed by such very equivocal proceedings.

It is, we think, a most desirable thing, that in all works of fiction, whether high or low, there should be a distinct development of the Nemesis, or retributive power—that vice or fraud, however exhibited, should not be portrayed as finally triumphant—but that each action, according to its merit or demerit, should have its proper moral consequence, and produce its legitimate effect. What interest could any of us find in Bluebeard, if popular tradition had allowed old Indigo to chop off Fatima's head, to hurl the screaming sister Ann from the heights of the bartisan, and to impale the avenging brothers on the stake? Is it not an immense relief to our feelings when, in the concluding act of the melodrama, Jack, who is supposed to be far away at sea, perhaps whitening the corals of the Pacific Ocean with his bones, darts upon the stage all alive and hearty, at precisely the right nick of time, and scores with his cutlass the skull of that villanous smuggler, who, after having impugned his fidelity, is now proceeding to take liberties with the disconsolate and despairing Poll? Rely upon it, there is a fine moral stratum at the base of the popular heart. Even thieves and housebreakers will admit that the reputation of Jack Sheppard would have been lessened, and the professional glories of David Haggart have been dimmed, had not these illustrious individuals consummated their career upon the gallows. We cannot do without our moral. Some of the dramatists, such as Beaumont and Fletcher, Dryden, Congreve, and others, attempted to reverse the rule, and to exhibit vice as triumphant. Posterity has righteously judged them for their offence, and has dismissed them with ineffable disgust to a limbo from which there is no return.

Passing from the domain of fiction,

The Life of P. T. Barnum. Written by Himself. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Co. 1855.

and entering the territory of history, we find but few instances of rogues openly congratulating themselves upon the success of their roguery, and confidently demanding from the public applause and congratulation. Haggart, to whom we have already alluded, did certainly, while under sentence of death, compile or dictate a biography, in which his various misdemeanours were palliated with excusable leniency; but then he never denied the justice of the sentence, nor attempted to maintain that predatory courses were the best qualification for honour and distinction in this world, or for happiness in that to come. Vidocq, the Frence police spy and informer, has given us some curious revelations; but he does not exhort others to adopt the same line of business, neither are his antecedents likely to allure many followers. Ten years have elapsed since the railway mania was at its height, and yet we are without any authentic memoir of a "stag." Doubtless, some of these agile beings must have escaped the general "tinchel" or demolishment of their race; but no survivor has had, as yet, the hardihood to tell us how he imposed upon a credulous public—by what nefarious means he inveigled victims to buy his worthless scrip at an astounding premium—or how he emerged, in the possession of a plum, from the general wreck of bankruptcy. We believe, with Shakespeare, that this kind of creature has fine feelings of his own; and that the tears "have coursed down his innocent nose," not by any means on account of his own losses, but from a due sense of Christian commiseration for the fate of multitudes whom he had swindled. That every one should put some flattering unction to his soul, for every misdeed which he has committed, is natural and common. The gold-fever, at the period to which we allude, was so universal that it may almost be styled an epidemic; and therefore we are the less inclined, perhaps entitled, now to challenge the erratic movements of those "dumb denizens of the forest." They are, at all events, quiet; and do not, reversing the parable, call their neighbours, and kinsfolk, and the public in general, to rejoice with them over certain pieces of silver, which they never had lost, but which, on the contrary, had been acquired in a manner, and through a process, not quite creditable to their own morality.

Adventurers there have been in all ages, who, calculating upon the inexhaustible store of credulity contained in the public reservoirs, have turned that superabundance to their profit. The world has known quacks of all degrees, from Cagliostro of the diamond necklace down to St. John Long of the cabbage leaves, and doubtless it will know many more; but up to the present time adventurers, quacks, and other impostors have been chary of their confessions. Some, having achieved their end and made their fortunes by unscrupulous practices instead of honest industry, have settled down into respectable obscurity, and even changed their names, in order to escape an unenviable notoriety. Others have attempted to brazen out their impostures, and have maintained to the very last that they were in truth and reality what they represented themselves to be; and the same credulity which supported them when alive has gained them posthumous adherents. But it was reserved for our age and generation to be requested to honour a man who, after having practised, by his own confession, innumerable deceptions upon the public—after having fleeced them so successfully that he has already, though but in middle life, realised a large fortune—has the astounding audacity to make a full revelation of his practices; representing himself, at the same time, as an eminently moral and religious character, and absolutely closing his book with an expression of his gratitude to heaven for the blessings which have been showered upon him!

Mr. Phineas Taylor Barnum is, we are thankful to say, not a native of this country. If he is, as the preface to the English edition of his Life advises us, "essentially a popular man in his own country"—America—we cannot form any exalted idea of the standard of morals which prevails among our Transatlantic brethren. But we rather apprehend that the writer of the said preface is by no means a master of synonymes, and that he confounds "popular," which is one thing, with

"notorious," which is another. Dando, the oyster-eater, was decidedly notorious, but we never heard him described as popular; and we doubt much whether Barnum has any more title than Dando to the latter epithet. The great predatory consumer of the bivalves left behind him no autobiography. Had he done so, we are sure that, in the words of the preface, "the career of such a notability must present details of much interest, with lessons of practical wisdom;" and as Dando was really a genius in his way, we can hardly doubt that his adventures, had he chosen to relate them, would have been quite as interesting as Barnum's. Both of them adopted as their motto and rule of life, from an early age, the apothegm of ancient Pistol:—

> "Why then the world's mine oyster,
> Which I with sword will open."

But Dando was a straightforward creature; and, being unskilled in tropes, interpreted the passage literally, and confined his efforts to the *crustaceæ;* whereas Barnum, having the *Vestiges of Creation* in his eye, considered man in the light of a developed oyster, and attacked the figurative mollusc. But how his acknowledged and vaunted success in this enterprise should render him "popular," we really are at a loss to conceive. Dando was not popular either with oysters or oyster-venders—does the higher state of development necessitate a lower tone of the moral sentiment?

Seriously—we have not read, for a long time, a more trashy or offensive book than this; and we should not have considered it worthy of the least notice had we merely looked to the intrinsic merits of its contents. But it is worth noticing as a satire upon all of us; and we hope it may have the effect—very different from what its author intended—of opening the eyes of the public, for some little time at least, to the shameless exhibitions which have become matter of regular trade and speculation. In saying this, we are so far from making a reflection upon honest showmen, that we are really advocating their interests. In the days of our boyhood there were no zoological gardens; and we remember what intense delight the arrival of a caravan of wild beasts occasioned. There, on the Mound of Edinburgh, stood the mysterious quadrangle of waggons, with a huge and somewhat incongruous picture of lions, tigers, panthers, leopards, wolves, and boa-constrictors, making their way towards some common centre-piece of carrion; whilst pelicans were seen ladling up bucketfuls of fish; and macaws, with bills like pickaxes, were smiting into the hearts of cocoa-nuts. But what were the outward depicted glories to those of the interior? Wretched paint! Our shilling paid, or rather paid for us by a sympathising relative, we walked into the menagerie with a far more excited feeling than any middle-aged traveller experiences when he first catches a glimpse of Timbuctoo. Strange and wildly tropical was the commixed odour of the sawdust, ammonia, and orange-peel. An undefined sensation of terror seized us on the trap-stair, while descending into the interior of the caravan; for a hideous growling, snarling, hissing, baying, barking, and chattering, warned us that the inmates were upon the alert, and between the entrance and the quadrangle there seemed danger of a protruded paw. But—once in—what a spectacle! There was "Nero," the indulgent old lion, who would stand any amount of liberties—into whose cell you might go, safely as another Androcles, for the moderate fee of half-a-crown, and pluck with impunity the beard that erst had swept the sands of the Sahara. But in those days nobody gave us two-and-sixpence to make the experiment; and, sooth to say, we would rather have expended the money, if offered, in the purchase of nuts and gingerbread, for the monkeys, racoons, and the dearly-beloved elephant. What a nice beast that elephant was, and what an appetite he possessed! From nine in the morning till six in the dewy eve, his trunk was a mere vehicle for cakes, of which he must have swallowed as many as ought to have deranged the digestion of a ragged school; and yet, when the ordinary pasture-hour approached, the unappeased devourer trumpeted with his proboscis, and absorbed as many carrots as would have made broth for the army of the

Titans. Then there was "Wallace," —styled, *par excellence*, the Scottish lion—a rampant, reddish-maned animal, who, though whelped in the North, retained all the ardour and passion of the Libyan blood, was characteristically tenacious of his dignity, elevated his tail in defiance, and would not tolerate the affront of being roused by the application of the long pole. Horrid, with his demon eyes, lay couchant the awful form of the royal Bengal tiger, for whose innate ferocity we needed not the vouchment of the keeper. Never shall we forget the ecstacy of fear that came over us, when the prowler of the Hoogley, waking up from some pleasant reverie of masticated Hindoo, directed his glassy stare right at our chubby countenance, and gave utterance to his approval of our condition by a suppressed growl, accompanied by a licking of his grisly chaps, and a display of the most tremendous fangs! Need we be ashamed to confess that we recoiled from the dangerous proximity with a scream of abject terror; and, in doing so came within sweep of the trunk of our former friend, the elephant, who possibly conceiving that our cap contained inexhaustible stores of gingerbread, picked it from our head, and instantaneously added it to the miscellaneous contents of his stomach? Then there were at least half-a-dozen leopards, leaping over each other in fun, as though they were the most innocent creatures in the world; and hyænas with their everlasting snarl; and shaggy wolves; and, O, such a magnificent grizzly bear, brought direct from the Rocky Mountains! We need not speak of the serpents, who, poor devils, spent most of their time under blankets, and seemed to survey with perfect indifference the rabbits who were munching greens beside them; nor of the ostrich, good to swallow a peck of twopenny nails, if not to furnish headgear to a lady from its somewhat bedraggled plumage; nor of the zebra, whom we greatly coveted for a pony. There can be no doubt whatever that the ambulatory menageries were most valuable schools for instruction in natural history; and therefore we regard with reverence the names of Wombwell and of Polito.

But we cannot extend our commendation to the traffickers in human excrescence and abortion. They are not one whit better than slave-dealers; nay, in some respects, they are positively worse. We might be brought to tolerate a fellow who should advertise an exhibition of spanking Georgians or Circassians; for beauty has its allurements, and we never yet knew the man who would not like to get a peep at the interior of the Sultan's seraglio. But beauty is no recommendation at all to the modern caitiffs of the caravans. They look out systematically for deformity, and earn their degraded beer through the medium of the mishaps of nature. What advantage, what pleasure, what information can anyone gather from an interview with a blinking Albino, whose eyes are as red as those of a ferret, and whose hair, ostentatiously combed over her shoulders, is as white as the snow on Ben-Nevis? What charm can the most ardent votary of Bacon find in the conversation of the Pig-faced Lady? What coalitionist could brave the disgust engendered by a survey of the Pie-bald Girl? We do not object to a certain degree of *en-bon-point* in females; but, when they surpass the weight of twenty stone in the scales, they are anything but pleasant to look on. As we never happened to fancy one of the Caryatides, we may be excused for abstaining from worship at the enormous feet of the Swiss Giantess; and a sneeze, rather than a sigh, is our tribute to the Hottentot Aphrodite. We object to giants quite as strongly as did Jack of Cornwall. They are, generally speaking, a knock-kneed, ill-made, ungainly, unshapely, and preposterously stupid section of mortals, who are only superior to the standard population in respect of a few inches, to which cork soles do considerably contribute, and they are of an ogre-like appetite. Look at one of them, and what do you see to admire? Has he the form of an Apollo, the front of a Jove, or even the brawn of a Hercules? Nothing of the sort. He is shaped like the monster in Frankenstein — his forehead is villanously low—and the calves of his legs, from long confinement, are as flaccid as the bladder in the interior

of a well-kicked foot-ball. Then look at the dwarfs;—can anything be more absolutely loathsome? When Providence, in its inscrutable ways, sends such an addition to a household, it is as carefully kept out of sight as if it were a fairy changeling. All the family are kind to the *cruit*, as such a deformity is called in Scotland, but it is certainly not paraded as an object of wonder and congratulation. Yet there are men who gain their livelihood by hawking such unhappy and unfortunate beings as shows; and a Legislature which has prohibited dogs from being used as draught animals of carriage, to the ruin of many a dismembered tar, who would rather have wanted meat for his own mouth than neglected the companions of his pilgrimage, sanctions, without any scruple, these disgusting and degrading exhibitions of human deformity!

We repeat, that showmen, in their legitimate sphere, have our entire sympathy. They have done, in their own line, good service to the State, and we hope they may continue to do so. Even the humblest penny show, with no more apparatus than a magnifying glass, through which is seen a tolerable view of Paris, Rome, or St. Petersburg, tends to give new and more extended ideas to thousands of our rural population. A lecture from Lord John Russell upon the Constitutional History of England has immeasurably less effect on the popular mind, than the poor engine, resembling an organ in atrophy, which yonder plodding mendicant carries upon his shoulders; for within it there are pictures of the death of Nelson at Trafalgar, the final charge at Waterloo, and the coronation of our beloved Queen, which will make youthful hearts bound and throb with a sensation of patriotism and loyalty, more estimable by a thousand times than the dull assent of dotards to the effete prosing of a Whig. And, before the year is out, there will be, in every village and hamlet, representations of Alma and of Inkermann, battles in which Jack, Tom, and Harry have not merely an historical but a real family interest; for in the one a father was engaged, and in the other a brother was wounded, and the national quarrel has become their own, and the boys are ready, if need be, to devote themselves for their Queen and the country.

Recognising, as we thus do, the power of showmen, it follows that we regard as a huge delinquency, or rather crime, the conduct of those who abuse and desecrate such power. By his own showing, Barnum is the chief of such sinners. The moral obliquity of the man is so decided and confirmed that we need be at no pains to point it out, for he openly proclaims it. He can discern no distinction between truth and falsehood, save as either tends to swell his amount of personal profits. We need hardly remark, after this, that truth is at a fearful discount; and he chuckles over successful knavery, as if it were a passport to the gates of heaven! The memoirs of such an individual do not form the most agreeable subject for an article; but as Barnum professes to love publicity, he shall have it, at least in so far as lies in our power. It would be cruel to deny to such a distinguished and indefatigable aspirant any of the honours of the pillory.

While saying this, however, we by no means pledge ourselves to give him a regular review. All fish are not worth the gutting: and really Barnum presents to us such a superabundance of garbage, that we are compelled to exercise a due discretion. Therefore we shall pass over, without any especial notice, the family-tree of the illustrious Barnums, merely remarking that the plant in question had its roots in the state of Connecticut. Nor need we bother ourselves much with the infantine recollections of our Scapin, whose precocious genius for money-making was exhibited at the early age of six, when he commenced business on his own account, or rather *by* his own account, as a manufacturer and vender of molasses-candy, gingerbread, and cherry-rum. This is pretty well to begin with. The young purveyor who, at six years, was at once a confectioner, cook, and distiller, and made large profits on each branch of trade, is almost as good a subject for a heroic hymn from a Yankee Homer, as was Hermes, whose predatory exploits, four-and-twenty hours after he was born, have been celebrated by the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle. By the way, we should like to know what

kind of state this Connecticut really is. If we are to take Barnum's word for it, the division in which he and his were raised, was a mere colony of sharpers; every man, woman, and child in it attempting to outwit, overreach, and defraud their neighbours. Our friends in America had better look to it in time; for if the statements in this book as to the tone of the moral perceptions prevalent among the bulk of the middle classes are allowed to remain uncontradicted and unrepudiated—if Barnum's sketches of society are acknowledged to be true—then they dare not hereafter take exception to the harshest and most unfavourable pictures which have been drawn by European travellers. We say this in the most friendly spirit to America and the Americans; recollecting how often they have complained, with evident soreness, of being maligned and misrepresented. Well, then, we can assure them that this book of Barnum's, which we doubt not will have a very considerable circulation in this country, is calculated to do them more harm than anything that was ever written by an alien. What can we think of a community in which a combmaker, represented as a man of some substance, suborns a boy, the son of a practising physician, to steal horns from a warehouse in the docks, and if he can "manage to hook some of them occasionally," offers to give him rather less than half their market value? No doubt such things occur in London, among the slopsellers and venders of marine stores; but not in the way of selecting boys of respectable parentage as their instruments. In the instance which Barnum cites, the youth was a great deal too knowing to place himself within the grasp even of such law as is administered by the "Judges" of Connecticut; but he had no mind to forego the plunder; so, with an acuteness which might have done honour to Macchiavelli ere he assumed his first pair of breeches, the sharp juvenile accepted the engagement, and drove for a considerable period a profitable trade in horns. These, however, were abstracted, not from the wharf, but from the stores of his unconscious employer, who was thus buying his own property from his own accredited thief! Ancient Sparta, with its queer system of infant ethics, is outdone by modern Connecticut.

Beautiful pups these people of Connecticut appear to be, according to the revelations of Mr. Barnum! Here he is, as a clerk in a store, having previously dabbled in lotteries. Let us hear our moralist, *ætati* 17, on the state of provincial traffic:—

"Messrs. Keeler and Whitlock sold out their store of goods to Mr. Lewis Taylor in the summer of 1827. I remained a short time as clerk to Mr. Taylor. They have a proverb in Connecticut, that 'the best school in which to have a boy learn human nature, is to permit him to be a tin pedlar for a few years.' I think his chances for getting 'his eye-teeth cut' would be equally great in a country barter store like that in which I was clerk. As before stated, many of our customers were hatters, and we took hats in payment for goods. The large manufacturers generally dealt pretty fairly by us, but some of the smaller fry occasionally shaved us prodigiously. There probably is no trade in which there can be more cheating than in hats. If a hat was damaged 'in colouring' or otherwise, perhaps by a cut of half a foot in length, it was sure to be patched up, smoothed over, and slipped in with others to send to the store. Among the furs used for the nap of hats in those days, were otter, beaver, Russia, nutria otter, cony, muskrat, etc., etc. The best fur was otter, the poorest was cony.

"The hatters mixed their inferior furs with a little of their best, and sold us hats for 'otter.' We in return mixed our sugars, teas and liquors, and gave them the most valuable names. It was 'dog eat dog'—'tit for tat.' Our cottons were sold for wool, our wool and cotton for silk and linen; in fact, nearly everything was different from what it was represented. The customers cheated us in their fabrics; we cheated the customers with our goods. Each party expected to be cheated, if it was possible. Our eyes, and not our ears had to be our masters. We must believe little that we saw, and less that we heard. Our calicoes were all 'fast colours,' according to our representations, and the colours would generally ran 'fast' enough and show them a tub of soap suds. Our ground coffee was as good as burned peas, beans, and corn could make, and our ginger was tolerable, considering the price of corn-meal. The 'tricks of trade' were numerous. If a 'pedler' wanted to trade with us for a box of beaver hats worth sixty dollars per dozen,

he was sure to obtain a box of 'conics' which were dear at fifteen dollars per dozen. If we took our pay in clocks, warranted to keep good time, the chances were that they were no better than a chest of drawers for that purpose —that they were, like Pindar's razors, 'made to sell;' and if half the number of wheels necessary to form a clock could be found within the case, it was as lucky as extraordinary."

The old entomological adage as to the necessity of creeping before flying is well illustrated in the case of Barnum; and therefore we need not refer to his small preliminary "dodges." With that strange infatuation, or rather moral obliquity of vision, to which we have already referred, he does not seem to be conscious that all his professions of piety and religion are utterly negatived by his conduct; and that, while he wishes to be considered theoretically a saint, he is practically describing himself, by his deeds, as a very serious and inveterate sinner. Many vices there are to which youth is subject and peculiarly prone; and rarely does it happen that even the best guarded and instructed pass through that fiery ordeal without stains, which ought to be so many mementoes to them to avoid harsh and illiberal judgments, and to be merciful and forbearing in their estimate of their fellow-men, as they trust one day, at the highest Tribunal, to obtain the meed of mercy. But are the passions of youth, or its excesses even, to be named in the same category with that lust of gold, which, when it once gains the mastery, overthrows every moral principle or precept which stands between it and the coveted acquisition? God forbid! Possibly Mr. Barnum, in the course of his literary researches, never happened to fall in with the sayings of the son of Sirach, and therefore may not be able to appreciate the ethical force of such sentences as these:—

"Set not thine heart upon goods unjustly gotten; for they shall not profit thee in the day of calamity."

"Winnow not with every wind, and go not into every way; for so doth the sinner that hath a double tongue."

"Devise not a lie against thy brother; neither do the like to thy friend."

"Use not to make any manner of lie, for the custom thereof is not good."

"Hate not laborious work, neither husbandry, which the Most High hath ordained."

Such learning can hardly be expected from one who is clearly ignorant of the rudiments of ethics. He meets the adage that "honesty is the best policy" with a broad and emphatic denial. He seems to think that if a man professes teetotalism, is punctual in his payments, and discharges his family duties in a creditable manner, he is entitled to claim *carte blanche* as to anything else, and play whatever tricks he may find most conducive to his immediate profit. Before he was two-and-twenty, he had set up stores, started all manner of lotteries, taken unto himself a wife, established a newspaper called the *Herald of Freedom*, and been fined and imprisoned for libel? Until we read this book of his, we really believed that Mr. Dickens, in his *Martin Chuzzlewit*, had slightly exaggerated matters in his depiction of "Colonel Diver," and the boy-editor "Jefferson Brick." We now acknowledge our error, and cheerfully admit, on the strength of this corroborative evidence, that the sketches of Mr. Dickens, so far from being caricatures, are very decidedly within the mark. Let us hear Squire Barnum's own account, as published in his own paper, of his triumphal return from jail:—

"P. T. Barnum and the band of music took their seats in a coach drawn by six horses, which had been prepared for the occasion. The coach was preceded by forty horsemen, and a marshal, bearing the national standard. Immediately in the rear of the coach was the carriage of the orator and the president of the day, followed by the committee of arrangements and sixty carriages of citizens, which joined in escorting the editor to his home in Bethel.

"When the procession commenced its march, amidst the roar of cannon, three cheers were given by several hundred citizens who did not join in the procession. The band of music continued to play a variety of national airs until their arrival in Bethel (a distance of three miles), when they struck up the beautiful and appropriate tune of 'Home, sweet Home!' After giving three hearty

cheers, the procession returned to Danbury. The utmost harmony and unanimity of feeling prevailed throughout the day, and we are happy to add that no accident occurred to mar the festivities of the occasion."

What were the triumphs of Scipio Africanus, of Pompey, and of Cæsar, compared with the ovation of Barnum?

Of course, a man who had received, and, as he tells us, merited such honours, could not be expected to confine himself for the rest of his life to dealing in paltry traffickings in wooden nutmegs, or the sale of pocket-books, combs, beads, cheap finger-rings, and "stewed oysters." He acknowledges that his mercantile business did not thrive; and we are not surprised at the confession. In 1835, he commenced his real career. His first speculation was of the following kind:—

"In the latter part of July, 1835, Mr. Coley Bartram, of Reading, Ct., and at present a resident of the same State, called at our store. He was acquainted with Mr. Moody and myself. He informed us that he owned an interest in an extraordinary negro woman, named JOICE HETH, whom he believed to be one hundred and sixty-one years of age, and whom he also believed to have been the nurse of General Washington. He had sold out his interest to his partner, R. W. Lindsay, of Jefferson county, Kentucky, who was now exhibiting her in Philadelphia, but not having much tact as a showman, he was anxious to sell out and return home.

"Mr. Bartram also handed me a copy of *The Pennsylvania Inquirer*, of July 15, 1835, and directed my attention to the following advertisement, which I here transcribe *verbatim*:—

"CURIOSITY.—The citizens of Philadelphia and its vicinity have an opportunity of witnessing at the MASONIC HALL one of the greatest natural curiosities ever witnessed, viz., JOICE HETH, a negress, aged 161 years, who formerly belonged to the father of General Washington. She has been a member of the Baptist Church 116 years, and can rehearse many hymns, and sing them according to former custom. She was born near the old Potomac river in Virginia, and has for 90 or 100 years lived in Paris, Kentucky, with the Bowling family.

"All who have seen this extraordinary woman are satisfied of the truth of the account of her age. The evidence of the Bowling family, which is respectable, is strong, but the original bill of sale of Augustine Washington, in his own handwriting, and other evidence which the proprietor has in his possession, will satisfy even the most incredulous.

"A lady will attend at the hall during the afternoon and evening for the accommodation of those ladies who may call.

"The New York newspapers had already furnished descriptions of this wonderful personage; and becoming considerably excited upon the subject, I proceeded at once to Philadelphia, and had an interview with Lindsay at the Masonic Hall.

"I was favourably struck with the appearance of the old woman. So far as outward indications were concerned, she might almost as well have been called a thousand years old as any other age. She was lying upon a high lounge in the middle of the room; her lower extremities were drawn up, with her knees elevated some two feet above the top of the lounge. She was apparently in good health and spirits, but former disease or old age, or perhaps both combined, had rendered her unable to change her position; in fact, although she could move one of her arms at will, her lower limbs were fixed in their position, and could not be straightened. She was totally blind, and her eyes were so deeply sunken in their sockets that the eyeballs seemed to have disappeared altogether. She had no teeth, but possessed a head of thick bushy grey hair. Her left arm lay across her breast, and she had no power to remove it. The fingers of her left hand were drawn down so as nearly to close it, and remained fixed and immovable. The nails upon that hand were about four inches in length, and extended above her wrist. The nails upon her large toes also had grown to the thickness of nearly a quarter of an inch.

"She was very sociable, and would talk almost incessantly so long as visitors would converse with her. She sang a variety of ancient hymns, and was very garrulous when speaking of her protégé 'dear little George,' as she termed the great father of our country. She declared that she was present at his birth, that she was formerly the slave of Augustine Washington, the father of George, and that she was the first person who put clothes upon him. 'In fact,' said Joice, and it was a favourite expression of hers, 'I raised him.' She related many interesting anecdotes of 'her dear little George;' and this mixed with her conversations upon religious subjects—for she claimed to be a member of the Baptist Church—rendered her exhibition an extremely interesting one."

We give the passage entire, in order that our readers may understand what kind of exhibitions are popular in America. Supposing the story to be true, though even Barnum does not affect to believe it, here is a miserable old object, scarce better than an ani-

mated corpse, sold, at the age of 161, to be hawked about the country, for the gain of the exhibitors. Mrs. Stowe, in her famous novel, has brought forward nothing so hideously repulsive; and we are satisfied that, had she narrated such a story in her book, one-half of her European readers would have thrown it down with an impatient exclamation of incredulity. But old as she was, Joice Heth appeared to Barnum capable of the production of many dollars. He sold all that he had, and even borrowed; but in the end became the proprietor of this unhappy being for the sum of one thousand dollars, engaged a certain lawyer, Mr. Levi Lyman—no inappropriate name—as an assistant in exhibiting, and set the press to work.

The exhibition, for a time, proved very profitable, as the old woman was made to sing a succession of Baptist hymns; but when it began to fail, the adroit Barnum was ready with a new stimulant for the public curiosity. Here it is:—

"When the audiences began to decrease in numbers, a short communication appeared in one of the newspapers, signed 'A Visitor,' in which the writer claimed to have made an important discovery. He stated that Joice Heth, as at present exhibited, was a humbug, whereas, if the simple truth was told in regard to the exhibition, it was really vastly curious and interesting. 'The fact is,' said the communication, 'Joice Heth is not a human being. What purports to be a remarkably old woman is simply a curiously constructed automaton, made up of whalebone, india-rubber, and numberless springs ingeniously put together, and made to move at the slightest touch, according to the will of the operator. The exhibitor is a ventriloquist, and all the conversations apparently held with the ancient lady are purely imaginary, so far as she is concerned, for the answers and incidents purporting to be given and related by her, are merely the ventriloquial voice of the exhibitor.'

"Maelzel's ingenious mechanism somewhat prepared the way for this announcement, and hundreds who had not visited Joice Heth were now anxious to see the curious automaton; while many who had seen her were equally desirous of a second look, in order to determine whether or not they had been deceived. The consequence was, our audiences again largely increased."

The success of this expedient "dodge," or whatever else it may be called, was so marked, that it was necessary to curtail the psalmody of Joice. It is impossible not to recognise the candour of the following avowal:—

"We hastened our return to New York to fill a second engagement I had made with Mr. Niblo. The American Institute held its annual Fair at his garden, and my engagement was to commence at the same time. The great influx of visitors to the Fair caused our room to be continually crowded, insomuch that we were frequently compelled to announce to applicants that the hall was full, and no more could be admitted for the present. In those cases we would hurry up the exhibition, *cut short a hymn or two*, answer questions with great rapidity, and politely open the front door as an egress to visitors, at the same time opening the entrance from the garden for the ingress of fresh customers."

Sorry are we to say, that the outrages upon the old negress did not end even with her death. She expired a few months after Barnum bought her, and the dissection of the body gave rise to a controversy touching her age: in the course of which controversy, Lyman, Barnum's assistant, stated to the editor of a newspaper, with a view to publication, that the whole history of the years of Joice Heth was the invention of his employer; that Barnum had found the negress in the outhouse of a plantation in Kentucky, extracted her teeth, and instructed her in the Washington story.

Mark the impudence of the following remark on the part of the moral Barnum! He had been accused by the editor of a leading newspaper, upon the information of his own assistant, not only of having perpetrated a gross imposture upon the public, but of having used brutal cruelty on the person of an old woman, to give her the appearance of a perfectly fabulous age. He was so far from manifesting any resentment towards his assistant, that he continued him in his employment until Lyman became a Mormonite, and removed to Nauvoo. And so little desirous was he of wishing the American public to understand that, in his first essay at showmanship, he

had acted in good faith, that he now says:—

"The story of Lyman has since been generally accredited as the true history of the old negress, and never, until the present writing, have I said or written a word by way of contradiction or correction. Newspaper and social controversy on the subject (and seldom have vastly more important matters been so largely discussed) served my purpose as 'a showman,' by keeping my name before the public."

What does this amount to, but an assertion that, in America at least, it is better to be accounted a clever rascal than an honest man? Again we repeat, that this is a matter for the Americans to take up. It is for them to decide whether Barnum has libelled his countrymen, or whether the general moral tone prevalent on the other side of the Atlantic is such as he insinuates it to be. For Barnum's pretensions are very large. He represents himself now, not only as opulent, but as being a man of high consideration; and he attributes his position to practices inconsistent with common honesty. Is he right or is he wrong in his estimate? We cannot say. Impudence like this baffles speculation; and we must leave him to the judgment of his countrymen.

"Aunt Joice" being evidently not likely to last long, whether her age was 160, or only the half of it, Barnum, with his usual prudence, looked out for a novelty to take her place, and pitched upon a certain plate-spinner, or mountebank, called Antonio—a very poor Italian snake, no better than the half-nude acrobats who are permitted, by the negligence of the police, occasionally to infest our streets—whom, having got thoroughly washed, he dignified by the name of Signor Vivalla. This signor could balance guns upon his nose, walk on stilts, and perform various of the feats which are now only astonishing to the most remote of our agricultural population. But they were quite new when Barnum engaged him, and might possibly, as feats, have drawn a dollar or two per night for their exhibition, after all the expenses were paid. Not much more assuredly; but the acute Barnum saw his opportunity. A native professor of gymnastics had a strong party, and, when Vivalla first appeared, that professor had collected a sibilant audience. Immediately Barnum took his line. He challenged, in the name of the great Vivalla, any native performer to compete with him on the stage, for a wager of a thousand dollars, and, that being accepted by the American acrobat Roberts, rashly, and in such a way as must have led to his forfeiture of the stake, Barnum brought the two men together, made the show, and reaped the advantage, as long as it would pay, of the seeming competition between the American and Italian artists. That Barnum should have engaged in such petty frauds is not surprising; our only wonder is at the apparent complacency of his revelations.

Yet, notwithstanding all his "dodges," Barnum was for a long time unsuccessful. In fact, he was so far from making a fortune in America, that in 1841 he became, as he candidly admits, "about as poor as I should ever wish to be. I looked around in vain for employment congenial to my feelings, that would serve to keep my head above water."

His first decided hit was the purchase of the American museum, New York, a transaction which he contrived to carry through upon credit. This emporium of delights is not to be classed with the collections of specimens of natural history and antiquities which are to be found in most large cities. It was, and we presume is, a gigantic congregation of shows of all kinds, as may be gathered from the following description of it by the spirited proprietor:—

"Industrious fleas, educated dogs, jugglers, automatons, ventriloquists, living statuary, tableaux, gypsies, albinoes, fat boys, giants, dwarfs, rope-dancers, caricatures of phrenology, and live Yankees, pantomime, instrumental music, singing and dancing in great variety (including Ethiopians), etc. Dioramas, panoramas, models of Dublin, Paris, Niagara, Jerusalem, etc., mechanical figures, fancy glass blowing, knitting machines and other triumphs in the mechanical arts, dissolving views, American Indians, including their warlike and religious ceremonies enacted on the stage, etc., etc.

"I need not specify the order of time in which these varieties were presented to

the public. In one respect there has been a thorough though gradual change in the general plan, for the *moral drama* is now, and has been for several years, the principal feature of the Lecture Room of the American Museum.

"Apart from the merit and interest of these performances, and apart from everything connected with the stage, my permanent collection of curiosities is, without doubt, abundantly worth the uniform charge of admission to all the entertainments of the establishment, and I can therefore afford to be accused of 'humbug' when I add such transient novelties as increase its attractions. If I have exhibited a questionable dead mermaid in my Museum, it should not be overlooked that I have also exhibited cameleopards, a rhinoceros, grisly bears, ourang-outangs, great serpents, etc., about which there could be no mistake, because they were alive; and I hope that a little 'claptrap' occasionally, in the way of transparencies, flags, exaggerated pictures, and puffing advertisements, might find an offset in a wilderness of wonderful, instructive, and amusing realities. Indeed, I cannot doubt that the sort of 'clap-trap' here referred to is allowable, and that the public like a little of it mixed up with the great realities which I provide. The titles of 'humbug,' and the 'prince of humbugs,' were first applied to me by myself."

The story of the mermaid is rather a curious one. It was, says Barnum, "an ugly, dried-up, black-looking, and diminutive specimen, about three feet long. Its mouth was open, its tail turned over, and its arms thrown up, giving it the appearance of having died in great agony." This interesting exile from the bowers of Amphitrite was in reality neither more nor less than an ingenious manufacture, composed of the head, body, and arms of an ape, and the tail of a fish, and was said to have been brought from Japan. An ordinary showman would probably have rejected it as little likely to prove attractive: Barnum, however, saw his way at once, and hired it for his museum. The first thing was to set the press to work, and the puff preliminary was administered in the following fashion:—

"In due time a communication appeared in the *New York Herald*, dated and mailed in Montgomery, Ala., giving the news of the day, trade, the crops, political gossip, etc., and also an incidental paragraph about a certain Dr. Griffin, agent of the Lyceum of Natural History in London, recently from Pernambuco, who had in his possession a most remarkable curiosity, being nothing less than a veritable mermaid taken among the Fejee Islands, and preserved in China, where the doctor had bought it at a high figure for the Lyceum of Natural History.

"A week or ten days afterwards, a letter of similar tenor, dated and mailed in Charleston, S. C., varying of course in the items of local news, was published in another New York paper.

"This was followed by a third letter, dated and mailed in Washington city, published in still another New York paper—there being in addition the expressed hope that the editors of the Empire City would beg a sight of the extraordinary curiosity before Dr. Griffin took ship for England."

Flinty indeed would have been the heart of "Dr. Griffin," had he resisted such appeals; and accordingly a gentleman, bearing that fabulous name, in due time appeared at one of the principal hotels in Philadelphia, where "his gentlemanly, dignified, yet social manners and liberality, gained him a fine reputation." Previous to taking his departure, he indulged the landlord and a few select friends with a view of the remarkable phenomenon in his possession; and this fact being duly chronicled in the Philadelphia papers, naturally excited considerable curiosity in New York. Now, who was "Dr. Griffin of Pernambuco?" Even the same trusty Levi Lyman, who acted as Barnum's assistant in the disgusting exhibition of Joice Heth, and in consequence of whose communications to the newspapers, his employer had been accused both of imposture and cruelty!

This fraud was rather successful. Barnum prepared woodcuts of most enticing nereids, and got them inserted in the newspapers. He had transparencies painted, and hung out gigantic flags with such exaggerated pictures upon them, that even Lyman experienced the unusual sensation of shame, and threatened to strike work and abscond, if the energetic Barnum did not draw it a little milder. How the American public could tolerate such a piece of impudent imposture is to us incomprehensible.

The mermaid, however, could not be

reckoned on as a lasting attraction, and Barnum was on the look-out for novelties. At Bridgeport he heard of a remarkably small child, whose age was, in reality, *five* years. Barnum hired him from his parents, had him brought to New York, and announced him for exhibition in his Museum bills, "as General Tom Thumb, a dwarf of *eleven* years of age, just arrived from England!"

The infant was sharp, and, under the unscrupulous training of Barnum, rapidly became an adept in the art of deception. We need not chronicle the success of this speculation, both in the United States, and in England, whither Barnum brought his dwarf. By dint of persevering impudence he made his way. Tom Thumb was exhibited at Buckingham Palace, and, in consequence, every one flocked to see him. The profits of a successful show are enormous; and Barnum realised a competency before he returned to America.

Many will remember that passage, which poor Haydon, in the hour of his bitter agony, entered in his journal but a few days before his deplorable end—contrasting the reception of this diminutive mimic with that which the English public accorded to his last pictorial efforts. He wrote:—

"They rush by thousands to see Tom Thumb. They push, they fight, they scream, they faint, they cry help and murder! and oh! and ah! They see my bills, my boards, my caravans, and don't read them. Their eyes are open, but their sense is shut. It is an insanity, a *rabies*, a madness, a *furor*, a dream. I would not have believed it of the English people."

Such thoughts must have come naturally, and painfully, not to Haydon alone, but to many neglected men of genius, who, in the midst of their poverty, misery, and despair, saw an adventurer reaping a fortune by the exhibition of a freak of nature. But the reflection is hardly just. The public has an undoubted right to select its own amusements; and if people choose to pay their shillings or half-crowns to see the absurd mummeries of a dwarf, rather than for recreation of a higher intellectual order, we have no right to blame them. Tastes vary. Queen Elizabeth, though she had no objection to the representation of the plays of Shakespeare, was more partial to the spectacle of a bear-baiting; and there are practical philosophers who would rather enjoy a pipe and a pot of porter, than regale their minds and fatigue their limbs by a visit to the glories of the Crystal Palace. We have already stated our dislike and objection to the exhibition of dwarfs, or any other monstrosities of the human species; but we have no wish to dogmatise even upon that sentiment. Those who have a hankering after giants, dwarfs, and albinoes, will of course repair to the caravans; nor shall we push our censure further than an expression of extreme dubiety as to the correctness of their taste. We do not blame Barnum for having exhibited Tom Thumb; but we denounce him for his acknowledged lies, and for his confessed deceptions. Fraud, falsehood, and wilful imposition were the principal causes of his success in almost every speculation which he has set down; and so far from being ashamed of his conduct, he is positively proud of it. The mendicant who, on the highway, exhibits sores on his person produced by the application to the skin of a half-penny dipped in aquafortis, and solicits charity on account of his affliction, stands, morally speaking, quite as high as Barnum, who, if one-half of his narrative be true, has most richly deserved the treadmill. Read his book, and you will see that most of what he calls his "speculations" are attempts to obtain money under false pretences—an article of dittay well known in this country, and constantly visited with punishment. If it should be said that the public must take the consequences of its own credulity; we ask what is the difference between the case of Barnum, and that of the person who tries to collect alms by means of false certificates?

We really have no patience to go further with this book. It does not even amuse us; for the anecdotes which are meant to be amusing are so disfigured with Yankee slang, and so intolerably egotistical, that the gorge rises as we read. More merciful towards Barnum than he has proved to himself, we pass over the scandalous story of the "Woolly Horse"—that

of the "Buffalo Hunt,"—and various other instances of imposture and depredation. His last and crowning successful speculation was the engagement of Jenny Lind to sing in America, in consequence of which his "gross receipts, after paying Miss Lind," amounted to 535,486 dollars; whereas the Swedish vocalist's net avails were only 176,675 dollars. Latterly Miss Lind seems to have been disgusted with the individual to whom she had surrendered her services by contract; and we are not surprised at it, for it must have been a very humiliating thing to make the tour of the United States in company with the Barnum family. So she threw up her engagement before its close, preferring to pay forfeit rather than terminate her professional career under auspices to which antecedents had given so doubtful a character. There is, however, no reason to think that Barnum behaved otherwise than honourably in his pecuniary transactions with the Swedish Nightingale. He made an offer which, after due consideration, was accepted, and of course he was entitled to reap the benefit. That he should have used every means in his power to excite and maintain the public enthusiasm, was only natural, however unpalatable to the lady may have been the ordeal to which she was subjected. In the eyes of her exhibitor she was but as Joice Heth, Tom Thumb, or the artificial mermaid. Certainly, on this occasion, Barnum did put on the steam, as may be gathered from the fact that a Bostonian, rejoicing in the name of "Ossian E. Dodge," purchased a single ticket for a concert at auction for 625 dollars. We should like, however, to hear Ossian E. Dodge cross-examined as to the particulars of that transaction.

Mr. Barnum now resides near New York, at his villa of IRANISTAN, built, according to his own directions, from the model of the Pavilion erected by George IV. at Brighton. He has become, like Mr. Mechi, an improver, and delivers lectures; and, on a deliberate review of his career, conceives that he has "a just and altogether reasonable claim" to be regarded as "a public benefactor, to an extent seldom paralleled in the histories of professed and professional philanthropists!!!'

If we could enter, with anything like a feeling of zest, into the relations of this excessively shameless book, we should be inclined to treat its publication as the most daring hoax which the author has yet perpetrated upon the public. But it has inspired us with nothing but sensations of disgust for the frauds which it narrates, amazement at its audacity, loathing for its hypocrisy, abhorrence for the moral obliquity which it betrays, and sincere pity for the wretched man who compiled it. He has left nothing for his worst enemy to do; for he has fairly gibbeted himself. No unclean bird of prey, nailed ignominiously to the door of a barn, can present a more humiliating spectacle than Phineas Taylor Barnum, as he appears in his Autobiography.

The book, however, may be useful. It discloses much of which the public are not generally aware; and is, in fact, the profoundest and most pungent satire ever written upon the modern system of newspaper puffery and deceit. "Advertise!" says Barnum; and, in the main, he is perfectly right. The power of the press is prodigious; but, like all other powers, it may be fearfully misapplied. Of course so long as advertisements are, in their own character, unobjectionable, they must be inserted. If a man chooses to aver that he vends the best wine, meat, bread, tea, sugar, breeches, or boots in the community, he is entitled to say so, taking the responsibility of "making his vaunting good." These things do not derange trade: the serious evil commences when journalists pledge their reputation for the excellence of things which they know to be truly unworthy, or for the authenticity of deceptions. In America it would appear, judging from Barnum's revelations, that the press is generally venal. He takes every opportunity to insinuate that he had it at his command, and does not attempt to disguise that the preliminary Mermaid puffs were written by himself. How then came they to be inserted? We would advise the American editors, if possible, "to wash this filthy witness from their hands," otherwise it will be difficult to acquit them of direct com-

plicity with Barnum. Such, at least, is the deduction which every unprejudiced reader must form from a perusal of his book; but, as the man is obviously not to be relied on, this may possibly be a slander. In Great Britain, the character of the press, generally speaking, is high; but it might yet be higher. We know that whenever there is a case of palpable abuse, a corrective is sure to follow; but we wish that there were fewer instances of abuse. Above all, we would impress most strongly upon our journalists, who have a most important function to perform, the absolute necessity which exists of applying themselves vigorously to the detection and exposure of the frauds which are now constantly attempted to be palmed upon the public. Let us state instances. About two years ago, if so much, a couple of wretched little dwarfs, called Aztecs, were exhibited here by people of the stamp of Barnum. They were, unquestionably, greater curiosities in conformation than General Tom Thumb, for they were not merely dwarfs, but they seemed hardly allied to the human family. They were, if we recollect aright, stated to be children of the Incas—hereditary priests of the sun—carried off by the survivor of two or three daring explorers, who had ventured their lives by penetrating into a still-existing city of the ancient Peruvians in Central America; and we have a lively recollection of the woodcuts which pourtrayed the escape of the heroic Yankee from the town, clasping the two sacerdotal pledges with one hand to his bosom, whilst the other was more formidably occupied by the presentation of a Colt's revolver towards thousands of bereaved worshippers. The only mistake which the Aztec showmen committed, was that they did not lie with sufficient confidence. They were timid in their statements. They merely said, that such was the story they had received from the individual who first brought these interesting little objects within the pale and ken of civilisation, &c.; and by declining to endorse the lie, authoritatively, they gave occasion for suspicion. It is now understood that the poor little things were mere *cretins* from some Indian community, selected because they were so miserably small, decrepid, and helpless, and then hawked about, for enlightened European exhibition, under cover of a story which was really more preposterous than any which Barnum has devised, or, at all events, chronicled in his confessions. It was not the fact, but the fiction, which, in the case of the Aztecs as well as in that of Tom Thumb, excited the curiosity of the public. The humble showman who attacked Barnum at Warwick, hit the nail on the head when he exclaimed, "Tom Thumb has got the name, and you all know the name's everything. Tom Thumb couldn't never shine, even in my van, 'longside of a dozen dwarfs I knows, if this Yankee hadn't bamboozled our Queen—God bless her—by getting him afore her half-a-dozen times." Barnum deliberately falsified the age of his dwarf; the exhibitors of the Aztecs got up a spurious history for theirs—and in both instances the success was mainly owing to the deception. Nobody would pay sixpence for the sight of an ordinary monkey without a story or a pedigree; but if any showman possessed ingenuity enough to persuade the public that an ape in his possession had been the pet Jocko of the Queen of Sheba, and had received nuts from the hand of Solomon, his caravan would be crammed to overflowing. Many of us who sneer at the folly of clowns who have been victimised by pretended fortune-tellers, or at the intense stupidity of the farmer who has been pillaged by the adepts in thimble-rig, have, in our own persons, been quite as egregiously gulled. John Bull laughs with scorn at the mention of Popish relics, and professes himself unable to comprehend the imbecility of those who make pilgrimages to visit them; yet within half an hour afterwards, the excellent man takes Mrs. Bull and the junior members of his family to see the wonderful exhibition of two infant priests, brought from a mysterious city in Central America, as detailed in a newspaper account which he read that morning with infinite gratification and amazement.

Great, indeed, is the power of humbug! In the absence of literary no-

velties from the pens of living authors, we are to be regaled with fiction, in the double sense, from the dead. Scarcely had Mr. Lockhart, Scott's son-in-law and literary executor, been laid in the grave, than a gentleman in Paris announced that he had in his possession a most valuable curiosity, in the shape of an unpublished romance by the author of Waverley! Of course, there is no want of vouchers; nay, there is a letter said to be in Scott's handwriting, which accompanied the present of the manuscript. It is judiciously stated that the work itself is not of the highest degree of literary merit—not likely, in short, to rival *Ivanhoe*, or *Guy Mannering*, or the *Heart of Midlothian* in public estimation; but that it contains unmistakable traces of the hand of its great composer. In short, the authenticity of *Moredun*, a romance, is now positively asserted. We are asked to believe that Scott was in the habit of bestowing valuable works of fiction upon his acquaintances, just as the Count of Monte Christo is described as acknowledging the most petty services with such trifles as diamonds and rubies, of which, it appears, he always kept a large stock in his waistcoat pocket. *Moredun* is not mentioned in Scott's diary, which affords a most accurate record of his literary labours: —but what of that? When the book comes out, my masters, you can read and judge for yourselves. Surely you know the style of the old master too well to be misled by a counterfeit;—is it conceivable that any one would attempt a hoax which is so easy of detection? Alas! the good public has, times without number, been taken in by hoaxes quite as desperate as this. There was George Psalmanazar with his history and dictionary of Formosa, Chatterton with his Rowley poetry, and Ireland with his lost tragedy by Shakespeare. The adroit urchin in the brook always tickles his trout before he seizes it. There is no surer way to deceive the public than to appeal boldly to its discrimination—no better method of vending spurious ware, than an expressed appeal to the general verdict. How are men to judge unless they read—how can they read unless they buy?

Ambrose de Lamela! thy lot was cast centuries too early. Hadst thou lived in these latter days, we might have seen thee domiciled in a Pavilion, with any amount of dollars in the bank, enlightening and improving the world by virtuous precept and example, and claiming to be "a public benefactor, to an extent seldom paralleled in the histories of professed and professional philanthropists!"

THE LIFE OF LORD METCALFE.

In the commencement of the present century, at his residence in Portland Place, London, there was living a Major and Sir Thomas Metcalfe, a baronet, an East India Director, and member of Parliament for the borough of Abingdon. His fortune and his military rank had been obtained in India; his baronetcy had been won in Parliament by steady voting for the ministry of Pitt. Sir Thomas Metcalfe had two sons at Eton, Theophilus and Charles. The younger of these, having survived his brother, succeeded to the baronetcy, and was afterwards elevated to the peerage under the title of Lord Metcalfe. Leaving England at a very early age, as "writer" to the East India Company, he rose to be Governor-general of India; he afterwards served his country, at a very critical period, as governor of Jamaica; and finally, under circumstances still more difficult and discouraging, accepted and filled most creditably the office of Governor-general of Canada. There are few civilians who have rendered more substantial, laborious, unostentatious service to the State; there are few men whose lives, public and private, better deserve a record. More brilliant reputations may easily be found, but it would be difficult to select a safer example by which to stimulate our youth to honourable ambition. Lord Metcalfe rose by toil to the highest posts, and attained the prize without a speck upon his character. Amidst unremitting and often very anxious labour, he retained unimpaired a kind and amiable disposition. A firmness and determination, which might have become a military hero, were in him based entirely on sense of duty, not on the sentiment of personal pride, and were, *therefore*, compatible in him with a simplicity and gentleness of temper which might have become a woman. Nowhere surely shall we find, in more complete unison, an affectionate nature and the spirit and talents which constitute the able governor.

Mr. Kaye in these memoirs has done justice to his subject. The only objection to which his work appears to us to lie exposed is, that it is somewhat more bulky than was necessary. This is owing to the number of letters and other documents introduced; but his own narrative would be also improved, if it proceeded with rather more rapidity and precision. We forget who it was that, at the end of a long epistle to his friend, apologised for its length on the ground that "he had not time to write a shorter." Mr. Kaye would probably make the same apology. He is lengthy out of haste. With a little more time, or a little more care, he would have produced a shorter book, and without the sacrifice of a single fact or a single thought. There are too many extracts. Some of these are furnished by a journal or commonplace-book kept by Metcalfe when very young. Now, nothing is more interesting than the narrative of the early days of men who have distinguished themselves, but nothing can be less entertaining or less instructive than the early efforts of composition which the clever lad makes, whether under the head of essay, or theme, or moral reflection. You might as well present us with the child's copybook, and show us how he made his pothooks. They can, at best, be characteristic only of the sort of tuition he is then and there growing under. Some long letters, addresses, and other state papers, might have been omitted with advantage. Though it is the habit or necessity of Indian statesmen to write much, it is not the habit of English readers to plod diligently through official correspondence. Mr. Kaye seems aware that he has made some mistake of this description; but as the book was written, he contents himself with answering some imaginary objections in the preface.

These objections—which are not

The Life and Correspondence of Charles Lord Metcalfe. By William Kaye.

precisely the same as his reader will be disposed to make—are answered in a manner so easy and ingenious, and which admits of so ready an application to every possible dilemma in which an author can find himself, that it would be injustice to pass it unnoticed. Mr. Kaye says in his preface—"The records of Metcalfe's early life, some may think, have, in these pages, been unduly amplified. *But, rightly or wrongly, what I have done I have done advisedly, systematically.*" And further on, when he presumes his reader may object to his fulness of historical detail, he says, "Such a stricture would not be without justice—so far, at least, as regards the fact. *But here again, if I have erred, I have erred designedly, and after mature consideration.*" Whether the reader will derive any comfort or satisfaction from being told that the weariness which occasionally oppresses him was inflicted systematically, designedly, and "after mature consideration," may perhaps be doubtful. Something, indeed, seems to be added about the system which is accompanied with this inconvenient result; but the whole ends in this, that whatever Mr. Kaye does, he does with his eyes perfectly wide open—a fact which we have not the least disposition to dispute, and which, it seems, ought to silence any further opposition.

The defence, however, is as grave probably as the nature of the fault required. Some share of tediousness, more or less, seems inevitable in the biography of a civilian and a statesman. Besides, what *could* Mr. Kaye do? The friends or the trustee of the deceased commit to his discretion whole boxes of letters, memoranda, diaries, addresses, one knows not what. Not to select a considerable handful from all these boxes would seem to cast a slight upon their contents. And after all, the reader has his remedy in his own hands—at his fingers' ends; and we can conscientiously say, that, with the aid occasionally of a rapid manipulation of the pages, these memoirs of Lord Metcalfe will be found both an entertaining and instructive work. For our part, we shall endeavour to put together, in a brief compass, some portion of its most interesting matter. If Mr. Kaye objects to this usage of his book, as being somewhat of a piratical character, we shall content ourselves with replying that, "Rightly or wrongly, we do it systematically—advisedly."

It does not appear to us that Mr. Kaye is open to the charge of writing in that spirit of adulation so often displayed by the friendly biographer; and we are therefore a little surprised that he should deal so liberally, especially at the outset, in an epithet which the world in general confines to a chosen few. "When Metcalfe became great," "before his greatness," are expressions which startled us a little. Receiving our impression entirely from the memoirs before us, we yet should not speak of Mr. Metcalfe as a great man. He was an excellent man, and amongst the highest order of public servants, and a better man than many whom we call great; but he does not stand out so completely from the throng of men as to justify this epithet. We really think that Mr. Kaye was led into the use of it by an unconscious imitation of that youthful diary from which he has been extracting, and where it is a very favourite word. What we find in the character and career of Metcalfe, is a noble specimen of the men whom England breeds in her public schools and public life: a man of practical sagacity, of steadfast determination, of unimpeachable integrity; generous and affectionate in his private life, and animated by a due admixture of personal ambition and sense of duty in his public career. We say a due admixture of these, because a man will do very little in the world at all, unless he feels the promptings of ambition; and certainly very little good in it, unless he is directed by a strong sense of duty.

One trait in his intellectual character presents itself at the outset, and it is distinctive not only of himself, but of the majority of educated Englishmen. The sagacity requisite for the hour is combined with decision, and steadfastness of purpose; you have the man of action, of administrative ability, completely before you; but there is the utter absence of all speculative thought. Beyond the emergency of the present times, or the

plain duties for the next generation,—whether these concern government, or laws, or religion—he neither sees, nor makes effort to see. Neither in the youth fresh from Eton, nor in the ruler of Brahminical India, do we trace the least tendency to speculative thinking. There is no admixture of the philosophic element. Perhaps it could only have been purchased by the sacrifice of some portion of the courage, decision, and activity of the man. We are compelled reluctantly to confess that this is the penalty generally paid down for a participation in the meditative spirit. A Sir James Mackintosh and a Sir Charles Metcalfe could hardly have been united in the same person. If the laws of mental chemistry do not absolutely forbid such a combination, it is so rare that we have no right to feel disappointment at not meeting with it. We mention the fact as characteristic of his class. The young Etonian (and if it had been the young Oxonian, the case would not have been different) was not likely to quit the shores of England with any speculative tastes. In the classical education of England there is little room for philosophy. The camp, the court, the republican city—war and peace—Homer and Horace—something the young spirit learns of these. A long line of Pagan deities is seen retreating through some Gothic vista. But, for the rest, if anything divides the allegiance he pays to his own spiritual hierarchy, it is Zeus and Pallas, Apollo and the Nine—not any abstraction of philosophy. He may have *almost* made room in his imagination for more Gods than his Church is cognizant of, but it is not the clouds which metaphysicians, those untamable Titans, raise up against all spiritual thrones, which have bewildered him. "Metaphysics, I abhor you!" cries young Metcalfe, then between the ages of eighteen and nineteen. *One* glance he must have thrown in that direction even to have abhorred; but every thing assures that it was a very hasty glance. Judging from the materials his biographer has given us, he was never tempted into a nearer acquaintance with this detested shadow. Here is a quotation from the Commonplace Book.

"[*Ætat.* 18–19.]

"HUMAN MIND.—M—— is a strong instance of the weakness of the human mind. He has entered on a discussion of too great magnitude for his understanding. He has adopted the modern notion that Reason—*Blessed Reason*—ought to be our guide in matters of religion and government, and that we are authorised by all the rights of man to oppose whatever is opposite to our reason. It is this fallacious, detestable principle which has loaded the world for the last twenty years with crime and misery. It is the doctrine of Paine, Godwin, and the Devil—the root of all vice and the bane of every virtue. O Lord, I humbly call upon you to release me from this abominable spirit, and to keep me steadfast in the right way!"

The piety of this prayer who can doubt? But one cannot help remarking that a Scotch youth of the same age might be equally pious, equally steadfast in his faith, and perhaps more conversant with the several articles of his creed, but he never would have expressed the tenacity of his convictions in this manner,—never would have spoken of "blessed reason" ironically. He never for a moment could have put his Faith in antagonism to Reason, however he might have thought this latter word abused by the Paines and Godwins of the day. His first and last boast would have been that his faith was the perfection of reason. A Scotch lad who had only breathed the air of Glasgow, or of Edinburgh, would have never shrunk from intellectual contest, or professed that the creed he held and cherished was not in perfect harmony with the truly *blessed reason*. He would as soon have thought of proclaiming himself a lunatic in the public streets, and avowing a preference for a slight shade of insanity. Such distinction we cannot help noticing between the systems of education in England and Scotland, but we have no intention of pursuing the subject, or drawing any laboured comparison between their respective merits.

Still less do we by this observation intend to throw disparagement on the subject of these memoirs. Academical education of any kind was dealt in very scanty measure; and if he does not rise into higher regions of thought than his own duties require, he is always seen equal to those duties.

If we do not trace in him the least *scintilla* of a Sir William Jones or a Colebrooke—if he lives in India, careless of what profound philosophy or mystical thinking may lie half hidden in that Brahminical religion which has retained possession of the country some thousands of years, and still continues to exercise a subtle and potent influence over the character of the people—he is nevertheless precisely the man to point out and mark down the line of conduct to be at this moment pursued towards that religion. He it is who sees with singular clearness what is due to the religious conviction of the populace, and what to the common claims of humanity. He would respect a temple—he would abolish the suttee; and if, in arguing on abstract questions or general principles of government, he may sometimes be caught tripping, sometimes convicted of inconsistencies, it may be said with perfect safety of him that he has displayed in his career more of practical and efficient statesmanship than a whole batch of orators—a whole corps of popular members of the House of Commons.

Though reared in England, Charles Metcalfe was born in India, at Calcutta, in the year 1785; but he was still very young when his parents quitted that country. We hear of him being "boarded and birched," as our biographer has it, at some juvenile seminary, kept by a Mr. Tait. At the age of eleven he was forwarded to Eton. Here he was very studious. He left before he was sixteen; yet in these few years he appears, in addition to the prescribed studies of the schools, to have read very sedulously in the literature of England. Nor had he neglected the languages of France and Italy. He was a quiet, retiring boy; his play-hours were spent amongst his favourite books. Neither the "flying ball," nor the boat race, nor any athletic games, had attraction for him, nor had he any aptitude for them. It is said that he could never, at any period of his life, learn to ride. Books and tranquil friendships were his delight; but, as is so often the case with these retiring tempers, he nursed nevertheless a persisting unobtrusive ambition. He dreamt early of becoming "great;" and his dreams of greatness took the form of high official appointments. He will be a statesman; he will one day lay his hand on the reins of government—will dictate treaties—will harangue in senates—will sit in councils.

An indisposition to athletic exercises was in him indicative of no effeminacy of character. On the contrary, he had great firmness of purpose; and throughout his career an open manly spirit pervades all his conduct. In boyhood, whilst he retreats from the play-ground to write moral reflections in his journal, one favourite subject for his pen is the superiority of a public school, with all its trials, temptations, and petty oppression, over the more timid system of private education. In more advanced youth we find him at some siege in India, deserting the safe position which his diplomatic mission assigned him, to enter, sword in hand, into the deadly breach. His frame, which was short and thick-set, was not probably adapted for success in any achievement where strength and suppleness of limb were necessary; but he bore a brave heart within him, and had the true spirit of a soldier. He had, too, many of the qualities which fit men for command in armies—self-reliance, steadfast resolution, promptitude of decision.

The elder brother, Theophilus, was in many respects a contrast to Charles, being fond of sports and most other pleasures *except* those of a sedentary nature.

"The breaches between them," says our biographer, "were frequent—as frequent they will be between boys of different character, each with pretensions of his own, each, after his own fashion, egotistical and intolerant (and there is no egotism and intolerance equal to that of clever boys); but there was a fund of good brotherly love at the bottom of their hearts, even when they were most vehement in their denunciations of each other. All through the year 1799 this fraternal antagonism seems to have been at its height. Their good mother declared that she quite dreaded the approach of the holidays on this account, and strenuously exhorted them to peace. Her exhortations were not at all successful. Early in November the two brothers

fell to quarrelling over the politics of the day. Charles was at that time, like his father, a Pittite; whilst Theophilus was in opposition. Charles declared that the ministers 'were the only men capable of governing the country,' and called his brother a democrat. Upon this Theophilus fired up, and, adverting to the expedition to Holland, asked what was to be said of 'ministerial liberality which now accuses the Russians, accuses the Austrians, accuses everything—but those who would have taken all the credit if it had succeeded. So much for ministers—for the only men that can govern the country!'"

But these boyish encounters and boyish feuds were soon entirely to be forgotten, and changed into brotherly love by the long separation that was destined for them. To be the sons of an East Indian Director, was to be banished to wealth and prosperity at the other end of the world. Theophilus was the first who received sentence of exile. He had no sooner left Eton and begun to enjoy his freedom and independence, and all the pleasures of his age, "making friends, falling in love, acting at masquerades, and drinking his wine like a man," than he heard that he was to be despatched to China. He was to grow rich at the Company's Factory at Canton—very rich; probably very yellow also; at all events, he was to be saturated with gold in the golden land of Cathay.

The intelligence was dismal in the extreme. One chance of escape occurred to him. Would not his brother Charles like to go and gather gold in China, and leave him to present enjoyment in England? He makes the disinterested proposal.

"When I consider," he writes to his brother, "of the difference between you and me, I am astonished. You a studious grave fellow, studying five hours a-day; me a wild idle dog, who does not look into a book from the rising to the setting of the sun. You who would like to go to China and make a large fortune; me, who would like to stay in England and spend what I have. Would, Charles, that you were to bend your way to China in my stead! And I know not why I should be refused remaining in England, when I seem so anxiously to wish it. What, because the world styles it good, is a young man to be sent to a place which least of all suits his disposition, to be shut up for ten or twelve years from all friends and relations?"

But Charles had as little disposition to quit England as Theophilus. He replied to this, and other letters on the subject, that he hoped his brother would not be offended; but if the decision were left to him, "he would have nothing to do with the China factory." Charles, however, was never called upon to refuse the expedition to China, for he himself was destined to Bengal.

"While these young gentlemen were arranging for themselves the business of their future disposal, the elder Metcalfes were settling everything for them, and leaving little choice to the boys. Both, after a few years, acknowledged that their parents were right. But when it was finally decided—and all escape from the decision was impossible—that Theophilus should be dispatched to China, and that Charles should go as a writer to Bengal, the two boys were ready to die with vexation. Charles was very sorry to leave Eton. He loved the school; he loved his tutor; he loved many of his schoolfellows; and he loved his books. He was sorry to think of leaving England, for he loved his parents, and he loved his sisters. Mrs. Metcalfe, though Theophilus was her favourite, sometimes acknowledged that Charles was the more dutiful and attentive of the two. By his sisters, into whose school-room he would make frequent disturbing incursions, he was held in the fondest affection. He was very loving and very lovable. He was not one who could be banished to a distant country without grievous laceration of the heart."

In addition to all these *loves*, here enumerated so energetically, was one of a still more tender description. To add to his affliction at departure, poor Charles must meet at a ball a certain fascinating Miss D——, whose graces, both of mind and person, made a deep impression on him. He had to leave England with this arrow in his bosom. It is remarkable that this is the only attachment of the kind we read of in his whole life. Though, at a subsequent period, his gentle manner, his courtesy, his hospitality, made him the favourite of all the fair sex in Calcutta, not one of them seems to have touched his heart. From all that appears, he passed through life a steady and determined bachelor.

With all these griefs in his heart, he sets sail for India, carrying with him the good wishes and sanguine hopes of many friends. Amongst these we find particularised a certain Aunt Winch, who, on his farewell visit, "gives him two pounds, encumbered with the laudable injunction to purchase therewith the *Whole Duty of Man.*"

He landed in Calcutta under the very best auspices. Son of an East India director, and of one whose name was still remembered and respected at Calcutta, he had a ready passport to society. For a time nothing is entered in the Diary but the visits that he pays, the balls and dinners he attends. It is the cool season, too, when he arrives. But when the novelty of the scene had worn off, and the heat of the weather increased, the banished youth sank for a time quite dispirited.

"The exhausting climate of Calcutta had now for some months been doing its sure work upon the young stranger; and he felt, as hundreds before and after him have felt, worn, weary, and dispirited; needing some great exertion to shake off the depressing influences which were surrounding him, and yet utterly incapable of making it. He had been applying himself somewhat too closely to his studies, the mind had been on the stretch, and the body had been inactive. He had neglected to take that regular exercise which, in moderation, contributes so much to the health of the resident in hot climates. He was not addicted to field sports; he did not excel in athletic exercises of any kind. He said that he was 'out of his element' amidst such scenes. Foul vapours gathered about him, and there was nothing to disperse them. In these fiery months there is a general stagnation of the social atmosphere. A few languid dinner-parties feebly indicate that the spirit of hospitality is not dead, but sleepeth. Even the natives of the country shrink from the fierce glare, the scorching winds, and the intolerable dust of the summer solstice. How, then, when the sun is up, can English gentlemen pass about from house to house to visit one another, or indulge freely in mid-day intercourse? The hot weather is generally a period of dreary isolation."

What wonder that Charles Metcalfe should have written home to his parents to entreat them to remove him—to obtain for him some position in England—a seat in Lord Grenville's office? He was home-sick. He saw at present no road open to distinction. He seemed to have left behind him in England the arena of ambition as well as the scene of his affections. Alone, in ill health, with no more enlivening pursuits than the study of the native language, his heart full of home-affections, and troubled too by one still more tender sentiment, it was inevitable that he should write to his parents begging to be recalled. "I cannot exist," he says, "in the absence of my family." His parents, however, who probably foresaw that Charles would have to pass through some probation of this kind, and that his "trial-year" would be a severe one, answered with grave admonitions—a little sympathy, and much good advice. His mother, who is described as "a woman of strong sense and of plain discourse," deals less in sympathy than the father, and rates her son for his weakness and instability of purpose.

"Your letters," she writes, "have given us little satisfaction. Instead of your parents being the objects of your wish to relinquish so important a situation, if you examine your heart, you will find it is Miss D——. Your father has not the means or interest to get even the paltry appointment of a clerk in Lord Grenville's office; and if he had, *there you might stay whatever were your abilities.* If you have a grain of ambition, you are in the field for it, and the ball is at your foot. What is it you want? With friends, money, attention, credit, good sense, abilities, and a prospect before you which hundreds, I may say thousands, in this country have not—you want, I fear, my dear Charles, a contented mind."

But in a short time, and before even these letters could reach him, his melancholy humours were dispersing before a more active and hopeful career. He was appointed assistant in the office of the Governor-general, and the young "writer" had become attached, once for all, to the *political* department of the East India Company's service. Lord Wellesley, the then Governor-general, recognised his ability, and the sterling merits of his character. We must find room for Mr. Kaye's vivid description of the Governor-general, and the new office

in Government House which he had lately established :—

"Lord Wellesley had some time before conceived the idea of planting in Government House an office under his own immediate superintendence. In prosecution of this design, it was his wont to select from amongst the young civilians at the Presidency those who had given the fairest promise of intelligence and zeal, and to make them his confidential assistants. And it is an eminent proof of the sagacity of this great statesman that he seldom made a selection that was not more than justified by the after career of the man on whom he had fixed his regards. Nor was it the least pleasing of his retrospects, forty years afterwards, to recall the persons of the young men whom, he, during the first year of the century, had assembled in Government House—the persons of John Adam, of Bayley, of Jenkins, and of Metcalfe, and to think of the distinction that in the interval had been attained by his pupils.

"Of all men living, perhaps Lord Wellesley was the one around whose character and conduct the largest amount of youthful admiration was likely to gather. There was a vastness in all his conceptions which irresistibly appealed to the imaginations of his disciples. Their faith in him was unbounded. The promptitude and decision with which he acted dispelled all doubt and disarmed all scepticism. Embodied in the person of Lord Wellesley, statesmanship was in the eyes of his pupils a splendid reality ; they saw in him a great man with great things to accomplish. As he walked up and down the spacious central hall of the newly-erected Government House, now dictating the terms of a letter to be despatched to one political functionary, now to another—keeping many pens employed at once, but never confusing the argument or language proper to each —there was a moral grandeur about him, seen through which, the scant proportions of the little Viceroy grew into something almost sublime. There could not be a finer forcing-house for young ambition. Charles Metcalfe grew apace in it. . . . . .

"From this time Charles Metcalfe looked steadily forward. There were no more vain retrospects—no more idle regrets. The *vestigia retrorsum* were not to be taken. *He had formed the resolution of not leaving the country until the Governor-generalship of India was in his hands !* And that such would be the end of his career was not a mere passing thought —an impulsive hope—but an abiding and sustaining conviction."

From Lord Wellesley's office Charles Metcalfe went for a short time as assistant to the resident of Delhi. He was next appointed to a mission to Lahore, of no little delicacy. It had for its object to form a treaty with Runjeet Singh. Here the young diplomatist was thrown upon his own resources : he had no one to share the difficulties or responsibilities of his mission. As Mr. Kaye very justly adds, "there was nothing like this in Lord Grenville's office."

No ; the young statesman would have found no school in England like that which he entered at the Government House in India. Even if that higher object of his ambition—a seat in Parliament—had been obtained, his political education, in any high sense of the term, would not have been much advanced. What a man may grow to, under any circumstances, there is no saying ; but if we have statesmen in England, it is in spite of, and not owing to, the special training that public life accords. A Parliamentary orator, and skilful tactician in party warfare, rises to the post of statesman ; and when there, he displays—what ? Parliamentary oratory of a still higher character, and party tactics still more skilful. It was in the natural order of things that it should be so. Our public men talk well—they do nothing, or do nothing well. The discrepancy is lamentable between the speech and the measure. The principles on which we ought to act are so amply discussed, and then comes forth the action itself in the shape of some dim, disfigured measure, or some staggering, bewildered course of daily expedients. Any boat will do, so it will live in the Parliamentary vortex. It is not at all consolatory to be told that the evil is irremediable ; that the House of Commons, with its shifting majorities, must not only shape the bill, but shape the man who frames the bill. We must, adopting the old reply, lament the evil, and lament also that it is irremediable. In reading these memoirs, and other works which detail our Indian history, we have been forced to confess that there is more practical statesmanship displayed by the servants of the Company than by our Ministerial orators. In India, the grave question of war or peace is evi-

dently *deliberated upon;* in England a few traditional maxims, the current of diplomacy, and the temper of the House, decide all. The minister deliberates only on his Parliamentary statement.

But we must return to Charles Metcalfe and his embassy to Runjeet Singh. At that time, as now, we were alarmed for the security of our Indian possessions, but France was the military power whose incursions were then dreaded.

"Already," writes Mr. Kaye, "was French intrigue making its way at the Persian court. That was the sure commencement of the great game that was about to be played. It was a great thing, therefore, to re-establish our ascendancy at Teheran—and a great thing to achieve the diplomatic occupation of the countries between Persia and India before our enemies could appear upon the scene. To accomplish the former object, John Malcolm was despatched to the Court of the Shah-i-shah; and to secure the latter, Mountstuart Elphinstone and Charles Metcalfe were ordered to proceed, the former to Cabul, and the latter to Lahore."

It is a very spirited and entertaining account which Mr. Kaye gives us here of the first embassy of the young statesman; and we wish our space would allow us to extract it. Metcalfe's object was to frame a defensive alliance with Runjeet Singh against the French; Runjeet, full of his own ambitious schemes, sought only from the Company liberty to extend his conquests as he pleased or could, and that over tribes who had put themselves under English protection. "If the French invade your territory," said our young ambassador, "you will profit greatly by our alliance. If they do not, you will not suffer by it." To which plain reasoning the crafty Indian replied, "If you want my alliance, you must have some object to gain; you must therefore give me something for my alliance—give me permission to extend my territories undisturbed on the southern side of the Sutlej." This was the last thing in the intention of England; so that our ambassador had to threaten war at one moment, and the next, to propose his new friendly and defensive alliance. The alliance was framed; but the whole business ended practically in a coercion exercised over Runjeet Singh. Great was the skill, tact, patience, and determination which young Metcalfe displayed as he followed the Indian warrior from one encampment to another, or was compelled to wait in idleness while the versatile and inconstant chief gave himself up to pleasure, and would hear nothing of war or of politics. At one time he writes to Metcalfe proposing a meeting on the Sutlej. But he is tired of business—is eager again to enjoy the delights of the wine-cup and the zenana. "Before the British envoy had reached the banks of the river, Runjeet had again changed his mind, and was running in hot haste on the wings of love to Umritzur." Metcalfe had to follow him to the "holy city."

In this holy city of Umritzur the zeal of the Hindoos must run very high. An anecdote is here related, which shows that a "conversion" in those parts may even work more tremendous mischief than it does with us.

"Runjeet had hoped for a little while, in the arms of his favourite mistress, to forget all of royalty except its sensual delights. But that which was to have been to him only a source of refreshment and repose, became the existing cause of unexpected trouble and alarm. His favourite was a Mussulmanee dancing-girl. It may have been in the plenitude of her Mahommedan zeal—or it may have been in the mere wantonness of power—that either by force or persuasion she had recently converted a Hindoo to the faith of Islam—or at least subjected him to its external ritualities. The act, from whatever feeling it may have resulted, threw Umritzur into a ferment of excitement. The shops of the holy city were closed. The priests of the great temple issued their manifestoes, and forbade the people, under a ban of excommunication, to open them and return to their wonted business; and the houses of Mussulmanee dancing-girls, in expiation of the offence of one of their tribe, were plundered by the outraged Hindoos."

It may be some consolation to find that there are people, and a priesthood, a shade worse than any that exist amongst ourselves, and that a conversion in the city of Umritzur may

work more terrible consequences than it does at home. To be sure we have found it necessary to *ticket the wounded* as they are carried into the hospital of Balaklava or Scutari, lest Protestant or Catholic should be assailed in this prostrate condition, and carried off as convertites by champions of an opposite creed, by some priest full of immitigable zeal, or some Bible-reader from the neighbourhood of Tottenham Court Chapel, as pious and as implacable. But even in the neighbourhood of Tottenham Court Chapel we have not heard of the shops being closed, or all commerce forbidden, on the occasion of the most portentous conversion. It is, we repeat, some consolation to think that there are men madder than ourselves in the holy city of Umritzur.

We cannot enumerate the several steps of promotion to which the admirable temper and ability displayed in this mission to Lahore conducted the young diplomatist. We must pass on rapidly. At the age of twenty-six we find him appointed Resident at Delhi; an appointment, we are told, coveted by the oldest officers of both services, civil and military, and inferior only, in the distinction it conferred, to a seat at the council-board of government. Delhi is, or was, the imperial city of the Great Mogul. The emperor Shah Allum, old, blind, and infirm, still held there the mockery of a court. Charles Metcalfe was Mayor of the Palace. It was the duty of the Resident to superintend the affairs of this Great Mogul, now the pensioner of the commercial company of Leadenhall Street. He had, in fact, to preside over the whole government of the Delhi territory, the collection of its revenue, and the administration of justice. The Resident "was a great man—he had a court of his own, and a large monthly allowance from government to support it in a state of becoming splendour. He kept open house. He had what was called a 'Family'—all the officers attached to the Residency, with their wives and children, were members of it." The boy who, a little more than ten years ago, was on the play-ground at Eton, is now a veritable prince in India.

The young prince, Mr. Kaye thinks, was not quite so happy as he seemed to be. Naturally of a cheerful temper, and with plenty of work to do, his condition could not have been otherwise than very endurable. "But there were times when he thought that for even his brilliant position he had paid somewhat too dearly; and when he took up his pen to discourse with some members of his distant family, the old clouds which had gathered over him during the first years of his Indian residence began to overshadow him again, and he spoke doubtingly of the apparent advantages of his present and the promises of his future life." He still felt that he was an exile. Prosperity itself loses half its charms when we have not our old friends about us, and cannot receive their congratulations or make them participants in our good fortune. It is in the family circle that the public honour is really enjoyed. Charles Metcalfe had laboured on alone, had received his reward alone. He began to look forward, when he returned to England, to a solitary life; he should have no friends there, no connections. Worse than all, one sees that the Resident at Delhi had allowed his ambition to step in between him and the prospect of a domestic hearth of his own. Marriage no longer wore the same aspect that it probably did when he was suffering from the memory of Miss D——. It was now a treaty of alliance to be entered into only with one of the noble, or the more elevated class of society. With these views of a matrimonial alliance, he calculates that he shall *never be rich enough* to marry. Writing to his aunt, he says, "I hope to lay by at the rate of £3000 per annum, which, in twelve or fifteen years, ought to be enough to enable me to live at home, in the plain manner in which I mean to live as an old bachelor; for you must know that I have no thought of *ever* marrying, as I shall never have money enough for it, unless I consent, which I will not do, to spend the whole of it on what is termed *living*." Metcalfe thought that money had better uses than to be spent on houses and furniture, dinners, coaches, and servants. He was right; but could he have found no woman to

think as wisely as himself in this respect! If marriage itself had not become an object of ambition, would he have done this injustice to the whole female sex, of supposing that no wife was to be had who would agree with him in preferring an unostentatious mode of living, with a fund in hand for purposes of charity and generosity?*

Very liberal and very generous was the Resident at Delhi, both now and throughout his career. In this respect he had a princely heart. His donations were often munificent, and his habitual hospitality had no other limit than that which a manifest prudence imposed upon it.

It was not directly from the Residency at Delhi that the subject of our biography was appointed to be a member of council; there were intermediate steps too intricate to be here traced out; but we must follow him at once to this much-coveted position. In the year 1827, Sir Charles Metcalfe (for both his father and eldest brother are now dead, and he has succeeded to the title of baronet) took his seat in the supreme council of India. This position, Mr. Kaye tells us, may be a most onerous one, or a most indolent, as the holder of it is disposed. He may enjoy his privilege of a seat at the same board with the Governor-general —write a few minutes—draw a salary of £10,000 a-year—be addressed as an "honourable"—and subside into a nonentity. Or he may enter zealously and indefatigably into the administration and measures of the Government, and, in innumerable and immeasureable documents, combat incessantly the opinions of others and enforce his own; in fact, he may be overwhelmed in work.

"Attended by his secretaries, the Governor-general meets the members of council on certain given days—say twice —in every week. All the multiform concerns of government requiring adjustment in the different departments of state—in the political, the military, the financial, the judicial, &c.—are then cursorily discussed and decided; but the real business is done at home on the other days of the week, where the government messengers are continually presenting themselves at the houses of the members of council, bearing certain official-looking oblong boxes, containing state papers to be examined and minuted by the councillors. Rough-hewn by the secretaries, important despatches, or minutes and memoranda on which despatches are to be based, are sent round for inspection and approval. Then the member of council either writes his initials on the draft, and passes it on without further comment, or he seats himself down to his desk, and draws up an elaborate minute on the subject. These minutes take the place of speeches delivered by the members of popular assemblies. They contain an expression of the individual opinions of the writer, supported by such facts and such arguments as he can bring to his aid. Thus is it, as was said by a distinguished living statesman, that 'eloquence evaporates in scores of paragraphs.' But the paragraphs have often more of 'eloquence' in them than the halting sentences which makes up the oral discourses which would appropriate the name. Now it is just in proportion as the contents of these boxes of state papers are examined and commented upon by the member of council that his life is one of dignified ease or interminable toil. Metcalfe soon found that his was the latter."

It could hardly have been otherwise. A man of active mind, accustomed to self-reliance, well acquainted with all the affairs of government, it was impossible that he should let the state papers in their despatch-box pass him by with the mark only of his initials. He wrote much, and earnestly. Often in the minority, we yet feel persuaded that this was because he outstript, not because he lagged behind, his fellow councillors in just appreciation of the principles on which the country should be governed. But we must first attend upon him till he reaches the pinnacle of his fortune in India, before we allude to the views or principles on which he administered its affairs.

We are now in the year 1831, and Lord William Bentinck is Governor-general. In the month of August

* Marriage is one of those subjects which men contemplate under very different aspects at different times. We must not be thought to bind Metcalfe all his life through to the expressions of a single letter. When jested upon this subject, by his friends in India, we are told that he used to appeal to his own want of personal attractions—which was certainly an *answer*, but not a *reason*.

the five years' term of office, as member of council, would expire. The Court of Directors extended the term for two years more; and, to pass over some minor matters, Metcalfe was subsequently appointed to the government of Agra, and was also nominated Provisional Governor-general of India, on the death, resignation, or coming away of Lord William Bentinck.

The contingency almost immediately occurred. He had scarcely reached the seat of his government when advices arrived of the speedy departure (on account of ill health) of the Governor-general, and he was compelled to return to Calcutta. "On the 20th March, 1834, he became, what more than thirty years before he declared that he would become, Governor-general of India!"

Whether Sir Charles Metcalfe would be allowed to retain his appointment, or whether Ministers in England would consent to bestow this great prize on any other than a political partisan, remained to be seen. Lord Melbourne was then at the head of the administration. The delay in making the appointment was unusual. The Court of Directors passed a resolution confirming the appointment of Sir Charles Metcalfe. The Crown Ministers were not disposed to ratify this choice. The Company, on their side, seemed equally indisposed to accept of the Whig nominees. Nothing was done. New rumours came to India with every ship. Never were the people at Calcutta kept in greater suspense. Before the contest could be terminated the Whigs resigned. Sir Robert Peel came into power. He appointed Lord Heytesbury to the Governor-generalship of India.

All through the hot weather and rainy season of 1835 Sir Charles Metcalfe remained at his post, expecting the arrival of Lord Heytesbury. But before this nobleman could set sail from England, another change took place in the Ministry. The Whigs returned to power. One of their first acts was to cancel his appointment. Lord Heytesbury had received the valedictory entertainment from the East India Company, and had made every preparation for his voyage by the *Jupiter*. The Whigs were just in time to arrest his departure. The *Jupiter* carried out Lord Auckland as the Governor-general.

To Sir Charles Metcalfe were brought flattering messages, and the Grand Cross of the Bath.

After having received his dismissal and his diamond-cross, the ex-governor, if he had consulted his own dignity, should have gracefully retired from the scene. He committed the anti-climax of accepting the government of Agra, now reduced to a Lieutenant-generalship. He was swayed, no doubt, by the flattering solicitation of friends who wished to retain him in India. But it was a mistake. The late Governor-general no longer felt himself at home in the subordinate position of Lieutenant-general of Agra. He suspected that some of the measures he had passed in his higher office had not rendered his name popular with the authorities in England, and that the offences of the late Governor-general were visited upon the lieutenant of Agra. He had lost, he thought, their confidence, or their respect, and under this impression wrote home to resign his appointment. The resignation was accepted in a cold official manner, without any attempt being made to remove the impression under which it had been made. Finally, in 1838, he set sail for England, leaving Calcutta under a shower of valedictory addresses from all classes of the community.

To enumerate the addresses which in the various periods of his life either welcomed his arrival or regretted his departure, would fill pages. There was a trunk full of them amongst the papers he left behind. Our Anglo-Indians are a generous, much-applauding people, or Sir Charles was an extraordinary favourite. Indeed, he deserved to be such, for his private life was as much distinguished by kindness and hospitality as his public career by a conscientious and intelligent fulfilment of all his duties. The following picture of his daily course of life, when member of the Supreme Council in India, will be read with interest, especially by those who are familiar with that country.

"Sir Charles Metcalfe was for nearly seven years a member of the Supreme Council of India, and throughout this

period he continually resided in Calcutta or the near neighbourhood. During the first years of his residence at the Presidency, he occupied a house on the banks of the river, at Garden Reach. He subsequently removed to Allipore, a more inland suburb, taking up his abode at Government House during the absence of the Governor-general, and spending occasional brief intervals of rustication at Barrackpore. Throughout all this period he enlivened Calcutta with magnificent hospitality. He was in the enjoyment of almost uninterrupted health, and he appears to have been cheerful and contented. The want which he most lamented was the want of leisure. He had little to devote to his books. Except from time to time, on the way to and from Barrackpore, when a volume of some favourite author—often a classical one—was his companion, the gratification of his love of general reading was almost wholly denied to him. He lived continually in harness, official and social. He rarely, until the business of the day was done, went beyond the limits of his own premises. His house at Allipore was surrounded by spacious park-like grounds, and at early morning he might sometimes be seen riding in top-boots—an article of equipment in which he always rejoiced—on a plump white horse, with a groom upon either side of him. His labours commenced every morning at seven o'clock. From nine to twelve he devoted to breakfast and the reception of visitors. For the most part they were visits of business. From twelve to seven he was continually at work, and frequently when at home, with no social claims upon him, returned to business after dinner. But in spite of these exhausting labours, in a most exhausting climate, he never seemed to be exhausted. When he appeared at the dinner table in the evening, he was cheerful, animated, and entertaining, always courteous, affable, and good-natured.

"But the real history of his life at this time is to be found amongst his papers, the original drafts of which are now before me. They indicate in a very striking manner both the laboriousness and the conscientiousness of the man. There was scarcely a subject connected with the whole question of our position in India to the elucidation of which he did not address himself in an elaborate minute. He was not a wordy writer. He went straight to the point—in a few pregnant sentences stated his opinions—and then proceeded to support them with a goodly array of facts and arguments. There was a straightforwardness of manner in all his writings—no shams and pretences—he was not capable of any kind of trickery and chicanery."

The character here given of his writings appears to us to be fully borne out by the specimens before us. There are especially some extracts from his "Minutes," which are both interesting and valuable. We wish we could transfer some of them to our own pages. The reader will find them in the second volume, page 190 *et seq.* Of such extracts as these we certainly do not complain of a redundancy.

As one member of a council, it would be difficult, we presume, to estimate the influence which Sir Charles Metcalfe exercised. We must go back to his personal administration of affairs at the Residency of Delhi, or elsewhere, to see him in distinct and individual action. We have a summary from his own pen of the traits which distinguished his administration at Delhi. "Capital punishment," he says, "was generally and almost wholly abstained from, and I believe without any bad effect. Corporal punishment was discouraged, and finally abolished. Swords, and other implements of intestine warfare, to which the people were prone, were turned into ploughshares, not figuratively alone, but literally also—villagers being made to give up their arms, which were returned to them in the shape of implements of agriculture. Suttees were prohibited. . . . The rights of the people were better preserved by the maintenance of the village institutions, and by avoiding those pernicious sales of land for arrears of revenue, which in other provinces have tended so much to destroy the hereditary rights of the mass of the agricultural community."—Vol. i. p. 471.

Sir Charles Metcalfe shows himself elsewhere very partial to the village communities;* and they form an attractive subject of contemplation. But

* These village communities have been often described, yet the following account of them, extracted from the "Minutes" of Sir Charles Metcalfe, will be read with interest:—

"I admire the structure of the village communities, and am apprehensive that

it must not be lost sight of that they are essentially part and parcel of a despotic arbitrary government. It is the weak herding together, and saying to the oppressor—take your taxes, take your tribute, and leave us to ourselves, to our labour, our poverty, and such peace as your wars will render possible. It is a striking instance of that law of compensation which some are fond of tracing throughout human life. The dread of the common oppressor binds together the village community in a contented poverty and an unbroken alliance. But pleasing as such an institution may be as a subject of contemplation (for ourselves we know nothing of its actual details, or whether the picture, if seen close at hand, would be equally agreeable), it must not be forgotten that its continuance would be impossible under the government of equal laws equitably administered. Such a government would excite the desire of gain—call forth, in short, the energies and aspirations by which we progress. The very element of this institution is contentment with what is and has been—a spirit of contentment not without its charms, but which must inevitably give way before the spirit of improvement.

As Governor-general, his administration is chiefly distinguished by his measure for the liberation of the Indian press. Under his immediate predecessor, Lord William Bentinck, the press had been as free as it is in England; but there were still certain laws or orders of a severe character, which, at the pleasure of any future governor, might be called into operation. These Sir Charles Metcalfe repealed.

Every one will call to mind the case of Mr. Buckingham, whom the authorities of the time thought fit to expel from India. Such a measure was soon found to be quite ineffective. They could send back an Englishman to his own country, and perhaps ruin him by so doing; but they could not banish a native Indian. Nothing was more easy than to put forth some miserable native as nominal editor, on whom the threat of banishment to England would operate rather agreeably than otherwise. It was a hopeless contest. But what was more to the purpose, the Government had outlived those terrors which formerly haunted it, at the least approach of education or enlightenment to the native population. There was a time, writes Mr. Kaye, when it was our policy "to keep the natives of India in the profoundest possible state of barbarism and darkness, and every attempt to diffuse the light of knowledge amongst the people was vehemently opposed and resented." Such, happily, was no longer the reigning policy. It was confessed in India, as elsewhere, that light is better than darkness.

On this subject, the education of the native Indian, Sir Charles Metcalfe expresses the most generous and liberal views. He will not listen for

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direct engagements for revenue with each separate landholder or cultivator in a village, might tend to destroy its constitution.

"The village communities are little republics, having nearly everything that they want within themselves, and almost independent of any foreign relations. They seem to last where nothing else lasts. Dynasty after dynasty tumbles down; revolution succeeds to revolution; Hindoo, Patan, Mogul, Mahratta, Sikh, English, are all masters in turn; but the village communities remain the same. In times of trouble they arm and fortify themselves. A hostile army passes through the country. The village communities collect their cattle within their walls, and let the enemy pass unprovoked. If plunder and devastation be directed against themselves, and the force employed be irresistible, they flee to friendly villages at a distance; but when the storm has passed over they return, and resume their occupations. If a country remain, for a series of years, the scene of continued pillage and massacre, so that the villages cannot be inhabited, the scattered villagers nevertheless return whenever the power of peaceable possession revives. A generation may pass away, but the succeeding generation will return. The sons will take the place of their fathers—the same site for the village, the same position for the houses, the same lands will be re-occupied by the descendants of those who were driven out when the village was depopulated. And it is not a trifling matter that will drive them out, for they will often maintain their post through times of disturbance and convulsion, and acquire strength sufficient to resist pillage and oppression with success."

a moment to the selfish plea of danger to our own power from the awaking intelligence of the people. Why do we govern, if not to improve the people? Do we expect to govern eternally, and that by a repressive system? How, indeed, any man can justify the retention of the territory of India, but on the ground that we are enlightening the people who live on it, is past our comprehension. And even the most hardened and unscrupulous politician must admit, that, in the event of our having to defend our possessions against any European power, it is the intelligent Hindoo, capable of comprehending the true interests of his country—and not the ignorant and passionate Indian, who, to escape from one tyrant, would blindly rush into the power of a greater—on whose alliance he can most safely depend.

But we must now leave India, and follow Sir Charles Metcalfe to England. We must pass over the reception and the compliments. Sir Charles had always cherished the desire to enter Parliament. Besides, it was absolutely requisite for him to have some sphere of public duty. Merely to live idle on the paternal estate at Fern Hill, near Windsor, would have been to him a most unsatisfactory existence. Coupled, too, with his hospitable practices, Fern Hill was found a too expensive residence. "If I must refrain," he said, "from seeing my friends, of what use is a large house and establishment to me?" It was evident that all his tendencies were still towards public life. A seat in the House of Commons was not an impracticable object to a man of high reputation, and in possession of £100,000. He had no sooner landed at Bristol than he received a note, intimating that he might have Maidstone for the consideration of £3000. Sir Charles thought that some opening might occur by which he could enter Parliament in a manner somewhat more consistent with his own views of the purity which ought to reside in a representative assembly. He held, indeed, some not very wise opinions upon this subject, and declared that he should vote "for the ballot, and for short Parliaments;"—yes, our oriental radical thought that short Parliaments would improve the statesmanship of England! Leeds was afterwards suggested to him, and finally he was on the point of standing an election for Glasgow, when an offer from the Ministry of the day turned his steps in a quite different direction. Instead of entering Parliament as member for Glasgow, he left England as Governor of Jamaica.

The government of Jamaica was at that moment in a dead lock. So little harmony had existed between Sir Lionel Smith and the Assembly, that the latter had passed a resolution to proceed with no business except what was absolutely necessary to keep faith with the public creditor, till certain concessions had been made by the Governor. But what must be called the social condition of the island was worse than the political. The abolition of slavery had deprived the landed proprietors of compulsory labour, and a regular market for industry was not yet opened. Under the old system, plots of ground had been allotted to the slaves for their own maintenance. By cultivating these, the manumitted negroes could continue to support themselves. What motive had they to work for their former master? To have ejected them from these plots of ground would have been very bad policy, as this would have cut off all chance of a supply of labour. They were allowed to retain them on the payment of a certain rent.

And now the proprietors had recourse to a most unfortunate expedient, and one which wore all the features of harshness and injustice. As the payment of this rent constituted the sole immediate stimulant to labour, they raised it in a very arbitrary manner. They not only adopted a new assessment of the provision-grounds, but "instead of placing a fixed rent upon any particular house and grounds, they varied it according to the number of people occupying it. They compelled one person to pay rent for a holding already paid for by another. Even boys and girls capable of work were summoned to pay rent for sharing in the occupancy of grounds rented and paid for by the parents. Some who refused payment, or were incapable of payment, were

cast into prison." No measure could be more arbitrary. It was, in fact, reviving, under the name of "rent," their old right to compulsory labour. Stipendiary magistrates were sent out from England to protect the negro. These, in their turn, are accused of neglecting altogether the interest and the fair claims of the landed proprietor. Amongst the missionaries, too, there were men utterly incapable of taking a wide view of what constituted the welfare and prosperity of the whole island: good men, doubtless, but who cared *only* for the black population, and the interests, spiritual and temporal, which gathered round their own chapels.

Such was the state of things when Sir Charles Metcalfe was appointed Governor of Jamaica. What, it will be asked, did he effect! What could any mortal Governor effect? He could not bring with him that supply of labour without which the prosperity of the planter was at an end. There was one thing only he could do. He could reconcile opposing factions; he could do justice to the claims of very different parties; he could act as mediator and peace-maker. Firm, just, and conciliatory, Sir Charles Metcalfe appears to have succeeded in allaying animosities, and creating a certain degree of harmony amongst the heterogeneous races and conflicting functionaries of the island. He obtained the confidence of the aristocracy, and was, at the same time, recognised as the friend of the negro. A section of the missionaries were angrily opposed to him; but even these, before he left, were assured of the honesty and impartiality of his intentions.

Here, as in India, his hospitality was profuse. He thought it part of the duty of his position to give balls and dinner parties. But he himself was increasingly attached to the society of a private or domestic character. We hear of him living much with "his friend Higginson and his family." He had children about him, though not his own. To so kind a man this must have been the source of much pleasure.

Though his chief mission to Jamaica was to reconcile parties, we find him always prompt *to act*, where any necessary thing is to be done. The barracks for the troops had been built, it seems, in one of the most unhealthy situations in the island. "There are," writes Mr. Kaye, "climates of all kinds in Jamaica—the healthiest and the most deadly. The latter, in all parts of the world, are usually selected for the location of our British soldiers; and there being within the limits of the island pestilential low-lands, continued residence in which was almost certain death, they were selected for the site of our principal barracks. In the year 1840 Sir William Gomm, who then commanded the forces in Jamaica, wrote to Sir Charles Metcalfe, that the flower of the 82d regiment had recently been swept down *en masse* by a sudden 'blast of disease:'" adding what perhaps may startle some of our temperance people, that all the healthiest and the steadiest young men in the corps had perished, whilst the old drunkards had generally survived. The old drunkards were well-seasoned vessels, we presume; the lucky residue of some wide general class of drunkards, whose fate we will not here inquire into.

Sir William Gomm found in the present governor a zealous ally in his attempt to remedy this state of things. Sir Charles Metcalfe at once sanctioned, by way of experiment, the erection of some barracks on the hills, and took the responsibility of the measure upon himself. To write home for instructions involved a dangerous delay. He was ready, therefore, if the arrangement did not meet with approbation, to regard the expense as falling on his own private purse. "I have considered," he says, "the health of the troops as too important to allow me to hesitate in incurring the risk."

When he had accomplished in Jamaica all that it seemed in his power to perform, he solicited to be recalled. He returned again to England. Now, at last, one thinks, the public servant will take his rest. And, alas! that painful disease of which he died has already made its appearance. Before his last voyage he had consulted Sir Benjamin Brodie on what proved to be cancer in the cheek. "My thoughts," he says in a letter to his sister, "dwell unceasingly on some quiet retreat with you, in some sequestered nook, secluded from the

world, its heartlessness and its vanity." The sequestered nook has been secured: it lies in the beautiful county of Devonshire. Surely he will rest here. No! Rumours reach him that he is to be appointed Governor-general of Canada. Was it the restless heart of the statesman, or the voice of duty, which drives him forth? Both; but, at all events, we are sure that the sense of duty was not absent. The appointment comes, and it is accepted; and the old Indian is, in a few months, struggling amidst the snows of Canada. For he has to perform the last part of his journey in a sleigh through the snow; the railroads are blocked up, and our tropical governor is being dragged for four days through the deep snows of the north.

No appointment could have been found for him, at that moment, in the whole political world, whose duties were more laborious, more anxious, more desperately difficult in their very nature, than this of Governor-general of Canada. Mr. Kaye puts before us very succinctly the extremely perplexing position in which the Governor was placed. Besides the opposition of parties, embittered as it was in Canada by the diversity of race—besides that something like a civil war had scarcely subsided—there was a constitution which, as matters stood, *could not work*. It contained in it two rival Executives—the Governor and an Executive Council, appointed nominally by the Crown, but virtually by the Lower House of Assembly, to which the Council declared itself responsible. This Executive Council professed to govern the country as representatives of the majority of the House of Assembly. Such a plan was sufficiently intelligible, if the Canadas were to be independent States, or the Governor from England consented to be a mere tool in the hands of the Council. Sir Charles Bagot, Metcalfe's predecessor, had been for some time incapacitated by illness from making head against the encroachments of the Council, and the struggle between the two powers was reserved for Metcalfe's administration.

Into minute particulars we cannot, of course, enter; but the nature and results of the contest admit of being told in a few words. The Executive Council demanded that no office should be filled, no appointment made, without their sanction. We are, they argued, in the same relation to the House of Assembly, as Ministers in England to the Parliament in England. We are responsible to it for the acts of Government; these acts *must* be ours, or the result of our advice, otherwise we cannot be responsible for them. Unless our demand is complied with, there can be no such thing as Responsible Government.

On the other hand, Sir Charles contended, that, by relinquishing his patronage, he should be surrendering the prerogatives of the Crown; and should also incapacitate himself and all future Governors from acting as moderator between opposite factions.

It was not long before an appointment, made by Sir Charles, brought the contest to an issue. Messrs. Baldwin and Lafontaine, the two leading members of the Executive Council, urged upon the Governor to retract this appointment, or to promise that no other should be made without their advice. The Governor was firm. The Executive Council resigned.

They resigned on the full conviction that the Governor would be unable to find successors to replace them. Unless these colonial *ministers* have the support of the House of Assembly, it is impossible for them to carry on the affairs of Government, and there was no other party except that which had seceded, to which the house would accord its confidence. But as Sir Charles had succeeded in Jamaica by his conciliatory temper, so here he triumphed by that firmness and constancy of purpose which so admirably united with the gentler traits of his character. To form a new ministry was, under these circumstances, a most difficult task. Office went begging; a Solicitor-generalship is offered to six individuals, and perseveringly refused by all. But Sir Charles is as persevering in his offers, and at last a seventh is found, who accepts. The simplicity and courtesy of his demeanour led his opponents into a great error. From the first they despised their antagonist. They thought their victory was sure. They even treated him, in their official intercourse, with

contempt. Sir Charles made no alteration in his own demeanour. He was the same earnest, straightforward, simple-minded man, intent on what he understood to be his duty. Men present addresses and petitions to him of no complimentary or friendly character. Never is there any offence manifested; never does he retreat even into official coldness and reserve. He takes every such opportunity to argue manfully his own case; he is strong in his own convictions; he is perpetually making converts of others; and whether he converts them or not, men begin to see that the Governor is neither a weak man nor a tyrannical man, but one who understands the duty of his own position, and means to fulfil it. He is ten weary perilous months in forming a Council or a Ministry, but he succeeds at length.

The new Council, however, could not hope for the support of the Lower House of Assembly as then constituted. It was necessary to exert his prerogative, and to dissolve the Assembly. And now all depends on the issue of a general election. The whole country was in a state of great excitement. There were serious apprehensions of riot and bloodshed. One party, there can be no doubt, would not have been unwilling to push the contest to a disruption with the mother country.

When the newly-elected Assembly met, the strength of parties was immediately tried in the choice of a Speaker. The Ministerial candidate was voted into the chair by a majority of three. In the next division, that on the Address, the majority was increased to six. Sir Charles had won.

But the position of the Governor was far from being a secure one. The majority continued very small, and any dissension amongst his followers would convert it into a minority. Gladly would he have returned to England; but he must stay, he felt, and watch over the work of his own hands. The mortifications, the anxieties, the personal annoyances he had to sustain, were such as tasked to the utmost his own fine temper and noble courage. "I never witnessed," says Mr. E. G. Wakefield, who had large experience of the anxieties and irritations of Canadian politics—"I never witnessed such patience under provocation. I am speaking now of what I saw myself, and could not have believed without seeing. It was not merely quiet endurance, but a constant good-humoured cheerfulness and lightness of heart, in the midst of trouble enough to provoke a saint, or make a strong man ill. To those who, like me, have seen three Governors of Canada literally worried to death, this was a glorious spectacle."

But the story of his fortitude is not half told. These trials of his patience—this responsibility of the public man, who, in the discharge of his plain duty, ran the risk of finding himself proclaimed as the author of a civil war—all this was endured at a time when the most frightful of human diseases was eating into his very life. His face was being gradually consumed by cancer; the sight of one eye was already destroyed by it; in his darkened room, in incessant pain, either from the malady itself, or the sharp remedies applied to it, he had now to dictate the despatches to England, giving an account of all these civil broils.

Years ago, and when residing at Calcutta, a friend had one day noticed a red spot upon his cheek, and underneath it a single drop of blood. The blood was wiped away; the red spot remained. For a long while it occasioned neither pain nor anxiety. A little time before his departure from India, disquieting symptoms appeared; and on his arrival in England he consulted Sir Benjamin Brodie. But it was not till his return from Jamaica that it received the attention it really demanded. Then, consultations of the most eminent surgeons and physicians were held, and the application of a severe caustic was determined on. When told that it would probably "destroy the cheek through and through," he only answered, "What you determine shall be done at once;" and that same afternoon the painful remedy was applied.

The physicians and surgeons of London had done what they could for him, and he retired into the country. "They have given me," he writes to a friend, "my congee to return. So I returned; but there the malady is.

They, however, triumph in a supposed cure, and I ought to have more faith in their decision." The disorder had not been eradicated; but we presume it had been checked for a time, or he would hardly have accepted the appointment to Canada.

Here we have seen that it grew rapidly worse, manifesting all its most virulent symptoms. His Canadian doctors hesitated to apply the powerful caustic recommended by Sir Benjamin Brodie; they counselled him to return to England. "I am tied to Canada by my duty," was his constant reply. Mr. George Pollock, house surgeon of St. George's Hospital, was despatched from England to examine the case, and apply the most approved remedies. No aid which science could give was wanting, but the disease was beyond all medical control. Its ravages were now most painful and distressing. Still he bore up. "In his darkened room or his sheltered carriage he was still the Governor-general; and whatever might be the infirmities of his body, the strength of his mind was unimpaired. The confidential despatches which he dictated in the spring and summer of 1845 are unsurpassed in clearness and in vigour, both of thought and diction, by any that he ever wrote in his best days of bodily ease."

So far as the body was concerned, it was but the wreck of a man that now remained. On this wreck or ruin, however, was to descend, as if in mockery, the coronet of nobility. He was to write himself "Lord Metcalfe." Idle as the honour was in itself to the childless invalid, it was still a testimony that his services had been appreciated. It told the Canadians, too, that he was held in honour at home, and thus, in some measure, strengthened his hands.

"But he was dying—dying no less surely for the strong will that sustained him, and the vigorous intellect which glowed in his shattered frame. A little while, and he might die at his post. The winter was setting in: the navigation was closing. It was necessary at once to decide whether Metcalfe should now prepare to betake the suffering remnant of himself to England, or to abide at Montreal, if spared, till the coming spring. But he would not trust himself to form the decision. He invited the leading members of his council to attend him at Monklands; and there he told them that he left the issue in their hands. It was a scene never to be forgotten by any who were present in the Governor-general's sheltered room on this memorable occasion. Some were dissolved in tears. All were agitated by a strong emotion of sorrow and sympathy, mingled with a sort of wondering admiration of the heroic constancy of their chief. He told them, that if they desired his continuance at the head of the Government—if they believed that the cause for which they had fought together so manfully would suffer by his departure, and that they therefore counselled him to remain at his post, he would willingly abide by their decision."

What their decision was it need hardly be said. Lord Metcalfe embarked for England quietly and unostentatiously, as his suffering state compelled. He carried with him the love of many and the respect of every generous opponent; but he could not, from the nature of the struggle in which he had been engaged, expect to quit the shores of Canada with the same unanimous approbation that had erected to his memory the "Metcalfe Hall" at Calcutta, or raised his statue in Spanish Town, Jamaica. Men will inevitably judge of the Canadian administration of Lord Metcalfe as their sympathies lean towards a free and independent government of that country, or to the preservation of its union with the Crown of England. To Metcalfe, however, it was not permitted to ask himself the question whether the connection between the two countries ought to be continued or not? It was his duty, by every constitutional measure, to uphold that connection. Acting in this his administrative capacity, he was unavoidably thrown into opposition against those who bore the title of the liberal or patriotic party.

Lord Metcalfe returned to England —returned to doctors and the darkened room. He was in constant pain except when under the influence of narcotics; but he made no complaint, and not only endured with fortitude, but amidst his sufferings manifested the same consideration for the comfort and convenience of others which had always marked his conduct. All hope of ever being able to take his

seat in the House of Lords had been abandoned. Garter King-of-Arms sends him the prescribed formula of the ceremony;—court robe-makers solicit his lordship's patronage;—the doors of Parliament are thrown wide open to him—a little too late!

At the Oriental Club in Hanover Square are gathered together all the men of any note connected with the government of India. He is not forgotten by them amongst whom he had first and longest laboured; and an address penetrates into his sick chamber, signed by governors-general and governors of every department. "The parchment on which their names are inscribed could scarcely be spread out in his room, when it was presented by Lord Auckland." The dying man burst into tears. "It is easy," he said," "to bear up against ill-usage, but such kindness as this quite overpowers me."

Surely no man ever displayed a more admirable union of fortitude, of firmness, of decision, with tenderness of heart and constant gentleness of disposition. It is with pleasure we find that so amiable a man was not left, during this painful period of his life, without the care and affection of a female friend. The last thing we hear is the sound of a sister's harp soothing his anguish, or rendering him oblivious of it for a time. The last thing we see is the kindly patient tottering from his chair, to put the cover on his sister's harp when she had ceased playing on it.

Lord Metcalfe, first and last of the title, died 5th September, 1846. He was interred in a quite private and unostentatious manner in the family vault in the little parish church of Winkfield, near Fern Hill. He had often expressed a wish that this should be his last resting-place. On a marble tablet in this church is an epitaph written by Mr. Macaulay, who knew him and had served with him in India. It is somewhat long for an epitaph, but it is brief and compendious as a summary of his history and his character. It is far better than any we could present to the reader. Let us therefore close our own abridged and necessarily imperfect account of this excellent man by extracting it.

"Near this stone is laid CHARLES THEOPHILUS, first and last LORD METCALFE, a Statesman tried in many high posts and difficult conjunctures, and found equal to all. The Three Greatest Dependencies of the British Crown were successively intrusted to his care. In India his fortitude, his wisdom, his probity, and his moderation are held in honourable remembrance by men of many races, languages, and religions. In Jamaica, still convulsed by a social revolution, he calmed the evil passions which long suffering had engendered in one class and long domination in another. In Canada, not yet recovered from the calamities of civil war, he reconciled contending factions to each other and to the mother country.

"Public esteem was the just reward of his public virtue, but those only who enjoyed the privilege of his friendship could appreciate the whole worth of his gentle and noble nature. Costly monuments in Asiatic and American cities attest the gratitude of nations which he ruled; this tablet records the sorrow and the pride with which his memory is cherished by private Affection."

BULWER.

Every age has its own recognised and authoritative mode of dispensing fame. When genius has stolen its way noiselessly, or with the shouts and exultation of a triumphal progress, as the case may happen, to that height of undisputed eminence, on the way to which so many falter, and stumble, and die, it is time for the approbation of the great spectator Public to take a distinct and definite form. We do not, in these days, crown the poet's bust with laurels, or make him a public ovation. We no longer confer upon him court appointments, or offices of state. He is a singer, a maker, a hierophant of the universal mysteries, but it is by no means certain that he is the better qualified on that account for the duties of a royal lackey, or the loftier necessities of a legislator. We cannot count it other than a specious fallacy, that the man who is inspired for song, or gifted for story, should be accepted in right of this one power which he has above his fellows, as the man most able to rule and govern a world of men. It may be very well for Mr. Carlyle to rave of Burns as the one Titan in his mean century. Burns, poor glorious waif, who had no dominion in that lost empire, that world of unrule and rebellion, himself—had, happily, only songs, and not laws, to make for mankind, as the great Providence of heaven appointed it; and though we cannot sufficiently resent that contempt under the guise of honour, that wilful mis-appreciation and *lese majesty*, which would make genius the pensioner of wealth and rank, and fills the world with clamour, when the splendid beggar receives only a commission for "gauging auld beer-barrels" at the hand of power, we have an equally small esteem for the overweening estimation, which imagines the writer to be necessarily possessed of the latent might of government, an appanage and addition by the way to his more distinguished gift. If Burns were but a century or two further back, we could imagine a fine allegory in his excisemanship—a bitter, but most needful and telling lesson to all who should come after him. Here was a man whom God himself had gifted with one of the grandest gifts of heaven—the only man in his century fit to make laws and govern men, says Mr. Carlyle; but at all events, in sober truth a wonderful man, reaching far above his fellows, with higher pleasures and higher achievements within his reach than any that they could aspire to; yet this man must build his hopes upon a piece of patronage—must wait to see what will be done for him! What was done for him was a just answer to the fatal and foolish theory which makes the poet a mendicant. He was abler to be a poet than any one else in the three kingdoms; but he was not abler to be a minister of state, or even an exciseman; and the man so greatly gifted, who could not, or would not, conquer fortune for himself, received justly that dole of public charity, the record of which remains to us a bitter and a deserved satire upon the so-called claims of genius. Had Burns been made a privy-councillor, the Burnses of future generations, and many a deluded pretender who was no Burns, might have been bound for ever to this fatal mendicancy, this waiting for something to be done for them. But Burns was only made an exciseman; and worldly power, wiser in its generation than poets and their patrons, recorded thus for ever its contempt of the unseemly petition, and taught the world, by an example, what alms it thought meet to bestow upon one whose princely endowments reached to fortunes greater than it had at its disposal, and what luck the poet is like to have, when it pleases the poet to go a-begging, instead of working out his own fate and fortune like a common man.

We are not speaking of Burns, however, nor of that lamentable apotheosis of his ruin, nor of the claims of genius in general and the most adequate way of recognising them; but rather of the present form in which public approval *is* (without entering into the question of should-be) made known to the literary favourites of the public. Her Majesty does not call

them to her counsels, as our French neighbours did; nor confer embassies and consulships upon them, as our American cousins do. There is not even an order of merit, a ribbon or a cross, to mark out to public regard the man whom multitudes would delight to honour; but nevertheless these multitudes make a voice for themselves. When the favourite is sufficiently established in their regard, the crowd rushes, million-strong, against the stout barricade of copyright, and forthwith Fame, seated on the summit thereof, casts down a shower of volumes, green, and buff, and many-tinted, upon their heads; and in the glories of a People's Edition the author straightway becomes a classic, and takes his recognised seat upon the literary Olympus, one of the deities of the same.

Yes, though Mr. Harrison Ainsworth shares his glories—though there are no green books so plentiful at railway stations as the multitudinous green books of Mr. G. P. R. James—there can still be no doubt that the great public acknowledgment which we make in these days of an author's claims to the popular suffrage, is in this fact of a cheap edition of his works. It is the lasting *encore* to the poet's singing—the permanent call before the curtain of the great playwright—the seal of a popular reputation.

For our own part, we do not pretend to admire cheap editions. They are great things for the lovers of reading, who may chance to have a voracious appetite and a light purse; but they are very poor things for the lovers of books. We are content to wait a year or two for our set of the Waverley Novels—those household friends and kindly visitors, and to spend the price of it in a circulating library subscription, rather than buy the cheap edition of those cherished and familiar acquaintances. Notwithstanding, when it came to the public ear that the novels of Sir E. B. Lytton had been purchased at a fabulous price for a cheap reprint, there can be little doubt that this great test of the great writer's popularity gave, in almost every mind, a certain stability and permanence to his fame.

Fame is not gained in a day. Before you were born, young reader, who are still in the *Maltravers* period, and have a romantic admiration for those tall, gloomy, handsome, unfortunate heroes and poets, this reputation—versatile, yet consistent—many-sided, but always individual, began to be. It has known its ebb and its flow, its decadence and revival, like everything else that is human. The public, who know very well, as Sir E. B. Lytton knows, that the great event of falling in love, however frequently repeated, is not enough to fill up the natural measure of a life, had even begun, if it must be confessed, to weary of Bulwer; when suddenly spring came to the languid genius, which was not made to sigh away its being upon the false ideals which please the young. The *Caxtons*, with its healthy English daylight, put out the lingering taper of the *Zanonis*, and the failing reputation burst into a blaze to decline no more.

And we would clearly premise, before we go further, that it is not to Bulwer, the author of some score of tales, but to Bulwer the author of *Pelham*, *The Caxtons*, and *My Novel*, that we assign the highest place among modern writers of fiction. There is always power in the creations of his fancy; he is always polished, witty, learned; but his host of miscellaneous works do not raise him so much above the surrounding crowd as to call for a special distinction. In these three books, his first and his latest efforts, he alone raises himself to his full height of stature. His acquaintance with the lower groundwork of society does not at any time reach the kindly and familiar knowledge of Dickens: and his expositions of the lordly world of rank and riches, in which he is perhaps more at home, are not distinguished by the keen and poignant insight which belongs to Thackeray; yet his books are more perfect productions than either of these his contemporaries have yet to boast of, and he is himself a larger spirit, a more complete and perfect man. Touches of pathos which he never reaches, and flashes of bright humour, equally foreign to his pages, are in other writers of the day; yet we do not falter in our judgment, that Bulwer is

the greatest of modern artists in the sphere he has chosen—the first novelist of his time. We will never, indeed, say Sir Edward, as we say Sir Walter—we cannot take the man of fashion, the lofty sentimentalist, the profound thinker, into our heart with the affectionate appropriation wherewith we cling to the greatest of all fictionists, past or present, our own kind father-like Magician, the most real, the most human of historians. No one invades the supreme unenvied place of Scott; but in this generation, which has quickened its pace so mightily in its own self-complacent opinion, since the days of Scott were ended, there is, in our apprehension, no pinnacle so high as that on which we hang our wreath to Bulwer—like the Roman emperor, a prince among his equals, the first of his craft.

Before proceeding to discuss the merits on which we ground our preference, let us glance aside a moment upon two other authors of eminence, who have received, like Bulwer, within a very short time, the honours of a People's Edition. Novelists by the mere necessity of nature, and love of the art, the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the present learned Recorder of Hull, can never be supposed to be. To neither of these distinguished writers is their story the principal object, and this deprives them necessarily of many of the easy and unconscious graces into which the man who tells his tale out of pure love for telling it, falls unawares. On the other hand, however, the Purpose, whose greater form is always visible behind the Story, gives a loftiness and weight to their productions; and while we set ourselves to make acquaintance with men in the pages of other novelists of equal standing, and have our eyes directed to those more delicate touches of perception and insight which qualify the author for his work, it is the flashing meteors of political opinion, the discussions of policy, the crafts of state, for which we look in the works of Disraeli; while in Mr. Warren's serious histories we prepare ourselves to trace the hand of Providence working out their frightful doom upon vice and falsehood, but in due time vindicating and always sustaining the pure and true. Mr. Disraeli is no less a political writer for the scanty love-story which winds its silken thread through his pages. We do not think of accepting such a visionary personage as Sybil, or even the more real and human proportions of Coningsby, as representatives of the men and women of the time; but, without hesitation, we accept Tadpole and Taper, true impersonations of a class, which class, henceforward, are known as Tapers and Tadpoles, and by no other name. Nor can we think of mere heroes and heroines in either the first or the latest work of Mr. Warren. In the terrible histories of his *Diary of a Late Physician*, we are overwhelmed by the constant presence of some great invisible power, which strides upon the criminal with the relentless steps of Fate; and we can feel the mad impatience of the slowly dying sinner, and the majestic calm of Providential retribution, which will neither be hastened nor retarded by all the chafings of humanity. The same principle, but the brighter side of it, makes the whole argument of *Now and Then*, where we feel again that we have less to do with the actors in the story than with the great unseen Dispenser of Events; and the book is not so much warm with the comings and goings of common men and women, as solemn with the stately steps of Providence, confounding guilt and establishing innocence, but only "in its own time." It is true that we owe to Mr. Disraeli scenes of lighter and kindlier animation, with many a fine outburst of enthusiasm, and some admirable portraits; and to Mr. Warren one well-compacted novel, and such a vivid picture of one phase of life, that we cannot enter at the glass doors of a fashionable shop, without finding ourselves accosted by the bland tones of Mr. Huckaback, or "served" by the agile attentions of Mr. Titmouse: but not the less do these gentlemen hold their distinct place among, and yet separate from, the writers of novels. The one, self-contained and passionless, is always in the tribune; the other, with a keen and serious eye, surveys the mystic crossings of the threads of fate—traces them one by one through the entanglement, and "justifies the ways of God

to man." Perhaps a better type of the political novelist could scarcely be found, take him all in all, than Mr. Disraeli; and Mr. Warren is our moralist.

Neither politician nor moralist, yet something of both—neither a weeping philosopher nor a mocking satirist, yet skilled in all the weapons of wit and wisdom, is the great writer whose name stands at the head of our page. That he is a man of lively and universal ambition, or rather, that his conscious powers cannot endure to be foiled by anything, we may discern by a glance at the present list of Messrs. Routledge, at the past lists of Messrs. Colburn and Bentley. An old advertisement of novels is a curiosity; it is only twenty years ago, yet here are sundry files of books, arranged in the properest order, each with its little quotation, the praise of some kind critic, each—it is a humiliating truth—as dead as the Pharaohs, as much forgotten and out of mind as the builder of the Pyramids. Among these defunct volumes are sprinkled, with no sparing hand, the productions of our author; and descending from that period to this, we can trace him from vein to vein, and from age to age; from the revels of the gay Pompeians to the feats of the romantic highwaymen—from the table of Bolingbroke to the feast of Harold—from the Byronic twilight of sentimentalism to the lightsome day of *My Novel*. Turn another page, and the same hand, weary of perpetual conquest, has tried another field, and is already a successful dramatist, and a writer of terse and powerful verse. This is surely a wide enough basis to build reputation upon; and when it is added that Sir E. B. Lytton, when it pleases him, can speak as well as write, it may be fairly acknowledged that this restless intellect, this prompt and curious mind which is not content to leave any pursuit untried, has followed, with a worthy enthusiasm, almost all the peaceful pathways that lead to fame.

It it considerably more than twenty years since, in *Pelham*, the young author made his *debut*, with a brilliance which we in those days look back upon with envy. A first appearance is not nearly so much an event now as then, for novel-writing was much less a common amusement twenty years ago, and the public had greater leisure to be interested. But he who would read *Pelham* to-day, does not get in the musty volumes of its primitive issue: it is now one of those perennial books which are always renewing themselves, and you can choose your edition. To say what *Pelham* is, may look somewhat unnecessary at this time: how a young, inexperienced, and unmatured intellect could have produced it, is its great wonder, and that it is worthy of the Bulwer of to-day is its great praise. The grace and lightness with which the superficial character of Pelham is sustained, and the skill with which his deeper and true character unfolds and expands under this crust, show us at once the easy and graceful power, which does not require to rack or distort its faculties for a great achievement. Strangely enough, there are still matter-of-fact, good people, who complain that our hero is a coxcomb, and cannot see how nicely assumed is this mantle of superb foppery, nor how smilingly and good-humouredly aware of it is its wearer himself. From the easy tone of the beginning, the quiet and amusing narrative of those conventional falsities in the midst of which Pelham was born, the counsels of Lady Frances and the purposes of her obedient son, how soon we begin to see the real soul kindling under the proper and well-considered garments of the young man of fashion—the "rising man" of the "highest circles." Not that Mr. Pelham is less real in his triflings than in his higher pursuits; there is so much vigour and unity in this gifted personage, that he enters into everything with gusto, and does his foppery as heartily as his statesmanship. Whether he is discussing most classic erudition with Vincent, or engaged in a course of moral philosophy with the respectable Job Johnson, or flirting with Lady Harriet, or dining with Lord Guloseton, there is always a sincere relish for his present occupation in the accomplished Mr. Pelham. He is never awkward in his part, nor does it cost him trouble to cover his graver schemes with a veil of levity; for why, his levities and his schemes

are equally characteristic, and each an indivisible part of the man. When we find him at last awakened to real and deep emotion, and when his history and our interest in him attain their climax in the daring and successful enterprise by which he proves Glanville's innocence, we are no longer able to regard our hero with that toleration and good-humoured forbearance, which we have been apt to exercise towards this handsome coxcomb, the fashionable son of Lady Frances Pelham. Yet he is still an exquisite through all. One never loses sight of the dainty gentleman who does not scruple to risk his life on his friend's behalf, but who, with a half comic dismay, shudders at the risk of his complexion; and it is no small power which, while it makes us confident of Mr. Pelham's nerve, and vigour, and cool courage, in the desperate expedition he is bound on, makes us quite aware, at the same time, of the wry face which Mr. Pelham's politeness conceals, as he partakes of the duck and green pease which the philosophical Job has provided for his distinguished visitor. We do not wonder that Pelham has been taken for a real autobiography; the character is so well and delicately sustained in its two aspects, and we feel so vividly—sometimes with amusement, often with admiration—at once the consistence and the diversity of the two natures which are combined in this one man, that we find it difficult to believe that so real an individual is simply a creature of the imagination.

Pelham is the proper centre of his own little world. We are not disturbed by any independent and separate interest in the book; for we humbly submit that Sir Reginald Glanville is much too sublime a personage to interfere with ordinary sympathies. Lady Frances, whose counsels of policy look so perfectly real, so sincere in their insincerity—the learned Vincent—Lady Roseville and her circle—the noble makers of law—and the clever or ruffianly disturbers of the same—are all secondary lights to the steady shining of our hero. He is the book in his own person, and all its little circle of events hang upon his movements. The only things in the book which are equally independent of Pelham and of the story, are those long critical conversations in which the author, of *malice prepense*, and in avowed defiance of criticism, too often indulges himself. The author of *Pelham* is, of necessity, an authority in the rules of his own art; but we cannot but think this a blunder, and not the less so that it is done with deliberation. If the first object of a novelist is to interest his audience in his characters, it is surely a very unfair exercise of his privilege, when he *has* interested them, and called into existence that pleasant anxiety which is the great attraction of a novel, to trifle with it by interposing a chapter of talk—pure talk—which might just as well be a dialogue between A and B, amiably bent on increasing the knowledge of their fellow-creatures, as part of an animated and rapid history. We do not fancy, for our own part, that we pay any great compliment to the author of a novel when we find ourselves able to read his book philosophically; and it must be a dull story indeed, and an insipid hero, which does not tempt the reader to a flying skip over those pages of reflections which break the action of the book. Wherefore, we would respectfully hint a suggestion to future artists—print the philosophical conversation, the moral essay, oh trusty historian! in an appendix, and merit the universal applause alike of those who read them, and of those who read them not.

We suppose *Pelham* to have been the first literary work of distinction of our own day in which that strange class which lives without the range of the laws, whose trade it is to break them, and whose language and haunts are alike strange to the daylight observation of the world, finds a place. It is no honour to have "set the fashion" in this particular; yet we cannot find fault with the introduction of this element into *Pelham*. There is something very wonderful in the skill with which the thieves' hiding-place, whither the hero penetrates in search of Dawson, is described and invaded. One feels a sympathetic excitement—half resolution and half terror—when one feels oneself with Pelham, fairly within this den and deadly labyrinth. There

is something very characteristic, too, in Mr. Pelham's perfect unconsciousness of the world of common people who intervene between his own airy height and those lowest depths to which he is introduced by Job Johnson. There is a little of this in all Bulwer's early novels. He knows only great people, great people's servants, and this crowd which knows neither law nor social position—lower down than the lowest foundation of society—the pest and penalty of cities. This is perfectly in keeping, however, with the character of Pelham. He is not aware of any meaning in the word "rank," when he has stepped out of Mayfair; and he is just the dauntless, unhesitating, fastidious gentleman, to whom it is possible to penetrate into the very abyss of social evil and moral degradation, a visit to which would slur the purest respectability, and come forth afraid of nothing but his complexion, and injured only by Captain Ferdinand De Courcy's duck and green pease.

We have seldom been more surprised and disappointed than on leaving *Pelham* to take up the succeeding novels of Sir E. B. Lytton. From this brilliant picture of life and manners, from the easy grace and animation of its *dramatis personæ*, the admirable distinctness and reality of its hero, and all its sparkle of wit and philosophy, we come down, more rapidly than agreeably, like a man who has put forth his foot to descend one step, and, with a sudden shock, finds himself descend half-a-dozen to a merely ordinary novel, a story intricate and much interrupted, with two separate interests, which do not naturally weave into each other, and various philosophical essays, slackening still more the much-retarded action. That there is much ability displayed in the book, good writing, close thinking, and a plot of considerable interest, by no means makes amends to the disappointed reader for his unexpected downfall. We are so little prepared for it, indeed, that we are sore and injured in our disappointment; nor do the successors of the *Disowned* regain the lost ground. *Devereux*, too, is a very good novel—a piece of historical writing very complete and dignified, with glimpses of the higher inspiration; but we confess that these level flats of good composition look dreary and unfeatured to us, when we contemplate them either from the elevation of their author's beginning, or the higher eminence of his concluding works. We will grant that they are good novels; and we grant also that the man who had written these alone, must have had a claim to fame and its rewards; but he had better not have written *Pelham* at the commencement of his career—he had much better not have written *My Novel* at its climax. An inferior reputation might be founded upon this little library of fiction; but when we give their author the highest place in our opinion, we drop these books out of the catalogue as unworthy of his fame.

We cannot help fancying—are we wrong?—that in his many dedications and prefaces the author himself mingles a half contempt with the secret fondness which Nature compels him to have for his literary progeny; —even though the book he is introducing may be no better than its predecessors, you cannot help feeling that he himself has reached a higher standing-point, and is even half ashamed, with the fine shame and dissatisfaction of a constantly advancing genius, that these past efforts should, by possibility, be accepted as all he can do. And full of talent, full of poetic powers and instincts as these books are, we cannot acknowledge as a public benefactor the man who has brought so much of this heated and unwholesome atmosphere into the common day. In these manifold histories there is but one deity, and the name of him is Love; but not that love which is the light of hearth and household, the origin of all the charities, the deepest and most pervasive of human qualities—which gives us a hold on heaven, and a home on earth. It is the love of luxury and idleness—the sensual sentiment which ripens into passion (as the fable goes) under warmer skies than ours, and among the dreamy and enervating influences, the music and the odours of some Armida's garden. That there are pure and delicate women introduced into this enchanted ground we do not deny, nor do we

excuse the author on their account. What an edifying example is that of the lofty, the sentimental, the gifted Maltravers! Once—twice—thrice—four times does this exalted spirit "fall in love"—it is, in fact, the principal vocation of his life; his other pursuits come by the way. He makes a great reputation in literature, he is about to make a great reputation in politics; but these are merely the amusements of his ethereal existence, and its occupation is to break the hearts of other people, and to have his own smitten so often, that his power of heartbreak is something beyond belief. But what interest could survive *four* loves? And to keep up the languid emotion, at last the hero is led into a frightful dilemma, which, if not quite unprecedented in fiction, is at least perfectly inexcusable. To appal us, and eventually Maltravers himself, with the dread that "he has fallen in love" with his own child, is alike bad policy, bad art, and bad morals. Imagination has nothing to do with such a horror; and though she taxes her invention to prove it a mistake, she is still guilty of the idea, an idea for which nothing can excuse her—an unwarrantable betrayal of the trust which her audience had in her legitimate powers.

Does it seem a work of supererogation to turn from the present, so noble and admirable, of this great writer, to his past, with all its brilliant faults and imperfections? But even now this past of his is spreading itself over the country with a breadth and universal extent which it never possessed before. That these books will succeed in exciting into interest the great proportion of those who read them—that one likes "to see the end" even of the history of Maltravers—is not to be denied; but we do not think the author can have much satisfaction other than this, when he thinks of some of these questionable people whom he has added to the world.

We know no writer who has so many periods in his literary history; nor can we classify Sir E. B. Lytton's works better than by the painter's jargon, with its early and late Raphaels, its pictures after such and such a style. In "his first manner" *Pelham* stands alone; and then at intervals we have the legitimate historical novel, the mystical sentimental, the criminal picturesque. *Paul Clifford*, *Eugene Aram*, and some part of *Night and Morning*—which, however, we are bound to admit, is a powerful and striking story, full of interest and character, which may very well take ground on its own merits—represent the last. We take the *Last of the Barons*, *Devereux*, and *Harold*, as the best specimens of the historical, and are content to leave the rest within the vague and dreamy precincts of the sentimental. One of the latest of the series, *Lucretia*, we are at a loss to put into any class. It is an elaborate illustration of the darkest and most unmitigated crime, written for what purpose we know not, unless it be to enforce our author's opinion of the diabolical character of intellect without heart or principle—a doctrine which he urges more or less through all his works, and which has come to perfection at last in the bloodless, but too often baffled schemer, Randal Leslie.

In the *Last of the Barons*, a gorgeous but melancholy picture, we have a great deal too much costume to come at the heart of the time. It is an admirable masquerade, where all the personages speak well up to their character; but in spite of its fine qualities, it is not the age it represents, and the abrupt and tragical conclusion of the story—that is, of Sybil and the philosopher—strikes us as an unnecessary pain. In this novel, as in the *Last Days of Pompeii*, there is a singular effect produced by the song of the tymbestres in one book, and by the "Ho, ho, the merry, merry show!" of the other. The horror of this ghastly mirth strikes a powerful and striking discord in the first instance, though we become disgusted as it continues. In *Harold* again—which we ought to except with an apology from all that we have said respecting the atmosphere of the others—in *Harold*, there is singular and very telling use made of the same art which is so wonderfully employed in *Macbeth* in the prophecies of the witches—"To keep the word of promise to the ear, and break it to the hope." True to her words come all the prophecies of the Vala, Hilda, but

in so different a sense from her interpretation of them, that it is easy to realise the death of horror and despair which strikes the unhappy sorceress, when she learns the real events to which she has been looking forward with so much faith.

And now there is a pause and period to the labours of our author: he has retired upon his laurels, or he is entering new fields of conquest. Which is it? Without any sound of trumpet or ostentation of announcement, a new fame begins to steal upon the world. Let us not be overmodest. It is the kindly pages of Maga which introduces the newcomer to his audience; but it would be mock humility to refrain from our due and natural admiration on such a score. It is an English landscape which brightens upon this canvass; and here is no overstrained romantic passion, but the sweet yet powerful bonds of common life in an English home. As this home enlarges before us—as we see the philosopher, with his quiet dignity, his learning, his humour, his great book—and Captain Roland, that knightly gentleman, the *preux chevalier* of modern fiction, in their loving brotherly intercourse—and the womanly humble wife, who is so reverent of the scholar, and whose matter-of-fact comprehension interprets his learned allusions so quaintly and after so amusing a fashion—and Pisistratus, with his manly youth, open to every influence—and even Jack Tibbets and Mr. Squills—we gradually become, not so much lookers-on, as members of the family party. We can no longer find fault with the learned disquisitions which now illustrate the delicate character of Austin Caxton, nor weary of conversations, however slight their bearing may be upon the immediate story, which command a play of language so animated and graceful, a fund of illustration sometimes so quaint and humorous, and always so appropriate. The dialogue, indeed, is managed with so much spirit and individuality, the speakers are so distinctly not A and B, but themselves, that criticism is silenced, and we forget that, in this sparkling and attractive talk, we are detained from the action of the tale. Even the sinner of the book is not an irreclaimable sinner; and though we stand aside in respectful sympathy while Roland covers his face and weeps in despair, his noble heart overwhelmed with the shame and grief of a father, we have hope for the son, who does at last redeem himself, and has his name restored to the family chronicle, not as a disgrace to it, but as its latest hero. And Trevanion, with his love for both sides of an argument—and the boyish love of Pisistratus, which it takes him such a manful strain of his stout good heart to overcome, and the brave way he does this without a touch of sentimentality—and Fanny, with her still and gentle character, born to be a marchioness, and not for Pisistratus—and the chivalric old beau, and lofty gentleman, who has the fortune to be Fanny's husband—these are all fine and delicate delineations; nor is the hurried glance of the Bush—be it correct or incorrect to the learned—at all unsatisfactory to the reader, and we *see* Pisistratus when he comes home a giant from the wilderness, and is afraid of running over the omnibuses when they cross his course in Oxford Street. The easy and felicitous expression in which this pleasant history is clothed, the elegance of its quaint humour, the beauty and purity of its leading characters, are enough to make a reputation of the highest class. In the case of Sir E. B. Lytton they did more; they covered a multitude of sins—they persuaded that more sensitive public which was dubious of the author of *Ernest Maltravers*, into the heartiest applause and sympathy. It was impossible to believe, on rising from *The Caxtons*, that even the novels we had before condemned could be so objectionable as we fancied them. This group of manly and high-hearted Englishmen—the scholar, the soldier, and the young man, whose hopes and endeavours did honour to both—charmed us, into so great a satisfaction with the author of their history, that we ceased to remember that he had ever offended us.

And though we generally have the strongest objection to any admission on the part of the novelist that his story *is* a novel, and not a veracious history, we are tempted to waive our

objections in presence of the initial chapters of the *My Novel* of Pisistratus Caxton. These glimpses of the family circle which is at rest awhile in that blessed exemption from the great events of life, which we never appreciate till the black shadow is stealing amongst us—that household calm into which children are being born, but from which none are departing—where Austin and Roland sit in the old hall, with their young representative beside them, doing his man's part, now that it is his turn, to "make up the balance;" and albeit, very peevish about the corn-laws, and somewhat impatient of everybody's advice in the conduct of his story, working very comfortably behind the screen, calling Blanche to advise with him, the happy fellow, and writing a novel, which surely must be a good one, coming into being under such pleasant circumstances. Mark you, there is a mighty difference between the love that sighs and dreams under an Italian moon, and that manlier and stouter Eros, who comes into the winter hearth of nights, where the elder people sit in the calm of their age, where the wife is full of the sweet familiar cares of every day, which are almost pleasures, and where the cradle is not banished out of sight and hearing. Our author has made this discovery by good fortune; and honour to the fire, the household centre, with its kindly glow and sparkle in the gloaming and the daylight—its hearty cheer by night! Who can tell how many evil vapours its healthful blaze has cleared away.

We cannot help lingering with a friendly regard upon those glimpses of the Caxtons which remain to us. The picture is so perfect that we are always glad to return to it; and though it is just possible that in the course of *My Novel* the initial chapters were not quite so welcome, it is certain that, now when we are satisfied as to the fate of Leonard and Helen, of L'Estrange and Violante, we return to them with affection. Down to the very latest of these chapters the characters are so nicely and delicately sustained, the learning of the scholar comes in to such quaint purpose, and every member of the family bears his or her part so well, that we would have no difficulty in distinguishing the speaker, did the author spare himself the trouble of telling us their names.

My Novel itself, which has less unity of interest in its wider field, its larger extent of time and wider range of character, requires perhaps a greater discrimination in its verdict of approval. Rich to overflowing with character, a wise and weighty book, it is impossible to deny this to be: and the faults we find in it are extremely trivial, in comparison with the beauties which we are glad to acknowledge and admire. The plot is somewhat complicated, the interest is too much divided, and has a long retrospective interruption, which keeps back the story at a point where we are very unwilling to have it retarded. These are faults which injure a serial story very much more than they can do one which comes to the public only as one entire and completed work. We cannot say, either, that we have ever been quite reconciled to the somewhat melodramatic abduction and rescue of Violante. Granted that Italian craft could compass such a piece of old-fashioned and hackneyed violence in London, in the middle of the nineteenth century, it does not seem to us that his is a legitimate device for fiction, which depends for its effect, not so much upon what is true to fact, as upon what is true to nature. A matter of fact may happen to be a most extravagant outrage on common truth and order; but these exceptions are not the proper *materiel* for fiction, as has been too often supposed. In real life it does occasionally happen that a very rich uncle comes home from India at a crisis of family fortune, and changes dismay into rejoicing. In real life, sometimes a man who has planned to do some great evil in the morning, is suddenly cut off in his sleep, and does no more ill in this world for evermore. But when a novelist ventures to employ such an incident, if it should be the truest fact that ever befel, we are straightway down upon him with all the darts of an offended criticism; and, impaling his unhappy event upon the point of our spear, with what triumph do we exhibit to the world this *coup de théâtre*—this sure mark of an exhausted invention—this improbable, absurd, unnatural

solution of a problem which our charitable judgment pronounces him unable to solve in a more legitimate way. And we are right. It is not the vocation of the novel-writer to startle us with exaggerated events, which are only true because they have happened, but to order his world on the general principles of nature as the outer world is regulated—to keep his eye on the broad truths of existence, instead of the special and distorted realities of some individual life; in a word, indeed, to be true to nature, and leave fact to the expositions of a less ambitious art.

And on this principle we cannot reconcile ourselves to the abduction of Violante. It might have happened—very true; but it did not deserve to be invented. We think the Count de Peschiera and Harley L'Estrange might have made a sufficiently clear revelation of their different intentions and regards without this expedient, and we cannot feel that it is worthy either of the author or of the personages concerned. When we have said this, we think we have about concluded our grievances. Nay, once more; for our own individual taste we do not admire the *grand tableau* system of making a *denouement*, and never like Harley so little as when he stands there, in his father's hall, a kind of presiding Fate, holding everybody's destiny in his hands. Having thus relieved ourselves of the last ghost of an objection, we can turn with a good conscience to the singular wealth of this richest and most remarkable of Sir E. B. Lytton's famous novels.

One does not often meet with two philosophers like Parson Dale and Dr. Riccabocca. Both so wise and so profound, both so ingenious and simple, we have seen few things so good as the skill with which the author endows each of these friends with some innocent bit of worldly wisdom, on the point where the other is least suspicious and least defended, so that the Parson secures himself a smile at the simplicity of the exile, and that notable disciple of Macchiavelli chuckles aside in the conscious superiority of a man of the world over the guileless goodness of the Parson. They are so well pleased with this power of smiling at each other, and yet exercise it so kindly and admiringly, that there is a singular tenderness in the innocent self-complacency; and nothing can be finer than some of their joint undertakings—that descent, for example, upon Lenny Fairfield in his cottage, to teach the aspiring boy that knowledge is not power. How the Doctor charges with his sweep of cavalry when the Parson is out of breath! How the Parson comes in with his heavier metal while Riccabocca collects his forces! With what merciless kindness they demolish the poor lad's eminence of fancied greatness; and what a fine picture is that of the unconscious poet, dismayed yet convinced, looking up at them with all the humility of youth and genius, taking the lesson, which is hard but of good service. The masterly completeness of the argument, and the admirable spirit of its execution, are not more remarkable than the perfect consistency of character which the interlocutors maintain in their discussion, and which makes it, despite its abstract character, as sparkling and rapid in its flow as the lightest dialogue in the book.

Parson Dale never swerves from his character; and if Riccabocca does so, it is only once or twice under very trying circumstances, when he has to be a Duke, and conduct himself accordingly. The good-hearted and kindly Jemima, who has her own wisdom of the affections, deserves the trust which her husband at last comes to repose in her, and does not deserve the contempt which those atrocious doctrines, wherewith he envelopes himself so amusingly, profess for her sex in general. And it does one good to enter the genial precincts of the English squire's most English and most kindly household. Hazeldean and all his doings—the stocks, the temporary estrangement of the rural monarch and his people, the great sermon of Parson Dale, and the return of squire and rustics to their mutual liking and hereditary kindness, are all equally life-like and pleasant. Unlike the reality which we acknowledge in many other remarkable works of fiction—as, for instance, in *Jane Eyre*—this is not the reality of one powerful individual mind seizing everything

in its fervid grasp, and throwing an impression of itself on the very clouds and atmosphere of its landscape—but a grander, broader faculty, which takes in the life and the sphere of our common race in their own full light and shadow, without the variable checkerwork of its personal passions and experience. In this picture, calm in its placid breadth of repose and quiet, lies the fair green country, with its hall, its church, its cottages. He is no democrat who writes, for his opinion of Mr. Sprot, the radical tinker, is not flattering, and he inclines to support the rustic monarchy of Parson Dale and Squire Hazeldean, the spiritual and secular rulers—Church and State; and he is no aristocrat, for he finds his poet hero in Widow Fairfield's cottage—a peasant boy. It is fruitless to say that, in his former productions, neither Pelham, nor Mordaunt, nor Ernest Maltravers, dissimilar as they are, is meant to represent the author—just as it would be very fruitless for Miss Bronte to make an indignant disavowal of having shadowed forth herself in Jane Eyre and Lucy Snowe. It makes small matter to us that the hero is not the author—enough that the author identifies himself with the hero, and views the other persons and matters in the book, not so much as they are, but as they affect him. In these matured and mellowed volumes—the essence of a life—this narrower individual view is gone. Knitted together as they are by almost too many threads of connection, every man stands upon his own footing in these volumes; but we do not feel any want of the intenser individuality, and we gain much in the general breadth of treatment and clearness of tone.

And the same country which produces Leonard Fairfield, the genius of the story, produces also the handsome, good-hearted Frank Hazeldean, the young man of the book, generous, honourable, but not too wise—the young squire and country gentleman; and Randal Leslie, the villain of the tale. In these days we are not good at villains; not that we love sin less, but perhaps, that we admire virtue more than in times of old; but certain it is that our rogues are always our greatest failures, the poorest dupes in the end. Randal, and the home which produces him, are powerful conceptions; but it is hard to keep up our interest in a sorry knave, whose schemes, as we are aware beforehand, must be foiled, and are foiled accordingly at every point and turn he makes. This cold-blooded and calculating schemer, without a single open vice, yet with every deliberate iniquity which steers clear of passion, is a great attempt at a villain; but while we would not have him more successful, we feel as if it were unnatural and a mistake that he should be so perpetually baffled. Iago works out all *his* wicked purpose. Randal Leslie succeeds in none.

But the most ambitious characters in this crowd are those two which occupy the foreground, and whose personal relations to each other form the main thread of the story—Audley Egerton and Harley L'Estrange. And now we can indeed properly estimate how great a way in advance our author has travelled, when we see how Glanville and Maltravers have progressed into Harley, and how their chaos of great qualities, half angel, half demon, have blossomed into the bright imagination, the noble powers, and the fresh youth's heart of this favourite of nature. A full grown man, of warm and ardent temperament, experienced in the world, one feels that Harley's thoughts are white and spotless as a girl's, and can understand how tenderly that old poetic sentiment of his first love keeps his heart. Nor is the self-contained and loveless statesman an unworthy companion to the man whom he has once deceived. Harley's excessive wrath, and intended revenge—his conflict of heart and purpose—the disturbance which his own sin brings into his soul and which he supposes is caused by the knowledge of another's—are not out of keeping with his loving nature; but when that bursts forth into remorse and compunction, and in the flush of many discoveries he finds himself knit in a closer friendship with his friend, relieved for ever of his old fidelity to his first love, and able to free Helen, the whole man makes appearance under this glow of revival, and it is with a quickened breath and eager interest that we watch Harley

THE LATE PROFESSOR EDWARD FORBES.

[Edward Forbes was born in the Isle of Man in February 1815, and died near Edinburgh on the 18th of November 1854, in his 40th year, six months after his appointment to the Regius Chair of Natural History in the University of that city. His great and varied gifts and accomplishments, his remarkable discoveries, and his singularly lovable, generous, and catholic spirit, made him an object of esteem and affection to a very wide circle of friends, and a still wider circle of acquaintances. All were exulting in the prospect of the long and honourable career which awaited him, when, in the height of his glory and usefulness, he was suddenly stricken by a fatal disease, and died after a brief illness.

The following lines seek to apply, *mutatis mutandis*, to the mystery of the great Naturalist's death, certain canons which he enforced in reference to the existence of living things, both plants and animals. Their purport was, to teach that an individual plant or animal cannot be understood, so far as the full significance of its life and death is concerned, by a study merely of itself, but that it requires to be considered in connection with the variations in form, structure, character, and deportment, exhibited by the contemporary members of its species spread to a greater or less extent over the entire globe, and by the ancestors of itself, and of those contemporary individuals throughout the whole period which has elapsed since the species was created.

He further held, that the many animal and vegetable tribes or races (species) which once flourished, but have now totally perished, did not die because a "germ of death" had from the first been present in each, but suffered extinction in consequence of the great geologic changes which the earth had undergone, such as have changed tropical into arctic climates, land into sea, and sea into land, rendering their existence impossible. Each species, itself an aggregate of mortal individuals, came thus from the hands of God, inherently immortal; and when He saw fit to remove it, it was slain through the intervention of such changes, and replaced by another. The longevity, accordingly, of the existing races can, according to this view, be determined (in so far as it admits of human determination at all) only by a study of the physical alterations which await the globe; and every organism has thus, through its connection with the brethren of its species, a retrospective and prospective history, which must be studied by the naturalist who seeks fully to account even for its present condition and fate.

Those canons were applied by Edward Forbes to the humbler creatures; he was unfailing in urging that the destinies of man are guided by other laws, having reference to his possession individually of an immaterial and immortal spirit.

The following lines, embodying these ideas, contemplate his death, solely as it was a loss to his fellow-workers left behind him: their aim is to whisper patience, not to enforce consolation.]

Thou Child of Genius! None who saw
The beauty of thy kindly face,
Or watched those wondrous fingers draw
Unending forms of life and grace,
Or heard thine earnest utterance trace
The links of some majestic law,
But felt that thou by God wert sent
Amongst us for our betterment.

And yet He called thee in thy prime,
Summoned thee in the very hour
When unto us it seemed that Time
Had ripened every manly power:
And thou, who hadst through sun and shower,

On many a shore, in many a clime,
Gathered from ocean, earth, and sky,
Their hidden truths, wert called to die.

We went about in blank dismay,
We murmured at God's sovereign will;
We asked why thou wert taken away,
Whose place no one of us could fill:
Our throbbing hearts would not be still;
Our bitter tears we could not stay;
We asked, but could no answer find;
And strove in vain to be resigned.

When lo! from out the Silent Land,
Our faithless murmurs to rebuke,
In answer to our vain demand
Thy solemn Spirit seemed to look;
And pointing to a shining book,
That opened in thy shadowy hand,
Bade us regard those words, which light
Not of this world, made clear and bright:—

"If, as on earth I learned full well,
Thou canst not tell the reason why
The lowliest moss or smallest shell
Is called to live, or called to die,
Till thou with searching, patient eye,
Through ages more than man can tell,
Hast traced its history back in Time,
And over Space, from clime to clime;

"If all the shells the tempests send,
As I have ever loved to teach;
And all the creeping things that wend
Their way along the sandy beach,
Have pedigrees that backward reach,
Till in forgotten Time they end;
And may as tribes for ages more,
As if immortal, strew the shore;

"If all *its* Present, all *its* Past,
And all *its* Future thou canst see,
Must be deciphered, ere at last
Thou, even in part, canst hope to be
Able to solve the mystery
Why one sea-worm to death hath passed;
How must it be, when God doth call
Him whom He placed above them all!"

Ah, yes! we must in patience wait,
Thou dearly loved, departed friend!
Till we have followed through the gate,
Where Life in Time doth end;
And Present, Past, and Future lend
Their light to solve thy fate;
When all the ages that shall be
Have flowed into the Timeless Sea.

GEORGE WILSON.

Elm Cottage, Edinburgh,
1*st January*, 1855.

THE STORY OF THE CAMPAIGN.—PART III.

CHAPTER XII.—(CONTINUED).

I HAD heard much of the excellent arrangement of the French field-hospitals, and rode one day to see the principal one, near General Canrobert's headquarters. It was a tall wooden building like a barn, very airy, for there was a space between the roof and the walls, yet very warm—the change from the cold air without being most pleasant. The principal surgeon, a man of very fine and intelligent countenance, accompanied us round the beds, courteously indicating the most remarkable cases among the patients. These poor fellows, all wounded men, were arranged in rows, in excellent beds, and seemed as comfortable as such sufferers ever can be. Amputations had been very numerous, and the stumps of arms and legs projecting from the bed-clothes were frequent along the rows. One man lay covered up, face and all; he had undergone amputation of the hip-joint, the surgeon said, four days before, was doing well, and would probably live. I told him of the case of the young Russian officer, which I had witnessed a few days before, as already narrated. There was a little gleam of professional exultation as he repeated the fatal termination of the case to the surgeons in attendance; and then, turning to me, remarked that many similar operations had been successful in their hospitals. He pointed out one man, a chasseur, who had served in Algiers, as of noted valour. He had lost both arms in the French cavalry charge at Balaklava. The attendants seemed especially tender and assiduous in their treatment of the wounded.

The attacks of the 25th and 26th had shown the necessity of strengthening our position at Balaklava, and opposite Inkermann. A continuous intrenchment was carried in front of the former place, extending from the plateau across the entrance of the valley, up the hills, and round to a mountain path near the sea, which communicates with the Woronzoff road. On the lowest hill in the valley of Kadukoi, a strong fort was erected. Batteries were placed at suitable points of the intrenchment, which was garrisoned by 8000 men, English, French, and Turks. The trees in the meadows and gardens of the valley were cut down, partly to furnish abattis and fire-wood, partly to prevent the enemy from obtaining cover, if they should succeed in penetrating the outer line of defence. I have already described the appearance of the valley when we entered it. Now it was sadly changed; all traces of cultivation had been stamped out by the multitudes of passing feet and hoofs, and only the stumps of the graceful willows or fruitful apple-trees remained to show where was once a garden or a grove.

The first division was posted about half a mile in rear of the second. On its right a narrow path descended the steep boundary of the plateau to the valley of the Tchernaya, crossing a ford of the stream between the ruins of Inkermann and the cluster of heights where part of Liprandi's force was posted. About a third of the way down, a shoulder projected from the precipice like a terrace, and on this the French made a small redoubt, into which we put two guns to fire down on the plain, and to sweep the terrace, and which was at first garrisoned by guardsmen, but afterwards made over to the French. The latter had formed an almost continuous intrenchment from their great redoubt on the plateau above the Woronzoff road to this point, and we had begun on the 4th November to carry it onward round the face of the cliff opposite Inkermann, so as to include the front of the second division. But the work proceeded but slowly and interruptedly; and up to that time, the ground which had already been the scene of an attack, and was now again to become so, had only two small fragments of insignificant intrenchment, not a hundred yards long in all—and more like ordinary drains than field-works—one on each side of the road, as it crossed the ridge behind which the division was encamped.

Amidst the many loose assertions and incorrect statements which have appeared in the public prints respecting the operations of the campaign, there is one frequently-recurring error which deserves notice, as it is calculated to mislead military readers in forming their estimate of the different actions. Every species of entrenchment which appears on a position is talked of as a "redoubt." At the Alma the English force has been repeatedly described as storming entrenchments, and the battery where the great struggle took place is always mentioned as the "redoubt." The two-gun battery where the Guards fought at Inkermann is also a "redoubt;" and one writer describes it as equipped with "a breastwork at least seven feet high." A remarkable breastwork certainly, since the defenders, to make use of it as such, must needs be about ten feet in stature.

There were no entrenchments, nor any works intended as obstacles, in the Russian position at the Alma. The only works of any kind were two long low banks of earth over which the guns fired—intended, not to prevent our advance, but to protect the guns and gunners from our fire. The battery at the Inkermann was a high wall of earth, revetted with gabions and sandbags, sloping at the extremities, and having two embrasures cut in it for the guns to fire through; from end to end it was about twelve paces long.

Now, premising that field-works are said to be enclosed when they afford on all sides a defence against an enemy, and that, when they are so constructed that the defenders behind one face fire along the space in front of them parallel to another face, the one is said to flank the other—a redoubt may be defined as an enclosed work without flank defence. It is either square, circular, or many-sided; and it is evident to the least informed reader, that a continuous parapet and ditch, guarded from behind at all points by musketry, must be a formidable obstacle to assail, and must greatly increase the facilities of defence.

The ruins of Inkermann, which have often been mentioned in this narative, and which have given a name to a fierce battle, stand on the edge of a cliff-like precipice on the Russian side of the valley, about a mile from the head of the harbour of Sebastopol. They consist of a broken line of grey walls, battlemented in part, with round towers. The yellow cliff they stand on is honeycombed with caverns—in the valley close beneath runs the Tchernaya fringed with trees. Behind them the ground slopes upwards to plains covered with coppice, and on two high points stand light-houses to guide ships entering the harbour. Masses of grey stone protrude abruptly through the soil around the ruins, of such quaint sharp-cut forms, that in the distance they might be taken for the remains of some very ancient city.

On the 4th of November it was known in our camp that the Russian army, which had been for some days past assembling north of the town, had received an important augmentation, and the arrival of some persons, apparently of distinction, had been witnessed from our outposts. During the night there was a great ringing of bells in the city; but no warning had reached us of the great enterprise, in preparation of which these were the preliminaries.

CHAP. XIII.—BATTLE OF INKERMANN.

Few of those who were roused from their sleep by the Russian volleys at daylight on the 5th November, will cease to retain through life a vivid impression of the scene which followed. The alarm passed through the camps—there was mounting in hot haste of men scarce yet half awake, whose late dreams mixed with the stern reality of the summons to battle—many of whom, hastening to the front, were killed before they well knew why they had been so hastily aroused. Breathless servants opened the tents to call their masters—scared grooms held the stirrup—and staff-officers, galloping by, called out that the Russians were attacking in force.

It was a dark foggy morning, the plains miry, and the herbage dank. Cold mists rose from the valley, and hung heavily above the plains. During the darkness the enemy had assembled in force in the valley of the Tchernaya, between Inkermann and the harbour. A marsh renders this part of the valley impassable except by the Woronzoff road, which after winding round the sides of the steep bluffs, stretches, level, straight, and solid, across the low ground. The Russian artillery had probably crossed this in the night, and been brought with muffled wheels to a level point of the road where, concealed by the jutting of the hill, it waited till the repulse of our outposts should afford it the opportunity of advancing to its destined position.

At dawn they made their rush upon our advanced posts of the second division on the crest looking down into the valley, which fell back fighting upon the camp behind the crest, 1200 yards in rear. The outposts of the division were well accustomed to skirmish with the enemy on the same ground; but Captain Robert Hume of the 55th, whom I met going out in command of a picket the night before, and who was shot through the knee in the action, told me that the Russians had ceased to molest us there since their repulse on the 26th October. A picket of the light division, in the ravine on the left, was captured with its officer.

The outposts driven in, the hill was immediately occupied by the enemy's field-artillery and guns of position. These latter are so named, because they are of too large calibre to be moved from point to point with ease, and are generally stationary during a battle in some position which has been previously selected for them. Their range is greater than that of field-artillery; at shorter ranges their aim is more accurate, and the shells they throw are more destructive. The heaviest guns were placed on the highest point, where they remained throughout the day, and the field guns spread themselves down the slope, opposite our right. Our field-batteries, coming up the slope in succession, as they were more or less distant from the second division, found themselves exposed at once to the fire of pieces answering to our 18-pounder guns and 32-pounder howitzers, so placed on the crest of the opposite hill that only their muzzles were visible. Over the brow, and along the face of the gentle acclivity, shot came bounding, dashing up earth and stones, and crashing through the tents left standing lower down the slope, while shells exploded in the misty air with an angry jar. Many men and horses were killed before they saw the enemy. Captain Allix of General Evans's staff was dashed from his saddle, not far from his own tent, by a round shot, and fell dead.

At the first alarm, the crest in front of the tents had been occupied by some troops of the second division. To their left extended the 47th and two companies of the 49th, which were immediately joined by Buller's brigade of the light division. Arriving on the ground, these regiments and companies found themselves close to a Russian column advancing up the ravine, which they at once charged with the bayonet, and drove back. The 41st, with the remainder of the 49th, had been sent to the right with Brigadier Adams, and advanced to the edge of the heights looking upon Inkermann. On arriving at the front, I was sent to this part of the ground with three guns, which opened on a column of the enemy, apparently about 5000 strong, descending the side of a steep hill on the other side of the Woronzoff road, and pursued it with their fire till the side of the ravine hid it from view. Immediately afterwards the enemy swarmed up our side of the ravine in such force that the 41st and 49th fell back; but the Guards, marching up by companies as they could be mustered, came on to that part of the ground in succession, and, passing on each side of our guns, checked the enemy's advance.

Hitherto all that was known had been that there was an attack in force, but the numbers and design of the enemy were now apparent. The plan of the Russians was, after sweeping the ridge clear by their heavy concentrated fire, to launch some of their columns over it, while others, diverging to their left, after crossing the marsh, passed round the edge of the

cliffs opposite Inkermann, and turned our right. The artillery fire had not continued long before the rush of infantry was made. Crowds of skirmishers, advancing through the coppice (which, as before mentioned, everywhere covered the field), came on in spite of the case-shot, which tore many of them to pieces almost at the muzzles of our guns, and passed within our line, forcing the artillery to limber up and retire down the slope, and spiking a half-battery which was posted behind one of the small banks of earth mentioned before as the beginnings of an intrenchment. Two companies of the 55th, lying down there, retreated as the Russians leapt over it, firing as they went back, and halted on a French regiment that was marching up the hill. The Russians retreated in their turn, and the French, arriving at the crest, were for a moment astonished at the fire of artillery which there met them, while the Russian infantry from the coppice poured in close volleys. They halted, as if about to waver; but General Pennefather riding in front and cheering them on, they went gallantly down the slope under the tremendous fire, driving the enemy before them. It was a critical moment, and the French regiment did good service to the army by its timely advance.

Almost simultaneously with this attack on the centre, and as part of it, a body of Russians had passed round the edge of the cliff, and met the Guards there. There was a two-gun battery, revetted with gabions and sandbags, on the edge of the slope opposite the Ruins of Inkermann, which had been erected for the purpose of driving away some guns which the Russians were placing in battery near the Ruins: this effected, our guns had been removed. Into this the Guards threw themselves, the Grenadiers extending to the right, the Fusiliers to the left of the battery, and the Coldstreams across the slope towards our centre. The Russians came on in great numbers with extraordinary determination. Many were killed in the embrasures of the battery, and the Guards repeatedly attacked them with the bayonet, till, having exhausted their ammunition, and lost nearly half their number, they were forced to retire before the continually increasing force of the enemy. They left one of their officers, Sir Robert Newman, lying there wounded by a bullet. Being reinforced, they returned, drove the enemy out of the battery, and found Newman there dead from bayonet wounds. He, as well as many other disabled men, had been savagely killed by the enemy.

Townsend's battery of the fourth division had arrived at the left of the position during one of the rushes made by the enemy. Four of the guns were taken almost as soon they were unlimbered, the Russians being close to them in the coppice unawares; but some of the 88th and 49th retook them before they had been many seconds in the enemy's hands—Lieutenant Miller, R.A., taking a leading part in the recapture of one of the guns of his own division of the battery. In all these attacks on our left, the Russians were prevented from turning that flank by Codrington's brigade of the light division, which, posted on the further bank of the ravine, skirmished in and across it with the enemy's infantry throughout the day. Four guns had been detached early in the battle to support this brigade; but they were met, whenever they came into action, by so heavy a fire, that they were compelled to remain inactive, for the most part, under shelter of a large mound of earth.

When the Russian infantry was driven back, a cannonade recommenced along their whole line, to which our guns replied warmly, though overmatched in metal and numbers. The Russians were computed to have sixty pieces, of which many were guns of position; while we had six 9-pounder batteries of six guns each; but our gunners continued the fire with admirable steadiness.

Soon after the Guards came up on the right, the three guns first sent there had been withdrawn for fresh ammunition, having fired away all in the limbers, and being separated from their waggons. I had then gone to the ridge where the road crossed it. The duel of artillery was at its height—there was not a moment when shot were not rushing or shells exploding among the guns, men and horses going down before them.

Grapeshot, too, occasionally showered past, from which it would appear that the Russians had brought some iron guns into position, as grape fired from brass pieces would destroy the bore from the softness of the metal. The ships in the harbour, and the battery at the Round Tower, also threw shot and shell on to the slope.

This cannonade was the preface to another infantry attack, which now again threatened our right, and a battery was ordered to that flank. While I was delivering the order, a round shot passed through my horse close to the saddle and rolled us over. He had shortly before been struck by a musket-ball in the haunch, which did not disable him; and had been wounded by a cannon-ball at the Alma, being one of the few horses that ever survived such an event. This was the poor fellow's last field; while on the ground another cannon-shot passed through him. A sergeant of artillery—a very fine young fellow, named M'Keown—ran to extricate me; he had just lifted me from under the horse, and I was in the act of steadying myself on his shoulder, when a shot carried off his thigh, and he fell back on me, uttering cries as if of amazement at the suddenness of his misfortune. I laid him gently down, resting on a bush, and looked at the wound; the leg was smashed, and almost severed. Calling two men to carry him to the rear, I hastened to the right after the battery.

Advancing in the thick bushes beyond the spot where the battery had come into action, I turned about and saw it retiring. It was already at some distance, and the movement was explained by the appearance of a line of Russian infantry suddenly extending along the upper edge of the slope, between me and our alignment, and at about forty yards' distance. On my left, lower down the slope, as I turned towards our position, men of different regiments, principally guardsmen, were retreating from the two-gun battery. The Duke of Cambridge galloped past me, calling to the men to fire, and ran the gauntlet of the whole Russian line, escaping with a bullet through his sleeve. Being lame from a recent injury, I considered myself lost — the bullets cut the branches and leaves on every side, and all attempts to rally our men were met by the unanswerable reply that their ammunition was spent. At that moment the right of the position was absolutely without defence, and the enemy by advancing resolutely must have turned it. But, from panic or some other cause, they fortunately retired instead of advancing—a friendly dip in the ground afforded a shelter from their last shots, and the men who had retreated rallied and laid down under the low intrenchment already spoken of, while their officers distributed fresh packets of ball-cartridge. On this intrenchment a heavy fire of artillery was directed, which continued for nearly an hour. An officer whom I met here, to whom I was lamenting the death of my horse, told me he had placed his in a hollow close at hand, where he was quite secure—but going to visit him presently afterwards, he found that a shell had penetrated this admirable retreat, and blown him to pieces. I saw a magnificent team of chestnut gun-horses prostrated here by a single destructive shell, and five of the six did not rise again.

Many of the men of the fourth division had but just returned from the trenches when the attack of the Russians commenced. They, as well as those who had not been on duty during the night, were at once marched to the scene of action a mile and a half distant. Arriving at the tents of the second division, they received contradictory orders, and the regiments were separated. Part of the 20th and 68th, and two companies of the 46th, passing to the right of the position, were ordered to support the remnant of the defenders of the two-gun battery. These fresh troops at once charged the enemy, routed them, and pursued them to the verge of the heights, when, returning victorious, they found the battery, as they repassed it, again occupied by Russians, a fresh force of whom had mounted the cliff from the valley. It was while collecting his men to meet this new and unexpected foe that Sir George Cathcart, who had

advanced with this part of his division, was shot dead.

At this juncture the remainder of Bosquet's division (except his reserve) came up on the right, and, passing at once over the crest, threw themselves into the combat, and, fighting side by side with our regiments, pressed the Russians back. A *porte drapeau* (ensign bearing the colours) of a French battalion, displayed great gallantry in this advance, leaping on the battery and waving the colours, amid a shower of bullets, from which he escaped unhurt. Some French cavalry were moved up at this time; but the ground was unfit for this arm, and they were withdrawn, having lost some men and horses. Shortly after the French regiments came to support ours, we received other efficient aid.

Seeing that our field-artillery was unequally matched with the Russian guns of position, Lord Raglan had despatched an order to the depôt of the siege train, distant about half a mile, for two iron 18-pounders, the only English guns of position landed from the ships which were not already placed in the defensive works at Balaklava and elsewhere. These were at once brought up by Lieut.-Colonel Gambier, the commander of the siege train, who, as he ascended the hill, was wounded by a grapeshot, which contused his chest and obliged him to leave the field. The guns were then brought up and placed in position among our field-batteries by Lieut.-Colonel Dickson, who directed their fire with admirable coolness and judgment, which he continued to display till the close of the battle, under a cannonade which, at these two guns alone, killed or wounded seventeen men. In a short time the Russian field-pieces, many of them disabled, were compelled to withdraw; and a French field-battery coming up shortly after the 18-pounders opened their fire, posted itself on the right, and did excellent service, though exposed, like our own guns, to a tremendous cannonade, which killed many of their men and horses, and blew up an ammunition-wagon.

Between these two opposing fires of artillery a fierce desultory combat of skirmishers went on in the coppice. Regiments and divisions, French and English, were here mixed; and fought hand to hand with the common enemy, who never again succeeded in advancing, nor in obtaining, in any part of the field, even a partial success.

About noon the fire of the Russian guns slackened, as was surmised, from want of ammunition. After a time they reopened, though not with their former fierceness. Their intended surprise, supported by the attack of their full force, had utterly failed; their loss had been enormous, and the Allies had been reinforced. The battle was prolonged only by the efforts of their artillery to cover the retreat of the foiled and broken battalions.

During the battle Sir De Lacy Evans, who had been sick on board ship at Balaklava, rode up to the field with his aide-de-camp, Boyle, and, calling me by name, began to question me about the battle. He looked extremely ill, but was as cool and intrepid as he always is in action. While I was speaking to him, a shell, crashing through some obstacle close by, rose from the ground, passed a foot or two above our heads, and dropping amid a group a few yards behind us, exploded there, wounding some of them—but Sir De Lacy did not turn his head.

Officers and men fought the battle fasting. About two o'clock a group of us being near General Pennefather's tent, he told his servant to bring out wine and biscuits, which were never more welcome. A shell bursting over the hill sent its freight of bullets through and through the group without touching anybody.

At three o'clock the French and English generals with their staffs passed along the crest of the disputed hill. The enemy's guns, replying to ours, still sent a good many shot over the ridge, but this survey of the field showed it free from the presence of the enemy, whose infantry had withdrawn behind the opposite hill. At half-past three their guns also withdrew, and the whole force of the enemy retired across the Tchernaya, pursued by the fire of a French battery supported by two battalions, which, being pushed forward to a

slope of the heights commanding the causeway across the marsh, converted their retreat into a flight.

At the commencement of the battle, Liprandi's force had moved forward, threatening two distant points of our line—while a sally was made in force on the French trenches, which was repulsed, with a loss to the enemy of one thousand men, the French pursuing them within their works.

Until the arrival of the fourth division and the French, the ground was held by about 5000 of our troops. In all, 8000 English and 6000 French were engaged. The Russian force was estimated by Lord Raglan at 60,000.

Few great battles require less military knowledge to render them intelligible than this. The plan of the enemy was, after having succeeded in placing their guns unopposed in the required position, to pour on one particular point of our line which they knew to be inadequately guarded, a fire which should at once throw the troops assembling for its defence into disorder, and then to press on at the same point with overwhelming masses of infantry. Our position once penetrated, the plains afforded ample space for the deployment of the columns, which might then attack in succession the different corps of the allied army scattered on the plateau at intervals too wide for mutual and concerted defence.

The Russians succeeded in posting their artillery, in sweeping the field selected with a tremendous fire, and in bringing an enormously superior force to a vigorous and close attack. According to all calculation, they were justified in considering the day their own. But the extraordinary valour of the defenders of the position set calculation at defiance. At every point alike the assailants found scanty numbers, but impenetrable ranks. Before them everywhere was but a thin and scattered line opposed to their solid masses and numerous skirmishers, yet beyond it they could not pass. No doubt, to their leaders it must long have appeared incredible they could fail. Again bravely led, they came bravely to the assault, and with the same result; and, unwillingly, they at length perceived that, if the allied troops could resist successfully when surprised, no hope remained of defeating them, now that they were reinforced, and on their guard.

On our part it was a confused and desperate struggle. Colonels of regiments led on small parties, and fought like subalterns, captains like privates. Once engaged, every man was his own general. The enemy was in front, advancing, and must be beaten back. The tide of battle ebbed and flowed, not in wide waves, but in broken tumultuous billows. At one point the enemy might be repulsed, while, at a little distance, they were making their most determined rush. To stand on the crest and breathe awhile, was to our men no rest, but far more trying than the close combat of infantry, where there were human foes with whom to match, and prove strength, skill, and courage, and to call forth the impulses which blind the soldier to death or peril. But over that crest poured incessantly the resistless cannon-shot, in whose rush there seems something vindictive, as if each were bestridden by some angry demon; crashing through the bodies of men and horses, and darting from the ground on a second course of mischief. The musket-ball, though more deadly, and directed to an individual mark, bears nothing appalling in its sound, and does not mutilate or disfigure where it strikes. But, fronting uncovered and inactive a range of guns which hurl incessantly those iron masses over and around you, while on all sides are seen their terrible traces, it is difficult to stave off the thought that, in the next instant, your arm or leg may be dangling from your body a crushed and bloody mass, or your spirit driven rudely through a hideous wound across the margin of the undiscovered country.

Rarely has such an artillery fire been so concentrated, and for so long, on an equally confined space. The whole front of the battle-field, from the ravine on the left to the two-gun battery on the right, was about three quarters of a mile. Nine hours of such close fighting, with such intervals of cessation, left the victors in no mood for rejoicing. When the enemy finally retired, there was no exultation, as when the field of the

Alma was won: it was a gloomy though a glorious triumph.

Neither our loss nor that of the enemy was fully known that day; but a glance at any part of the ground showed the slaughter to be immense. A few of the enemy were dead within our lines; along the whole front of the position they lay thick in the coppice. Every bush hid a dead man, and in some places small groups lay heaped. In a spot which might have been covered by a common bell-tent, I saw lying four Englishmen and seven Russians. All the field was strewn; but the space in front of the two-gun battery, where the Guards fought, bore terrible pre-eminence in slaughter. The sides of the hill, up to and round the battery, were literally heaped with bodies. It was painful to see the noble Guardsmen, with their large forms and fine faces, lying amidst the dogged, low-browed Russians. One Guardsman lay in advance of the battery on his back, with his arms raised in the very act of thrusting with the bayonet; he had been killed by a bullet entering through his right eye. His coat was open, and I read his name on the Guernsey frock underneath — an odd name —"Mustow." While I was wondering why his arms had not obeyed the laws of gravity, and fallen by his side when he fell dead, a Guardsman came up and told me he had seen Mustow rush out of the battery and charge with the bayonet, with which he was thrusting at two or three of the enemy when he was shot. In their last charges, the Russians must have trodden at every step on the bodies of their comrades. In the bushes all around wounded men were groaning in such numbers, that some lay two days before their turn came to be carried away. I passed a Russian with a broken leg, whom some scoundrel had stript to his shirt, and calling a soldier who was passing, desired him to take a coat from a dead man and put it on the unfortunate creature; at the same time directing the attention of a party of men collecting the wounded to the place where he lay. Passing the same spot next day, the Russian, still stript to his shirt, lay motionless, with his eyes closed. I told a French soldier who was near, to see if he was dead; the Frenchman, strolling up with his hands in his pockets, pushed his foot against the Russian's head; the stiffened body moved altogether like a piece of wood, and the soldier, with a shrug and one word, "*mort*," passed on. Large trenches were dug on the ground for the dead; the Russians lay apart; the French and English were ranged side by side. Few sights can be imagined more strange and sad in their ghastliness than that of dead men lying in ranks, shoulder to shoulder, with upturned faces, and limbs composed, except where some stiffened arm and hand remain pointing upward. The faces and hands of the slain assume, immediately after death, the appearance of wax or clay; the lips parting show the teeth; the hair and mustache become frowzy, and the body of him who, half an hour before, was a smart soldier, wears a soiled and faded aspect.

Down the ravine along which the Woronzoff road runs to the valley, the dead horses were dragged and lay in rows; the English artillery alone lost eighty. The ravine, like all those channelling the plains, is wild and barren; the sides have been cut down steeply for the sake of the limestone, which lies close to the surface, in beds of remarkable thickness. A lime-kiln, about ten feet square, built into the side of the hill, afforded a ready-made sepulchre for the enemy left on this part of the field, and was filled with bodies to the top, on which a layer of earth was then thrown.

While I was on the ground, a day or two after the battle, several shells were thrown from the ships in the harbour, some of which pitched amongst the parties collecting the wounded. General Pennefather, finding I was going to headquarters, desired me to deliver a message stating the fact. Next day a flag of truce was sent into the town to complain of this, and further, to say that, both in this battle and the action of Balaklava, Russian soldiers had been seen killing our wounded on the field; demanding if the war was to be carried on in this manner. The answer of Prince Menschikoff was, that the shells had been directed, not at the parties engaged in clearing the field, but at those intrenching the position; and that, if

any of the wounded had been put to death, it could have been only in a few particular instances; in excuse of which he remarked, that the Russian soldiers were much exasperated in consequence of the fire from the French trenches having destroyed one of the churches of Sebastopol.

CHAPTER XIV.—WINTER ON THE PLAINS.

Early in November the weather, hitherto mild and sunny as the Indian summer of Canada, began to grow foggy, moist, and raw. The horizon of the Black Sea was blotted with mists, and its surface changed from blue to cold gray, while the sky was either leaden or black with clouds.

About day-break on the 14th, a strong wind from the south drove before it a flood of rain; the tents, swelling inward beneath the blast, left no slant sufficient to repel the water, which was caught in the hollows, and filtered through. I was awoke by it dripping on my face, which I covered with my cloak, and slept again. Again I was awoke, and this time more rudely. The wind had increased to a hurricane, in which the canvass flapped and fluttered, and the tent-pole quivered like a vibrating harp-string. At the opening of the tent, my servant appeared uttering some words, which were blown away, and never reached me till, putting his head within, he told me I must get up—adding, that the tents were nearly all blown away. As he spoke, the pegs that held mine to the ground parted—the canvass was driven against the pole, and the whole structure fell with a crash across my bed.

Sitting up and grasping my fluttering blankets, I beheld such of my effects as had not weight enough to keep them stationary, dispersed in the air, and borne on the wings of the wind into a distant valley. Half-written letters clung for a moment, in places, to the muddy ground before pursuing their airy flight, and garments of every description strewed the plain. My servant was in full pursuit of a cocked hat which was whirled onward at a tremendous pace, till its course was arrested by a low wall; and on the muddy wheel of a cart hung a scarlet waistcoat grievously bemired. All round me were figures like my own, of half-clad men sitting amid the ruins of their beds, and watching, with intense interest, the dispersion of their property, while those tents which had continued to resist the gale, fell over, one after the other, like inverted parachutes. Horses, turning their scattered tails to the blast, leaned against it with slanting legs, blinded by their clothing, which, retained by their surcingles, was blown over their heads; and all around were seen men struggling up, with frequent loss of ground, each holding some recovered article. Whatever could be collected in this way was placed beneath the fallen tents, the edges of which were then loaded with heavy stones. In the distance other encampments were seen in similar plight, and everywhere the rows of tents which had dotted the plain had disappeared.

Hard as it seemed to be stript of shelter by the storm, those who had passed the night in the trenches had still greater reason to complain. There they had consoled themselves during the watches of the wet, gusty night, by the promise of warmth and rest in the morning; and hastening, chilled and weary, to their camp for the comforting hot coffee, and pleasant well-earned sleep, officers and men found their temporary homes level as a row of Persians worshipping the rising sun, and the space they had kept dry, in the midst of mire, become a puddle. No fires could be lit, no breakfast warmed, for the blast extinguished the flame and scattered the fuel; and all that could be done was, to gather the blankets out of the mud, and to try to raise again the fallen tents.

But these were by no means the greatest sufferers. The hospital tents, higher than the rest, were blown down, leaving the patients exposed, almost naked, to the bitter wind and driving rain: and the first efforts of the men in camp were directed to

obtain some shelter for these unfortunates. The wooden building already described as so comfortably housing the wounded French, fell over, fortunately without seriously adding to the injuries of the occupants; but I heard that a Russian prisoner, who lay wounded in another hospital, was killed by its fall.

Towards noon the storm began to abate, though it still blew violently till next morning, when the extent of damage sustained by the ships, towards which many an anxious thought had been cast, was known. Our hardships on shore were as nothing compared with the state of those at sea, who saw instant destruction in the gale,—which bore towards them, on the one side the most terrific billows, while on the other was a wall of perpendicular rocky cliff.

On the 15th the narrow harbour of Balaklava was strewed with floating timbers and trusses of hay so thickly, that boats were with difficulty forced through the masses; while numbers of the drowned were washed about the bases of the cliffs at the entrance. The ships inside ranged in line close together as in a dock, had been driven towards the head of the harbour, and, pressing in a mass upon the *Sanspareil*, carried her a hundred yards from her moorings, where she grounded by the stern. One or two vessels went down close to others, who could aid only by saving the crews. Seven English transports were lost at Balaklava, and thirteen at the Katcha. The *Resistance*, a magazine ship cast away at the former place, contained large quantities of ammunition both for siege guns and infantry; and the *Prince*, a very large and magnificent steamer, had just arrived from England with a great supply of warm clothing for the army, all of which went down in her. She had also brought out an apparatus to be employed in our operations against Sebastopol; and Lieutenant Inglis, an engineer who had gone on board the night before to superintend the disembarkation of the machine, was lost along with the ship and crew. One of our line-of-battle ships was dismasted, and another injured; and the French 80-gun ship, *Henri IV.*, the most beautiful vessel in their navy, went aground in eight feet of water; and it being impossible to float her, she was used as a battery against the shore. The *Retribution*, an English war-steamer, having the Duke of Cambridge on board, escaped with difficulty, casting her guns overboard.

The army soon felt severely the loss it had sustained when the *Prince* went down. For the remainder of November it rained almost without cessation, and the plains became one vast quagmire. The soil is remarkably tenacious, and the feet both of men and horses were encumbered at every step with a load of clay. Not only all the interior of the camps was deep in mire, but the floors of the tents themselves grew muddy. It is difficult to imagine a more cheerless scene than that presented wherever you traversed the plains—the landscape, all lead-coloured above, was all mud-coloured below; the tents themselves, wet and stained with mud, had become dreary spots on a dreary background. Sometimes low walls of stone or mud were thrown up round them, and in part succeeded in keeping out the keen raw gusts. About the tents waded a few shivering men in greatcoats, trying to light fires behind small screens of mud or stones, or digging up the roots of the bushes where the coppice had vanished from the surface. Rows of gaunt, rough horses, up to their fetlocks in the soft drab-coloured soil, stood with drooping heads at their picket ropes, sheltered from wind and rain each by a dirty ragged blanket—in which it would have been difficult for the keenest connoisseur in horse-flesh to recognise the glossy, spirited, splendid teams that had drawn the artillery along the plains of Scutari.

When the Scots Greys, after landing at the Katcha, marched through the camp on the Balbek, the whole army admired their magnificent appearance—the horses, unsurpassed in any cavalry in the world for shape, size, spirit, and condition, contrasted strongly with those which had been through the campaign, and which, even then, except the strongest and soundest, had begun to look travel-stained and

battered. When the winter began, the survivors of the Greys, long-haired, bony, spiritless, and soiled with mire, preserved no trace of their former beauty. Perhaps the most painful feature in the dreary scene was the number of dead and dying horses scattered, not only round the cavalry and artillery camps, but along the various roads which traversed the position. Some had fallen and died from fatigue, some perished from cold, some from starvation. Once down, a horse seldom rose again. After a few faint attempts he lay still, except for a feeble nibbling at the bare ground; then he would fall over on his side, and, stretching out his legs, would so end his career, leaving a smooth space in the mud where his head and neck had moved slowly to and fro, or where his hind leg had scratched convulsively before he died. Sometimes an ownerless horse, probably too lame and unserviceable to be worth inquiring after, would linger about the neighbourhood of an encampment. Day after day he would be there, waiting patiently, wondering, perhaps, why no hay nor corn came, getting thinner and thinner; nobody could relieve him without robbing his own horse, on whose strength and condition his own efficiency depended—until, after wandering to and fro over the barren spot, if no friendly hand could be found to send a bullet through his head, he would drop and die there a lingering death. It was impossible to traverse the position in any direction without seeing many carcasses—some swoln and bloated, some mere skeletons. Here and there would be seen the curious spectacle of a horse's bones covered only with his loose, collapsed hide, all the flesh, muscles, and even ribs, having disappeared—which would be explained presently, when, on passing the next carcass, a gorged dog would put his head out from the hollow arch of the ribs, and, after looking lazily at the comer, return to his horrible feast. These spectacles never ceased to be painful, though custom diminished their effect; for, a few months before, the sight of a dying horse would have haunted me for days.

The dogs had originally been inhabitants of the farm-houses and villas of the plateau. Driven from their ruined homes, they collected in packs on the untenanted portions of the plain, and fed by night on, the dead horses. At first they were in consideration of their services as scavengers, and their inoffensiveness, left unmolested; but, latterly, I was sorry to see that the French soldiers began to shoot them for the sake of their skins. But very little native animal life was seen after the cold drove the numerous lizards underground. A hare would sometimes start from a bush—a few crows, magpies, and ravens occasionally held council over some dead horse lying remote from the camp—and, once or twice, I saw large flocks of magnificent eagles swooping so near that their stern searching eyes were visible.

On the setting in of rain, the road from Balaklava to the camp at once became almost impassable. Man and beast plunged along knee-deep, through thick sticky mud in some parts, while in others the mire was sloppy, with slippery stones beneath. Near Balaklava great pools were collected in the low ground; the gardens and vineyards had become swamps, and not a trace of cultivation remained in the desolate and melancholy valley. In a pool, between the posts of the gateway of a field near the town, a camel lay for days, which had fallen from weakness, and was unable to rise—its huge structure of ribs, bald and bare of flesh, was painfully visible—till, dying, it soon almost disappeared in the surrounding filth. Files of cavalry horses, carrying provisions and forage, might be met at all parts of the road, as well as artillery waggons, laden with hay and corn, instead of ammunition, all toiling slowly and painfully through the slough. The road along the margin of the harbour, more filthy and boggy than the rest, was thronged with arabas drawn by mules, bullocks, and camels, waiting for stores and provisions. These, in their journey to the camp, frequently broke down, or stuck too fast to be extricated—and, once abandoned, a carriage, no matter how serviceable or important, might be considered lost, for during the night it was sure to be broken to pieces and carried off for fire-wood.

Perhaps of all the privations of the army, the want of wood was the severest. Until a supply of charcoal and patent fuel was brought in ships, the necessary quantity for cooking the ration of meat was only procured with much difficulty and labour by those divisions posted on the centre of the plains. About the monastery of St. George there was a good deal of thick coppice extending towards Balaklava, and the brushwood was interspersed with oak trees from three to six inches in diameter. These were, for the most part, used for poles by the Turks, who, as soon as the wet set in, quitted their tents and retired underground. Digging a trench about twelve feet long, eight wide, and four deep, they set up along the middle of its length a row of forked poles, and laid ridge poles across the forks which supported rafters from the bank on each side. These latter were covered thickly with branches, and mud was then plastered over the whole, excluding the air, while the slope of the roof enabled it to resist several hours rain. A sloping path led down to the door—no provision was made for admitting light—the smoke escaped through a hole; and when the walls had dried it was much warmer than a tent, which, as may be supposed, is, in wet or windy weather, the dreariest abode in the world.

Now it happened that, in December, some staff-officers, who had built, near the small encampment of which my tent formed an item, a row of huts of the kind just described, only more elaborately finished, were ordered to Balaklava, and three of us, purchasing the fee-simple of the property, entered into possession. The main building, forty feet long by twelve or fourteen wide, was divided in half by a partition wall. The solid roof, perfectly air-tight, was supported by substantial props. To light each apartment there was a square hole in the roof, screened from the rain by a small roof of its own, like a garret window. The fireplace of the outer chamber had a chimney in the partition—that of the inner in the end wall. Near this was another hut, half the size, for a kitchen, and a trench had been already dug and poles erected for a stable, where, with the somewhat desultory and dawdling assistance of a party of Turks, we succeeded in warmly housing all our steeds. About the middle of December we entered our new abode, and were for the next week the envy of all our acquaintance still under canvass. After that it began to rain, and continued to do so for four-and-twenty-hours, at the end of which time, the habitation being still dry, we felt more pity than ever for the dwellers in tents, and retired to rest in a mood at once compassionate and grateful.

While it was yet dark, I was awoke by my companion in this dormitory calling out to ask if I was wet through yet? and on opening my mouth to make reply, some wet mud dropt from the roof nearly into it. Sluices were established at numerous weak points of the roof, and the murmur of many waters was heard around. In some places the thin cascade poured tinkling into a rill on the floor, while at other points the dull noise of its fall showed some article of wearing apparel to be underneath. My pillow was drenched, my cloak thoroughly soaked, but as yet the water had not penetrated to the blankets: and after sounding with my hand the puddle on the floor, and satisfying myself that my coat, trousers, and boots could not possibly be any wetter, I became convinced that I might as well for the present lie still, and, drawing the end of my cloak over my head, slept till morning. At daylight, we, the late exulting possessors of the coveted huts, sought shelter in the neighbouring tents. But, having been thus shown the weak point of our position, we took effectual measures to strengthen it; and procuring from Balaklava enough tarpaulin to cover our roofs, we drained our abode, lit fires on the floor to dry it, and again became its tenants; and, except when the cold wind forced us to keep the door shut, darkening the place so that we were obliged to breakfast sometimes by candle-light, we really lived in great comparative luxury.

A plan for warming the tents, originating, I think, with the engineers, was very commonly resorted to. The water supply, which the aqueduct passing in front of our camps afforded

to Sebastopol, had been cut off, and the pipes conducting it laid bare. One of these, of solid iron, seven or eight feet long, made an excellent chimney, and was enclosed in a trench dug across the floor of the tent, and covered in, except near the door, when the fire was lit in it. The pipe, while conducting the smoke to the open air, became heated, and diffused through the interior a comfortable glow. But the French adopted the most luxurious plan—they elevated their tents on an oval stone wall about four feet high, having a chimney at the back, and opposite a wooden door framed in the opening of the tent: spaces were cut in the canvass, where squares of glass in wooden frames were let in; and with a good fire blazing in the chimney, the interior was, in the gloomiest day, light, warm, and cheerful.

The soldiers who, poor fellows, could adopt none of these inventions, had only the shelter of the tents, and such articles of clothing as were issued from time to time, to trust to for necessary warmth. Their misery was great, but they met it in an excellent spirit. Crime was rare—insubordination rarer—there were few murmurs—and they were as ready as ever to meet the enemy.

From the battle of Inkermann till the end of December but few events occurred to break the monotony of the siege. Day after day, the gunners at intervals exchanged shots with the enemy, and the French and English sharpshooters in the advanced trenches fired from their sandbag loop-holes at the Russian riflemen hid in pits or behind screens of stone, without other result than the loss of a few men on either side. Sometimes, shortly after dark, the Russians would commence a sharp cannonade, chiefly directed on the French; every instant the sky would be reddened by the flashes, visible even in the tents, and the rattle of musketry would be added to the roll of the artillery. Then the turmoil would subside, and the darkness and stillness would remain unbroken, except for the flash and boom of an occasional gun. Very little damage was done on these occasions by the enemy's fire.

Beyond the advanced trench in front of our left attack, the Russians had made some pits, which, screened by small stone walls, were occupied each by a rifleman, and from whence they caused great annoyance to our people in the trench, and to the French across the ravine, whose advanced works they in part saw into. On the night of the 20th November, a party of our rifles was ordered to clear the pits, the men in which were supported from another row of pits behind. Sallying from the right extremity of the trench, they drove the Russians off, after a sharp struggle; and a working party immediately threw up on the spot cover enough to render the ground tenable. Lieutenant Tryon, who led the attack, was killed by a shot from the pits, and we lost about fifteen men killed and wounded. During the battle of Inkermann, Tryon fought all day armed with a rifle, and, being a good shot, killed an almost fabulous number of the enemy. The service of driving the enemy from the pits was so highly appreciated by the French, that General Canrobert passed a warm encomium on it in general orders; and the enemy's estimate of the advantage they had lost was shown by fierce attacks made to regain the ground, on the two following nights, without success.

We had begun, immediately after the battle of Inkermann, to intrench the front of the second division. The ditch and parapet already there were enlarged, completed, rendered continuous, and armed with batteries. Three redoubts, two French and one English, were constructed on commanding points, ours being on the ridge occupied by the Russian guns of position in the battle. In advance of these, other works and batteries were extended to the verge of the heights looking on the head of the harbour, on the causeway across the marsh, and on the last windings of the Tchernaya. To oppose them the enemy threw up batteries on the heights on their side of the valley, and opened fire from the nearest of them; while further back, long lines of intrenchment extended across the hills.

On the 6th December, Liprandi, after setting fire to his huts, quitted

his position in front of Balaklava, and retired into Sebastopol, leaving a force of cavalry and infantry, with some guns, in the villages of Kamara and Tcherzuna, and some field-works to guard the bridge over the Tchernaya. The French reconnoitred the ground in force on the 30th December. Ten battalions of infantry, and six squadrons of horse, with twelve guns, under General D'Espinasse, descended into the plain, and, throwing out skirmishers, supported by a troop of cavalry, advanced towards the hills taken from the Turks on the 25th October. As they went on, the single Cossack sentry always posted on the hill nearest the middle of the plains was joined by a detachment of about a hundred and fifty Russian lancers. These retired in good order, by alternate sections, as the French skirmishers ascended the slope, one section halting as the others went back, and then retiring in its turn while another faced about. The troop of French cavalry supporting the skirmishers, arriving at the summit, charged the section of lancers showing front, and drove it back upon the others; and the French supports appearing, the Russians retired in good order down the defile, across the bridge of the Tchernaya, and into the village on the other bank, leaving about a dozen troopers unhorsed or prisoners. A French officer received a wound from a lance in this affair, of which he died the next day. The whole of the French then advanced towards the river, and followed the bank on their own side till opposite the village, into which they threw some shells, setting fire to some of the houses, and dislodging the cavalry, which retired, covered by eight guns that the enemy withdrew from a field-work on the left bank when the French advanced. In the meantime, Sir Colin Campbell had ordered the 42d to move out of the intrenched hills to the right of Kadukoi, along the face of the mountain to Kamara, of which village they obtained possession without any opposition. Then the French, holding the defile near the bridge, detached two battalions up a mountain path to their right rear to a village in the hills beyond Kamara, where they knew 300 Cossacks to be posted, and whom they nearly succeeded in surprising, the Cossacks having barely time to escape before the French entered the village: the latter, having destroyed the enemy's huts, and burnt a quantity of forage, rejoined the main body, driving off with them some cattle and sheep; and the whole of the reconnoitring force, having accomplished their object, which was limited to ascertaining the enemy's actual force and position, returned to the heights.

So ended the year 1854—to nine-tenths of the army beyond measure the most eventful of their lives, and which, in retrospect, wore the air of romance. There were unfolded the departure with tearful friends on the one side, glorious uncertainty on the other—the scenes of the Turkish capital—the pestilence-haunted camps of Bulgaria, whose dreary sites are marked by so many of our comrades' graves—the march across the green sunny plains of the Crimea—our first passage of arms at the Alma—the sight of the prize we aimed at—the bright new-looking city, with its background of blue water—the bombardment—the minor actions of the 25th and 26th October—and the gloomy struggle of Inkermann, leaving us undisturbed possessors of the barren plains, where we had now spent three long months, feeling winter's grasp tightening day by day. Yet that grasp, evenhanded to both parties, was not altogether unfriendly to us. Fine weather and good roads would have brought upon us legions of enemies—day after day we must have renewed, for our bare footing, a struggle against odds sufficient to render it ever doubtful.

But now, while the accessions to the Russian force must, of necessity, be few and scanty, England and France were, to us, prodigal of aid. Our numbers had been inadequate to the task before us, but reinforcements had come, and more were on their way. We had been thinly clad, but comfortable garments were at hand. The state of the roads rendered the necessary transport of stores a work of extreme difficulty, but a railway had arrived, with men to lay it. Tents had for long almost ceased to be a shelter against the wind and driving

rain—but now, wooden houses for the army, proposed, as it seemed to us, only the other day, and but half believed in, were actually in the harbour, and, when put together on the heights, would at once place the troops in comparative comfort, and check the progress of disease. Austria was said to have at length joined us in earnest, though the terms of the treaty concluded with her were as yet unannounced. Best of all, we felt how we were thought of and cared for at home, and knew that, for us tattered, bedraggled mortals, shivering on these muddy plains, a regard more anxious, deep, and generous than is often shown, except by the truest and warmest of friends, now formed the one absorbing impulse of the nation.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,
4th January, 1855.

[WITH reference to a passage in our last Number, page 118, our gallant correspondent, writing on the 29th December, says, "I believe I described the Royal Dragoons as charging with the Scots Greys at Balaklava; it should have been the Enniskilleners instead of the Royals, who were not in front, and only came up at the end. I know not how I made the mistake, as I was well acquainted with the circumstances."]

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BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCCCLXXIII. MARCH, 1855. Vol. LXXVII.

CONTENTS.

The Beggar's Legacy,	253
Zaidee: a Romance.—Part IV.,	272
Vagabond Life in Mexico,	292
Civilisation: the Census,	309
A Peep at Paris,	331
The Story of the Campaign. Written in a Tent in the Crimea.—Part IV.,	349
The Ministerial Changes,	359

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BLACKWOOD'S
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCCLXXIII. MARCH, 1855. Vol. LXXVII.

THE BEGGAR'S LEGACY.

What will the reader expect from such a title as this. The Beggar's Legacy? What can a beggar have to leave? It is a subject for a novel, or a play. Tragedy, or comedy! It may convey a grave moral—a beggar's curse, or a beggar's blessing. A reader who thus speculates, is admitting all I require for the matter of my subject—that a beggar is an awful personage. In spite of his position, in the world and not of it, he is more than an arbiter, if he deals out his benisons or maledictions as he wills, and they are regarded or feared. There is a superstition in his favour, and he knows it. The unbelieving authorities have tried to put him down, but they cannot, he is more potent than the Pope, for he maintains his title, and his ground—and none laugh at his anathema. Is not a beggar awful? Is there not a mystery in him, that he should be above the world or below it; and above it by being below it? He is on firm ground, who can fall no lower; the low becomes his height—he takes it as his own, his choice, more fixed than a king's throne. He is neither the Stoic nor the Cynic, a little more of the Epicurean; but he is an epitome, a personification of every philosophy. He, and he alone, can perfectly endure, despise, and enjoy. It is all very well for you, reader, to complain that the beggar molests you in the street or at your door—but, notwithstanding, you fear to give him an ill word. Think not of any individual wretched figure that may have crossed your sight in the day—but think of the beggar in the abstract. With all the rest of the world you have something in common; you have ties with them, in affection, or in business—the beggar alone stands out of the circle of your experiences—you have nothing, and no one to whom, or with whom, to compare him—and this, your ignorance respecting him, makes a kind of reverence for him. He is not one to know, but to speculate upon; and therefore, as I said, a mystery, a myth to you. And what is he with regard to yourself? If you are superstitious, you can have his benediction for a farthing; you can therefore separate yourself from the fear of him. He will not go to law with you, you are sure of it. Though twenty attorneys pass between you and him, he will not engage one against you; he will not even give you in false charge to a policeman. From whom on earth can you expect such privilege of exemption? You see in him a great Innocent—you begin to respect him. His very rags assume a dignity—they also demand your wonder. Where does he get them? are they hand-worked; or is he clad as are the lilies of the field? And think not the beggar's garb without its glory. Go to a painter's studio, and see how they who have acquired taste, and

know what beauty is, in all its shapes and colours, appreciate the many-patched, picturesque drapery. And think you there is no meaning in those patches? they are the hieroglyphic language of the profession. Knowing this, they will be in your sight venerable as the untranslatable arrow-headed characters. Imagine that they contain records of the race from the beginning—that they show the pedigrees of dynasties and beggar kings. A true beggar looks antiqnity. In his own person, he holds the past and present. Did you ever know one who looked like a fool? It is said that "Wisdom crieth in the streets, and no man regardeth,"—so busy are the emmet-population, all going their own care-making ways; the beggar alone has time at his command, and leisure, and it is he hath shaken hands with Wisdom in the streets. Knowledge is in his look, with a consciousness of a mastery over it, and a contempt of it. Wise, and above the wise, he is unmoved by hopes and fears. He is ever cap in hand, with a sublime humility and independence, not like the courtier, who, bare-headed, makes a leg for favours in expectation, and is bound to present slavery. He promotes a tone of charity, by seeking charity—and thus improves the benevolence of mankind. He is ever open-handed; but with a modesty, leaves the greater part of the blessing to his betters, and accepts the inferior of receiving. Remembering that it is more blessed to give than to receive, he yields with a submission that ennobles him. Yet will he raise himself in honour of his profession. In that, he would style himself the solicitor-General, nor would a Prohibition-of-Title-bill disturb him; no one doubts his claim, and least of all himself. His revenue comes to him without trouble; all the world are his tenants, as it were, and make no deductions for repairs. He never hears complaints of failing crops, and a murrain among the cattle. Every man is his contributor; thus is he the universal creditor, and no man's debtor. He is not obliged to keep books. He disdains the intricacies of arithmetic; delivers in no accounts in a bankruptcy court. He troubles not himself to inquire the price of stocks—the only *stocks* that could mar his fortune have fallen, never to rise again. His merchandise is all profit, and no loss. Thieves affect him not; he may sing an he like in robbers' presence—"Cantabit vacuus coram latrone Viator." He is a philanthropist from experience, for he sees the best part of society—those who give. His mind and temper are kept sweet, feeding on charitable and kind looks. He is not disgusted with hope deferred—the law's delays. He is out of the reach of dishonesty, subject to no petty frauds. Innumerable are his privileges; he may be at a feast, a merry-making, a wedding—and is not obliged to put on black at a funeral. Where is most joy, there is his rent day. He glories in his own supremacy, and is never called upon to subscribe to any other. He may hold all heresies with impunity; no archbishop will put him into his Court of Arches. His opinions never will be questioned by privy council; magistrates will not fine him; and as to imprisonment—what is it to him but a temporary retirement to a boarding house, after the fatigue of ubiquitous travel? When he quits it, he need not pay for his board. He leads a merry life among his chosen friends, and does not always wear his professional gravity. When he disappears, nobody knows how or where, with the mystery of Œdipus. No undertaker ever looks him in the face, as calculating his exit, and custom. He is above the vanity of tombstone, and carved angels' heads. His memory will never be disgraced by mutilated monument. No politic zeal will ever collect his dust to scatter it to the four winds in contempt; for he never will lose his kingdom, which is in his own mind. He saith with the old song—

"My mind to me a kingdom is."

No disparaging biographies will be written of him. Doctor's Commons have no eye upon him for probate to his will. He is in the "Long Annuities," for his annuities are as long as he lives—with this difference, that they dwindle not, but rise in value, as he wanes. He makes food, and healthy subsistence, out of complaints and infirmities; and yet need not of necessity have them. He may put them on and off, when he pleases;

thus he lives merrily upon sorrows, which he does not feel. He gratifies the world by his little deceptions; for the world loves to be deceived, and he loves to be accommodating to it. But that he despises the vanity of a Herald's College, he might take out beggars' arms, and choose as his motto, "Qui vult decipi decipiatur." He is ubiquitous, yet at home everywhere; yet has he his own peculiar haunts, which no labyrinthine thread can discover. Thither, if he meet Misfortune in the streets, will he take her, and make her cheerful. He frequents not low pot-houses, but his own clubs —every one of which is "Merrymen's Hall." Nor does he lack befitting fare; and is an honest customer, a prompt payer, caring not to have his name in other men's books. He even has his luxuries, will have a squeeze of lemon to his veal and lamb. Yet is he no profligate to waste his substance in riotous living, and then, when he cannot dig, professes to be ashamed to beg. Him he despises, as throwing disparagement on the honourable profession of beggary.

The beggar's half-hour's boast over an after-supper fire and a cordial, may put his pride in better humour with itself, as having historic foundation of longer date, and of continuance, too, than that of kings, emperors, or the Pope himself. It should seem that real dignity rises not up, but descends—kings have held the stirrup of the Pope, but the Pope hath washed the beggar's feet—cardinals too. Thus are all the cardinal virtues poured out in a flood at his feet. The grandest and most beautiful ladies doing, that same service to this day, pay homage to the beggar. Thus, He who would make himself the greatest on earth, hath for his greater title still, that He is "Servus Servorum." Lazarus has more friends than Dives, and happier in having none to envy him, and contrive his ruin. He who would strip a beggar, shall come in for more fleas than halfpence. His person is as sacred as the king's from touch. If there be a kind of divinity that "hedgeth" as Shakespeare says, the royal person—the beggar is as well hedged—for none like to come too near his person. Royal robes are not more exempted from contact than beggars' rags; they float in the air about his person, *his castle*, as significantly as the regal standard about the unapproachable tower. He has his *body*-guard. Kings have made themselves beggars, beggars have never been so unwise as to make themselves kings. It was a royal humour which said

> "Sometimes I am a king,
> Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar."

High-flown thoughts are these, it will be said; truly so; but nevertheless not too high for the ingenuity of pride to entertain; and it is natural and befitting that every mind should nourish itself into some sleekness, with the costless food of self-exaltation. The beggar has best leisure for it; pleasant visions bubble in his nightly cup, and exhilarate his brain to exuberant fancies, the more welcome for their rollicking comedy, their apparent absurdity. The laugh that is in them outmocks their unreality; they are indulgences that beget their like, and crowd the beggar's mind, as a theatre for right pleasant vagaries to play in—the higher to the lower, and lower to the higher;—thought naturally rushes rather to the antipodes, plunges perpendicularly, and embraces its opposite; and so dreams and realities shift their places and names, and for their special hour, kings are beggars, and beggars kings. Am I lifting the beggar too high? No—he is one of degree; many bear the name, of too low a character to be worthy of it: such bring it into disrepute, and, in opinion, rob the profession of its dignity. There be who talk of Robin Hood, who never shot from his bow. Let me be supposed to speak of the higher beggar—the man who by natural disposition is born to it, or by misfortunes has his whole mind overthrown into it, and takes up vitally his second nature. There is the poetical beggar, the imaginative idle—idle as to all the irksome business of life, as impossible to him, as would be his idle vagrancy to the gifted with handicraft. He cannot go in the tram-road of life; speculative and erratic, he has wandering feet, and there lies the secret, a wandering brain. The real original beggar, the beggar of dignity, the poetical beggar, poetry

in himself and making poetical, is, and ever was, a trifle crazy. This craziness is his charm, his *abandon*, his licence, of which none can rob him; it exaggerates his wit, enlivens his humanities, begets his independence, and makes his humility his greatness. These are seldom seen nowadays—a strange civilisation has made inroads upon the race. Edie Ochiltree was one of them; and he perhaps whom Goldsmith speaks of as the "long-remembered"—whom the good parson did not disdain to receive as his guest—

> "The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
> Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;"

and he sure to be initiated into the fraternity—

> "The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
> Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd."

A little insanity is like the investiture of an unknown, and therefore awful wisdom; nothing of the outward can make it ridiculous. It ever claims a respect. The barber's basin for Mambrino's helmet raised no laugh on the countenance of Don Quixote; nor did the most extravagant incidents damage the gentleman within him. It was so; the old wandering beggar was of a wandering mind, and it was he that had the virtues of his profession, and a right to its privileges.

I have one at this moment in my recollection, who took it upon him, as a second nature, from a mind unhinged by misfortune. He had been once a man of some substance; farmed his own little estate and rented other lands. He might have been a churchwarden or overseer of the parish, before I knew it. It needs not to say by what circumstances troubles came upon him; some were hard to bear—too hard for the mind, though not for the bodily constitution. In his distresses, his wife died; his two daughters turned out ill—one I saw in the poorhouse in a miserable state. He was an old man when I knew him; he had been utterly ruined. His home gone—his very recollection of a home, a madness to be avoided. He paid the parish a visit in his wanderings, every two or three years; and, as suddenly as he came, departed. What was singular in him, was his intellectual superiority (notwithstanding this touch of insanity which kindly obliterated or blunted the sense of his miseries) over those of his former grade. He was well-informed upon most subjects, could converse in good language; his very flightiness clothed itself in ingenious argument. He would have been the amusing guest of Goldsmith's good Vicar. It was probable that misery had made him put up with Misery's acquaintances. Barring a slight suspicion of this, he was to be preferred to many a sounder man, for a talk with in a green lane. If it be true that all crazed people have a monomania, I never could discover his. He seemed to be under a general unsettlement of mind. The mirror was jarred, multiplied images, and reflected them awry; the rapidity of his ideas, and the odd turns they would take, were surprising. No idea was of permanence. Now, stand apart, and look at the man as a picture—contemplate him in his capabilities. What could you do with him, or for him—what could he do for himself? There was no possibility of any fixedness in him. Employment he could have none, he was too restless for any. I doubt if he could know anything continuously for a quarter of an hour. He would have ignored the work which but a few minutes before he had begun, not from any wilfulness, but a perpetual wandering in his fevered brain. Can he be imagined to be anything but a beggar? Such wandering minds, I said, make wandering feet. Their irresistible impulse, locomotion. They must be erratic. Confine such persons in a Union house—they would become raving maniacs; any one home would revivify the idea of *the* home lost. Their only self-security is in ubiquity. The beggar of this true original caste confines himself not to one town. Wander—wander ever, that he must do. Some have a wider, some a narrower range; but it is of perpetual change. To send him back to his parish as a vagrant, considering his case, what his parish has been to him, and he to his parish, is the worst cruelty. It is chaining him

to his many miseries, from which his instinct to wander is his only escape. Here I must leave my old acquaintance, as he has long since left the world, and all its and his own miseries; but, in reasoning upon his and similar cases, the thought occurs, whether the wandering disposition that so many people possess, having at the same time no particular object in pursuit—whether this disposition to be off from place to place, be not in itself, however slight, something akin to insanity. In all professed travellers, I have always fancied something strange—an *unsettled* manner. I mean travellers for the mere love of travel, and not in a pursuit. They appear to be persons whose social instincts are damaged, set out of their course, eccentric. Every one must have in his eye examples of this erratic turn. Their very look bespeaks distracted, not abstracted ideas—as of men in whose brains there is a whirl. I have just met with an amusing account of one of these, of a time long gone by.* Coryat, the author of *Crudities*, called the English Fakir, was a wanderer of this description. He made the tour of Europe, it would appear, with no other object than to boast that he had walked 1975 miles in one pair of shoes; which he caused to be hung up in the church of his native village of Odcomb in Somersetshire, an offering and memorial. Craziness ever exaggerates, magnifying short truths with long impossibilities. Thus this wonderful pair of shoes, which could only be legitimately hung up beside Cinderella's slipper, was an evident delusion. It was a silly fancy that formed itself into an adage—the "waiting for dead men's shoes." Dead men and their shoes nowadays, at least as modern trade goes, drop off together, and have but one *wear and tear* (or the cordwainers have sadly degenerated). A whole month's wear" is much to boast of."

"*A little* month ere yet these shoes were old."

Upper leather and under leather crack together like the crazy one's wits. So was it, perhaps, with poor Tom Coryat, and his shoes—both were wearing out fast, when he fancied them everlasting. "Tom desired to know and be known, so as to obtain contemporary and posthumous fame. Unrestrained by poverty, he again started with a determination of traversing Asia, limiting his expenses to twopence a-day, which he expected to procure by begging. His designs were vaster than his actual labours; for he planned not only a journey through Tartary and China, but also a visit to the court of Prester John, in Ethiopia." Poor Tom Coryat went twisting and whirling round the world like a top whipped by Vanity and Poverty; and, excepting the impulse, as insensible as a top to the whipping—which he must oftentimes have well deserved. On one occasion, hearing from a mosque the Moolah's usual cry, "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet," he ascended a high building, and began shouting in the same tongue that Mahomet was an impostor. The leniency shown to lunatics saved him from the punishment due to his impertinence. His vanity was once sorely mortified; for, being told that King James had inquired about him, he eagerly asked what his majesty had said. He was answered that, "after hearing that Tom was well, all that the monarch said was, 'Is that fool yet living?"

Even these half-crazed travellers are not, however, all Tom Coryats. But it may be questioned if the irresistible wandering propensity does not originate in an extravagant whim, indicating something unsound.

But, to return to my beggars. They are wanderers to be placed in quite another category. The true beggar is never a subject for ridicule. He who is above fortune, against whom she hath run her tilt in vain, and still found heart-whole,—"in quem manca ruit semper Fortuna," is not one to be put aside by the world's laugh. In all ages hath he been excepted from contempt. However unlikely he may seem, he has the benefit of the thought that "men have entertained angels unawares." Great saints, say their

* Vide *Athenæum*, Jan. 1855. Review of ANDERSON'S *English in Western India*.

legends, have appeared in beggar's garb. Even in our days, our children are taught to revere them; awful is the warning, given for the purpose, in homely rhyme by Doctor Watts:—

"When children in their wanton play,
Served old Elisha so;
And bid the prophet go his way,
Go up, thou bald-head, go."

The Godlike Ulysses disguises as a beggar. Penelope rebukes Telemachus that the beggar is not duly received as a guest. And who is it dresses this favoured of the gods, Ulysses, as a beggar?—the Goddess of Wisdom herself. Homer shows how ancient is beggars' pedigree; and how the exact features of the race have been handed down to this our day:—

"So saying, the Goddess touch'd him with a wand.
At once o'er all his agile limbs she parch'd
The polished skin; she wither'd to the root
His wavy locks, and cloth'd him with the hide
Deform'd of wrinkled age; she charged with rheums
His eyes, before so vivid, and a cloak
And kirtle gave him, tatter'd both and foul,
And smutched with smoke; then casting over all
A huge old hairless deer-skin, with a staff
She fill'd his shrivell'd hand, and gave him, last,
A wallet patch'd all over, and that, strung
With twisted tackle, dangled at his side."
COWPER'S *Hom. Od.* xiii.

Homer, however, who is ever true to nature, notices a fact notorious to this day, that, though beggars are revered by men, dogs have an antipathy to them. Ulysses arrived at the Swineherd's would have been torn to pieces by the dogs, had not he known the beggar's trick,—

"He, well advised,
Shrank to his hams, and cast his staff afar."

On which incident Plutarch remarks, that the generosity of the mastiff will not allow him to seize a person who by his posture and manner makes it plain that he has no design to resist. But Eumæus also comes to his aid, and calls off the dogs. This antipathy of the dogs to the beggars is a curious instinct. Is it indicative of that early social state, when dogs and beggars were alike admitted at feasts, and began the quarrel for that which was thrown to them, and which has been handed down in their generations? It is plain from this passage in Homer, that the disguise cast no disgrace on the person, no ridicule; for wisdom directed it. The licence allowed to the profession in those days, is shown in the less respectable Irus, who, out of envy of a rival, picks a quarrel with Ulysses, and is well served out for it.

One character of the tribe is seen in the description—

"Now came a public mendicant, a man
Accustom'd seeking alms, to roam the streets
Of Ithaca; one never sated yet
With food or drink; yet muscle had he none,
Or force, though tall and of gigantic size."

Who ever saw beggar fight with beggar? It is remarkable that they never quarrel, at least to the world's observation. Why is this? Without doubt they have their own courts—their own laws—their own "King of the Beggars." But in this instance from Homer, Irus begins his ferocious attack of words at once against Ulysses. This does not argue ignorance of the laws of the tribe in Homer; on the contrary, it shows he knew them well. Ulysses was *disguised* in the garb of the fraternity, but was not one of their guild. He could not give the free-masonry sign, and was at once considered by Irus as an unlicensed interloper. If critics ask, how came it that Minerva, the Goddess of Wisdom, did not inform him of the sign, the answer is plain—she represents wisdom as prudent conduct, not as knowledge; it was no part of her deified dignity to know beggars' laws and symbols. As to the respect paid to beggars, Telemachus meets his father, then disguised, at the cottage of Eumæus, and though knowing him not, enjoins hospitality. And it is to mark the extreme insolence of the suitors, that from them, and them alone, is violence offered to the beggar-guest; and be it observed that this violence was not at the commencement, but after a hospitable reception, and certainly not without much provocation from Ulysses himself. And this washing the beggars' feet—where did it originate? It was an old custom, it should seem—for Penelope commands not one of the meanest of her slaves to perform that office, but her favourite Eurycles, the honoured nurse of her husband.

Ulysses, in his rebuke to Melantho, the paramour of Eurymachus, who had thrown the stool at him, confirms what I have before said as to how beggars are made—

"Why these invectives, mistress—and thy wrath,
Why thus pursues it me? For that my face
Shines not with oil? For that my garb is mean?
For that I beg? To my distress impute
These crimes; all mendicants commit the same.
I also lived a rich possessor once
Of such a stately mansion, and have given
To numerous wanderers, whencesoe'er they came,
All that they needed; I was also served
By many, and enjoy'd whate'er denotes
The envied owner opulent and blest,
But Jove (for such his pleasure was) reduced
My much to nought."

It should seem to be here recognised, that the beggar is one who had seen better days; and who being thus reduced, either from the incapacity of a somewhat wandering brain to work, or from its being the less degradation, takes to the wandering profession—seeks hospitality at every home, having none,

"Claims kindred there, and has his claims allowed."

Far back in antiquity is the beggars' pedigree—if it hath a poor emblazonment, it is because it borroweth not of that pride which came after, to enrich that which was before it. Even in such guise did Elijah appear to the widow of Zarephath; and as a blessing upon her entertainment of him with all her poor means, "the barrel of meal wasted not, nor did the cruse of oil fail."

The fraternity, as if conscious of some antique prerogative and power, if poor in substance (at least professedly so) are rich in blessings. They pour them out as from an inexhaustible stock—like Charity, returning far more than she receives, and with an earnestness that speaks honesty and faith that their words are cheques upon the eternal Bank of Charity, that will never break when all things else are broken—even broken promises, broken hearts, and a broken-up world. The politeness of nations has invented compliments for each; but how jejune are they, and how few—"May you live a thousand years." "May your shadow never grow less;"—the shadow wants the body of individual life—the thousand years, a corruptible impossibility, and ludicrous; but the beggar's blessing is of spontaneous application to the person addressed. It has no set form. The lineaments of every man's face are to the experienced of the fraternity a history of every one's wants and inmost desires. There is a prayer poured out for you, that touches the marrow of your instant thoughts,—and if the deliverer of it chance to be blind, you are lost in wonder at his strange insight and knowledge—you are ashamed of your small payment for so large a good, and often come to repeat your offering. Many thus are daily, weekly, and monthly contributors. Such donations become to be considered as rents, for payment of which the beggar thinks he has a right to distrain, in a way of his own. I know an instance. There is a misshapen, bandy-legged, ill-tempered, and worse-natured-looking beggar, blind, and led by a dog; an elderly gentleman of my acquaintance had been in the habit of bestowing charity upon him until it reached the periodical payment of sixpence a-week. It so happened that the gentleman went away for a few weeks. On his return he met his pensioner, and gave him sixpence; it was unthankfully received, with a muttering of extreme displeasure—"Oh, you *owe* me three-and-sixpence besides." The best commonwealths have some bad members, yet have they strict laws to keep them in order. The reader may find in that curious book, *The Life of Guzman de Alfarache*, a pretty full statement of "*The Law and Ordinances that are inviolably to be observed amongst Beggars.*" That they have their points of honour, the following will show:—"Item, We will and command that no man dare to play the impostor, or commit any grosse villanie, as to steale household stuffe, or help to convey it away, or exchange it for other, or to untyle houses, or strip children of their cloathes, or to commit any the like base action, upon paine of being excluded from our brotherhood, and put out of our incorporation, and to be remitted

over to the secular power." In what sense the word "impostor" is used, may be a question of as difficult solution as the "Four Points" that have been puzzling the statesmen of Europe. But, as in the same page with the above passage may be found a "Licence and Permit" for any beggar to rent certain children to the amount of four, it is evident that such impostures are not prohibited; and it may be presumed all of a like degree of falsehood are within the privileges of the profession.

Perhaps the law is, that so great a part of mankind having a natural or acquired habit and willingness to be deceived, the limited impostor is but doing by them as they would wish to be done by. And it may have been observed, that beggars' lies are so even, or, as Fuller says, "no one swelling improbability being above the rest, that one might fairly conclude that they are framed after some rule, within which any extravagant genius for lying must be restrained, which might otherwise bring an evil reputation upon the profession." Fuller, in using the word *improbability*, took its measure by the rule of his own common sense and understanding. The beggar's improbabilities were regulated by the law of credulity, which would admit such dimensions as would make it difficult for any to exceed the standard measure of the brotherhood. The real difficulty in that case would be to come up to it; so that the very evenness hath the dignity of magnitude. The fact is, a very probable tale would be passed by as commonplace, and the credulous by nature, ever looking out for the improbable, would rather hold it to be a poor insignificant invention. The brotherhood have a better knowledge of mankind. Who ever heard that those who invented the "swelling improbabilities" which Fuller reprehended, were ashamed of them. Though they knew that sensible people must be as well aware of the falsities as themselves who made them—what cared they? Sensible people were not those whom they wanted to catch. And is it not just so now? even worse. For people's credulity reaches to the absurdity of belief, that they receive letters from the "Dead-letter Office" of the other world—an extravagance of folly on the one hand, and imposture on the other, that never was, and scarcely can be exceeded. If people have been found in numbers, within this last year, to believe that a leg of a table moved prophetically, will such persons be curious to untie the bandages which concealed a leg which pretends to be non-existent? The fraternity have great confidence, and think they may innocently deceive those who love to be deceived; they are seldom mistaken. But I remember once an impostor of this kind being taken by surprise; I had the account from the gentleman who will shortly appear to have been the recipient of the "Beggar's Legacy," which the reader is perhaps impatient to know something about. This gentleman, turning the corner of a street not far from his own door, saw a wretched man upon whose breast was pinned a paper, "Deaf and Dumb." This excited his compassion, and he was about to drop his charity into the provided receptacle, when a friend happened to come up. "Here is a poor man deaf and dumb," said the first. The newly-arrived said, addressing the beggar, "Deaf and dumb! I don't believe a word of it—show me your tongue." The impostor was taken off his guard, and instantly put out his tongue. Such cases are, however, very rare. I recollect the woman who acted so well the part of Caraboo, who pretended she had leaped into the sea from an unknown ship, on board which those who professed to understand her ready gibberish asserted she had been decoyed and captured from some unknown shores. This woman was a petted wonder; and another impostor, who was not taken in, as some of the learned and wealthy were, seeing something was to be made out of the common credulity, pretended he knew the language, and fabricated a story of this queen of some unknown island. The two lived in clover some months. I saw the woman in the midst of her credulous patrons and patronesses, and said before her that I never saw a more English countenance, and that I conjectured her to have come from Devonshire. I well remember she looked confused; but all voices were against me at once, as if I had committed an offence and

insult. How do we know that the brotherhood are not moved by a moral sense, in preferring their professional deceptions, which hurt no one, to the frauds and deceptions of trade? It should seem they abhor the impostures of any "grosse villanie," as by adulterations, palming off one thing for another, by which health and pocket of the purchaser are damaged. They argue well that a false countenance is innocence to false weights. Seeing, then, the "grosse villanies" they have therefore enacted:—

"Item, We will and command that no beggar give consent, or suffer his children to serve, to be bound prentice to any trade, or to wait upon any man, whom he shall acknowledge as his master. For their gains will be little and their labour much; and therein they shall greatly offend, by not following the steps of their forefathers, and running a course quite contrary to that good way wherein they have been borne and bred."

Nor let it be supposed that they bring up their children in idleness. There is many a laborious profession which bears unjustly an idle and vagrant name. It is said of the elder Vestris that, when he took leave of the stage, he brought in his son before the spectators, and having recommended him to the honour of public patronage, thus addressed him, "Preserve the dignity of your profession;" and having made such a bow as no other could make, he retired amidst an uproar of applause. Throughout all their rules the brotherhood, as exhibited in the *Life of Guzman de Alfarache*, have constantly in view this their dignity. When they enact, according to the wise law, to "bring up a child in the way he should go," they thus express their sense of their professional importance:—

"Item, Our will and pleasure is, that every beggar when he shall be of full age (three years after twelve being fully complete and ended), having legally and worthily laboured in that course of life, and attained to the true arte of this our free and noble profession, he be held, taken, knowne, and understood (be it any such manner of person or persons) to have fulfilled the law, and comply'd with the statute: notwithstanding that two other yeeres, to gaine experience and to learne how to drive the fish into the net, have alwaies to this very day and present hour beene thought very necessarie and expedient; and ever after to be held as a graduate that hath performed his exercise and taken degree amongst us. And having thus profest himself, and made proofe of his learning and manners, we farther will and command, that he have, hold, and enjoy all the liberties, privileges, and exemptions granted by us under our great seale; but with this condition, that he neither may, nor at any time doe forsake our service, and that hee show his obedience unto us by observing our lawes and statutes, and by submitting himself to our censure, in case he shall offend them."

Henceforth let no Cantab nor Oxonian affect the Dictatorship of Literature as "a graduate," seeing that a beggar's *effigies* may look as bold in the frontispiece of such a title. One might be led to suppose by Mr. Kay's flattering account of foreign education, which has been noticed in Maga of January, that the universities of Prussia and some other places had borrowed their laws and principles from the beggar's brotherhood, for he also gives "proofe of their learning and manners." And by the further account given by another traveller in search after educational knowledge and accomplishments, these German graduates, having, as Mr. Kay says, "no bad manners, no gross poverty or suffering," but every one being "comfortable and happy, well educated, and polite," do, nevertheless, appear to emulate the beggar brotherhood in learning, manners, and practices of "driving fish into the net;" for equally scorning work of trade, they are soon very sturdy beggars, and take to the road. So that, after all, this high education is not quite so new, an account thereof being so largely given in this *Life of Guzman de Alfarache*, the translation of which is now before me, published so long ago as 1623, for Edward Blount, London.

It should seem also that this beggars' commonwealth had attained some of the protective principles of civilisation, for there is a special

enactment of patents to inventors, from the knowing of which governments may yet benefit the subjects of the realm. There is such dignified sovereign authority in the style of the enactment, and such forethought and careful provision for the public good, that I am tempted to make the further quotation:—

"Item, We will and command that no man discover the secrets and mysteries of our trade, nor divulge and publish them abroad, save only to those that are professors of the said arte. And he that shall invent or find out any new trick or cunning device for the common good shall be bound to manifest the same to the incorporation of beggars, to the end that it may be understood and known of all, for as much as such good things as these are to be accounted as common, there being no prohibition to the contrarie, and more especially not to be concealed from those that are our countrymen and naturals of the same kingdome; but for the better incouraging of others, and that notice may be taken of our good government, we give priviledge and plenary power to the first inventor and author thereof, that for the space of one whole and complete yeere, he make his best benefit of the first impression, not suffering or permitting any, without his especial and particular licence, to use or exercise the same, upon paine of our heavy displeasure." There are excellent maxims and advices for behaviour among them, showing a thorough knowledge of human nature:—When thou shalt find thyself well used, see thou repair thither dayly; for as devotion shall abound, so shall thy stocke increase; but see that thou never depart from his doore till thou hast prayed for his friends that are deceased, and to intreat of God that he will be pleased to blesse and prosper him in all his actions."

Again:—"Answere evil language with milde words, and to rough speech apply soft tearmes." . . . "And he that will draw money out of another man's purse must rather begge than brawle, crave than curse, pray than blaspheme; for a gentle calfe sucks milk from a strange teat as well as from his damm's."

Really, more may be said in favour of these poor beggars than people in an ill-judged contempt credit. If they follow these maxims, their laws and ordinances, they are the true "Peace Societies," and perhaps far more honest; and far wiser, for they meddle not in other people's affairs, and pretend not to a kind of patriotism which, carried out, tends only to benefit their private affairs.

I have often noticed the addresses of beggars. How well they know with what flattery to bait the hook: "Good sir" or "kind sir," is the utmost for a man; but no woman of decent appearance was ever addressed otherwise than as "My lady."

I was accosted once oddly, with an indignant repudiation of his profession, by one who thought from my manner and wave of the hand that I held it in no repute. "Sir," said he, "I hope you do not think I am going to beg"—drawing himself quite up—then making, in a gentlemanly smiling manner, a singular request, "will you be so good as to *lend* me a shilling?" What observation and acute reason is shown in the following:—My old friend C., the most kind-hearted of men, was in the habit for some years of passing over Westminster Bridge most days in the week. The same old beggar begged of him every day, but he never gave. At length my good old friend, weary of the importunity, stopped, and said to the man, "Why do you always beg of me?—you know I pass you every day and never give you anything." "That's very true," replied the old beggar; "but you will at last." He was right—he was instantly feed, and I suspect more, became an annuitant.

There is a story of a beggar's legacy (not mine, I come not to that yet), which is amusing, and shows great shrewdness. The first part of it is, however, cruel enough.* A Genoese beggar married in Florence; his wife brought him a son. This son he

* I have been shocked to learn that this practice of maiming children is by no means uncommon at the present day. What punishment can be too severe upon proof of such atrocity?

maimed in his tender age when the joints are pliable, and distorted him to such a degree that he grew up to be the most deformed of men. "Happy is the son," saith the proverb, "whose father goeth to the devil." But it was a strange mode of making happy, which only qualified him for the wealth to be obtained by beggary. Be that, however, as it may, the poor cripple grew rich; and on his deathbed sent for a confessor and a notary. Believing that the ugly casket, his body, yet contained a precious jewel, his soul, he was most desirous to provide for its future and eternal welfare, by the satisfaction of certain masses. He knew not whom to trust, for he durst not declare the amount of his worldly substance. At length he devised thus:—that the poor ass on which he had ridden should be sold to pay for his burial, but he bequeathed the pack-saddle to the Great Duke (of Florence), as his lord and master. Upon the beggar's death, the Grand Duke, knowing that the old cripple had the reputation of a discreet and shrewd person, thought there must be something mysterious in such a strange legacy—had the pack-saddle sent to him, which, on being ripped open, disclosed a vast quantity of gold coins, to the astonishment of all present. The Duke, as a good and wise man, and not wishing to enjoy the dubious and undignified advantage of being a beggar's beneficial heir, caused the will to be regularly confirmed, and the sums employed for the good of the poor beggar's soul's health. And this was probably what the mendicant foresaw, and thus cunningly provided for.

Living or dying, nobody grudges the beggar's earnings. Let him leave what he will behind him, it was not wrung out of necessities, and paid him with tears. There are none to demand it back in justice, with execrations on his memory. It came from no exactions, but from willing hands, that felt pleasant and comfortable after the giving. He took as one might take water out of the large sea, and know that not a vessel would be wrecked on any shore for the lack of it. The beggar's little deceptions have been no man's ruin, but many a one's pleasure. There is, at the last hour, not the bitterness of remorse on account of them. Weigh them, they are not very heavy. Take promiscuously from the deceptions of society—weigh them one after another with the poor beggar's little impostures, and make a juster estimate, you proud politician, you hypocrite, calling yourself honest and highly respectable. No, none of you may hold the scales, but let other hands put in your frauds, deceptions, your excuses, your palliations, your misrepresentations, your suppressions of truths, your plottings, your promises, and you, demagogues, your patriotism—in with them, one after the other, weigh against the poor beggar—soon your consciences will be chopfallen.

Cleanest are the consciences of those in this world who never buy nor sell for any gain—their weight will sink no ship—any captain may take them aboard as a safe freight. The true, the honest beggar, who wanders because he cannot help it, from an innocent helpless insanity, is light-hearted. If his conscience takes up a burr here, or a burr there, the burrs are but light things, and only stick when you try to tear them away; but, as a wind brings them, a wind takes them off; and many are the gales of good and ill fortune in a long journey that carry them to and fro. What the beggar's poor conscience may catch in one place, it drops in another, and becomes purified through the large atmosphere of much travel. It lacks the weight and body of any wickedness. Nor is it of a murky volume; it becomes fine and attenuated, and mixes kindly and comfortably with the smoke of his every-night's pipe. The poor harmless beggar, why should he be persecuted in his calling? Give not an ill meaning to the word vagrant. Punish the thief, but see him not in every beggar; for many a beggar has been made one in the desperation of a hard fortune, whose crime is nothing more than a wandering brain. He may be like a goodly tree, sound at heart, but stricken at the top, and that by Heaven's lightning. Read the "Excellent balade of Charity," and care not who wrote it, whether a poor boy or a poor priest. I will only quote the last passage—a poor beggar in a storm and a good "Limitoure."

"Once more the skie was blacke, the thunder rolde;
Faste reynayinge o'er the plaine, a prieste was seen,
Ne dight full proude, ne buttoned up in golde;
His cope and jape were graie, and eke were clene:
A Limitoure he was of order seene:
And from the pathway side, then turned hee,
Where the pore almer lay binethe the holmon tree.

"An almes, Sir Priest! the droppynge pilgrim sayde,
For sweet Beyncte Marie and your order sake.
The Limitoure then loosen'd his pouche threade,
And did thereoute a groate of silver take,
The mister pilgrim dyd for hallme shake,
Here take this silver, it maie esthe thy care;
We are Goddes stewards all, nete of oure owne we bare.

"But ah! unhaillie pilgrim, lerne of me,
Scathe anie give a rentrolle to theer Lorde.
Here take my semecoope, thou art bare, I see;
Tis thyne: The Seynctes will give me maie rewarde.
He left the pilgrim, and his waie aborde,
Virgynne and hallie Seynete, who sitte yn gloare,
Or give the mitten will, or give the gode man power."

Kings and heroes have not monopolised song. Poets, and good poets, too, have lifted the beggar out of the mire. And there have been times when civil misfortune has sent many a one wandering, not undeserving the poet's celebration. If he has not been renowned in epic, he hath taken inheritance of the ballad, which will be longer in remembrance, and shorter in the reading. Often king and beggar meet in pleasant company. There is the song of "King Cophetua and the beggar-maid," quoted in *Romeo and Juliet*. Mercutio says,

"Her (Venus's) purblind son and heir,
Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so true
When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid."

James V. of Scotland, it is said, wrote the ballad "The Gaberlunzie Man," as an adventure of his own, so disguished—

"The panky auld Carle cam ovir the lee,
Wi' mony good-eens and days to mee," &c.

Right pleasant is the romantic ballad—"The Blind Beggar's Daughter of Bednall Green," who married a knight, when the blind old beggar dropped angell for angell as her dowry, and soon beggared the knight's means,—

"With that an angell he cast on the ground,
And dropped in angells full three thousand pound;
And oftentimes it was proved most plaine,
For the gentlemen's one the beggar dropt twaine.
So that the place wherein they did sitt
With gold was covered every whitt.
The gentlemen, then, having dropt all their store,
Say'd, beggar, hold, for wee have no more.
Thou has fulfilled thy promise aright:
Then, marry my girl, quoth he to the knight;
And here, added hee, I will throw you downe
A hundred pounds more to buy her a gowne."

The blind beggar turns out in the sequel to be one of the De Montforts, whose family were dispersed and ruined after the battle of Evesham.*

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* The battle of Evesham has been celebrated for making many of high degree low enough—beggars. But beggars in days of civil trouble are apt to become something more. If Robin Hood and his men, those "bold outlaws," were of any such age of civil turbulence, they had their laws and ordinances among themselves, perhaps of a more gentle endurance than the larger authority of the realm; and by practices thereto according, did they become favourites with the people, as are their memories still in song.

"The songs to savage virtue dear
That won of yore the public ear,
Ere polity sedate and sage
Had quench'd the fire of feudal age.—WARTON.

Those laws and ordinances, so civil were they, might well have been borrowed from those long established of the elder brotherhood of beggars. They may be seen in the ballad—

"Robin he loved our dear Ladye,
For dread of deadly sin
For her sake would he no company harm
That any woman was in."

* * * *

Well shall we do, quoth Robin Hood,
Little care for that take thou—

He was found by a baron's daughter, wounded on the field; married her, and "pretty Bessie" is the daughter, now the bride, of the ballad.

"Se non e vero e ben trovato," say the Italians; it is "as good as true," say the English; why not improve our idiom to, it is both true and better than true—as is all poetry; for it is truth of outward fact and inward feeling combined. And there is some such nature also in the incidents of the ballad. There is the outer fortune that brings down the great to the dust of beggary, making the mighty lowly; and there is the inner fortune that the unsubdued mind keeps ever working out its nobility, and bringing it forth again to the blaze of the world, and made poetically shining in beauty and happiness.

Why should I be ashamed in these my old years to make a confession? It is not unwisely said—

> "Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
> The power of beauty I remember yet."

When but a stripling, shooting up to the height of incipient manhood, and in a fancied exuberance of heart and freedom, like a presumptuous cauliflower, overtopping the common greenness in the garden of youth, ready to encounter any dragon of romance, and then fall lowly at the foot of any beauty—just at the short, happy, and happily short period, when angels feminine, thick as sunbeams, cross the vision of slender young men, though no "Master Slender," in that serious passion—even then did I once behold a "pretty Bessie," a blind beggar's daughter. Reader, let me raise no idle expectation—you will neither have tale nor novel. Vanity and falsehood may combine to tempt me—but in vain. I answer with the prosaic Knife-grinder—

> "Story, God bless you! I have none to tell, sir,"

yet shall you have the whole truth. I never spoke to her; but there was this permanence in the vision, that, whenever I read the ballad of the "Blind Beggar's Daughter of Bednall Green"—that beggar-maid was the ideal of "Pretty Bessie." And now at these years—

> "Fuge suspicari,
> Cujus . . . trepidavit ætas
> Clandere lustrum."

No need is there to court the *lustra* at this old time of day. I have a perfect recollection of person and feature of that beggar's daughter. They were a pair that might have been historical. Venerable was the father—

> "His reverend lockes
> In comelye curles did wave;
> And on his aged temples grewe
> The blossoms of the grave."

Neither of them were in tatters and unclean. The daughter, perhaps between sixteen and seventeen—of a remarkably modest countenance, sufficiently well-looking, but her beauty was in her gentle, quiet, modest, thoughtful expression. She looked a history of a young life. Her dress was always simple, and always clean, so becoming, that none other would have so well suited her repose of character. She never begged by word. There was a repelling dignity about her that was her defence. The brute would have stood arrested by an awe like Cymon and the Clown, who never dreamed of love, ere he could have uttered words unseemly to her. Her

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> But look that ye harm no husbandman
> That tilleth with his plough.
> "Nor shall ye any good yeoman harm
> That cometh by greenwood tree;
> Nor any good knight, nor any good squire,
> That would a good fellow be."

But as to proud and lazy abbots, archbishops, and bishops, the free band constituted themselves "Ecclesiastical Commissioners," and treated them as sternly, if not with so legitimate a title, and perhaps as much against right, as do our present Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

> "But bishops and proud archbishops,
> Them ye shall beat and bind;
> And for the high-sheriff of Nottingham,
> Ye shall ever hold him in mind."

The history of Robin Hood is more curious than is generally supposed. It has been traced out with patience, ingenuity, research, and much accuracy, by Mr. Gutch, whose *Robin Hood* is a valuable addition to our literature.

purity was greatest in its lowliness. I saw her in the streets by the side of her blind father, for about half a year —and always with interest—and many others expressed equal admiration at her visible innocence and gentility. I say visible, for I never saw any one speak to her. She was a novelty then, and is so still to the imagination. She is best described by Horace, when he commends the passion of his friend for the lowly handmaiden.

"Nescias an te generum beati
Phyllidis flavæ decorent parentes.
Regium certi genus: et Penates
Mœret iniquos.

"Crede non illam tibi de scelestâ
Plebe delectam: neque sic fidelem,
Sic lucro aversam potuisse nasci
Matre pudendâ."

In remembrance of the long-lost, may I not somewhat freely translate, with adaptation to this early vision—

Take to thy arms thy beggar bride,
Nor seek her parentage to hide,
That known, would never stain thy pride.
Her gentle birth

Serenely shines in all her face;
Her look bespeaks a princely race—
Such oft do fortunes stern abase
Down to the earth.

She never came, so pure a child—
That filial heart, that aspect mild—
From parents mean, and low, and wild.
Her queenly charms,

Some queenly mother's nursing gave.
She is so loving, and so grave,
In want and woe so sweetly brave.
Spread wide thine arms.

Poetry, twin-sister of charity, loves to take the beggar by the hand: leads him into a quiet place, hears his tale, and reiterates it in immortal verse. Hence is he made the hero of many an old ballad. And the poetry of painting glorifies equally the royal robes, and beggars' rags. Old blind Belisarius is twice a conqueror, by the painter's art. Great as Victor, and greater in the absolutism of his poverty. See him as Vandyke has painted him—his dignity receiving reverence with his pence. The "Date obolum Belisario" has immortalised him, equally with the historic page of his battle-glories.

Look at that group of mendicants, painted by Il Beato Angelico da Fiesole, and published in a print by the Arundel Society. The subject is "St. Laurence distributing Alms." The saint stands in the centre—the mendicants in various attitudes, expressive of their cases, on each side. He is giving to one, at his feet, whose back is turned to the spectator—the poor wretch has lost his lower limbs. There are two figures among them of remarkable beauty; the one is lame, the other blind; both are most graceful, and yet most natural. Their faces beam with a spiritual *gentilezza*, the individualised grace of a religious thankfulness. Lame and blind though they are, their very imperfections seem undergoing a transition to the sanctity of the "just made perfect." The lame mendicant holds out his hand to receive. The blind (and so blind in his whole person) holds his hand only as to give thanks and bless, with a countenance all purity and faith. Reader, study this print. True lovers of art have been ready of late to quarrel with the Arundel Society on account of some of the childishnesses of art which they have brought out. This one print helps greatly to redeem their character.

Having thus reached the very saintliness, and well-nigh apotheosis of beggary, I have brought my narrative to the danger of a descent from such height to the common level of the profession, that it may be hard to rise from it to any decent pleasuring of the reader; who hath yet to learn, and is perhaps somewhat impatient, the more homely account of the Beggar's Legacy, which I proposed at the commencement to tell. Yet herein I do but in a manner figure the beggar's fortune (a little lower indeed); for many a one is first lifted to the summit of wealth and honour, only to be cast down to the dust of poverty, like poor Belisarius. And it has answered the purpose, if therein has been seen that in the very abjectness of the lowest fortune there may be an indwelling dignity of patience, of devotion, and the grace of many virtues, which rags may not defile. Was it not in the utter abjectness of his fortune—in his ruin, his poverty, his exile, a wanderer to strangers' homes for support and rest to his weary body—that the great spirit of Dante even then raised itself upon its inner throne, and in the majesty and authe-

rity of his sublime and melancholy virtue, passed awful sentences that peopled his Inferno?—and then, awhile, his severity passing away, dissolved in dream of love and beauty, did he refresh the wounded gentleness of his nature, and poured forth strains of tenderness; and the gates of his Paradiso flew open to him, that the blessed, and more loved than all, his own Beatrice, might come—and he saw that they came to hear. The beggared Dante thus speaks of his condition:—"Wandering over almost every part to which this our language extends, I have gone about like a mendicant, showing, against my will, the wound with which fortune has smitten me, and which is often imputed to his ill-deserving on whom it is inflicted I have, indeed, been a vessel without sail, and without steerage, carried about to divers ports, and roads, and shores, by the dry wind that springs out of sad poverty, and have appeared before the eyes of many, who, perhaps, from some report that had reached them, had imagined me of a different form: in whose sight not only my person was disparaged, but every action of mine became of less value, as well already performed, as those which yet remained for me to attempt."—(CARY's *Life of Dante.*)

Poor Dante, or rich Dante, which shall be his title? The wealth of Florence could not have purchased his genius; but its spite could beggar his fortunes. The Florentines, his countrymen, who beggared him, and exiled him, became themselves continual and unavailing beggars for his bones and dust. And what pride on earth was there so great that would not have thought itself glorified by being inscribed in the most insignificant corner of his monument.* I wonder if there be not somewhere a larger and fuller Saint's Calendar than that which hath here on earth been published and proclaimed. It is hoped some poor beggars may not have been forgotten in it, who have had very poor funerals, and scarcely a beggarly procession.

"It seems, if I had lived to make a will, and bequeathed so much legacy as would purchase some preacher a neat cassock, I should have died in as good estate and assurance for my soul as the best gentlemen in the parish, had my monument in a conspicuous place of the church, where I should have been cut in the form of prayer, as if I had been called away at my devotion, and so, for haste to be in heaven, went thither with my book and spectacles."—SHIRLEY, (*The Witty Fair One.*)

There is a great deal of real poetry in the world—I mean not the world of versifiers,—but the poetry of life, poetry in existence recorded and unrecorded, of those who have been recognised, and those who die "unnoticed and unknown;"—Poetry that is not a whit less real because it escapes the skill of the delineators of human character. How often is it buried under apparently trivial daily employments and doings, that are at discord with the heroic, or patient and suffering sentiment—shrinking within, from the touch and the thoughts that promise no sympathy, and hidden perhaps still further into its own soul-retreat by an outward ridicule, or contempt cast upon its outward garment. Such is peculiarly the case in the life of him to whom is applicable the line—

"And Melancholy marked him for her own."

Tragedy on the stage is not more tragic than in the actual lives of men. Both can have but their one and alike sad finale; the one called out from extraneous incidents, by the electric sympathy of the playwright's genius,

* Two costly monuments were erected to the memory of Dante—one in 1483, by Bernardo Bembo, father of the cardinal, and a still more magnificent one in 1780, by the Cardinal Gonzaga. The former had an effigy of the poet in basrelief, and the following Latin inscription:—

"Exiguâ tumuli, Danthes, hic sorte jacebas,
Squalenti nulli cognite pene situ.
At nunc marmoreo subnixus consideris arcu,
Omnibus et cultu splendidiore nitea.
Nemirum Bembus Musis incensus Etruscis,
Hoc tibi, quem imprimis tu coluere, dedit."

and made by his art visible to all—the other known and felt but by few, and yet in every circle, and for the day. The world is not all prosaic, as some say, and never will be. But it has acquired a trick of hiding and almost denying what it daily feels and knows. The conventionalities of society are the refuge which each individual takes too willingly into ostensible commonplace—a dulness that is but a put-on deadness to the more private tragedy and comedy, that every one is sensible of being in himself and in all around him.

But it is time to bring this prelude to an end, lest it become tedious, and, by becoming irrelevant also, be thought impertinent to the simple narrative which at the commencement I purposed to give. I have been as one in an orchestra playing an overture, not sufficiently considering the greatness or the meanness, as it may be, of the piece to which it should be an introduction; and who not having any great skill to manage the stops of his instrument, and to reduce them agreeably and insensibly to the proper key-note, has been playing a voluntary of vagaries, both to hide the defects of his art, and impelled to go on, from the difficulty of escaping from the labyrinth of his concords and discords. In this manner I may have pitched my notes alternately too high and too low, and led to an expectation that my poor story is better and worse than it is. Yet it is in fact both high and low—inasmuch as it is a tale of a poor beggar, it is low—inasmuch as it is a tale of gratitude, it is high; for gratitude is a high virtue, and, like every other virtue, assuming the nobler height from being measured from the lowness of the ground from which it ascends. And let me say, that in telling this simple tale of a Beggar's Legacy, I am sensible of a gratitude due from me, who have been ultimately the recipient of this legacy. But as I have just now elevated gratitude, I had best say nothing of my own debt, lest I seem rather to magnify my performance as an over-payment, than as an honest discharge of a common duty. Payment, indeed!—payment in a little ink and a few words, that, like counters, are but things to play with, and pay nothing, and cost nothing—self-flattery of the would-be payer. Praise to a dead ear, that, rake up all its dust as compact as you will, never will hear. It may be so—yet who pretends to know that? Then, let living humanity give receipt for it, as not worthless. For humanity that dies not has its accounts—its history to make up, and deliver in—and might well thankfully receive every, however trifling, anecdote of virtue, and of duty performed, to embellish pages that might otherwise be blank, or perhaps dark.

Towards the end of the last century, a gentleman was walking homewards, in the city of Bristol, when he was accosted by a beggar in the street, in these words:—Sir, I have been looking about for a gentleman to whom I might with confidence address myself and tell my wants. I think I have found him in you." Here, the reader will be at once ready to say—"What an accomplished beggar! this flattery was not learnt in a day."—Reader, if such be your thought, you are mistaken. I verily believe that this was the first day in his life that this poor old man, for old he was, begged, but you shall hear further the nature of his "beggar's petition." It is, however, needful that you know something of him, to whom the petition was made. That person was in appearance, what he was thoroughly in character, a *gentleman*; never had any one a kinder, a more generous heart. He was acquainted with the world through intercourse with society, and through extensive literature. He was a ripe scholar, and a man of refined taste. He has been dead more than forty years, yet has the writer of this narrative a remembrance of him never to be erased, for it is made perfect and sanctified by filial veneration, founded upon a rare excellence. Further description would be painful, it would be like the breaking into a sanctuary, and exposing sacred things. If I have given the beggar's words, it is because the whole scene was vividly detailed to me by so truthful an authority. The beggar paused—I know not the reply. After a while he continued, "I am alone in the world, have lost wife and children, my two

sons were killed at Bunker's Hill. I have nothing to live for. I want a place to die in. I ask for a pass to St. Peter's Hospital. I think you can obtain it for me." He did not ask for money, but for a place to die in. Such an address as this was sure to move the person to whom it was made. He replied—that the hospital which the man desired was a wretched place, a receptacle for the lowest paupers. "You seem to have seen better days. You would be miserable there. I should be loth to obtain for you that which you desire. You have certainly seen better days." "I have," replied the beggar, for such I shall continue to call him. "I have been a painter—but am now old, and alone, and only want where to end my life." "I must have a further talk with you. Call at my house at ——. In the meanwhile take wherewith to supply your immediate wants, and don't forget to call upon me." And the time was fixed. The man received with hesitation the gift, and they separated. The beggar called at the appointed time, and often repeated his visits. More and more the gentleman became interested in him—was pleased with his conversation—desired him to wait till he could do something better for him—begged him to accept a weekly sum for his maintenance, until he could be better provided for. How long this weekly eleemosynary support continued I am not able to say, whether months, a year, or even years. The result was a comfortable location in the "Merchants' Alms-House," where, with, I have no doubt, some other monthly aids delicately given, the old man enjoyed some years of tranquillity. He said he had been a painter. It was a happy coincidence in this his latter fortune, that he addressed himself to one to whom a scarcely better recommendation could have been offered; for he was passionately fond of the arts, and was himself practically an amateur. The old man must have had an eventful life, for at one time he had been a mariner. There was a book of many events, many cares, many thoughts, and much gathered observation, visibly written in his countenance. He was a painter. I will describe his portrait as it is now before me—painted by himself, and very well painted, too, in his Alms-house dress.

The Beggar's Portrait.

First, as to his dress. On his head is a faded red velvet cap, much like that seen in the portraits of authors in Queen Anne's time; a gown of green cloth, somewhat coarse, hangs in loose folds round his person; round the neck a plain white cravat, tied rather slovenly. As to features, the shape of the face is square, but within that squareness is a rounded fulness; the features might somewhat resemble those of Hogarth, but the eyes are not so large, the nose not quite so curt, the mouth more compressed, and there is more of decision in the length and firmness of the jaw than in Hogarth. The forehead is broad and open, and more prominent than in the satiric painter, the brow less arched, the eyes remarkably keen and observant. In character, excepting in the point of observation, the resemblance to Hogarth is lost, for there is no expression of combativeness. It is mild, inquiring, experienced, and meditative upon experiences. You would pronounce him a naturalist, as I believe he was. This experienced look is very striking—visible in his eyes and mouth; you might apply to him what was said of Ulysses—take the Latin version of Horace:—

"Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes."

Men, their manners, and their cities, he had seen; but what men and manners? There is nothing of the Grecian hero in his countenance. There is the impression of the world he had seen—not in its best phase of manners, but in its coarser nature; and though there is gentleness, kindness, in the aspect, it is without its polish—its varnish. It pictures much that he had felt as well as much that he had seen. It is no ideal, but a commonplace portrait of one whom, at first, most people would call a commonplace man, for it would be difficult to class him of a high grade. But I doubt if it were in a gallery, and seen a second time, if it would not arrest attention, and something

singular be seen in it. There is certainly an indication of that wandering disposition I have before spoken of, as of a gentle, scarcely perceptible, unsoundness; but much of this was lost in the look of keen observation which the whole countenance had acquired. I have looked at the portrait so often that I find it one of the most interesting I have ever seen. I see a strangeness written in many lineaments—the exact character of which I cannot describe; and it is the more strange on that account: sensible, shrewd, inquisitive, patient, unimpassioned — as one cognisant of other men's doings and thoughts—uncommunicative of his own. In age he looks not so old in the picture as I remember him. Do I then remember him? it may be asked. Perfectly—and why not? Often, when a boy, have I seen this beggar at his benefactor-friend's table—at the table of a man of polished manners, a scholar, and of refined taste—where he was ever welcomed, unexceptionable as was his whole demeanour, unembarrassed, entertaining, quiet, modest, not from any imposed restraint, but from the sterling, true, simple manliness of his nature. I have described him as I remember him, and as I see him now in his portrait, painted by his own hand, the size of life.

I have mentioned the pleasant, and I may say friendly intercourse between him and his benefactor, (*which* deserves best the name of benefactor may yet be seen). It happened that some weeks passed without his making his appearance as was his wont. This created uneasiness—a confidential servant was sent to the almshouse to inquire the cause of our old guest absenting himself. This servant found him ill in his bed, and in a dying state, and one of those human fiends one sometimes reads of, an unfeeling old nurse-tender, was stealing the sheets from under him. The old man was able to express great satisfaction at the arrival of good Benjamin, such was the servant's—name. He was glad he had come, for he was desirous to make his will. To make his will!—what could such a one have to bequeath? However, he did make his will, in a few words bequeathing to his patron-friend whatever he might die possessed of. That was his death-bed.

Before this event he had one day asked his benefactor if he had ever seen his journal—he would bring it to him. It may have been opened, or not, I cannot say; it may have been considered a mere sailor's journal, and not read. At the old man's death what was the property? I think I have heard not less than a couple of hundred volumes of books. The MS. "Penrose's Journal," a MS. volume of Lives of Painters, collected by the deceased; some volumes of transcribed poetry; portraits of his two wives, and of himself—that which is now before me, and which I have described. Wherein lay the value of such a legacy? It will be presently seen. The affectionate interest in the old man's memory naturally led to a remembrance of his journal — the MS. entitled "Journal of Llewellin Penrose, a Seaman."* I have not before advertised the reader that the old man's name was not Penrose, but Williams. I pass on to the narrative. The journal was read, and I well remember with what delight, by every member of the family; and such was its deep interest that I am able to tell an anecdote not very much to my own credit, however it may speak well for the tale of the journal. I was then a boy; I had not finished the manuscript when the last day of my holidays arrived. It is too true, but I must confess it, I *contrived* the next morning to be too late for the coach which was to have conveyed me many miles from home. I was thus able to finish the story. And what is this story? it may be asked. That is a question I doubt if I should answer. Is it true or a fiction? I can no more

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* *The Journal of Llewellin Penrose, a Seaman.* Four volumes, 8vo. London: Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street; and William Blackwood, Edinburgh. 1815.

The same. One volume. With a Print, and Vignette in the Title Page. A New Edition. London: Printed for Taylor and Hessey, 93 Fleet Street, and 13 Waterloo Place, Pall Mall. 1825.

tell than any one else who may read it. I can only say, if not true, it is a most ingenious invention, and I should add, that many dates and events spoken of incidentally in the journal have been inquired into and examined and found correct. But it will be seen, ere I close this account, that one person, who had previously known this "beggar," did believe the story, and asserted that he knew some of the circumstances to have been in the old man's former life. His former life! Then who was he? whence did he come? what had been his life? What was known about him before he came to Bristol, for the strange purpose of dying in the hospital of paupers? The man who could paint such portraits as his own, and of his deceased wives, it might be thought, might have gained his living. And then his books—where were they when he thus sought this miserable refuge, and place of death? Natural questions. No doubt he might have maintained himself. Perhaps there was a delusion in his mind that he could not—perhaps he really could not—from that strange cause that I have attributed to that little wandering which becomes the characteristic of some minds, in which misfortune and remembrances that must be shunned have unsettled everything, excepting that root of sanity from which common thoughts and common reasonings and usages of life daily and mechanically proceed.

Certainly no one, in any conversation with him, would for a moment have doubted his perfect sanity; never did he show any tangible symptom—never, that I have ever heard of, any delusion. If there was one it was deeply imbedded and out of sight, and no outward spring was visible, or ever touched, that caused a vibration. Perhaps I am wrong in this slightest intimation of a suspicion. But he had been a wanderer; and I have shown my theory, which must be accepted as a general theory. I leave the reader to apply it or reject it, and in any degree, to the individual subject of this memoir.

His patron, whom I should now rather name the legatee, was so much interested in the narrative of Penrose's Journal, that he copied in his own handwriting the whole of it, and had it well bound with blank leaves for illustration of some of its incidents. His friend Nicholas Pocock, the celebrated marine painter, and subsequently Edward Bird, R.A., made drawings for the book. I was present whenever the latter was at work. The book is now in my sight, with others that belonged to the old man, on my book-shelves. But now, to answer the question as to some further accounts of this old man. As yet no trace of him had been discovered previous to his coming to Bristol. But though unknown at the time, there was one man, and probably one man only, who could give any information respecting him. And here I cannot but remark how very curious are coincidences. It was a fortunate coincidence that, on his coming to Bristol, he addressed that particular person, most likely to rescue him from the miserable situation he sought—most likely to appreciate his character, to have a sympathy in his tastes and pursuits—most likely to preserve even the little library he had collected, and to value his manuscripts. Without this coincidence everything would, in all probability, have been scattered, utterly lost, and the old man have died miserably. There would have been no legacy, and "Penrose's Journal" would never have seen the light. And here it occurs to mention another coincidence—one out of the many that make truth appear more strange than fiction; and which might well cause a suspicion, now and hereafter, to be thrown upon this simple statement I am making. Indeed I know that, though I have so distinctly asserted, and now most distinctly assert, the contrary, this work, "Penrose's Journal," has been given to me as its author; and that which I am about to narrate has been treated as a fiction, allowable in novel-making, and as patent an invention as a preface to the *Travels of Lemuel Gulliver*, or any of the numerous literary impositions which usually amuse the world.

Having so copied out fairly and illustrated this journal of "Penrose, a Seaman," years after the old man's death the copier and legatee, being at his lodgings in London, had taken

the manuscript with him. One day, when he was not within, Mr. West, President of the Royal Academy, called upon him, and waited his return. On the drawing-room table was the book. Mr. West opened it, and, having to wait a considerable time, amused himself by reading a good portion. When the gentleman returned, to his surprise Mr. West acquainted him that he knew the author. I find among some papers a memorandum made at the time of this interview with Mr. West, of which I here give the substance—no, I will rather transcribe the memorandum, dated 10th July 1805:—"He (Mr. West) dipped into Penrose's Journal, and read several pages in different parts. I was from home when he came, but returned time enough to give him an account of the author. He seemed very attentive to my history of Williams, and put several questions to me. He said every answer I gave tended to confirm his opinion. 'Sir," said he, 'I have looked at several parts of this book, and much that I have seen I know to be true. I know the man, too; and what is more extraordinary, had it not been for him, I never should have been a painter. It happened thus. I had a relation at Philadelphia, of the name of Pennington, whom I used frequently to visit while there. I saw a person carrying a picture, a landscape, the first I believe, I had ever seen. I was very much struck with it, and desired him to show it to me. He did; and asked me if I was fond of painting? and, if I was, desired me to come to his house, and he would show me other things. I saw there some cattle-pieces, admired them, and inquired how he could paint them so accurately? He said he would show me the secret; and took a small box, which proved to be a camera. He showed me the construction of it. I went home, and was not at rest till I had made one for myself; and my father gave me the glass out of an old pair of spectacles to complete it. My delight was then to go into the farmyards, and, by means of my camera, draw the cattle, &c. I knew that Williams had seen many of the things he describes in the journal; and he gave me the same account of them. He first lent me *The Lives of the Painters*,* which lighted up a fire in my breast which has never been extinguished, and confirmed my inclination for the art. On my return from Italy, I sent to my friends in America, as a remembrance of me, my picture, which I had painted whilst abroad. I received a letter from Williams, for that was his name, with a complimentary copy of verses, in which he was pleased to flatter me very highly; but, what is more extraordinary, the lines may be considered as prophetic of my future success in life, which they anticipate. I have his letter and verses by me now somewhere. I take it, he adopted the name Penrose from a great ship-builder of that name, who was a great friend of his; it being very common for sea-faring men to adopt the names of their particular friends, instead of their own. Williams afterwards came to England. I was of some service to him in London, but of a sudden missed him from town; and on inquiring, I believe of one Smith, an engraver, who knew him well, he told me he was gone to Bristol, as he was very poor, and had almost lost his eyesight, to claim some provision to which he was entitled from the parish. I was struck with this coincidence with the history of Williams; it induced me to put further questions concerning him, which confirmed my opinion that it was my old friend's composition that was before me; and what you had shown me of *The Lives of the Painters* I knew to be his handwriting.'"

Again;—"13th. Saw Mr. West again. He said, 'Perhaps I am the only person in existence who could give any account of Williams' life and manners. He first came to Virginia, from London, in a ship commanded by Captain Hunter. Between this time and his appearance at Philadelphia, when I first met him, was an interval of more than twenty years; which time I consider him to have passed in the adventures related in the journal.'" I have likewise the following letter from Mr. West:—

* This book, which was then lent to the youth West, is now in my possession.

"From the year 1747 to 1760, my attention was directed to every point necessary to accomplish me for the profession of painting. This often brought me to the house of Williams; and as he was an excellent actor in taking off character, he often, to amuse me, repeated his adventures among the Indians, many of which adventures were strictly the same as related in your manuscript of Penrose, as was also the description of the scenery of the coasts, the birds on them, in particular the flamingo birds, which he described, when seen at a distance, as appearing like companies of soldiers dressed in red uniforms. He spoke the language of the savages, and appeared to me to have lived among them some years. I often asked him how he came to be with them; he replied he had gone to sea when young, but was never satisfied with that pursuit; that he had been shipwrecked, and thrown into great difficulties, but Providence had preserved him through a variety of dangers. He told me he imbibed his love for painting when at a grammar school in Bristol, where his greatest delight was to go and see an elderly artist who painted heads in oil, as well as small landscapes."

To this account I can add what I heard from Mr. West, that this Williams—so many years having passed since they met in America—surprised him by calling upon him in London. He was then painting the battle of La Hogue, and he made Williams sit for a figure in the boat, and whoever wishes to see his portrait will see it in the print, and I think from the description I have given of him, will not miss finding out the man. Mr. West further said that he used very frequently to come and smoke his pipe while he (Mr. W.) was painting; that he knew him to be collecting prints and heads of painters. That thinking him poor, he had questioned him, but could never prevail with him to own poverty, or to accept money. That he suddenly missed him, and knew not anything of him till he had read the book at the lodgings in London, and had the interview with the transcriber.

I think I have shown that this "Beggar" was indeed a singular man. In the midst of poverty, and with perhaps a wounded heart, he wandered, and yet in some way made art his pursuit. He might have had assistance from an able friend, the President of the Academy. He would none of it; but at an instinct, as it were, yielding to the perverseness of his fortune, he wandered further still, to seek misery, from which, in spite of himself, Fortune, to show her caprice, rescued him, and compelled him to rest at last, and die in peace.

But I have said nothing yet of the value of the legacy. I will speak but of one part of it. I sold to Mr. Murray one edition of the "Journal of Penrose, Seaman," for two hundred guineas. It appeared in 1815 in four volumes. Subsequently I received a proposal from Messrs. Hessey and Taylor for another edition. It appeared in one volume, but owing to some circumstances relating to that firm, I received no accounts, and cannot speak of its success. Thus ends this narrative, which I have thought so curious, of such strange coincidences and character, that I have specially made it the subject of a paper for Maga. I hope, with the accompanying comments, it has been amusing, if not instructing. At least it may teach, from this example of the fraternity, not to be too hard upon beggars, and think with Mr. Bumble they all deserve whipping. For neither would any Bumble, nor many of his superiors, were they in my place, as legatee by succession—despise a "Beggar's Legacy." No, let none despise a "beggar," with or without a legacy prospect. Who knows who a beggar may be? Archbishop Usher appeared as a beggar at a curate's gate, and was reproved by the curate's wife for misnumbering the commandments, as being eleven; but it was understood when next morning he preached a sermon in the church, and gave out his text—a "new commandment I give unto you, that *ye love one another*." By this, said he, it should appear that there are eleven commandments. The good curate's wife would not again say, "for shame, old man,"—and there will be some wisdom in all of us, if we be made cautious of casting contempt even on a poor beggar. May we not sometimes even go beyond this forbearance?

Reader, I will give you an example of a beggar worthy your very highest admiration—one neither fabulous nor of a worn-out date, but of this day, at this hour. The last example was of an archbishop, and he in disguise; this shall be of a bishop, and not in any disguise, but in the very dignity of beggary. It is known that Bishop Selwyn, when he supposed he was by agreement to receive from the Government £600 per annum, for the expenditure imposed by his episcopal office, gave up his private fortune, and devoted it to the best purposes. Finding himself, however, deprived of his Parliamentary grant, and altogether without resources, he simply said, "he would *dig, or beg, or both*." and indeed that good pious bishop will not, and need not ever say, "Dig I cannot—to beg I am ashamed."

It may not be difficult to make out pretty clearly that, in some way or other, we are all beggars—all of one fraternity, and requiring aid in some need. Let us then accept willingly the archbishop's eleventh commandment, and look to ourselves, that we do "love one another." We may perhaps, in that case, all receive a "Beggar's Legacy," payable from a never-failing fund, by the hands of those pure celestial executrixes—Faith, Hope, and Charity.

ZAIDEE: A ROMANCE.

PART IV.

CHAPTER XXVII.—PREPARATIONS.

Time and the hour, which wait for no man, pass on with measured footsteps, and never pause to reckon how this household thinks or feels. The short winter days glide by drearily—the long nights lag out their appointed hours. The great family *fête* once so joyously anticipated, comes every hour nearer, throwing before it no longer a vision of pleasure, but a shadow of dread. To Philip, who looks forward with nervous impatience, longing to have it over — to Mrs. Vivian, who shrinks more than she did at first from the thought of changed friends and lost fortune—to Margaret, who looks for this as the conclusion of her fate, the hour of decision which shall make it apparent whether she has chosen a false heart or a true one, in the first preference of her youth—the day approaches, solemnly important, an era and epoch beyond which life must begin anew. Even to Sophy the secret hope of pleasure—which Sophy cannot quite dissociate from a great entertainment—seems something guilty and unacknowledgable; and no one in the Grange can see beyond this eventful day, except Elizabeth, whose faithful bridegroom claims her promise, and gravely smiles at thought of change; and Percy, whose fortune always was to seek, and who knows no personal dismay. In the meantime, the preparations go on as if nothing had happened—as if Philip's birthday was but the consummation of Philip's natural heirship, and not the last on which he should appear as master of his father's house.

Preparations — everything exactly as it was planned; but there was no longer any heart in them—no longer any quickening spring of anticipation to make their labours pleasant. Decorously and quiet, preserving their family secret with dignified reserve, the disinherited household went about the necessary arrangements for receiving their invited guests, and celebrating the day of festivity which had become such a day of fate. "It is still my son's birthday—it is still the day on which the head of the house comes of age," said Mrs. Vivian proudly, but with a quivering lip; and Philip's heart beat high as he anticipated that first grave duty which fell to him as family head on his own festival. He himself, and no other, must pronounce him disinherited. The office came to him in right of his position; and never had Philip thought of the Grange and its lands with half the pride which in-

spired him now, looking at the inalienable heirship which nature had given him, and which no man could take away.

So rooms were prepared and furniture arranged—the pretty labours of the young ladies' room went on as before—and Sophy owned a thrill of delight in her first glance at the new dress, her mother's present, which was to be worn on that eventful night. Everything proceeded as the family councils had planned. True, the hearts were heavy which had been light, and eyes wandered blankly abroad upon an unknown future—toilsome, uncertain and poor—which once had seen but the unclouded sunshine of an affluent lot; but this did not affect the general surface of things, and the circle of preparations proceeded as before.

In one solitary chamber another kind of preparation also proceeded. Zaidee Vivian, solitary and sedulous, stooped for hours over her childish copy-book, earnestly and sincerely bent on this accomplishment of penmanship. Here was a matter in which her rapid mind and undeveloped powers served her nothing; but never scholar devoted himself to the most dazzling mental achievement, with more conscientious endeavour than Zaidee did to this. And rising from her copy-book, the girl would go to her little wardrobe and turn over her simple garments, and decide for the twentieth time what she would take. The question rather was, what she *could* take; for Zaidee knew that she must depart secretly, letting no one know when she went, or leaving the slightest clue to trace her by. These were the most obvious of her preparations; and other hours of her time were spent in dreams and wonderings over the unknown world and the new lot on which she was about to rush. And if poor Zaidee's dreams were sometimes high-flown and fanciful—if her imagination brightened with thought of incidents and adventures never likely to break upon the humble existence she had chosen, it would be a hard judgment that could condemn Zaidee. There is a stubborn infidelity in youth, which rejects the thought of unhappiness. The saddest young misanthrope in the world has glorious chances in his vision which your happy man of middle age wots not of. In the depths of her heart Zaidee was sad—very sad, desolate, heart-broken; yet such beautiful hopes came to comfort her—such fair romances rose in her mind—ways and means of coming home again, "some time" when no harm would spring from her home-coming. They were very fallacious, very impossible, these wild fancies, yet they supported her like veritable aids.

And the beautiful bride prepared in *her* retirement for her new life—prepared herself with sweet serious thoughts of duty and right—with schemes of love and kindness—with purposes of good. A simple woman in all things, Elizabeth did not cease to take pleasure in the external preparations—the pretty wardrobe—the sisterly gifts which she should carry with her to her new home. The family trial, great as it was, could not shake the sweet natural equipoise, the balance of mind and temper, which made her, in her humility, a support and comfort to them all. But this very misfortune brought to Elizabeth a secret and a deeper joy than any less disastrous change could have afforded her. She had it in her power now to help and to uphold; not only the natural necessity of sympathy and love, but a hundred tender offices—real service and comfort—would now be hers to render. She took the blessing out of the grief with thankfulness, and looked forward, fearing nothing; but already, with an untold glow of pleasure, feeling how they all clung to her, and how already she was of service to them all.

And Percy, in an overflow of hopes and intentions, prophesies, with a flushing cheek, of better fortune to be won than that which is lost; and reminds his mother, affectionate and proud, that she has "two sons!" And Philip, with the gravity of manhood on his youthful face, considers deeply what he had best do for the welfare and support of all; yet cannot doubt that the exertions he is so eager to make will win success and triumph almost as great as those vague triumphs of hope which Percy prophesies. And Margaret, with flushes of varying colour, and eyes which grow wistful and searching in a real melancholy, believes she labours to prepare

herself for certainty of the evil she dreads; yet is deluded nevertheless, unwittingly, with a tremulous hope. Even Sophy, whose delight in her pretty dress quickens into excitement as the day to wear it draws nigh, secretly prepares too for looking well and enjoying herself on this night of nights. "If it is the last time, one may as well try not to be very unhappy," says Sophy to herself, with true philosophy; and, indeed, it is hard to persuade one'sself to be very unhappy in prospect of such a festival as this.

And so after their different fashions proceed the preparations of the Vivians of the Grange.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—MARGARET.

And Margaret, meanwhile, goes on with that secret labour, the picture which was to surprise Elizabeth as the crowning gift of her bride-time;—goes sadly on with it, tears coming into her eyes sometimes, and blinding her, as she stands before her little easel. Margaret's ambition is high, if her skill is not extraordinary. In this great effort of hers, she has left her pencil and her water-colours, and boldly taken brush in hand. But Margaret's pride and Margaret's ambition are sadly quenched in those tears. Her great landscape has somewhat lost its interest. The view is a view of Briarford from the window of the Grange—that familiar view which they all look forth upon every day; but the far-stretching paths mingle and grow dim as the young painter's eyes fill with moisture, and the tower of Briarford church loses its outline under the hand which trembles with unlooked-for agitation. Unconsciously Margaret Vivian had lingered upon one line which threaded her landscape, and touched its bits of foliage with a tenderer hand. Now as she stands contemplating her picture, her eye traces this Woodchurch road with a wistful, imaginative glance; but Margaret Vivian may look forth upon the road to Woodchurch, morning and evening, for many a lingering day, before she sees the figure she looks for, bending its steps towards the Grange.

At the present moment, another thought has occurred to Margaret, which for the time suffices to steady her hand, and give spirit to her labours. This room where she labours in secret is one of the more modern chambers of the Grange, and Margaret has criticised its light, and complained of its imperfections with the true amateur technicality. In a like spirit, the ordinary arrangements of the apartment have been disturbed; for, unlike a true workman, Margaret makes much of her tools—is pleased to spread them around her in all directions—and rather likes to see, upon table-cover or carpet, a stain of paint. But this is not the Margaret of a month ago: true and strong feeling has buried many little affectations—real trial has thrust the girlish pensiveness away. Since her new thought struck her, she proceeds with her occupation almost as absorbed and earnest as Zaidee herself could be, Before that, when Margaret dallied, it was from the real listlessness of grief, and all her movements betray her; all her caprices and repentances, her haste and her lingering, betray a sick heart, ill at ease and troubled, which even this beloved occupation has no power to set at rest.

And Zaidee, who wanders like a ghost through these familiar rooms —who, except in her own little chamber, can never be still for a moment, but tries to cheat her restless heart with motion—Zaidee stands by, looking on. She is not, to her own consciousness, observing her cousin at all. Her own mind, indeed, dwells in its own perpetual maze of thought, and thinks neither of the landscape nor the painter. But Zaidee cannot blind or even dim those vivid perceptions of hers; and though she does not look, she cannot choose but see.

A sudden desire to have some one's opinion strikes the artist, as she goes back slowly from her picture to observe the effect of those last touches. Looking round, Margaret sees her young cousin. No one feels offended with Zaidee; but a certain shade of importance has gathered round the

household favourite, since her secret became known.

"Did you ever see any pictures, Zay?" asked Margaret, pausing before she asked what Zaidee thought of this.

"No—except in the drawing-room, and at the Vicarage," said Zaidee. This Cheshire girl had never come in the way of exhibitions, and was a savage in respect to art.

"But these are not pictures—only portraits that you have seen," said the amateur. "I will tell you, Zaidee. If this were well done, I think perhaps it might be exhibited; and if I did another better, *that* might be sold. I shall never leave my mother," said Margaret, with a momentary faltering; "and if we went to London, I might become an artist, and help them all. Zaidee, look. I know you don't understand about pictures—but tell me what you think of this."

Zaidee looked at it doubtfully—so did Margaret. Margaret had learned to take rather a disparaging view of herself and all her doings within these few weeks; and, with a painful humility and distrust, which were very sincere if they were not very true, she waited for Zaidee's judgment, as if Zaidee could be a judge.

"I think it is very like Briarford," said Zaidee at last, slowly; "but I don't know what kind of day it is—it is not like—"

Margaret threw down her brush abruptly, and clapped her hands. "I see, I see!" said Margaret. "It is like Briarford, but it is not like nature. There now; don't think I am angry. That is it—that is it!"

"For I never looked out yet, but there was wind among the trees, and clouds over the sky," said Zaidee, in a deprecating undertone; "and I never saw the sea look blue, but only tawny, and foamy, and brown; but it is very like Briarford. When Elizabeth sees it, she will think of home. I should like to have such a picture too."

"You!" Margaret thought it only a girlish compliment, and took no notice of the heavy sigh with which Zaidee concluded her wish. "I wonder how people manage to paint air and wind," proceeded Margaret, disconsolately. "I have seen them as true in a picture as you see them out of doors. It must take great study, I fancy. Oh, I am quite a woman now; I have lost so many years!"

"But you are a beautiful painter, are you not?" asked Zaidee.

Thus put upon her honour, the amateur was slow to respond. She looked again at her canvass. Nothing could be more correct than the form of Briarford church and the outline of those gable ends and cottage roofs; and distinct as a map the Woodchurch road traversed Margaret's picture, and other wavy lines of pathway wandered through the scene. Twisted oak-trees, studied from the life, and hedgerows carefully copied from the real hedgerows, made it authentic; but the painter looked upon it with disenchanted eyes. Alas! not even a Cheshire gale could drive those painted clouds along that painted sky—not an equinoctial blast could whirl about those branches. It was Briarford, but it was not nature—a portrait, but no picture—pure paint, every bit of it, and nothing more.

"Zaidee," said Margaret, confidential and humiliated, as she turned away, "I have all to begin again."

Zaidee made no answer; and her cousin went away towards the window, saying to herself once more, "To begin again." And not only in painting, poor Margaret! not only in the amusement, the accomplishment which she had hoped to make into an art—to unlearn her youthful liking—to withdraw her fresh young heart from its first tenderness and trust—to learn that bitter lore, which tells of broken faith and ungenerous motive: a hard lesson always. It was doubly hard in the complication of evils. "And I cannot go away like Philip or Percy," said Margaret to herself, half aloud, "A woman cannot trust to herself; a woman must always look to others; and I cannot even work, to put the thought away."

She stopped, for a sudden revulsion changed her thoughts. Something must have happened to keep her wooer from her side. Forsaken!—it was not possible; and she who could dream of such a change was the only guilty and ungenerous person. No one else was to be blamed. With a flush of anger at herself, Margaret lifted the pencil which had fallen from

her hand, and returned to her picture. Zaidee still stood looking on; but Zaidee could not comprehend the shy flush of reviving animation—the comforting self-reproach of this returning hope.

CHAPTER XXIX.—GOING AWAY.

You cannot call yonder pale light in the eastern sky a sunrise; you cannot hail this dreary chill, which pierces to the bone, as the sweet breath of morning. Yet it is certain, by the insensible brightening of all the landscape round us, by the gradual emergence of one point after another, rising from the gloom, that another November day has risen upon the world. The grass is crusted with hoar frost, and the same fairy tinge of whiteness has lighted upon walls, and trees, and houses, as far as you can see. Calmer than usual, a dull overhanging cloud covers the sky, and farmyard sounds of rural awakening come to you over the wide country, with a muffled cadence, subdued out of their sharpness by the subdued atmosphere through which they float.

The only friend of whom she dares take leave stands with Zaidee Vivian now, in a dull dark bit of pathway, leading from the Grange to the Hill of Briarford. The narrow little road is half hidden with dark bushes of furze, with sharp leafless brambles and stunted hawthorn, and goes up and down with steps of rock and slants of sandy soil, a devious ascent to the higher ground. In a little hollow at the side of this narrow foot-track, you can see the stately head of Sermonicus raised with expanded nostrils to the wind; and hanging over him is Zaidee, in a speechless burst of grief. Sermo cannot tell what it means. Sermo know nothing of all this human distress and tribulation; but, with a wistful melancholy howl, Sermo turns upon his youthful mistress a wondering and compassionate eye. Zaidee is dressed for her journey in the brown undecorated dress which is her everyday equipment, with her little cloak, and her close brown straw bonnet, refreshed with a new ribbon, since that deluge of rain through which she passed in her late visit to Angelina. A bundle, somewhat too large for her, lies on the road at Sermo's feet; a very little basket is in Zaidee's hand,—and she is going away.

Looking back for the last time to see the Grange—looking round for the last time to take a melancholy farewell of this bleak rock-bound country, with its perpetual gales and cloudy sky; the heavenliest calm of Italian blue could never charm the soul of Zaidee Vivian like this tumultuous rush of clouds and stormy vapours, those gleams of laughing sunshine and variable shadow, which keep a perpetual vicissitude of life and motion upon those Cheshire fields. With lingering wistful eyes she turns and looks her last upon this broad and wind-swept scene—hears the trees swaying with a mournful cadence in the cold morning breeze—sees the great cloud overhead breaking up into lesser masses, and drifting hither and thither to every point of the sky—low down and quiet at her feet sees the smoke curling from new-lit cottage fires in Briarford—gazes along those solitary lines of road—strains her eyes to see the tawny flow of yonder far-away sea—and, turning once more to Sermo, with a tug at her heart, as though it were rending, weeps—but does not say farewell.

Now, Sermo, go home. Poor faithful hound, go back to the roof that has a right to shelter you. No roof, henceforth, is sacred to Zaidee; no such place as home is in the dreary world she sets her face to. Her heart swells as if it must burst; great drops of dumb and speechless anguish come to Zaidee's eyes. Turning towards the hill for a few quick, faltering steps, she stumbles on, then looks back once more to wave her hand to the wistful lingering Sermonicus, and bid him go home; and then hastily averting her head, covering her eyes with her hand, pressing hurriedly forward, that she may not be tempted to another farewell look, Zaidee Vivian, an orphan and desolate, sets out upon her journey. Only another flat expanse of Cheshire pastures stretches beyond this little hill; but to Zaidee it is the world—strange, and pitiless; the world, unknown, and full of high

perils and excitements, which lies upon the other side of Briarford Hill.

Boy, setting forth upon the world with manhood and fortune before you, leaving home is but a troubled joy to you, for there is Hope at your elbow, almost contemptuous of the easy conquests she will find in the unknown, and all the farewells ringing after you are brightened with thoughts of your return. But this poor solitary girl—an unconscious hero—turns her back upon home and all its comforts, with a desolate prayer never to come back again. Zaidee must not store these Uplands in her memory, to recognise them lovingly when she returns. She must not dream of yonder door thrown open, of the family home lighted up with rejoicing, and the family arms extended in loving welcome to hail her home-coming. Zaidee's only desire must be, that they should forget her; that here, in this familiar country, her very existence should become a forgotten thing; that no unhappy chance should bring her back where law and authority will compel the child to do her dearest friends a grievous wrong. A dreary wish is this, which turns her face so steadily from the world of her acquaintance to that other world beyond the range of Briarford, and dreary prayers are in Zaidee's heart. Carrying her bundle in her arms, absorbed in her own thoughts, she passes through the dim morning air, through lonely paths and over broken bits of rock, and knots of brushwood. No one has seen her leave the Grange; no one sees her threading these unfrequented byways. Fall or stumble as she may, there is no one to help her up again; no one to relieve her of her burden, or direct her steps. Once for all, in this self-decided course of hers, Zaidee has given up all human aids and friendships. Like Una, but without Una's lion — without the dangerous dignity of Una's beauty—not a woman even, only a child—Zaidee Vivian sets out upon the world.

Few people have a clear eye for their own position in its true shape, and Zaidee had no pretensions to be wiser than the many. Her general sense of desolation and solitude could scarcely have been increased, yet the poor child had as slight an apprehension of the real life which she designed for herself as Sermo had; but her self-dedication was not limited by her fancy. "They will think me ungrateful to go away and never say a word," said Zaidee as the tears came silently and dropped upon her hands; but nobody will ever tell me when I do wrong now; for I will never see one of them again."

And Zaidee thought of aunt Vivian's occasional lectures, of Elizabeth's mild rebuke, of Margaret's momentary pettishness, and put up her hand to her eyes with a long sigh. "Nobody will care for me enough to blame me now," said Zaidee. This was her idea of the life among strangers. But far different was Zaidee's own palpitating heart, and suppressed excitement, from the indifference which she expected to meet. Nothing worse than indifference could the child of so kind a home realise; she knew of unkindness and oppression only by the name.

A great sum of money, five entire pounds, which Zaidee had asked for, to the great astonishment of aunt Vivian, supplied her purse. In her bosom was the letter of the Curate's wife. Many a time already had Zaidee looked at that address, and conjured up visions of the Mrs. Disbrowe, and the Bedford Place to which it directed her; but her heart was almost too heavy now to return to those dreams. Now the dim morning sweeps over the Grange, lying quiet and stationary, an immovable landmark upon the eminence at the foot of the hill; and now the ascending path reveals the young traveller, with her slight dark figure and dreamy rapid pace, against the pale background of sky; and pausing once to look before her upon the new scene rising yonder, Zaidee plunges into the world with a low cry. The plunge is made with her first step upon the other side of this rocked-ribbed Hill of Briarford. A moment since, and she was within sight of home;—now disappeared and gone into the world, a simple martyr, Zaidee Vivian, in that involuntary outcry, bids her former self and her former life farewell.

CHAPTER XXX.—MISSING.

"Zay has gone out, mamma; I cannot find her," said Sophy, coming in to the family breakfast-table, where the family were assembled. "Poor Zay! I think she wants no breakfast to-day."

The family party was increased by the presence of Elizabeth's bridegroom, and his father, Colonel Morton, and by uncle and aunt Blundell—but was still a family party, and each member of it fully aware how matters stood. This understanding threw a cloud over the little company. Philip who had attained his present elaborate composure by a great effort, sat at the foot of the long table, anxiously attentive to every one, and trying to wear off with this occupation the excitement he found impossible to escape. Mrs. Vivian, on the contrary, was more reserved and silent than usual; while aunt Blundell elevated her erect tall person over the breakfast-table, and kept up a vigilant inspection with her keen grey eyes. Aunt Blundell, herself a pattern of propriety, was very much afraid that some one of her nephews or nieces might "commit themselves," and either show an improper amount of emotion at the family catastrophe, or not enough. In especial Mrs. Blundell was concerned for Margaret. No glamour blinded the eyes of the match-making aunt. She had the coolest conviction that "that very handsome young man" would never throw himself away upon the younger daughter of a disinherited house; and with her vigilant eyes aunt Blundell sat upon the watch lest Margaret should betray her feelings. Poor Margaret altogether succumbed under this, and sat, drawn back from the table, pale and silent, oppressed by the steady observation which seemed to read her heart.

"Poor Zay! poor child!" said one after another of the Vivians. Colonel Morton looked round him with an angry stare. Colonel Morton was tall and stout, with eyes looking out, very wide open and full, from a face always suffused with fervid colour—a deep brownish red, of which you might attribute half to the burning Indian suns, and half to a perennial warmth of natural choler. "*Poor* Zay!" said Philip's guardian, "she is simply the only person in this house to-day who needs no pity. Do you hear me, Philip? *Poor* Zay! If she thinks herself so, it is slighting Providence. How dare she receive such an inheritance, and not be thankful? Mrs. Vivian, I cannot for the life of me, make out what those young fools mean."

"I should think very ill of Zaidee if I could believe she was not grieved to supplant my boy," said Mrs. Vivian with spirit.

"Grieved! Of course she must be ashamed to show her face among us," said aunt Blundell; "and quite natural. So many advantages lost, for her! So many prospects thrown away!"

Margaret Vivian drew back in greater discomposure than before—aunt Blundell's eye searched the changes of her face with such relentless scrutiny. Margaret's heart sank within her, for it was scarcely possible to resist the steady conviction which that watchful look expressed.

"Let Zaidee rest, poor child; I would not disturb her, mother," said Elizabeth. "She will want all her strength to-night."

Mrs. Vivian sighed a heavy sigh. Thinking of to-night, so solemn and momentous, she forgot Zaidee, and no one mentioned her again.

The day advanced, and, amid the universal occupation, no one thought more of Zaidee. Her wandering habits—her dreamy disappearances and rambles, long permitted to the spoilt child—had come to their height in the confused and troublous interval since the old Squire's will was found; and even Sophy, divided between the glow of expected pleasure and the excitement of expected pain, had no time to think of her absent cousin. If her name did occur to any one among them, it was so "natural," as aunt Blundell said, to suppose that Zaidee desired to be alone to-day. Everything had been laid out and arranged for her on the previous night by Mrs. Vivian's own hands: there was no need to disturb her; and no suspicion of the

truth prompted any one to open the closed door of Zaidee's room.

Only Sermo, disturbed by the surrounding bustle, stalked wistfully up and down the chill staircase, and along the windy passages; now and then, when he stretched himself upon the pavement, venting his dismay and wonder in a long low howl of pathetic inquiry. But no one had leisure to heed Sermonicus; and it was not in his power, poor fellow, to communicate that last interview he had among the dark gorse and brambles, or to ask an interpretation of Zaidee's farewell. But there was something wanting to the faithful Sermonicus, and he stalked about silently, seeking for Zaidee, where no one should ever find Zaidee again.

So it happened that the wintry nightfall was closing on the Grange, and Mrs. Vivian, too heavy at heart to speak to any one, was slowly dressing to receive her guests, when Sophy, with a very pale, scared, terror-stricken face, burst into her mother's room. Sophy was half-dressed, and it must indeed have been some matter of moment which interrupted Sophy's careful toilet on so great an occasion as this.

"Mamma, I cannot find Zaidee," said Sophy, with breathless agitation. "I am afraid something has happened. I am afraid—oh, mamma, I beseech you come and see!"

"Zaidee, always Zaidee," said Mrs. Vivian, with the petulance of personal distress. "This child is nothing different from what she was a month ago. Let her alone."

"But I cannot let her alone, for she is not there," cried Sophy. "I believe she has done something—I am afraid—I do not know what to think—oh, mamma, what will become of us if Zaidee has broken her heart?"

"Zaidee's heart is too young to break," said Mrs. Vivian, folding her Shetland shawl round her shoulders. "It is too much to disturb me constantly with Zaidee. Sophy, child, your eyes are quite red, and your face flushed; you can never appear down stairs if you excite yourself so. Come, then, I will go with you, and see what it all means."

Sophy waited for nothing more, but ran on with her light in her hand, guiding her mother to Zaidee's room. The night was dark and cloudy out of doors, and the narrow passages, a labyrinth of gloom, strangely enclosed this white flitting figure, half-dressed and breathless with anxiety, and the grave outline of Mrs. Vivian in her widow's weeds. Sophy ran on, eager and swift-footed. Mrs. Vivian followed with a careful brow. Many things were on the mother's mind—many heavy and painful thoughts oppressed her; and even while she sought Zaidee, her heart was with Philip, forecasting the events of this decisive night.

In the darkness Sermo sits at Zaidee's chamber door, lifting his head to groan, pathetically, an appeal to some one within. Quite dark, and quite silent, this little chamber is the only dressing-room in the house where there is no stir of preparation; and a strange desolation and mystery seems in the closed door, where Sermo's supplication finds no answer. "Perhaps Zaidee is asleep," says Mrs. Vivian in a subdued undertone. In spite of herself she has grown a little nervous, and hastens with an impatient hand to open the door.

Within, the darkness and the moonlight fill the little apartment, and the red cross of painted glass glows in the silvery light like a sign in the air. Nothing more—only Zaidee's dress—the soft, light, fairy fabric chosen for this greatest festival, spread out upon the bed, with the snowy gloves and bright ribbons which Aunt Vivian's kindness chose for the orphan before she was known as the heir. But no Zaidee—no appearance of a living inhabitant in this lonely and deserted room.

"Zay! Zay!" cried Sophy, lifting up her candle, and wistfully gazing into the gloom. No one answered. There was such a dreary chill of solitude in the apartment, that it struck to the heart of the lookers-on. Mrs. Vivian hurried forward in sudden terror, but there was nothing to be learned from the familiar furniture, the white dress glimmering on the bed, and the stormy moonlight looking in through the window. "She must be down stairs—somewhere; she may have forgotten the hour," said Mrs. Vivian, with a visible shudder. Sophy looked in her mother's face for

comfort, but found none. "Hush!—she must be down stairs," repeated Mrs. Vivian with a trembling lip. "Stay here till I find Zaidee." And hurried and agitated was the step which echoed along the passage in the ears of Sophy. With superstitious terror Sophy withdrew within the door of her own room, and waited there.

CHAPTER XXXI.—LOST.

The rooms down stairs were already lighted, and everything bright for the family festival. Margaret, restless and unhappy, had left the solitude of her own apartment before any one else was ready, and wandered here about the drawing-room, with such feverish strength of suppressed feeling in her face that her secret was scarcely safe even from eyes much less critical than Mrs. Blundell's. When Mrs. Vivian entered hurriedly, half-dressed, and wrapped in her shawl, Margaret started with anxious terror. Every unexpected sound seemed to her full of of fate.

"I cannot find Zaidee; she is not in her room. Have you seen your cousin?" asked Mrs. Vivian, as she hurried past to the library, without waiting an answer. The library was quite vacant, and Margaret followed in silent wonder, as her mother turned to the young ladies' room, and to her own private apartment, and, finding no one in either, came to the drawing-room again, with much agitation, and rang the bell, almost violently. "Has any one seen Zaidee?—where can she be?—where can the child have gone?" cried Mrs. Vivian, moving back and forward with troubled steps, and wringing her hands. "Ask all the servants—quick—and call Philip. Where is Zaidee? Can no one tell me when they saw her last?"

The whole household was startled by another loud, unsteady peal from the bell. Mrs. Vivian had never been so much or so painfully excited in all her placid life. Several servants came in, in haste and confusion, to answer her summons. The small figure of the mistress of the house flitted about before the vacant seat of her domestic sovereignty in restless agitation. She could not be still; she could not stand or sit down, or cease wringing her delicate hands. "Where is Zaidee? who has seen the child?" exclaimed Mrs. Vivian incessantly; and it was as much as she could do to repress the impatience of her involuntary anger at the slow answer or deliberate speech of those she questioned. The wave of her hand, and the "Quick! quick!" with which she hurried those tardy speakers, confused them only the more; and Philip found his mother surrounded by a group of bewildered servants, asking breathless questions, so close upon each other, that there was no space left to answer them. Margaret stood beside her, only half roused as yet, and fearing little. Percy was hastening in by another door, wondering what was the matter. Philip knew quite as little as Percy what the matter was, but he came forward gravely, with the natural apprehension belonging to his excited state of mind. "When sorrows come, they come, not single spies"—and Philip had no difficulty in deciding that some new misfortune had befallen the house.

"Where is Zaidee? Has any one seen Zaidee?" The burden of Mrs. Vivian's interrogations fell sharp upon the young man's ear. "Philip, come here—your cousin is gone. I can neither find her nor hear of her. A child—a mere child! God help us! where has she gone?"

The fact that Zaidee was missing had no effect upon any of the auditors at first; but Mrs. Vivian's excitement had a great effect upon them. "Mother, what is it you fear?" asked Philip anxiously.

"I fear? Everything—everything! the most dreadful—the saddest," cried Mrs. Vivian, once more wringing her hands. "Think what I myself said to her—think how she felt it. Boys, I implore you, do not wait here to speak to me. Seek her instantly; never rest till you find her, living or ——Oh heaven! what do I say?"

"Zaidee is safe in Briarford; it is her way. You were never alarmed for her before; and all these strangers

coming, and so much to be done to-night. Mother, be calm, I beg of you," pleaded Margaret. "Even now we are not alone. Mother — dear mother! I hear some one at the door."

As Margaret broke off, with a hurried, apprehensive glance towards the door, aunt Blundell entered. Aunt Blundell's erect and lofty person was in grand costume, and her face composed to that solemnity with which people bear the misfortunes of others. But not even the entrance of the family censor subdued the stronger emotions of Mrs. Vivian. Margaret shrank from her mother's side, humbled and self-conscious, dreading the critical, cold eye which now surveyed her. Mrs. Vivian, quite unconscious of the hour — of her half-completed toilet, and expected guests, shrank not a whit from the observation of aunt Blundell, but addressed her eagerly, catching at a new possibility—a last hope that some one had seen the missing girl.

"Maria, have you seen Zaidee?—tell me quick, for I am at my wit's end!" exclaimed Mrs. Vivian, her usual vivacity quickened into impetuous restlessness. "No one has seen her to-day; she is not to be found in the Grange. For pity's sake, Maria, you, who notice everything, tell me if you have seen the child to-day?"

Mrs. Blundell embraced the occasion with an eager haste to be useful. "Nothing but what might have been expected," said Mrs. Blundell. "*I* should have taken precautions. Of course she is ashamed to look us in the face. What have you done? Is it possible? Nothing but ask questions! Margaret, come with me to Zaidee's room, and we will see if she has left any trace."

"I have been there; there is nothing," said Mrs. Vivian. "Do you hear me, boys? She must be found. Oh, Philip, Philip, if you had but yielded to her! If anything happens to Zaidee, I will never hold up my head again."

"In the mean time, you ought certainly to complete your toilet," said Mrs. Blundell, reprovingly. "For my part, I could never permit myself to be so carried away by my feelings; and so much depends on you to-night—all the prospects of the children. I am ashamed to see you. Leave this affair to me."

But this was the thing of all others which Mrs. Vivian could not do; not even though all her own ideas of decorum and propriety, strict as these were, coincided with her sister-in-law's advice, and though the sound of carriage-wheels without, and the bustle of approaching footsteps within, gave warning of repeated arrivals. The little group of servants retreated hastily; but Mrs. Vivian stood still, or moved about with her restless step, wringing her hands—her white fleecy shawl thrown off, and hanging about her — her dress incomplete, and her face full of agitation and terror. With a great effort she received and barely answered the salutations of several early guests. These punctual people wandered to stray corners, after they had paid their respects to her, with unaccountable embarrassment. It was impossible to see her, simple natural woman as she was, in spite of all her dignity, without being fully aware of the violent agitation which overpowered all her usual barriers of reserve.

Aunt Blundell and Margaret hastened up stairs; and, by the way, the elder lady took the opportunity of administering a severe lecture to her young companion, under which Margaret shrank with overpowering shame. Not to betray her feelings—not to compromise her womanly character; injured pride and mortification rose high under these reproofs. Her own occasions were so immediate, and Zaidee's danger seemed so problematical, that Margaret forgot her cousin. Unwilling, offended, and proud, she followed Mrs. Blundell, secretly chafing at the troublesome Zaidee, who exposed her to this most harassing annoyance of all.

Sophy stands shivering between her own apartment and Zaidee's deserted room. Left so long on the watch, Sophy trembles to the heart at every sound, and gazes on the mystical colours of that round window, pale in the moonlight, and upon the broken red cross, which seems to hover over this solitary chamber with awe and dread, that will not be repressed. A little longer of this vigil, and Sophy

would think she saw something gliding about those gloomy corners—something gleaming out from the darkness like the lost Zaidee's melancholy eyes. Then there is that white ghostlike glimmer of the dress laid out on Zaidee's bed, and the bits of reflected colour from the window glowing like gems over it. Never before has Sophy's free heart owned such an oppression of mystery and dread. Dreary imaginations throng upon her. What if Zaidee has to be carried in here ere many hours are gone—to be laid as white and lifeless as her vacant garment upon that same bed? Sophy starts, with a cry, to hear the footsteps which approach her. Zaidee! Is it Zaidee? Have you not found her yet?

CHAPTER XXXII.—PHILIP'S FETE.

Already many guests are assembled in Mrs. Vivian's drawing-room; already the kitchen is in despair over the dinner which begins to spoil; already ladies and gentlemen begin to look at each other—to whisper and to wonder. The young head of the house—the hero of the night—is not to be seen anywhere, and his mother stands alone, disquieted and self-absorbed; always wringing her hands, speaking to no one, and in a costume much unlike the dignified propriety of Mrs. Vivian's usual dress. Mr. Wyburgh, looking concerned and anxious, makes pilgrimages to one and another, bearing messages from Mrs. Vivian. A vague expectation springs up among the company. Handsome Mr. Powis keeps in a corner, and looks slightly frightened. What has happened? The whole assembly would make up its mind to something very dreadful, but for the serious and sweet composure of Elizabeth Vivian's face.

"Is some one ill, do you think? I don't see Margaret. Why, no one is here but Elizabeth. What can be the matter?" The whisperings grow. Elizabeth meanwhile takes upon herself her mother's office, and goes calmly to and fro among the impatient guests, saying nothing of this visible excitement, but subduing it in her gentle way. Uncle Blundell, Colonel Morton, and Captain Bernard, are consulting in a corner. Colonel Morton's face is redder than ever, and still more full than usual is the wide-open stare of his light grey eyes. "Why could they not take proper precautions?—what's to be done?—the little fool?" growls Colonel Morton. Handsome Mr. Powis, hearing this, grows pale, and grows red, and is much excited. Mr. Powis believes secretly, with great uneasiness, yet a little vanity, that Margaret Vivian must be breaking her heart for him, and that this is the cause of all the disturbance to-night.

The door opens and every eye turns to it once more, full of expectation. It is Mrs. Blundell who enters, followed more closely and more anxiously than before by Margaret. At sight of the latter, Mr. Powis breathes freer, yet is disappointed. She has not broken her heart yet, and the general family discomposure is enough to account for Margaret Vivian's pallid face and anxious eye.

"I have found—not Zaidee, but at least some trace of her," said Mrs. Blundell, with importance. "This is for you, and this for Elizabeth. I have no doubt they contain proper information. Compose yourself, my dear. I have no doubt Zaidee will be easily found again."

This was to Margaret, who shrank from aunt Blundell's encouragement almost more than from her lectures. Mrs. Vivian eagerly seized and broke open the letter addressed to her. Elizabeth came forward to receive hers. Philip and Percy, returning at the same moment, hurried to their mother's side; and Sophy, her dressing sadly bungled, and her pretty face obscured with anxiety, joined the group before the reading was over. They stood apart on their own hearth, a troubled family, only half-conscious of the curious background of guests who watched them. The guests, for the most part, felt considerably embarrassed and uncomfortable. With some offence and much impatience, they looked on, "some explanation," as a senior here and there

haughtily suggested, becoming more and more indispensable, as common courtesy, stretched to its utmost limit, began to give way.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Vivian read aloud the note which Zaidee had left for her. It was very simple and abrupt, as Zaidee herself, had she explained her conduct in person, might have been.

"DEAR AUNT VIVIAN,—I can never come back again. I beg of you to be very kind, and never ask me. Perhaps you might find me if you searched long. Perhaps I may not be able to hide myself as I wish; but to find me would be cruel, for I would die rather than come home. I beseech you to believe me, and to make Philip believe me; for I will never return to the Grange;—and though I love you all so well, and my heart breaks to think of this, yet, I would rather go to the end of the world,—I would far rather die than see you any more. Dear Aunt Vivian, forgive me—it is not my fault. I might have burned that paper if I could have had courage; but now I can do nothing but go away.

"And I have nothing to ask but that Philip will never seek me. If he does, it is quite the same as killing me, aunt Vivian; for I will never live to take his right from him. I know you will be good to poor Sermo; and I hope you will all be very happy, and never think of me any more. I bid you all good-by, dear aunt Vivian. Good-by every one,—for I will never see you again."

Here the unsigned note broke off abruptly with signs of tears. Other tears by this time were on the paper; and it was with a choked voice that Mrs. Vivian spoke once more, calling upon them to search for Zaidee—to go forth at once, and lose no time.

Elizabeth's note enclosed Zaidee's little gold chain—her sole possession—and expressed only a humble petition that the bride would wear this simple ornament; but no clue to Zaidee's destination was in either of these letters. While their mother continued to urge their departure with tears and impatient eagerness, Philip and Percy stood consulting together; and, after a moment's hesitation, stepping forward before his brother and sisters, the young head of the house addressed the wondering guests.

"Dear friends and neighbours," said Philip, "you have all come to do me honour. For my part, it was my office to have told you to-night that I no longer, as master of this house and my father's successor, deserved honour at your hands. A little while ago we discovered a will, leaving everything to my little cousin," continued Philip, speaking fast, as his voice faltered. "I designed to make it known immediately, but yielded to Zaidee's entreaty, and put off till to-night. To-night you have received a rude and discourteous reception. Pardon us, all who know this family; for Zaidee—poor little Zaidee—with a child's inconsiderate generosity, has gone away to-day. She is resolved not to take what she thinks my birthright—she has gone away, we cannot tell where. I am sure no one will misunderstand—no one will blame me; but I must leave you to seek this poor generous child."

A murmur of wonder, of concern, and regret, and anxiety, followed Philip's speech. There was a little crowd round him immediately, inquiring about this extraordinary change. It was well for Philip that a little tumult and confusion at the other end of the apartment startled his sympathising friends once more. A lady had fainted—perhaps Mrs. Vivian, or Elizabeth, or Margaret. No—only Mrs. Green, the Curate's wife. The Curate himself was red with vexation an annoyance. Such a time for the exhibition of Angelina's sensitive feelings! As he took her up in his stout arms, and carried her into Mrs. Vivian's room, Mr. Green could scarcely refrain from giving an indignant shake to the fainter. When every one else held out, what right had she, no particular favourite with the Vivians, to "give way" like this?

The incident had one good result; it released Philip, who set out immediately with his brother and Bernard. The questioners had recourse to Uncle Blundell and Colonel Morton — the ladies gathered round Mrs. Vivian to console her—Mr. Powis went away.

Yes, poor Margaret! Mr. Powis

went away—heard of the family misfortune, but had no word of sympathy to give—saw you standing alone and sad, leaning heavily on your mother's chair, but never came to offer the support and solace which he knew too well he could have bestowed. True, it is a pretence of offering help to Philip which covers the young Rector's withdrawal; but hasty Philip has already gone upon his search, and Mr. Powis can only mention his intentions to a servant as he leaves the Grange; and so one hope is over, buried for evermore.

By-and-by one departure after another lightens the saddened house of those untimely guests. The lights blaze still in every corner, but every corner is deserted, and it is strange to note all this waste of preparation and exuberance of light. Here and there a servant lingers in hall and passage, on the outlook for intelligence; but the family stand still, grouped together on the hearth, the mother and her three daughters trying to take comfort from each other, but unconsciously only sinking each other into deeper despondency as they discuss and question what has become of their lost child.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—SUSPENSE.

The night wears on, but no one has returned. The lights flare wildly in the hall of the Grange, where the cold night-wind blows in through the open door. The door is always open. There is constantly some one looking out—Sophy, with her hair blowing about her tearful face; Margaret, who is past weeping; Mrs. Vivian, and Elizabeth. They come and go perpetually to the windy threshold to look out into the darkness—the trees toss about in the breeze—the air is full of a sound of moved branches and running water—the clouds rush overhead, parted by sudden glimpses of a stormy moon. Nothing is to be seen in that world of black unfeatured night—nothing to be heard in that whispering breath of sound; yet they are always looking out—always listening—always straining their baffled eyes into the gloom; and fancy plays capricious pranks with them, calling forth distant voices and a mockery of footsteps to tantalise the watchers, who can sometimes persuade themselves that Zaidee is coming home again, and sometimes shudder at the heavy tramp which rings in their ears like the march of a funeral. But still no one comes through the stormy darkness of this November night.

Within, a little party gather round the supper-table. Neither Uncle Blundell nor his wife find any irrecoverable misfortune in the events of the night, and the appetite of both remains unimpaired; nor is Colonel Morton less philosophical. Much talk is current in this small company. Far more concerned than those watchers without, who speak only in troubled whispers, are these three good people within, to judge by their conversation, and the freedom with which they censure the carelessness and want of precaution which has brought this accident about. But Mrs. Blundell's "consolation" is, as she says, that of course such a blundering ignorant child is sure to be found immediately; while Colonel Morton declares that the little fool should be locked up and kept out of mischief. Seriously annoyed in reality, it is some comfort to the Colonel to have something to vent his displeasure openly upon; for in his heart he cannot help secretly concluding his son Bernard "a great fool," for persisting in his engagement with a penniless girl. Mrs. Blundell, after her fashion, though she is glad of it, thinks with the Colonel, and in her heart approves the better wisdom of Mr. Powis, and his withdrawal. "There was nothing else to be expected—why should he throw away his advantages?" said Aunt Blundell; yet Aunt Blundell, a strange combination of worldly views and family kindness, sighs for Margaret, and would very fain provide her with a better lover to induce her to forget the first.

Oh, heavy night! the hearts of the watchers sicken as each lingering mo-

ment creeps and creeps away into the past. Sometimes, in despair, they go slowly back towards the family sitting-room, always straining eager ears into the silence. Then a supposed foot-step—the cracking of a dry bough without, or the step of a passing servant within—rouse them to an agony of impatience once more. In the dead of night, the rain comes down heavily upon the roof, and on the beds of fallen leaves about the door. Even the shower does not dash against the windows as showers are wont to do, but falls in a dead, heavy, mystical downpouring from the leaden skies; and they sit within and look at each other, with eyes in whose depths of terror there are strange suggestions—or starting up, one by one, hasten to the door or the windows to gaze into the rain and into the night. All this while the lights are blazing in unprofitable profusion, and Aunt Blundell nods in a great easy-chair, and Colonel Morton has disposed himself comfortably on the sofa. Now and then a drowsy servant crosses the hall to see if anything is wanted; but nothing is wanted; and the attendants, like the guests, steal away to fireside corners and fall asleep.

There is no sleep in the eyes of the ladies of the Grange, but an unspeakable impatient weariness—a longing to rush out into the dreary night, to share at least, though they may not advance, the search—takes possession of them all. Then almost sadder than the night comes the chill, unfriendly dawning, with its watery mists and icy breath. Another day—another day—and Zaidee has been an entire night from home.

By-and-by Philip and Percy, and Bernard drop in from different quarters, one by one. Jaded, worn-out, and dispirited are they all, for there is not a trace, east nor west, of the lost girl. Philip has gathered a little band of followers after him. Philip has traversed miles of country to-night—far away to the sea-coast, where lives a woman who was once Zaidee's nurse, and a servant at the Grange—inland upon the great road which leads to a great adjacent town, and through it to other towns—to London and the world. But what would Zaidee do in the world? And Philip thought he was secure of finding her in her old nurse's cottage; but the woman had not seen Zaidee for four or five years, and scarcely recollected even the young Squire. Philip, at his wit's end, had at last unwillingly come home.

What can be done? Mrs. Vivian walks about the room, still wringing her hands, and exclaiming in despair, "How young she is—how innocent—how ignorant—how unacquainted with life;" for Mrs. Vivian not only grieves for Zaidee lost, but with even a deeper pang for the young girl abandoned to the world. All last night, Mrs. Vivian's mind was dismayed with thoughts of suicide. When she closed her eyes, it was to see in imagination Zaidee's motionless white form laid upon that little bed where Zaidee's festival dress lies solemnly under the dawning light—and to realise the dreadful bringing home, not of Zaidee, but of all that remained of her. Now, with a changed phase of self-torture, Mrs. Vivian recalls those thousandfold snares, and temptations, and pitfalls of evil, for which her own inexperienced and innocent mind holds "the world" in horror. "It would have been nothing for a boy; a boy could come to no great harm," said Mrs. Vivian; "but Zaidee—a girl—a woman—God help my poor child!"

It is very hard and difficult to decide what can be done next. "We must do everything," says one and another; but how to begin is the question. Philip only says nothing. Philip is feverish, restless—cannot sit still or lie down, or take any refreshment. Aunt Blundell by this time has had the breakfast-table arranged, and presides at it, full of suggestions. Excellently well Aunt Blundell means, but it is misery to have a full meal spread before them, when they are all so sick at heart; and Philip, for his part, thinks she means to torture him when she presses him to eat.

"Where there is so much confusion, Philip, it may be some time before you have a well-ordered meal again," says Mrs. Blundell with dignity; "and you must take nourishment—it is most important—or the frame will sink under all this fatigue."

Hearing her sister-in-law speak,

Mrs. Vivian stopped behind Philip's chair, fondly put her hands upon his head, smoothed down his dark curls, and drew them back to kiss his fair, young, manly brow. "Try to take something Philip—try, my poor boy," said Mrs. Vivian with a trembling voice. Philip, in his excitement and exhaustion, fairly broke down.

"It is my fault, mother. I have driven her to this," said Philip, with something that sounded like a sob; and starting up, he buttoned his overcoat closely over his breast. "I must go—I cannot rest—I must seek poor Zay," said the young man hurriedly. "Poor Zay — poor child — she has thrown away everything for me. I *must* find her, wherever she is."

That day passed—alas! and other days!—weary days, weary nights—hours taken up and occupied by nothing but this search; but no one had seen Zaidee Vivian, and not the faintest trace was to be found of where she had gone. Philip travelled far and near over all the country, wrote letters, published advertisements, did everything that man could do, but found only a few tantalising disappointments, and no Zaidee. Elizabeth's marriage was delayed—the whole domestic economy of the Grange was disturbed and shaken—the household kept in perpetual agitation by varying hopes and fears;—but still Philip had not found Zaidee, and the expectation of finding her lessened day by day.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—GUILT.

Whatever might be the ordinary character of Mrs. Green's effusions of susceptibility, there could be no doubt that her fainting fit, on the night of Zaidee's disappearance, was genuine and sincere. Poor Angelina was a very coward; she dared not for her life rise up and say that she had the clue for which every one looked in vain. She trembled under her husband's eye with a secret terror. Fear, the strongest passion of the weak, overpowered Angelina. Secresy and guilt are so near akin that the one is apt at all times to feel like the other. And if the Curate's wife had been the kidnapper of Zaidee, she could not have been more overwhelmed with terror of discovery. The good Curate, much annoyed and discomfited by her swoon, softened to see the real distress of his tender-hearted bride. She was so visibly afraid of him too, that his honour was piqued to justify himself. "Why, Lina, you make an ogre of me," said Mr. Green, with sundry grimaces of discomposure. "You might have chosen a better time to faint, I confess. When all the Vivians stood it out, what was it to you? But I don't intend to make any lecture. Come along. Lina! are you really ill, now? the girl trembles like a leaf. What was Zaidee Vivian to you? Well, I'll not say that, if it vexes you. If I had ever thought you cared so much for that child!"

"Oh, Mr. Green! don't speak to me," sobbed Angelina.

"I won't till you can hear reason," said the straightforward John. And he took his sensitive wife under his arm and trudged her away down the stormy pathway from the Grange. But he felt her tremble so, as she clung to him—he heard such a sound of suppressed tears and sobbing in the lulls of the wind—that the Curate could not keep his resolution. "What is it all about, Lina?" asked Mr. Green, facing round against the wind, and looking at her in dismay. Mr. Green could see only a shrinking figure and veiled face, but could not perceive the terrified expression—the weak despair, in Angelina's eye. "You can't think that Zaidee is lost? You can't think it possible that a girl of her age, knowing nothing, should be able to elude Philip Vivian and the strict search he will make? Dry your eyes, Lina; don't be such a little fool. As sure as we are going home to-night. Zaidee will come by-and-by—no fear."

Angelina listened—made a shivering tremulous response—she hoped so—and went on with her husband in silence, afraid to awake his suspicions by another word. She might have saved herself at least this fear, for Mr. Green lumbered on, the soul of rude sincerity, who neither knew deceit nor suspected it; nor even in his wildest imaginations could the Curate

have fancied her inculpated in such a mystery as Zaidee's escape.

A sleepless night was this for Angelina. If Zaidee did come back—if Zaidee was found in Mrs. Disbrowe's, recommended by Mrs. Green, what would Mrs. Green's husband—what would all the world say? And if Zaidee never came back, what a secret was this lying night and day on Angelina's heart! Would it be better to make up her mind boldly; and confess the truth at once? Perhaps so; but the Curate looked so severe, so determined in the pale morning light, that his wife only shrank into a corner and cried. What could she do?

She took the usual expedient of cowardice, in the first place. She waited—waited day after day, in nervous expectation of hearing that Zaidee had been found—or, with still darker terror, dreading that Zaidee, being found, had sought for herself some other means of conclusion than the pool under Briarford Hill. Living thus, from day to day, in a state of nervous expectation and suspense, the poor foolish wife of the Curate fell ill at last. Angelina was rather glad than otherwise of the excuse thus given her for fairly taking her bed and shutting herself up; but lying all day long thinking of this oppressive secret, brought her not a whit nearer a settlement of it. And day passed after day, but Zaidee Vivian was not found.

Mrs. Green's illness continued so long that it procured her the unusual honour of a call from Mrs. Wyburgh. The Vicaress came in to Angelina's dim bed-chamber, a very mass of shawls and wrappings. Angelina's bed-chamber was not only cloudy with drawn curtains and closed blinds, but was somewhat chill besides, and by no means comfortable. Something of the effect which a bright fire might have produced, the vision of Mrs. Wyburgh gave; but Angelina scarcely ventured to turn her pale face from the wall to answer the inquiries of the Vicaress.

"No, not a word can one hear of that poor darling yet," said kind Mrs. Wyburgh; "and my blessing on her this day, wherever she may be. What should make her wise at her age?—I'll never say it was wise of Zaidee to run away; but well I know it was all the love at her heart."

Angelina made no answer. She had much ado to keep herself from a weak passion of tears.

"I hear ye all say it was wrong of Zaidee," continued the Vicaress. "Ne'er a one of you all but blames her; but I'll never cast a stone at you, Zaidee dear—never an evil word will I say. Blessings on them was so good to the motherless child, and blessings on the orphan that had it in her heart to lose herself for them. I'd give half of Briarford," said Mrs. Wyburgh with animation, "to hear the child was safe; but I'd not thank any one to tell me where she was—ay, dear heart, for all I like her well."

"Oh, Mrs. Wyburgh, will you tell me why?" cried Angelina anxiously.

"My dear, I'd be bound to tell," said the Vicaress, "to let Philip and the lady know, and betray the innocent lamb. 'Tis God takes care of such. She'll never come to harm in the world; but do you think I'd be the one to balk her good will and the love in her heart? So that's why I wouldn't listen to hear where she was."

"Mrs. Wyburgh," said Angelina, with great humility, "I want to tell you something. I have kept it a secret, because of what she said. I have never told Mr. Green; and I am afraid—I cannot help it—I am so much afraid to tell him now."

Mrs. Wyburgh interrupted the confession by a motion of her hand. "Tell it to him before you tell it to me. My dear, you are young; you must make a good beginning; and sure, of every one in the world, there's none has the same right as he."

"But I am afraid; oh, Mrs. Wyburgh, I am afraid," said the helpless Angelina.

"Five-and-twenty years," said the Vicaress, reckoning upon her dimpled fingers, "I've been the nearest friend to Richard and he to me. Do you think one of us was ever afraid to tell a thing to the other? My dear, if we had, we'd never have been here. I could not do a thing myself did not know; no more could I with Richard, though he's a man as well deserves to be feared as any in this world; but I'd as soon have thought of fearing daylight as fearing Richard. Take thought of it, you, poor child—you've

got no one to look to you. What should you be afraid of? The man's your own—didn't you make choice of him? And I wouldn't build up secrets, if I were you, between him and me."

"Indeed, I am sure I cannot tell what to do," said Mrs. Green, half weeping between offence and real distress.

"Poor soul, doesn't he see through you, out and out?" sighed Mrs. Wyburgh, under her breath, impatient with the weakling before her. "But, my dear, you had best tell him," she said with much self-restraint, expressing herself aloud.

And Angelina courageously made up her mind to try. When her husband came to her disconsolate bedside that same evening, the invalid began by telling him of Mrs. Wyburgh's visit. "It is hard to understand her sometimes," said Angelina with a great palpitation at the heart. "She said to-day she would be glad to hear that Zaidee was safe, but not where she was—if, indeed, any one could know."

"I tell you what, Lina," said the Curate, somewhat sternly, if *I* knew any one that was in the secret, I'd not only compel them to tell, but shut them out for ever from any kind offices of mine. I could never forgive any one in his right senses for aiding, in such a fatal project, this wild foolish girl."

Angelina shrank, terror-stricken; her lips grew pale, her breast heaved, but fear gave her a power of self-restraint quite unusual to her. She had not strength to tell her secret; but she had strength, by a most heroical effort, to keep in her tears and subdue every expression of her true state of mind. Good Mr. Green went off immediately to his study, frowning at the very possibility of Zaidee's secret being known to any one and remaining unrevealed. Meanwhile Zaidee's secret remained heavy like a stone on his wife's apprehensive heart. Human creatures know so little of each other—he never for an instant suspected her.

CHAPTER XXXV.—CHANGED DAYS.

The spring comes chill, with its lengthening pale days, upon the Grange—young buds are struggling into life on the wind-tossed trees—and the sunsets soften out of their wintry red into a tracery of gold—but the time of crocuses and primroses is not yet. The white-cheeked Christmas rose, and the melancholy little vestal snowdrop—impersonation of this pallid season—are all the flowers which even Mrs. Vivian's sheltered flower-garden can produce in honor of Elizabeth's wedding-day. Postponed from week to week, and from month to month, the time has at last arrived for this great family event. To-morrow, if it be the windiest March morning that ever blew in Cheshire, cannot delay any longer this interrupted bridal. We are on the eve, too, of other goings away, and there is little rejoicing among us to-night.

Captain Bernard has the place of honour beside Mrs. Vivian in this great bright drawing-room, which cannot look anything but cheerful and homelike. Bernard Morton is past his first youth, and has never been so handsome as Mr. Powis. An unmistakable ardour and glow of temperament are in his deep dark eyes and sunburnt face; but it is ardour restrained and kept in subjection by a will and character stronger than itself. His young brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law do not quite understand Captain Bearnard; he is a little too mature and full-grown a man for their youthful comprehension; and Percy, irritable and wayward, who admires and adores his beautiful sister with the fervour of a poet, and the affectionate tenderness of a younger brother, chafes at Captain Bernard's good sense, and vows he is not worthy of Elizabeth. Elizabeth herself only smiles, as Bernard would smile if he heard these words. These two, who are by no means like, do yet perfectly understand each other, and there is no cloud upon the confidence with which they look forward to their new life.

Except in the extreme simplicity of her dress, there is no change upon Elizabeth. Only one ornament breaks the undecorated plainness of the bride's

costume, and that is Zaidee's little gold chain, which Elizabeth says she will never lay aside till Zaidee is found. There is something admirably harmonious and in keeping in these plain garments of Elizabeth's. She is no longer a girl, to shrink with shy confusion from the kind glances round her — but a woman, simple, humble, esteeming every other better than herself, Elizabeth sits composed and silent behind her mother, ready to enter with sweet gravity and thoughtfulness into her altered lot.

Much different is Margaret, working with nervous haste at the table, not only grieved, but wounded to the heart. Margaret's eye swims with unshed tears, and a heat of petulant and passionate feeling is over all her face. She cannot work fast enough, or move about with sufficient rapidity, to cheat the pain at her heart; and her heart is not softened, but irritated by her grief. A certain acrimony, even, has stolen into poor Margaret's tones. She is bitterly ashamed of herself, and overpowered with mortification and self-reproach; but she cannot subdue the strength of passion, which assumes this character—she cannot keep down the heat and flush of injury, of shame and disappointment, which burns at her heart night and day.

Sophy sits apart unoccupied, patting with her foot upon the carpet, beating upon the palm of one hand with the fingers of the other. Sophy is going over, in anticipation, all the events of to-morrow — realising how Elizabeth will look in her bride's dress—wondering how she herself will become *her* costume as bridesmaid. Sophy cannot keep herself from being interested, from being a little excited, and from no small share of pleasurable expectation; yet Sophy sighs for Zaidee, and puts her hand upon her heart, where there is a pain and a vacancy, as she thinks, since ever her companion went away. Poor Zay! where is she now?—where can she be to-night? And it will be well for Sophy if her meditations do not end in a fit of tears.

But Sophy is conscious of the presence of Aunt Blundell—Margaret is angrily conscious of it — and even Philip and Percy make some small sacrifices in acknowledgment of their relative's eye. Mrs. Blundell's forces are in no wise abated by "what she has come through." She still finds it possible to bear her sister Vivian's misfortunes with exemplary resignation, and to set a good example to the young people. Sitting with a basket before her, full of snowy ribbons, Mrs. Blundell is making wedding-favours; and the rustle of her dress each time she moves her arm, the demonstration with which she threads her needle, the sigh with which she adds every completed ribbon to the heap, keep every one informed of her proceedings. Mrs. Blundell sits with great state in a great chair, the easiest in the room; but it is hard to calculate how much the presence of Mrs. Blundell sits heavy upon the minds of the assembled family here.

Philip has a book before him, but is not reading; and no one, save Aunt Blundell, has a word to say. Philip's hand, supporting his head, glimmers out of the mass of hair which droops over it—Philip's eye looks far into space, as the eye of youth is wont to do; but meditation has ceased to be a favourite exercise with Philip. These few months have carried the youth entirely out of the region of dreams. The actual world, wherein, as into a desert, his poor little cousin has plunged and lost herself for him—the real toils and hardships by which he must seek his fortune—are present to Philip's eyes. He might have lived and died a very good Squire of Briarford—might have deliberated over the commonplace changes of his peaceful life—and been slow, and sure, and steady, as ever country gentleman was. But necessity has stirred the young man out of the calm routine of living, and plunged him into life: and Zaidee has helped to form the character which was her own childish ideal of man. Prompt to do, and quick to discern—strong against fatigue, and patient in the very front of hopelessness—the search which he pursued so earnestly has made Philip Vivian. He has been at school while he has been following the track of the lost child; and now that the search seems hopeless, Philip is about to make his start in life.

Last of all the family group—save

Percy, who sits yonder in a corner, in the dark, observing them all—is Mrs. Vivian, who, much unlike her wont, sits idle in her great chair, holding in her hand a white handkerchief, which she occasionally presses upon her eyes, perhaps to keep tears from falling, perhaps only to relieve some pain in them. Elizabeth is to be married and go away to-morrow; and throughout this whole great house there is a want of Zaidee—a visible void and empty place; and a perpetual aching in Mrs. Vivian's kind heart brings the orphan before her—brings before her her own ill-advised and hasty words. If Zaidee had been here, in this room and at home as of old, the chances are ten to one that, bestowed in some out-of-the-way corner, you never would have observed Zaidee; yet it is strange how vividly every one who enters here feels she is gone.

In the mean time, when all are so silent, Mrs. Blundell, the chorus of the family drama, runs on in an explanatory monologue—a recitative, familiarly revealing the history of the time.

"I wonder, for my part, if I had not come yesterday, who would have thought of providing *these?*" said Mrs. Blundell, as she deposited another wedding-favour upon the heap. "No doubt every one is very much occupied, but it is always my principle to neglect nothing—especially to preserve all the ordinary decorums at such a time as this; for nothing can look worse, I assure you, than excessive feeling. Philip, when do you go away?"

"Next month, aunt," answered Philip, starting to hear himself addressed.

"I never object to India," said Mrs. Blundell. "Everything has such a tinge of wealth, I suppose, that comes from the East; and it does not matter very much what one does there, so long as one grows rich. Of course," continued Aunt Blundell, in her character of example—"of course you understand me that I could never mean any one to do any thing improper, or unbecoming a gentleman, even so far away; but business loses its vulgarity: an Indian merchant is not a trader, but a nabob. And Sir Francis really advises you to turn your thoughts to commerce. That is what your mother tells me, Philip."

With an effort Philip roused himself to answer. "If I can rise in the service of the Company, I will; but if I cannot, aunt, or the progress is too slow, Sir Francis introduces me to his friends, and to that Prince among them who helped himself to his fortune, and bids me hesitate at nothing which comes to my hand. I do not see, indeed," said Philip, colouring slightly, "why I should hesitate to do what Sir Francis Vivian did."

"Sir Francis Vivian represents the younger branch," said Mrs. Vivian; "but you, Philip, are the head of the house."

"I have heard my sister Vivian say this a hundred times. What does it matter, when there is nothing but the empty honour—the title and no more?" said Mrs. Blundell; "but you, Philip, are a mere Quixote. The Grange is yours by nature, in the first place; and even if it was not, what is to be done with it, now that Zaidee is gone? Why should the estate be lost and yourself banished, while there is no claimant of the lands? Don't speak to me. I would let the child have all when she came to claim it. Poor little foolish thing, I would look for her too; but I would not throw up everything, and leave the country, as *you* intend to do."

"I leave the country to make my fortune," said Philip, with a momentary smile; "and banished or not, aunt Blundell, the Grange is no longer mine. If I could have accepted it in any case, I should have taken it from Zaidee—poor Zaidee, who has lost herself for love of us; and I would gladly stay to find my dear little cousin," continued the young man, with a slight faltering; "but I have done all I can do, and I leave the matter in Bernard's hands. My mother will stay here at home till Zaidee is found—and after Zaidee is found, to take care of her, I hope. As for Percy and I, we are travelling paladins—we must go forth to the wars."

Sophy, from her seat apart, echoed this last word with an audible sob. There was a dead silence after it; and even Mrs. Blundell put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Percy too!" said the worldly but not unfeeling aunt. "I cannot say that you are not right, but I am sorry with all my heart. Ah, Elizabeth, my love! I congratulate *you;* but I am sure, for all the rest—those who go away and those who stay—I have no choice but to grieve for them."

Though this was not very consolatory, no one made any response to it. Mrs. Vivian shed some tears secretly behind her handkerchief; Sophy sobbed at intervals, restraining herself with all her might; while Margaret sat fiercely working by the table, heated and angry and miserable, defying herself and all the world. All the world seemed to Margaret personified in aunt Blundell, and she chafed under the intolerable scrutiny of these observing eyes.

They were glad all of them to part for the night; but when Elizabeth passed into her mother's dressing-room for one last hour of tenderest intercourse, full of tears and pain, yet not unhappy, and Sophy stole softly after her, to sit at Mrs. Vivian's feet and share the interview, Margaret, forlorn and miserable, stood in the dark alone, and looked out upon those dreary, melancholy roads, whence no passenger ever came. They stretched away before her into the misty horizon, so vacant and bare of life—paths which no one ever seemed to tread; and Margaret softened out of her resentful mood, thinking of herself forsaken and of Zaidee lost. To-morrow Elizabeth must go away a bride; by-and-by another to-morrow must carry Philip and Percy forth "into the wars;" and then, alas for the dead and solitary life which would remain to the dwellers in the Grange! These youths could fight open-handed with their evil fortune, and Zaidee—poor Zaidee—had fled from hers; but Margaret, in the martyrdom of her womanhood, could neither fight nor fly.

She went away drearily to her own room. Sermo was lying in the vacant passage, so much like one who no longer cared where he threw himself to rest, that Margaret's heart was touched. "Poor Sermo, the day is changed even for you!" she said, as she stooped to caress him, and softening tears fell upon Sermo's face. Then her door was closed; the door was closed in Mrs. Vivian's room; darkness and silence and sleep reigned in the Grange, where there was much sadness, much anxiety, much trouble, but still a home.

But out of doors those solitary roads stretched away into the misty sky—out of doors the moonlight, lying white upon the country, made a deep mystery of shadow on every hand, and a wistful wind crept to and fro, and a whisper ran among the trees. Alas for the wayfarer, forlorn and solitary, in this world of silence! The red cross hangs afloat in the silvery air which streams into Zaidee's vacant room, and the room is solemnly undisturbed and sacred to her memory; there is not a piece of furniture displaced, and everything silently suggests and calls for the wanderer. But Zaidee is gone away no one can tell where—a lonely traveller on the highways of the world.

VAGABOND LIFE IN MEXICO.

The imagination prevails over the real, at least in appearance, in most French narratives of travelling adventures. We refer not, of course, to the grave works of professional or scientific travellers, but to volumes of the class of that before us, the literary offspring of a casual rambler. The French are a gay, a fanciful, and a decorative people, and these qualities are seldom better exhibited than when they take up the pen to tell of the perils they have run and the strange sights they have seen in lands not yet known to the million. Without exceeding the limits of the probable—or at least of the possible—they lay on a romantic varnish, and fill up, from the stores of their imagination, gaps which, if left, might unpleasantly strike the eye. We could adduce, from memory, the titles of a score of books—some of which have been noticed in these pages—that are exact specimens of the class we speak of. We may not accept such works as guide-books, but we gladly resort to them as a pastime, Nor can we deny that we reap profit as well as amusement from their perusal, when long residence in the country has enabled their authors to interweave with fiction, or with embellished facts, curious and instructive details of distant lands, and of nations of which little is known.

For observant and intelligent travellers, Mexico is still a land of promise, an inexhaustible theme. Numerous as are the books that have been written concerning it, its stores of interest are yet evidently far from exhausted. Able pens, both in England and Germany, have busied themselves with that wild and magnificent country, and its strange semi-Spanish, semi-Indian population. France has been less forward in the field, but still makes a good appearance. Monsieur Bellamare, better known under his literary pseudonyme of Gabriel Ferry, was long a resident in Mexico —detained there, we believe, by commercial affairs. Whatever faults may be found in his books, he cannot be set down as one of those confident and superficial gentlemen who gallop through a country, and then write of it with as much assurance as if they had passed their lives within its limits. He somewhere incidentally mentions that he was upwards of seven years in Mexico. A taste for adventure, and for the study of national peculiarities, induced him to extend his wanderings further than his business rendered necessary. The first results of his observations appeared, some years ago, in a well-known French review; and although their literary merit was not great, they pleased by their freshness and originality. The sketches before us have the appearance of having also been published, wholly or in part, in the pages of a periodical. They are now first collected in a volume, which consists of studies and rambles—studies of life in Mexico's capital, rambles in its forests, ravines, mining districts, adventures on its coasts and high-roads. The nine sketches of which the book is composed are slightly connected by the reappearance at intervals of some of the personages. The author was indefatigable in his pursuit of the characteristic and the picturesque. And it is to his credit that he does not abuse the latter. The wonderful scenery and gorgeous climate of Mexico tempt him occasionally to a page of description, but he deals more with man than with inanimate nature, and presents us with many portraits, evidently taken from life. We may venture a doubt whether he himself was present at all the fights, fandangos, bloody encounters, and narrow escapes he writes of, but we feel convinced he has seen and known the characters he depicts. It is impossible to congratulate him on his associates. He seems to have made acquaintance with half the miscreants in Mexico, and it must have been by a miracle that he escaped

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Scènes de la Vie Mexicaine. Par Louis de Bellamare. Paris: 1855.

death from a rifle bullet or *machete* stab. The country that Montezuma ruled and Cortes conquered is now, according to M. Bellamare, the paradise of robbers. From the petty-larceny rogue to the daring highwayman, who makes a swoop at a convoy of dollars, and shrinks not from a combat with its escort, every variety of the craft thrives in Mexico. On the great square of the capital, when, at the last stroke of the *angelus*, the crowd begins to disperse, the robber issues forth with knife, sword, or lasso. His hour and his turn have come; and honest men, who have anything to lose, are cautious how they walk the streets when darkness covers the earth. Daylight even is not always a protection. M. Bellamare mentions instances of robbery and murder in open day, and in public places. A Mexican newspaper, of November, 1845, published a complaint, addressed to the Corporation, on the subject of the robbers, who carried on their trade at broad noon. In Mexico, crimes, which in European countries would be talked of for weeks, and furnish chapters for the modern *Causes Célèbres*, occur almost unnoticed, and, most frequently, wholly unpunished. With that disregard of human life which seems inherent in Spanish races, the Mexican robber slays his victim that he may plunder him more at his ease. And private vengeance finds cheap gratification. A stab is a small matter, and a few dollars are a fortune to the Mexican lazzarone. Observe yonder lepero, draped in a tattered cloak, stretched upon the pavement, or slumbering on a door-step, or strumming his guitar in a shady nook. He has, perhaps, to use M. Bellamare's expression, breakfasted on a sunbeam and dined off a paper cigar, and still he is resigned, although he may not be exactly thankful. But although capable of philosophy, and needing little to support life, he has a taste for quarrelling and a passion for gambling, and from time to time he loves to vary his habitual temperance by a furious bout of intoxication. The tempting sight of the spirit-shop, where credit there is none for him, and the fragrant exhalations of al-fresco frying-pans, do not always find him alike indifferent. Superstitious, but without true religion, sure of absolution from his priest, who stands scarcely a step higher than himself in the scale of civilization and intellect, he scruples little to barter his ready steel for the gold that will enable him to wallow for a short time in sensual gratifications, and to court fortune at the *monté* table. For he is the most inveterate of gamesters. M. Bellamare was taken by an acquaintance of his, a sort of thieves' lawyer, to a Mexican hell of the lower sort, frequented by robbers, assassins, and evil-doers of all kinds—a den worthy to figure in the Mysteries of Mexico, were such a novel to be written. There they encountered a malefactor, whose release from prison had just been obtained by the lawyer's *savoir-faire*, aided by the judge's venality. The rescuer bestowed a dollar upon the rescued, to get him a supper. "Pshaw!" replied the ruffian, "I am never hungry but when my pockets are empty. When I have a dollar, I play it." And he darted off to the green table, where the banker sat with a Catalan knife before him, pointed as a needle and keen as a razor, and warned the eager crowd that if any cavalier pretended to mistake the bank for his stake, he would pin his hand to the board. But the lawyer who led M. Bellamare to this reputable haunt is a character, and worthy of observation.

When in Mexico city, M. Bellamare had a debt to recover from a certain Don Dionisio Peralta. The recovery was rendered particularly difficult, by his being able to find no trace of his debtor, and by the repugnance of the Mexican lawyers to busy themselves with the affair. He applied to several, who all were willing enough until they heard the name of the defendant, when they immediately found an excuse to decline. At last one of them, more candid than his colleagues, confessed the true cause of their reluctance. The Dionysius in question was as unscrupulous, and almost as dreaded, as his namesake the tyrant. He was in the habit of killing his creditors instead of paying them. The only man of law at all likely to undertake the business was the licentiate Tadeo Cristobal, who, in the figurative

language of M. Bellamare's informant, had a hand of iron and a heart of rock. But the licentiate was almost as hard to find as the debtor. He dwelt not in snug chambers, with his name neatly painted on the door, but frequented the queer resorts of those amongst whom he found his clients. At last M. Bellamare hunted him up, and from him he derived much curious information concerning the dangerous classes of the Mexican population. Don Tadeo was not at all the sort of man a thieves' lawyer usually is in more civilized cities. Far from aiming at respectability in his appearance, he was a wild-looking blade, from under whose ample cloak a long rapier projected, and whose mane of hair was surmounted by a tawny Spanish hat, bound with gold lace. He was just such a lawyer, in short, as might probably have been encountered in Alsatia, in the days when Nigel sought shelter there. He was of Seville, had studied at Salamanca, and having killed a man in a duel, had come to seek his fortune in the New World, where his skill in fence was not less useful to him than his knowledge of the law. He had been more than ten years in Mexico, and a tragical event, that nearly concerned him, had first brought him into contact with the banditi, thieves, and gamblers, into whose haunts and habits he gave M. Bellamare an insight. A creole lady, to whom he was to be married, was decoyed by a forged letter to a lonely spot, and there stabbed for the sake of the jewels she wore. Mexican justice is indolent and blundering. Don Tadeo was himself arrested on suspicion, and detained for months in prison; but the real criminal was not discovered, and the judges declared it was impossible he ever should be. The Spaniard, however, was not to be discouraged. He obtained possession of the letter which had led his intended wife into the snare, and, with this for his only guide, he devoted himself to the search for her assassin. Whilst practising his profession, he applied himself particularly to that branch of it which gave him opportunities of interrogating robbers and murderers, and of visiting their lurking-places, and the taverns they frequented. How he succeeded in his researches is a long story, and not the most interesting or agreeable part of the volume before us; but in the course of them he became initiated in the secrets of various bands of criminals; and the services which his knowledge of the laws enabled him to render them, gave him great influence amongst those desperadoes. Some of the details he furnished to M. Bellamare are highly curious, amongst others those concerning a band of robbers, known as the *ensebados* (from *sebo*, tallow), who, during a whole year, kept the inhabitants of Mexico's capital in a state of constant terror. The *ensebados* were men who at night stripped themselves naked, rubbed themselves with tallow or oil, and waylaid persons who passed late through the streets, robbing and frequently stabbing them. Their anointed limbs and bodies could not be grasped; slippery as eels, they invariably escaped, and long set at defiance all the efforts of the police.

The licentiate of Salamanca undertook M. Bellamare's case, and after making him transfer the debt to himself, managed so well, without recourse to the tribunals, but by employing certain dangerous agents of his own, that, within a short time, he not only discovered the whereabouts of the dreaded Dionysius, but intimidated him into giving up a house and some land nearly equal in value to the amount due. The property was situated at the little village of Tacuba, about a league from Mexico, and the Frenchman and the licentiate rode out together to take possession. In presence of a number of ragged witnesses, with cut-throat physiognomies, whom the prospect of largesses from the new proprietor quickly assembled in the weed-choked garden of Dionysius's country villa (a dilapidated den with a rickety staircase), M. Bellamare was formally installed in his new estate. "My lords cavaliers," quoth Pepito Rechifla (a sort of brigand, who had volunteered his escort to his friend the lawyer) to the tawny tatterdemalions who stood gaping around, "you are witnesses that, in the name of the law, his lordship here present"—and Pepito pointed to M. Bellamare—"takes regular possession of this estate. *Dios y*

Libertad!" Instructed by the lawyer, M. Bellamare then plucked up a handful of herbs, which he threw over his head, and tossed a stone over the garden wall. In the terms of the Mexican law, that was taking possession.

Although there are some striking incidents and episodes in the first three sections of M. Bellamare's book, the scene of which is laid in or close to the city of Mexico, some of the subsequent chapters, when he gets away from the capital, are more attractive. The first that arrests attention is an account of a singular ride, which he intended to terminate in an afternoon, and which extended to upwards of two hundred leagues, involving him in a variety of hazardous adventures. One night, on going home to his house in Mexico, he was informed that a stranger had called for him, had said that he desired to see him on a matter of life and death, but had refused to leave his name. He had happened to mention, however, that he was stopping at an inn, known as the *Meson de Regina*, and had departed, expressing great annoyance at not finding him he sought, and promising to return the next day. Something strange in the man's manner, the many questions he asked, the care with which he concealed his face with his cloak combined to give to this visit a mysterious character that acted strongly on M. Bellamare's imagination. Expecting his nameless visitor to return, he remained in-doors all the next morning, and at last, tired of waiting, betook himself to Regina's inn. In most countries there would have been little difficulty in discovering the stranger's name, but Mexican hosts are not of an inquiring turn of mind, and all that he could learn was, that the person he described had set out, half an hour before, for Cuantitlan, and might easily be overtaken, that he rode an iron-grey horse, and his servant a peach-blossom. The colours were sufficiently remarkable to serve as a sure guide; a ride before dinner could but be salutary and agreeable; M. Bellamare hurried home, and ordered his servant Cecilio to saddle his horses. According to his custom, when going out of the city, he put on a Mexican costume, whilst Cecilio like a prudent man, strapped his master's cloak to his saddle, put pistols in the holsters, brought out the lance M. Bellamare was wont to carry when travelling, and provided himself with a sabre and a well-filled valise. On being asked the motive of such preparations for so short a ride, Cecilio, whose instinct did not deceive him, replied that the environs of Mexico were infested with robbers.

It is six leagues to Cuantitlan. M. Bellamare hoped to overtake the travellers before they reached that place, but his servant's horse was not so good as his own. On the road he met some muleteers, who had seen the iron-grey and the peach-blossom, and, on reaching Cuantitlan he had no difficulty in discovering at which inn the object of his pursuit had stopped. Hurrying thither, he questioned the host. "Are your horses tired?" was the Mexican's interrogative reply. "No." "All the better for you. The travellers you inquire for did but refresh themselves, and you will need good horses to overtake them." Half an hour, more or less, thought M. Bellamare, is no great matter. And he remounted and rode on. The afternoon wore away, night came; he had been six hours in the saddle, and still there were no signs of the stranger. He would long before have given up the pursuit, but obstinacy, and a dislike to be baffled, had come to the aid of curiosity. It was time, however, to halt somewhere, for twelve leagues at a brisk pace had rendered repose absolutely necessary for the horses. A light guided M. Bellamare to a solitary cottage. Two travellers, said the owner, had passed half an hour before, but the darkness had prevented his distinguishing the colour of their horses. It was impossible they could go much farther without pausing to rest; by starting at daybreak he must certainly overtake them. Thus reasoning, their pursuer determined to put up at the cottage. Unfortunately Cecilio overslept himself, and the sun was up before they were again on the trail. This was broad and plain enough. At every rancho and customary halting-place the people had seen the two horsemen, and everywhere the pursuers were told that the pursued could be but a little ahead.

Cecilio, a sleek-faced youth, half hypocrite, half simpleton, who reminded his master of Ambrose de Lamela in Gil Blas, was of an indolent turn, and now completely lost heart. "The devil must possess them," he mournfully exclaimed, "or they must be two great criminals, who dare not stop anywhere!" Deaf to his servant's lamentations, M. Bellamare pushed on. The sun had set on the second day, and master and man had been for twenty hours in the saddle since leaving Mexico, when they discovered, by the last glimmer of light, the red walls of the *hacienda* of Arroyo Zarco. It was the only inn or possible halting-place for six leagues around, and M. Bellamare made sure of there catching his man. Entering the stable, he almost leaped for joy on beholding, side by side, like two faithful travelling-companions, the iron-grey and the peach-blossom. He still had something to do to complete his discovery, for, judging from the number of horses, there were at least sixty travellers stopping at the *hacienda*. Sure, however, of having at last attained his object, he was in no haste to make inquiries. Whilst supping in the vast kitchen of the establishment, which was crowded with merchants, military men, muleteers, and servants, he questioned the hostess as to the two travellers whose horses he had remarked in the stable. The horses, he was told, belonged to Don Thomas Verdugo, who had arrived about an hour before him, and who, being in haste, had waited but to get fresh cattle, leaving his own behind. He was to stop two days at Celaya, and would put up at the *Meson de Guadalupe*. Celaya was forty leagues from the *hacienda*.

To a desultory man, disposed for adventure, and wandering in a wild country amidst half-civilised people, adventures are pretty sure to come. There is little difficulty, therefore, in believing that many of those related by M. Bellamare really occurred to him, and are not borrowed goods, fixed here and there along the thread of his narrative, the effect being heightened by the French varnish before alluded to. Moreover, the present book is, in the way of incident, the cream of many years' residence. During the night passed at the *hacienda*, M. Bellamare contrived, as usual, to get himself involved in an adventure. He met with a young Spaniard, who was following the trace of a beautiful Mexican girl. The lady had arrived at the inn soon after the Frenchman, in a carriage drawn by eight mules, and escorted by armed servants. Her father was wealthy, her lover poor; hence the difficulty usual in such cases. M. Bellamare aided an elopement, which took place that night, and set out for Celaya, which he reached after two days' hard riding. Seventy leagues from Mexico, and Don Thomas was again missed by half an hour! He had gone on to Irapuato. At the only inn at that place none had seen him; but he was known there, and his pursuer was advised to seek him at his residence, at the foot of the Cerro del Gigante or Giant's Peak. This is the loftiest mountain of the ridge that shelters Guanajato. It was another long day's march, and would complete ninety leagues from Mexico. M. Bellamare hesitated. But he remembered that it was to Guanajato that his Spanish friend had taken his bride, and this circumstance, combining with his obstinate desire to make acquaintance with that will-o'-the-wisp, Don Thomas Verdugo, determined him to proceed, in spite of Cecilio's remonstrances. On the road, when passing through a ravine, a shot was fired at him, but missed him. He soon afterwards fell in with the assassin, a miner named Florencio Planillas, who, it appeared, had taken him for another person, and who seemed to think that, having fired at him by mistake and not hit him, he had no cause for complaint. Half angry and half amused, M. Bellamare ended by acquiescing in this curious reasoning, abstained from the revenge it was in his power to take, and passed the night in the crazy dwelling of his new acquaintance, who entered into long details concerning his own affairs. The case of Florencio was that of many Mexican miners. Once chief owner of a rich silver mine, then of a *hacienda de beneficio* (the workshop where the siver undergoes the last process), the rich vein had become sterile, and want of capital had forced him to close his metal-

lurgic establishment. According to Mexican usage, the works thus abandoned would become the property of the person who should denounce the owner's inability to carry them on. The fear of this denunciation robbed Florencio of rest. He had been informed, the day before, that a stranger had arrived at Guanajato, with the express intention of having the property adjudged to him. The description given to him of this person coincided more or less with the appearance of M. Bellamare, to whom the resemblance had nearly proved fatal. "I bear you no malice for having missed you," concluded Florencio, with great simplicity, "but in future I will use my knife. *El cuchillo no suena ni truena* (the knife makes no noise), as my friend Thomas Verduzco says."

"You mean Verdugo," interrupted M. Bellamare.

"You know him?" cried Florencio, laughing. "The joke is good; but you do not repeat it before him, I presume."

"What joke?"

"*Hombre!* do you not know that his real name is Verduzco, and that they call him *Verdugo** merely because he sometimes takes justice into his own hands in what he calls his cases of conscience?"

These particulars concerning the character of the man he had so long and pertinaciously pursued were extremely disagreeable to M. Bellamare, and the further information his questions drew from the miner confirmed him in his regret that he had ever undertaken his wild-goose chase. Don Thomas Verduzco, he ascertained, was not only ready with his knife on his own account, but put it at the disposal of any one who paid well. He was a desperado who stuck at nothing, and a hired bravo upon occasion. Nevertheless, on reflection, M. Bellamare determined to continue his pursuit, and for this reason: he was quite sure that Don Thomas could have no cause to assassinate him, but he feared some mistake. Mexican *bravi*, it appears, are not always very careful in selecting the right man. Paid beforehand, if they make a mistake, they have the benefit of a double job. M. Bellamare thought it advisable to convince Verduzco of his identity, and rode on to the foot of the Giant's Peak, which was close at hand. A servant, who was grooming a fine horse at the door of a sycamore-shaded dwelling, informed him that his master had scarcely reached home on the preceding evening when he had been summoned to Guanajato on business of importance, which might detain him three or four days, and perhaps on his return he might have to leave again immediately. So M. Bellamare rode back to Guanajato, whence he proposed visiting the neighbouring mines. One of the most interesting sections of his book is that entitled "The Miners of Rayas." Before, however, descending into the bowels of the earth, and studying the peculiar customs and characteristics of the silver-diggers of Mexican sierras, he had the grief to learn the death of the Spanish gentleman to whom he had been of service at the *hacienda* of Arroyo Zarco. The young man had reached Guanajato in safety with his mistress, had found a priest to marry them, and had then placed her in a convent until he could make arrangements for their departure from Mexico. His bride was safe; nothing, he thought, could sunder them—nothing, indeed, but death. Returning one day from the convent, at the grating of whose parlour he had frequent interviews with his wife, a man picked a quarrel with him in the street, and the unfortunate Spaniard was carried to his inn, mortally stabbed. The assassin was employed by the vindictive father of the murdered man's newly-wedded wife. His name, as M. Bellamare learned from Florencio—whom he found half-intoxicated in a *pulqueria*—was Thomas Verduzco. The pressing business that had called him into Guanajato was thus explained. Of course, there was little chance of falling in with him there immediately after the commission of his crime. Even Mexican justice conforms so far to decency as to require an assassin to purchase impunity by a brief absence. Our French adventurer left Guanajato with a heavy heart, after closing the eyes

* *Verdugo* is an executioner, and also a long sharp poniard.

of his friend, whose death, at a later period, he was destined to see avenged.

Less than a century and a half ago, Guanajato was an insignificant village. The rich veins of gold and silver that surround it were as yet undiscovered. It was long unknown that the cordillera on whose slope it is built contained the *Veta Madre*, the Mother Vein, the richest vein of silver in the world. Guanajato enjoys the double advantage of being situated in the most opulent mining district of Mexico, and close to the best cultivated part of the fertile plains of the Bajéo, a vast basin, eighty leagues in circumference, bounded on that side by the cordillera. M. Bellamare gives a vivid description of the district.

"Alternately parched and inundated, the Bajéo presents at all seasons a singularly picturesque aspect. At the time of the rains (the winter of those favoured climes), the sky, which loses its blue without losing its softness, bathes the plains with fertilising torrents. For some hours a-day the Bajéo is a vast lake, studded with tufts of verdure, with blue hills, with groups of white houses and enamelled cupolas. On this sheet of water, the green summits of the trees alone reveal to the traveller the capricious meanderings of the inundated roads. Soon, however, the thirsty soil has imbibed the moisture through the innumerable cracks that eight months' drought has left in its surface. A layer of slime, deposited by the rains and by the torrents from the cordillera, has impregnated the impoverished earth; the heavens are limpid and cloudless as before. At the foot of the *ahuehuelt*,* the springs, freed from the crust that obstructed them, gush more abundantly. The Peruvian tree, the gum tree, the golden-flowered *huisache*, amidst whose blossoms the scarlet-plumed parrots scream, shade and perfume the firm roads. The songs of muleteers and the bells of mules resound from afar, mingled with the shrill creaking of the cart-wheels. It is also the moment when the Indian labourer returns to his toils. Like the shepherd of the Georgics, with his leathern buskins, his short tunic, and his bare legs, he lazily goads the oxen of his plough; and such is the fertility of this soil that splendid crops quickly cover the ground that the share has scarcely furrowed."

But the agricultural riches of this fruitful region must yield the palm to its metallic treasures. Above the teeming fields adjacent to Guanajato, the cordillera rears its silver-swollen crest, and the blows of the miner's pick resound loud above the bucolic murmurs of the plain. The difference is remarkable between the character and qualities of the men employed in these two very opposite pursuits. The Indian husbandman is humble and submissive; the miner of the sierra is proud and dauntless—not unfrequently reckless and lawless. Nowhere is the contrast more marked than in the neighbourhood of Guanajato, and M. Bellamare was glad to have so favourable an opportunity of studying the character of the miners. He was so fortunate as to fall in with an excellent guide, in the person of one of them who was holiday-making. These men work well only when they are interested in the success of the enterprise. Their employers supply them with implements, candles, and other necessaries, but their payment depends on the value of what they extract. They love the risk of this sort of gambling. Sometimes, after toiling for a month, during which he has hardly earned enough to live upon, the miner, in a week, or even in a day, finds himself wealthy. Then comes his transformation. The dingy gnome who has been toiling naked in the bowels of the earth, ties himself to a rope, and is hoisted—a perilous ascent—a thousand feet or more, to the surface. Then he attires himself gaily, mounts a fine horse, scatters his gold with a lavish hand, and returns to labour only when driven by direst necessity. Alone, but on horseback and well armed, M. Bellamare was about to start for the mines, when his attention was arrested, whilst crossing the great square of Guanajato, by an unusual sight. Nailed against the wall of a house, and sheltered by a small pent-

* The name of a species of cedar whose presence almost always indicates the vicinity of a spring. In the Indian tongue *ahuehuell* signifies the Lord of the Waters.

house that jutted out from the stone, was a human hand, which evidently had once been strong and muscular, although now whitened and dried by wind and sun. Under the penthouse, a few half-burned candles told that pious souls had been touched by this strange exhibition, which seemed to tell of a bloody deed. M. Bellamare sought in vain an explanatory inscription, and turned away to continue his route, when he found a horseman by his side. The stranger, who was sumptuously attired, and wore a velvet cloak trimmed with gold lace, recognised M. Bellamare as a foreigner by the curiosity with which he gazed at the dead hand, introduced himself to him as Desiderio Fuentes, a miner, who had just made a lucky hit, and had left off work until such time as he had got through his heap of dollars. He appeared greatly at a loss what to do with his leisure, seemed determined to attach himself to his new acquaintance, and, finding him bent on visiting the mines, agreed to serve as his guide rather than relinquish his society. There are four mines in that neighbourhood, the Valenciena, the Cata, the Mellado, the Rayas, which were discovered by the French miner Laborde, and which yielded, between 1829 and 1837, about six millions sterling in silver. Fuentes desired M. Bellamare to name the one he preferred to visit; only he premised that he would rather not go to the Valenciena, on account of a quarrel he had had with one of the administrators. He did not wish to show himself at the Mellado, because he owed money to a person employed there; and he strongly objected to visiting the Cata, on account of certain *desavenencias* (misunderstandings) of recent date; so that M. Bellamare's freedom of choice was limited to the Rayas. He began to entertain but an indifferent opinion of his volunteer escort, who was evidently quarrelsome, averse to paying his debts, and whose knife—M. Bellamare had reason to suspect—had figured in the "misunderstandings" at La Cata. This opinion was confirmed by a confession that escaped the miner. "My first impulse is always very good," he said, "but I own that the second is generally detestable." This was not calculated to inspire confidence, but Fuentes was likely to be a good guide in the mines, and moreover he had taken a fancy to his foreign friend, and would not relinquish his company, so, after one or two vain attempts to shake him off, M. Bellamare abandoned the contest, and they jogged on amicably together. Soon long strings of mules laden with ore, the chimneys of the furnaces, the noise of hammers, and the sound of the falling water that moved the machinery, warned them that they approached the mines. M. Bellamare had stopped his horse to contemplate the animated scene, when his attention was attracted by two men, half hidden in a hollow of the ground, and who were dragging along with ropes the carcass of a mule. Having reached a place where they were concealed from all eyes save those of the Frenchman and his companion, one of the men stooped down, seemed to examine the dead mule, and cast a suspicious glance around him. Perceiving the two horsemen, he sat down upon the carcass, whilst his companion disappeared in a thicket close at hand. The man sitting on the mule proved to be no other than M. Bellamare's old acquaintance, Florencio Planillas. He sat with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands, seemingly overwhelmed with grief. Knowing him to be an intimate of Verduzco's, M. Bellamare hoped to obtain from him some particulars concerning the share the bravo had had in the death of his young Spanish friend. So he rode up to him. The scene that follows is a curious picture of Mexican character.

"'Ah! Señores,' cried Florencio as we approached, 'in me you behold the most miserable man in all New Spain!'

"'You are doubtless thinking,' I replied, 'of the young cavalier whom Don Thomas assassinated two days ago, and whose blood is on your head, since you might have saved his life by stopping the hand of your friend —of that Don Thomas who was paid to kill him, you told me.'

"'Did I say that?' cried Florencio. 'Then, by the life of my mother, I lied. I am a horrible liar when in drink; and you know, my lord cavalier, I had drunk a great deal that day.'

"Florencio paused, visibly embarrassed. Without heeding this, Fuentes asked him why he was in such grief when we came up, and why he persisted in taking the carcass of a mule for a seat.

"'This mule is the cause of my sorrow,' replied Planillas. 'Although I was tenderly attached to her, misery compelled me to sell her to yonder *hacienda de platas*.* In order to see her every day, I took employment there. Alas! the poor brute died this morning, and I have dragged her to this lonely place in order to mourn over her undisturbed.'

"And again Planillas plunged his head violently between his hands, with the air of a man who will not be consoled. Then, doubtless to turn the conversation:

"'Ah! my lord cavalier,' he said, 'this is not my only misfortune! Yesterday a fight occurred between the miners of Rayas and those of Mellado, and I was not there.'

"I replied that I saw nothing very unfortunate in that.

"'Not unfortunate!' Planillo exclaimed. 'Ah! it was not one of those vulgar encounters that one may see any day; and you would never guess how it terminated. To prove the superiority of their mine, the Mellado men pelted their adversaries with hard dollars—fine eagle dollars!' he added, with an air of profound grief, 'and I was too late in the field.'

"I could better understand Florencio's grief at the loss of the dollars than at the death of the mule. But I should have doubted the arrogant prodigality of the Mellado miners, if Fuentes had not confirmed, with proud satisfaction, the truth of the tale. He would then again have questioned Planillas, whose lamentations appeared to excite his suspicions, but a sudden cracking of branches in the thicket behind us drew his attention. I thought I saw Planillas turn pale, notwithstanding his matchless impudence. A little thickset man, a sort of dwarf Hercules, stood before us. He saluted us courteously, and sat down upon the ground near Planillas. His mouth strove to smile, but his glance, sinister and piercing as that of a bird of prey, belied the feigned gaiety. For a few moments we were silent. The new-comer was the first to speak.

"'You were talking just now,' he said, with a soft and silky manner that contrasted strangely with his evil look, 'if my ears did not deceive me, of one Don Thomas? Was it by chance of Don Thomas Verduzco?' This simple question, proceeding from a man who had at once inspired me with the strongest repugnance, sounded to me like an insult.

"'Precisely,' I replied, exerting myself to keep cool. 'I accused Thomas Verduzco of a murder committed two days ago at Guanajato.'

"'Are you sure of it?' said the man with a sinister glance.

"'Ask this wretch,' I replied, pointing to Planillas.

"On hearing this reference, Planillas sprang up as if moved by springs. He had recovered all his assurance.

"'I never said anything of the sort,' he cried. 'But your lordship,' he added in an ironical tone, 'is surely not acquainted with the respectable cavalier Verduzco, since you speak thus in his presence.'

"I gazed at the man thus denounced to me, and whom I beheld for the first time. Imagination placed before my eyes the bleeding body of Don Jaime, his agony, his last moments. I thought of his young life and happy prospects, cut off in an instant by the knife of this ruffian.

"'Ah! you are Don Thomas Verduzco——'

"I could not finish. My head swam, and, without accounting to myself for what I was about to do, I cocked one of my pistols. At the click of the lock the stranger's face became livid; for Mexicans of the lower classes, who will not wince from the glitter of a knife-blade, tremble at the sight of a firearm in a European hand. He did not stir, however. Fuentes threw himself between us.

"'Gently! *señor*, gently!' cried he. '*Cascaras!* how ill you take the customs of the country!'

"'The deuce take that Planillas!' said the stranger with a forced laugh, 'he can never resist a joke. But the

* Establishment where the silver is extracted from the ore.

idea of introducing me as Don Thomas is rather too good a one. Your lordship, then, is greatly exasperated against this Don Thomas?'

"My passion appeared to me ridiculous, and passed away as by enchantment.

"'I do not know him,' I replied, a little confused. 'I know not how he has become mixed up in my affairs, but I think I owe it to my safety to show no mercy to such assassins, when chance throws them in my way.'

"The stranger muttered some unintelligible words. I thought the opportunity a good one to get rid of my new friend Desiderio, of whose society I had had enough; so I saluted the group, and rode off. But I had forgotten to take into account the idleness of Fuentes. Before I had ridden a hundred yards, he was again at my side.

"'I was perhaps wrong to interfere,' he said, 'and to prevent you from sending a bullet into the brain of that ill-looking knave, for, judging from the revengeful look he cast at you, I presume the first stab you receive will be from his hand.'

"'Do you think so?' I replied, rather startled by this unpleasant prediction.

"'I yielded too readily to my first impulse,' continued Fuentes, who seemed reflecting. Presently, 'What if we went back?' he said. 'You might resume the affair at the point at which you left it, and in case of need I would help you.'

"It was plain that Fuentes repented having missed an opportunity of quarrel. I drily refused his proffered assistance, and thought to myself that decidedly his second impulse was worse than his first.

"'You will not?' he said. 'So be it then! After all, what matters a knife-thrust more or less? I have received three, and am none the worse for them!'"

M. Bellamare deemed it unnecessary to reply to this revelation, which did not improve his opinion of his guide, and turned the conversation to the subject of the mine they were about to visit. Before leaving it, he obtained an explanation of two things he had not understood at the time. The tender solicitude of Planillas for the dead mule—which he had never seen until that day—arose from the fact that the carcass contained a considerable number of silver ingots, stolen and concealed by him. Verduzco was his accomplice. They afterwards quarrelled about the division of the spoils, and Planillas finally got nothing except a couple of stabs from the ready knife of Don Thomas. The hand nailed to the wall was that of a great criminal. On the road from San Miguel el Grande (a small town near Guanajato, celebrated for its manufacture of *sarapes*, or woollen coverings) to Dolores, the cradle of Mexican independence, the traveller has to cross the river Atotonilco. In the rainy season it is impassable, except by persons acquainted with the fords. At the spot where it crosses the San Miguel road it is about sixty yards wide, and its yellow waves flow with alarming impetuosity. On the opposite side, a few huts made of branches shelter some wretched families, whose chief support is the money they earn, when the river is swollen, by piloting travellers across—leading their horses by the bridle, or mounting behind them. One stormy night, a miner from Zacatecas—who, having rendered himself obnoxious to justice, had fled from the mine, and established himself as a *passer* on the banks of the Atotonilco—crossed the river to bring over a horseman. Towards the middle of the stream he got up behind him, and, a moment afterwards, another passer, who was watching on the shore, heard a heavy plash. The horse reached land with only one rider; its owner, a priest, remained in the river, but was rescued by the witness of the crime. The murderer rode away, and worked for some time in the mines of Rayas. Wounded one day—mortally, as it was thought—in one of the quarrels so frequent amongst the miners, a priest, who chanced to pass, was called in to hear his confession. On beholding the wounded man, the priest uttered a cry of horror; he had recognised the passer of the Atotonilco, who on his part gazed with terror and astonishment on the man he thought he had drowned. Justice being thus put on the scent, the miner was convicted of several crimes, amongst others, of a

robbery of plate in the cathedral of Guanajato. He suffered death by the *garrotte*, and it was his hand M. Bellamare had seen upon the wall in the great square of Guanajuato.

One of the most curious and interesting sections of M. Bellamare's book is that entitled the Jarochos. This is the name given to the peasants of the coast and country around Vera Cruz. In dress, dialect, and habits, they differ from the other Mexicans. The general opinion is, that they are descended from Andulusian gipsies, and various circumstances connected with them seem to confirm the supposition. Their costume has some analogy with that of Andalusia; they are superstitious, inclined to cruelty, very independent in their habits and ideas, and fond of dwelling in woods and lonely places. Addicted to fighting, and adventurous on the water, they yet will never willingly subject themselves to the discipline of a camp or of a man-of-war. Their favourite pursuits are those of the shepherd or the horse-dealer. They are never seen without their *machete*, a straight, sharp, scabbardless sword which they carry at their side, suspended in a leather ring. The slightest pretext—a bet, a futile point of honour—suffices to bring on a duel. This generally terminates with the first blood, but if a mortal wound is given, a sort of *vendetta* often ensues, and a long series of deadly combats are the result. The Jarocho, however, has some good qualities to set against his quarrelsome disposition and other defects. He is sober, frank, loyal, and hospitable to the *whites* (the name he gives to people of a higher class than himself); he holds theft in horror, loves the land of his birth, is a stranger to cupidity, and lives contented with little in the midst of a fertile country, where he has but to scatter the seed on the earth to gather in three crops a-year. His pleasures are play, music, dancing, poetry. He is generally more or less of an improvisatore, and able to celebrate in song the three objects of his devotion—his horse, his sword, and his mistress.

During one of his long and solitary rides, which had brought him into the vicinity of Vera Cruz. M. Bellamare fell in with a Jarocho, with whom he narrowly escaped having to cross swords, and afterwards became the best of friends. There was to be a *fandango* (dance and festival) the next day at the little village of Manantial, and the crowd, said Calro (Jarocho for Carlos), would be as "thick as smoke." So M. Bellamare agreed to remain a day and see the fun. Manantial is a woodland village, situated in a glade of an extensive forest, and consisting of a few bamboo cabins thatched with palm leaves. It was nightfall when the French traveller and his new acquaintance arrived there, and the former was struck by the pastoral and pretty scene. Women sat at the cottage doors rocking their children, suspended in hammocks of aloe thread: men in picturesque costume, and young girls dressed in white, their raven tresses wreathed with the fragrant flowers of the *suchil*, and spangled with glow-worms,* danced gracefully in the centre of an admiring circle of spectators. Rice, milk, fried bananas, and the celebrated red beans of the *Tierra Caliente*, proverbial in Mexico for their excellence, composed the frugal supper set before M. Bellamare. In hot countries one sleeps little and late; mosquitos and the lingering heat of the day are apt to banish slumber until they are chased away by the cool breath of morning. Stretched upon their blankets near the open door of the cabin, Carlos and his guest discoursed for some time before seeking repose. The Jarocho was dejected. He was in love with the most beautiful girl in the village; he feared a rival, and yet he was obliged to depart in quest of a man who, some months previously, had killed one of his relatives. The duty of revenge had devolved upon Carlos, and of itself had no terrors for him; but the murderer had fled, and he knew not how long it might be before he should discover him. There was only one way of avoiding

* The *suchil* is a tree common in the hot parts of Mexico, and whose flowers are much prized for their perfume. Glow-worms in the hair are a common ornament with the Jarochos, whom the women of Mexico sometimes imitate in this respect.

the task, and that was by some devoted friend undertaking it in his stead. Carlos coolly proposed that M. Bellamare should do this; but the latter modestly declined the honour, offering, however, to accompany him in his search. It was agreed that they should start the day after the fandango.

The account of the village festival is curious and characteristic, but it cannot be abridged, and is too long to extract. On the morrow Carlos and M. Bellamare set out for Boca del Rio, a village on the coast, where dwelt a pilot named Ventura, who, they had been informed, could give them news of the person they sought. They reached the sea just as a storm came on. In the figurative local phrase, the north-west wind advanced "sword in hand." That night, at Boca del Rio, an American ship, deceived by a signal fire, lighted with malicious intent, ran upon the rocks. The pilot Ventura was on board, and was saved, with the greater part of the crew. A party of marauders soon came down to profit by the disaster their wicked stratagem had caused. Fired on from an ambush, they speedily fled. Ventura and the villagers desired no interlopers to lessen their shares of the spoils that the waves soon washed ashore from the shattered ship. Amongst the intruders the man whom Carlos was in quest of was recognised, and the next day the pilot undertook to conduct the Jarocho and his foreign friend to the village where he dwelt. To get there they had to ascend a rapid stream, shut in by forests and lofty overhanging rocks, and embowered in a virgin vegetation which, to all appearance, the hand of man had rarely disturbed. "The river, of so gloomy an aspect on the preceding evening, seemed to smile in its verdant bed at the rising sun. Thin mists arose, soon dissipated by the burning heat which abruptly replaced the cool temperature of the night. The flowers of the wild jessamine, of the suchil trees, and of the rose-laurel, mingled their perfumes and their colours amidst festoons of creepers, whose tangled branches, covered with blue and purple flowers, trailed down along both banks on crowded beds of water-lilies. Separated for a moment by the rapid furrow of the canoe, the green and fragrant arcades closed again behind us. Nothing in this solitary region bore the trace of man's passage; not a sound was heard save the monotonous tap of the woodpecker on the trunk of a dead tree." Pleasant scraps of description of this kind are not unfrequent in M. Bellamare's pages, to which we must refer the reader who is curious to know something of his adventures on that seductive stream, upon whose flower-draped banks it soon was found that serious perils lurked. It is time we should conduct our traveller out of the country he so agreeably describes, and we cannot even wait to tell of the sanguinary duel between Carlos and his kinsman's murderer.

M. Bellamare at last made up his mind to leave Mexico. Four days in one of the diligences, recently set up by a Yankee company, would have taken him to Vera Cruz, where he was to embark for Europe; but he was so accustomed to travel on horseback, and had become so vagabond in his predilections, that he could not resolve to have recourse to the vehicles in question, upon which, moreover, a daring band of robbers regularly levied black mail. The fact was, that by that time the roving Frenchman had become half Mexican, and had contracted a dislike to civilised "fixings," and to the ordinary modes of living and travelling. He was still uncertain in what way he should accomplish his journey, when, one day, in the court of the house in which he lodged, he saw muleteers loading their beasts with specie. Mexico happened to be tolerably tranquil at that moment, and a number of merchants took advantage of the political lull to send silver for shipment. Four hundred bags, each containing a thousand dollars, and packed in a small wooden box, were placed upon some eighty mules, to be escorted by a squadron of lancers. The sight of this convoy decided M. Bellamare, who determined to accompany it to Vera Cruz. As it would make but very short marches, he proposed to wait a couple of days to take leave of his friends, and then ride after it. The escort was to be commanded by Don Blas,

a fanfaron officer of doubtful courage and queer associates, but a pleasant companion, and an old acquaintance of M. Bellamare's. On the way back from the mines to Mexico, the French traveller had again halted at the inn at Arroyo Zarco, and there he found Don Blas. To his astonishment, his military friend was on terms of familiarity with the ill-looking ruffian whom he had last seen in company with Florencio Planillas, and a dead mule, and who turned out to be in reality Don Thomas Verduzco. With matchless effrontery the bravo greeted him as an acquaintance, recommended him to the care of the hostess as a gentleman whom he particularly esteemed, and would fain have made him partake of a bottle of Catalan brandy. With some difficulty he avoided the unenviable companionship, and made his escape from the inn, having previously ascertained that, if the bandit had sought him in Mexico, it was because he mistook him for another person.

To M. Bellamare's surprise, Don Blas gave him little encouragement to join his party. Perceiving, however, that he was determined to do so, he affected to rejoice at having him for a travelling companion. His departure was delayed by one of those political convulsions frequent in Mexico. The convoy had marched before the revolution broke out, but was stopped on the road, and put in a place of safety. On learning that it had resumed its journey, M. Bellamare commenced his, and on the third day discerned in the distance the red pennons of the lancers. In the first horseman he overtook (a serjeant) he recognised a former servant of Don Blas, an ex-*lepero*, who, like his master, had recently been transferred from infantry to cavalry, and whose great ambition ever since had been to equip himself in complete dragoon uniform. He had succeeded tolerably well. Excepting that he had a shoe on one foot, a bottine on the other, and no straps to his trousers, his uniform was pretty complete. A little further on, M. Bellamare came up with Don Blas himself, lately promoted to the rank of captain of cavalry, as a reward for the courage he had displayed and the wound he had received (both equally imaginary) when fighting for Santa Anna in the streets of Mexico. The captain again showed an unaccountable anxiety to prevent his French friend from accompanying him. He spoke of the dangers of the road, of the perilous pass of Amozoque, of the possibility of their being attacked by forces that even his gallant squadron might be unable to beat off. M. Bellamare was not to be intimidated. He admitted to himself that the long string of silver-laden mules, each bearing its five thousand dollars, was a prize worth striking a blow for, but he was used to dangerous adventures, and would not part from the convoy. The march was slow and wearisome enough, but its tedium was in some degree beguiled by the songs and stories of one of the chief muleteers. Of a night, at the bivouac fire, whilst the soldiers slept, with their arms close beside them, and the mules munched their ration of maize, with a horse-blanket for a manger, Victoriano was a great resource; and when listening, under a cloudless and starlit sky, to his wild narratives and characteristic songs, M. Bellamare congratulated himself on the mode of journeying he had selected, and heartily pitied the travellers who were whirled past him in the diligence.

The convoy had passed the town and fort of Perote, when Victoriano, who had travelled that road for many years, suggested to M. Bellamare that the fort was worth a visit. He offered to accompany him to the entrance and procure him admission, and said that he could afterwards rejoin them at Cruz Blanca, a little village two leagues off, where they would pass the night, and where he promised to tell him a singular story relating to the fortress. The proposal pleased M. Bellamare, who passed an hour at Perote, and again joined the convoy, soon after nightfall, at Cruz Blanca. To his surprise Victoriano had not made his appearance. The muleteer was habitually exact and punctual, and his absence excited some alarm. Presently a man, dressed in the striped woollen frock and short apron of a mule-driver, asked to speak to the chief *arriero*, and told him that Victoriano had been badly hurt by his

horse falling with him, had been carried to Perote, and had sent him to replace him until such time as he should be able to overtake the convoy. The chief muleteer, who had but just the number of men he wanted, accepted the services of the new-comer, a stout active fellow, whose sinister expression of countenance at once set M. Bellamare against him. The next day's march seemed more wearisome than usual, since Victoriano was no longer there to enliven it with his guitar and his stories. The halting-place was to be La Hoya, five leagues from Cruz Blanca. They had marched but a league when a mule cast a shoe. A little farther on the same thing happened to another, and then again to a third. Victoriano's substitute shod them with great dexterity, but much time was nevertheless lost. The chief muleteer swore hideously; M. Bellamare's suspicions of the farrier increased, and he asked Captain Blas if it were not possible that the knave who shod the mules so expertly might have had something to do with unshoeing them. The captain laughed at his suspicions, and the convoy moved on—languidly, however, for the mules seemed to have lost their usual vigour, as if, thought M. Bellamare, some enervating drug had been administered to them. At last they reached the mountain village of Las Vigas, on approaching which they experienced the sudden transition frequent in Mexico, and that Sealsfield has so admirably described, from the hot to the cold regions. The warm breeze was no longer felt, chilly clouds concealed the blue sky; the soil was arid, and its configuration volcanic. The *arriero* would fain have passed the night at Las Vigas, but Don Blas was for pushing on to the usual halting-place, and his opinion prevailed. The convoy was soon enveloped in a thick fog. The travellers could hardly distinguish each other, and the upper branches of the fir-trees were lost to view. Parallel to the road were ravines, crossed by currents of cold lava, and there was danger of the mules deviating from the right path. Captain Blas took things very coolly, and seemed not the least concerned at the peril. Not so the *arriero*, whose responsibility was great, and who incessantly galloped up and down the road, the sparks flying under the feet of his mule, counting his beasts with an anxiety painful to behold. At nightfall Don Blas divided the escort into two parties. With one he rode at the head of the convoy, the other brought up the rear. The march was gloomy and silent, the chief noise heard being the tinkle of the bell of the leading mule, which the others are trained to follow. Riding on the flank of the convoy, M. Bellamare thought over the incidents of the morning—the disappearance of the major-domo, the lost shoes, the languor of the mules. Just as he was revolving his suspicions, his servant rode up to him. We will take a page or two from the book.

"'Señor,' said Cecilio in a low voice, 'if you take my advice, we shall not stop here a moment longer. Something is going to happen.'

"'And where can we go to?' I replied. 'Amongst these rocks and ravines, and when we cannot see two yards before us? But what is the matter?'

"'The matter is, Señor, that Victoriano has just joined us, although probably I alone have observed it. His coming bodes no good. The story of his accident was evidently a lie.'

"'Are you sure of what you say?'

"'Positive; but that is not all. About a quarter of an hour ago I was in the rear, and concealed by a mass of rock, when two horsemen passed me. One of them was too well mounted to be a peaceable traveller. The other was dressed as a muleteer, and rode a mule, and, if I rightly understood what they said, Victoriano is their accomplice.'

"'And what became of them?'

"'I have no doubt that, under cover of the darkness, they mingled with the escort. It is easy to guess their object, and probably they are not alone. A whole regiment might lie concealed in these ravines. If your lordship will be guided by me, we shall let the convoy proceed without us.'

"'Not so, indeed,' I replied. 'I will go and warn the captain.'

"'And who knows, Señor, whether the captain be not in league with them?'

"I did not answer. Action, not words, was wanted. Without giving a thought to Cecilio's suspicions of Don Blas, I spurred my horse, intending at least to warn the master of the mules. Whilst talking with Cecilio I had fallen into the rear. I soon caught up the rear-guard, passed it and some of the mules; the others still formed a long line in front; in the midst of the fog I was guided by the sound of their steps. Some hundred paces before me, I heard the bell of the leading mule. At that moment I thought I recognised, in the horseman who rode beside me, the unpleasant countenance of Victoriano's substitute. A few seconds later the voice of a muleteer was uplifted in the darkness.

"'Hallo!' he cried, 'is it you, Victoriano? By heavens it is! and by what chance?'

"No reply was made to the question, nor was it repeated. I shuddered, for I fancied I heard a stifled cry, followed by a heavy fall. I listened attentively, but the only sounds were the whistling of the wind and the noise of the mules' feet. I had ridden but a short distance further, when my horse shied violently, as if he distinguished through the darkness something that alarmed him. Desirous to clear up the terrible doubts that crowded upon my mind, I took out my tinder and steel, as if to light a segar. By the faint and momentary gleams I thus obtained, I thought I distinguished a number of strange men mingled with the escort and the muleteers. They were like the figures one sees in a dream. Silent phantoms appeared to have emerged from the darkness, some draped in the red coats of the lancers, others in the striped frocks of the muleteers. Suddenly the bell of the leading mule ceased to sound; in a few seconds it was again heard, but in quite an opposite direction, and a similar bell began to ring in the ravines on the left of the road. I had seen enough, and too much; treachery was evidently at work. But what could be done to counteract it in that profound darkness, and on a road bordered by ravines? After a moment's hesitation, and at the risk of my neck, I spurred forward to gain the head of the column. It was too late. A cord whistled over my head and encircled me; my horse made a bound; but, instead of being dragged violently out of the saddle, and trampled under foot by the convoy, I felt myself bound to my horse with terrible tightness. The noose, intended for me alone, had also encircled him. I could not extricate my right arm, which was bound to my body, to get at my knife and cut the lasso. I plunged my spurs into my horse's flanks. The noble brute neighed, and bore forward with irresistible vigour. I felt the lasso tighten, till it almost cut into my flesh, then suddenly slacken. There was a sound as of broken girths, a furious imprecation, and I found myself free, almost before I could appreciate the danger I had escaped. Another leap of my horse almost unseated me; then he galloped furiously on. There was a report; a bullet whistled close to my ears; then were heard cries of alarm, replied to by several shots. The confusion that ensued is indescribable. The mules, deceived by the bells that rang in various directions, ran against each other, and straggled right and left. By the flashes of the firearms, one distinguished the red coats of the lancers, who fired at random in the darkness. Amidst the uproar, the report of carbines and pistols, and the whistling of bullets, the voice of the *arriero* was heard, loud in despair.

"My terrified horse carried me to some distance from the scene of the contest, which was over before I could pull him in and retrace my steps. The robbers had disappeared. I met Don Blas, but, before I had time to question him, a man threw himself between us, a torch in his hand, imploring the captain's help. By the light of the torch I recognised the chief muleteer. The poor fellow's face expressed the utmost grief and consternation. Some of the soldiers dismounted, and cut branches from the fir-trees, out of which they made torches. A sad spectacle then presented itself to us. The muleteers, amongst whom Victoriano's substitute was no longer to be seen, watched their mules, which were grouped round the guide mule, whose bell had disappeared. Fortunately the animals' instinct had suffered them to be deceived but for a moment by the stratagems of the robbers. Several mules

were bleeding from large wounds; two soldiers, hit doubtless by their comrades' bullets, were bandaging their hurts; on one side of the road, in a shallow ravine, a muleteer writhed in the death agony. It was the man who had recognised Victoriano; he expiated the fault of having seen too well. The *arriero*, torch in hand, counted his mules, tearing his hair the while, or wiping away the sweat which, in spite of the coldness of the night, flowed profusely from his brow, Don Blas sat motionless in his saddle. He looked very pale, even by the red light of the torches; but nothing in his countenance betrayed the painful emotion of a man who, by negligence or misfortune, has failed in the performance of a duty. I thought of Cecilio's words.

"'Five!' shrieked the muleteer; 'and may God have pity on me, for I shall never survive it! Five! *Señor Capitan*, five are gone! In one night I have lost the fruits of twenty years' toil. Ah! Señor Don Blas! by the life of your mother, try to recover them for me! Half shall be for you. Ah! why did you advise me to proceed to night? Why did I listen to you?'

"And, dashing his torch to the ground, he threw himself down, and rolled in the dust."

Captain Blas had no reasonable pretext to refuse pursuing the robbers. He took a dozen men and set out, accompanied by M. Bellamare, who did not, however, anticipate a very successful issue to the expedition, judging from the captain's manifest disinclination to undertake it. It soon became evident that, owing to the darkness, the chase had no chance of proving productive; a halt was called in the glade of a forest, a large fire lit, and daylight was waited for. Even in the obscurity of night, however, the Mexicans showed all the sagacity of American Indians in following the trail, and profiting by the slightest indications of the passage of the robbers. The result of the pursuit was, the recovery of a mule, and the discovery of broken boxes and bags ripped up, but of dollars there was no sign. Various circumstances observed by M. Bellamare went far to convince him that Don Blas was in league with the brigands. Little by little, the small party of lancers was dispersed in different directions. The captain and the Frenchman remained together, and came upon a broken box and other signs of the proximity of the robbers. Then Don Blas requested his friend to remain where he was, and galloped off. When next M. Bellamare saw him, he had a bullet in his breast, and gave but a contradictory and confused account of the circumstances under which he had received it. He was taken to La Hoya, and had scarcely arrived there when a detachment of the escort which had been patrolling the country in search of the robbers, brought in a prisoner, whose face was blackened, and partly covered by a handkerchief. This disguise was most suspicious, it being the one usually adopted by Mexican highwaymen. Notwithstanding the mask, M. Bellamare thought he recognised the features of the man who had played a prominent part in one of the most melancholy episodes of his wanderings. He was not mistaken; the captive was Thomas Verduzco, who was forthwith taken into the cottage where lay the wounded captain. Don Blas's pale face became livid, and hatred gleamed in his eyes, when he beheld the bravo, who, on his part, upon seeing the captain, assumed an air of impudent assurance. M. Bellamare was a curious observer of the scene. The captain announced his intention of having the robber shot, and for a moment the latter quailed under the threat; but, speedily recovering himself, he, in his turn, menaced Don Blas with some mysterious revelation. This had an effect that astonished M. Bellamare, and confirmed his suspicions. Don Blas had the room cleared, and remained for some time alone with Verduzco, who was then given into the keeping of Sergeant Juanito, the captain's former servant, who was observed to treat him with singular consideration.

After two days' halt at La Hoya, Don Blas felt himself able to proceed to the town of Jalapa, which was but five leagues off, in a litter that the muleteers arranged for the purpose. At Jalapa he would get his wound properly attended to, and also hand his prisoner over to the competent authorities. This time scouts were sent out, and precautions taken against rob-

bers. Verduzco, strongly bound, rode behind Juanito, to whom he was strapped. M. Bellamare, who rode in rear of the convoy, observed that the sergeant's horse lagged behind, doubtless by reason of its double burthen. The prisoner and his keeper chatted as gaily as two friends going to a festival. The sun set, and M. Bellamare was some distance in the rear, pausing occasionally to observe the changing tints of the mountains, and to contemplate the beautiful valley, with its plantations of orange-trees, covered with blossoms, stately palms and fruit-laden banana trees, amidst which the town of Jalapa rose as from a flower-basket. Meanwhile the convoy proceeded. He spurred after it, and quickly overtook the last horse. It was that which bore Juanito and the prisoner. He thought he remarked that the belt which bound Verduzco was less tight than before, and this circumstance, combined with various others, made him suspect an attempt at escape, favoured by Juanito. He asked himself whether he ought not to inform the captain, but reflecting that his own presence would suffice, in case of need, to prevent the projected escape, he preferred remaining where he was. Suddenly the belt, severed by the bravo's knife, relieved Verduzco, who let himself slip to the ground, and darted away. In an instant the lancer was after him, overtook him in three bounds of his horse, put the muzzle of his carbine to his head, and scattered his brains before M. Bellamare had found time to speak or interfere. Then, replacing his smoking weapon on his saddle, he dismounted, pulled off the dead man's boots, and exchanged them for the shoe and bottine he himself wore. This done, he coolly remounted, and resumed his march. The Frenchman was all curiosity to clear up the mysterious conduct of the captain and the sergeant with respect to Verduzco. Juanito's discretion was not proof against a bribe.

"'You will easily suppose, my lord cavalier,' he said, 'that in acting as I have done, I did but obey my captain's orders. To have had yonder robber shot might have got us into trouble with the authorities, and to put him into the hands of the judges would have been giving him a fine chance of getting off scot-free. But I was perfectly justified in killing him when he tried to escape, and it was arranged with the captain that that was how the thing should be done."

"'But why did your captain desire the death of a man with whom he was recently on friendly and intimate terms?'

"'That is another matter,' replied Juanito. 'Whilst Verduzco was under my charge, he grew confidential. The captain had told me to confess my prisoner, and I succeeded in doing so. From him I learned that he had undertaken to obtain, by exerting certain interest he had in a high quarter, authorisation for the captain to escort the first silver convoy quitting Mexico, on condition that he would consent to a part of it being plundered, in which case he was to have half the booty. You know what happened to the convoy; but the best of the joke is, that the robbery was committed by another band, and not by that of Verduzco, who had certainly not calculated on such competition. Whilst he awaited our arrival beyond La Hoya, other banditti waylaid it a few leagues nearer to Mexico. It was by the latter that the captain was wounded; and, believing himself betrayed by Verduzco, he ordered me to take the first opportunity to blow his brains out. He will breathe more freely when he learns his death and confession.'"

Instead of this prediction being verified, either the emotion caused by Juanito's communication, or the fatigue of the journey, brought on hemorrhage, and Don Blas was a corpse before he reached Jalapa. Saddened by the scenes he had witnessed, and weary of the company of men whose fierce and brutal passions impelled them to the commission of every sort of crime, M. Bellamare detached himself from the convoy, and, attended only by his servant, proceeded to the coast, there to embark for Europe. We might have hoped for a third series of Mexican Sketches from the same lively pen, but for an unfortunate accident. Recently, when again crossing the Atlantic, M. Bellamare, who, during his long rambles in tropical lands, had escaped so many perils, met his death by drowning.

CIVILISATION.—THE CENSUS.

I THINK it has been made out, Eusebius, at least inferentially, that civilisation is a condition of social health; that its opposite is a degraded state of disease. And may we not add that this disease is epidemic and contagious? Barbarism begets barbarism, till it ends in savagery, cannibalism, and annihilation of a race. I suppose the Cananites were, before the curse came upon them, a civilised people. Their degeneration brought on them their punishment. How ignorantly we hear people talk of savages as in a state of nature. It is not true; history denies it, sacred and profane. Races of mankind pass from the higher to the lower state. Seldom, indeed, have they been known, when they have reached the lowest state, to revive; perhaps never of themselves, but by being mixed, blended, and, as it were, lost in amalgamation with a better stock.

Can we for a moment think that man came fresh from his Maker's hand a savage? What he was, the most civilized among us is possibly too much deteriorated in intellectual and moral perception to conceive. Whence, then, come these "children of nature," so strangely called, but from vices propagating vices—

> "——— mox daturos
> Progeniem vitiosiorem"?

I do not see how this former civilisation of mankind can be denied. Take it for granted, Eusebius, and it follows as the head and front of the argument, that civilisation is a thing lost, or at least deteriorated, to be regained—and, if it did not savour of the modern philosophers' notion of peefectibility, I should say to be perfected. I can fancy a pert arguer asking how our first parents, and their immediate descendants, can be said to have been civilized, before there was a *civitas* (civil society) from which civilisation takes its name—a bond of the many before there were the many? And why not? The whole human race was in our forefather. His, though injured, perfecter mind than ours, comprehended in a high degree all the capabilities of all his posterity—was endowed with perceptions of the beautiful in all things, in the external and the internal world, himself. If he had few to commune with comparatively, even as he advanced in years, there could be no lack of thought, for there was yet with him that creative faculty complete which passed on to his descendants in inferior power, and has gifted, and still gifts, the chosen of mankind with genius. What if the brightness, the great conceptions, the super-excellence of beauty of the best literature was in him, not latent but alive, and germinated, and bore visible fruit in his descendants? Are we to suppose, because it was not contained in bound volumes, it could not have been contained in his intellectual soul? Trace such a narrow thought to its legitimate source, positive atheism, and who would not be shocked at the conclusion? What are books?—the best of them—but the regathering up of the intellectual and moral treasures, dissipated and smothered among the heaps of ill-doings of a degenerate posterity, who, if they had not degenerated, would not have needed them now, but known all, seen all, and enjoyed all, by an intuition, which we can never recover thoroughly as a possession in this world? Yes, Eusebius, what are books? The registers of high and pure thoughts for us on earth, which, for aught we know to the contrary, are duplicated, registered, photographed, as it were, in and by a brighter atmosphere, thoughts rising, self-buoyant, out of the world's corruptions, which are not allowed to hold them. All that is good in all books that ever have been written, is good without books, and elsewhere, and was a portion of the great universal intelligence as soon as thought and conceived, and perhaps before—given and kindly dealt out to us (who knows), at any rate needing not a visible utterance in printed volumes. But what gifts are there that have not ever been and are still perverted? Here comes in the old story, the tares among the wheat. There are the "devil's books," and plenty of them;

evil thoughts are there as well as good thoughts, and all are registered. If time was when Reason was morally clear, it is not so now. It is clouded; there is a thick fog before it; and however fancy may wreath the vapour-falsity in fascinating shape and colour, it still more or less shuts out the brightness of Truth; or, where that partially breaks though, converts it into an unreal distorted imagery. Were it not so, would not all men see alike? Should we have the diversities of opinions we have; disputing as we do even about the most common right and wrong; one by one ignoring all virtues; or, quite as bad, stripping them of their divine simplicity, and tricking them up in fantastic dressing, to please the eye of the mind, no longer single enough for truth? Who can deny, that, were not the implanted moral sense depraved, and hence the Reason, we should be now here, on this earth, the "just men made perfect" which we are only capable of being made hereafter? We greatly boast of human reason, but where is it as a one recognised or recognisable entity? We are all flattered as *rational* beings, whereas we should be rather called capable of receiving reason, and that each of us perhaps in small portions. Reason as an absolute whole is with no one. It has its thousand problems, some of which we work out for ourselves with painful labour, and by experience, for our limited individual use. It is a bewildered fancy that conjectures beyond a narrow sphere, and dreams of a perfectibility in wisdom. Knowledge—knowledge! It is a cant and conceited cry. The Tree of Knowledge bears two kinds of fruit, good and evil; both are plucked and eaten, poison and strengthen. There is no stronger mark of our innate imperfection than that we are all claiming reason as our rightful infallibility, while at the same time we have its manifold misshapen and discoloured phantasmagoria playing trickeries before our very eyes. "Eyes have they, and see not." Is not that passage of truth exemplified everywhere? How came human reason to be a divided thing? Doubtless it was once one. When was its moral sense disrupted from its intellectual? Intellect must have been once truth-seeing, and must therefore have been itself a moral knowing and feeling power. We know where the history of its declension is told. That same history tells the hopeful future, that the moral and intellectual are to be reunited; and it shows in some degree the mysterious how, before mankind can be perfected in reason. What inference, you may ask, Eusebius, would I draw from this argument? Simply this, that knowledge, mere knowledge, as it is not an unmixed thing, is a doubtful good—good only as we carefully, cautiously use it. It requires much sifting. If the sulphur get into the otherwise innocent ingredients, it becomes a dangerous compound, that, coming in contact with fiery natures, may blow all the laboured works of civilization to atoms.

I have no patience, Eusebius, to hear this perpetual cant of educationists, that knowledge is everything—this perpetual cramming fact upon fact, and nothing but fact, into the brain of man, woman, and child—fact good and fact bad, without discrimination, so that it be fact, and too often surmises and fallacies mistaken for facts. There is an art of false reasoning easier taught than that of true reasoning. Knowledge, in the sense in which knowledge is usually taken, is no panacea for the ills that are in the world. There is but one cure for them—one, though two in name—moral and religious training—the training which tends to make, not knowing, but wise. What a pity it is that our beautiful Church Catechism, that pure moral training, is set aside so widely. There is a knowledge that keeps up bad pride—this keeps it down; elevating through humility; teaching to be just, kind, contented—in fact, good. I cannot repeat this lamentation on the neglect of this best teaching too often; mere secular knowledge, either for high or low, is, as a teaching, in nine cases out of ten, worthless. Even common useful knowledge is less taught than the showy and useless. I find even a government inspector complaining of the "high-flown school" system; and, as a result of a neglect of the useful and practical. Speaking of an

examination, he says: "Not one of the boys could tell, if wheat was 7s. 6d. a bushel, what seven quarters would cost? But they readily answered such questions as, What is the specific gravity of the planets Saturn and Jupiter?" Happily there are judicious inspectors who effectually and beneficially perform their duties, and are sensible of the ambitious mistakes made by some of their brethren.

It was no bad expression of the poet Afranius, that "knowledge is the daughter of use (experience) and memory."* The commentary on which passage, in Aubus Gellius, is quite to the point, as to the need of exercise in "common things," in preference to the "inanitates verborum." Our educational systems are propagating the pedantry of knowledge; and this pedantry, in all variety of prescriptions, is trumpeted about, like other deleterious medicines, as the cure for every moral malady under the sun. It is a common observation that mere book-men and fact-men have the narrowest minds. They want the daily intercourse with their fellow-creatures, and the common sympathies of life. Yes, Eusebius, the cultivation of human sympathies, how little is that regarded! There is no provision for the amusement of the people in common, from which both knowledge is to be acquired and sympathies begot. Popular amusement, by the very congregating people together in enjoyment, wears away that crust of selfishness, which, in a stagnating state of universal dulness, settles round every individual heart. Bigotry of a new kind—puritanism—struck out too many holidays from the calendar; games and sports, and days of general cheerfulness, were not looked upon, as they should have been, as educational. Would, Eusebius, we had more of them now. The public mind wants to be stirred, not by its interests only, but away from those engrossing interests, by enjoyments that are in common. I look upon it, that war is at this moment giving not unimportant education. It is stirring the general heart—making it sensitive to every touch of generosity—awakening what has been too long dormant; and, through the best feelings, quickening the understanding. Events that reach everybody make a present portion of everybody's education. When the heart, as the saying is, comes up into the throat and chokes utterance, which every man has recently witnessed when he participated with his neighbours in the admiration of the heroic deeds of his countrymen in the Crimea, there is an ennobling spirit that will neither soon nor easily be suppressed; and more is done for the national character than knowledge schools can ever effect. The many become one in honest pride, the whole moral of a man is raised, and that lifting up pervades the land; it reaches the remotest corners, and brings all, however distant, together in one absorbing interest and general sense of fellowship. There is one common participation in glory, one common sympathy for the suffering. The better life is thriving, the general heart and understanding are quickened together. War and danger sharpen the wits; both move and direct the passions, and leave no stagnant pools for the understanding to be smothered in. Thus, war civilises. It is in its own nature generous; for the true soldier is ever gentle—pities and succours his wounded foe; and when, after warfare done, such soldiers return to their native land, and town, or country homes,

* "Eximie hoc atque verisimile Afranius poeta de gignenda comparandaque sapientia opinatus est, quod eam filiam esse Usûs et Memoriæ dixit. Eo namque argumento demonstrat, qui sapiens esse rerum humanarum velit, non libris solis, neque disciplinis rhetoricis dialecticisque opus esse; sed opertere eum versari quoque exercerique in rebus communibus noscendis periclitandisque; ea omnia acta et eventa firmiter meminisse: et proinde sapere ac consulere ex his, qua pericula ipsa rerum docuerint, nonque libri tantum, aut magistri per quasdam inanitates verborum et imaginum, tanquam in mimo aut in somnio delectaverint. Versus Afranii sunt in togata, cui Sellæ momen est."

"Usus me genuit, Mater peperit Memoria;
Sophiam vocant me Graii, vos Sapientiam."

they are schoolmasters in their way, and no bad ones: they have acquired two great human virtues—fortitude to endure, and a gentle pity; and these they impart to a population about them.* I call this education; for there has been experience; and so large, that some judgment can scarcely be wanting. "Learning is folly," says the proverb, "unless judgment have the use of it." And how is judgment acquired? It is mother-wit sharpened, and able to decide by intercourse with the bigger world. This is training; it is showing a man what he is, by enabling him to compare himself with many others; and it teaches him the general human nature, by seeing infinite varieties of characters: and not only by seeing, but by mingling with them, and finding their agreements and disagreements; and thus the world's scholar learns to think, which is far better than to know, at least such things as are very often taught, and which never can be turned to any use. It was a happy thought to set up schools to teach "common things." Let us hope they will flourish, for they are sadly wanted. Therein is the foundation of a good social education. And what is social education? will be asked by some crotchety educationists. It begins with home, and widens in the circle of life. It is the teaching the well-doing *the duties* that properly belong to home and to society. Very many are there who think that modern teaching has taken quite another and a worse direction, and that the mass of the people have deteriorated in the knowing and the doing these duties. The emulation encouraged in national schools has too much of the anti-national in it. And this has had a very mischievous influence among young women of the lower classes. They marry, and know not how to keep their homes—how to cater in home-comforts. The husband comes to an unclean house, a bad fire, an ill-dressed dinner—the wife has never learnt that first, most necessary business, how to cook. What is the consequence? The unsatisfied husband is put out of humour; he quits the house which has ceased to look like a home—and where does he go? Not far off is a public-house. A clean room, a sanded floor, and a bright fire, are irresistible temptations. He meets others there, like himself driven out and tempted in, and the very first day makes him an incipient sot. Consider his case. Where else can he go? Is there any very cheap amusement wisely provided for him out of a public-house? None, in country or in town. If he loves a freer range, and the fields, he is suspected as a poacher; and perhaps from the exuberance of animal spirits, and the love of danger natural to all (and long may it be so), and from the excitement of the public-house talk and drink, a poacher he becomes. If means of innocent amusement are not found for him, he will find amusement of another kind for himself. Who can reasonably wonder if moral evils spring up and grow to magnitude among us? And it is thought that this moral evil is to be cured by books and lectures; and cramming unwilling and disobedient heads, "*crâssa invitâque Minerva*," with the fopperies, puerilities, and crudities of learning, called knowledge. They who think so, know not human nature. Taste for book-learning never can be a *general* taste. How hard is it to give it any animation even in the higher classes—how difficult to set a youth of any class to book-work. I suppose nature intends it should be irksome work, and that only a few should be gifted with studious desires; for it is surprising how few, of all who go through a public school, or even a university, become readers in after-life, or have acquired anything like a stock of knowledge, according to the educationist's interpretation of knowledge. But it does not follow that they have not acquired other know-

* "With some experience of the world in this matter, I have found myself a child. *I never till now knew what a soldier really was.*" I never could have dreamt that the serious business of a soldier's life and death could develop such true nobility of character as I have lately witnessed. I have myself learnt the lesson letter by letter. Would that I possessed the power to impart it to others. It is one that forbids vicarious teaching," &c. &c.—S. G. OSBORNE, *Times*, January 2, 1855.

ledge. They assuredly have, and become their stations. If this be so with the higher classes, how are we to expect better—if they be better things—from the humbler classes, whom, in the first place, nature has endowed with other gifts, to fit them for their work? And even though they should be gifted with literary capacities—as now and then is unquestionably the case, for nature is above working by too exact a rule—what difficulties must they encounter; and come to the task with weary bodies and minds; and how few can persevere, with health to their bodies and satisfied minds. These few will find their own way—will, as they have always done—and there are eminent examples—educate themselves. Such few will learn little from schools, and can furnish no argument for a system. Under, then, the discomforts of home—from the lack of teaching the young women of the lower classes the common things needful—if we would have their homes really homes, what is to be done to check the moral evils that are so damaging to our whole social system? First, then, teach *common things*. But that is not all. Find amusements for the people, and room for amusements. Circumscribe them not too much, that they cannot move without a trespass. The teetotaller will say, put down the public houses; and he may be partly right, inasmuch as he means, put down drunkenness. I would rather say, instead of putting them down, convert them into something better; remove from them the power of intoxicating. But this putting down the public-houses is not the next step to be taken, nor a practicable one; for until you can find the people means of other amusements, you cannot put them down. Then it will be said, let them have amusements; but of what kind would you propose? In towns particularly, but elsewhere also, have they not Reading Societies, Book-lending Societies, and Athenæums, and all those sorts of things?—and do we not mean to provide them more? And is there not a bill now in parliament for library rates? O yes! All mere folly. Who has not seen the statistics of these reading societies and lecture societies, with fine names? And what are the books mostly read? The history of *Jack Sheppard*, and such nice educational works. Nay, we know one grand Athenæum where some members, disgusted with very blasphemous passages in a certain magazine, with great difficulty obtained a vote for its rejection; but a violent opposition was formed, and the mischievous work was voted in again. And as to the library scheme by a rate—in the first place, while books are so cheap, it is not wanted; and if it were, it is of impracticable working. Who are they, after this Athenæum specimen of catering, who are to select the works? Or, if every donation be to be accepted, what a pretty library would be put before the public, of sedition, immorality, and irreligion. It would be impossible to provide against these evils. Not that reading-rooms should be considered in themselves objectionable, if established by societies not too large—so that they may be regulated under unity, or something like unity of opinion and principle. When too large, the mischievous (who are generally the more active) are sure to govern. Make not such societies like drag-nets, that take in fish of every kind, without power to cast back the worse, and which only serve in the keeping to taint the others. No, Eusebius, the people want far other provision—amusements of a less dubious, and more certainly improving kind.

You see how I am beating about the bush;—how I seem to shirk saying what should be done;—with what care I mask my battery, as if afraid of an enemy, and desirous of having him within range of the shot. Of course it is something very awful. Be it so.

"'Tis dangerous to disturb a hornet's nest." That which I would propose has obtained the advocacy of the wise in all times, but has encountered the wrath of bigots; and the bigots have been too many; and what then?—they have made for us "a sad world, my masters." The bolder way is the best; so, in a few words, Eusebius, will I out with the worst at once. Thus—I would that every village in England had a church at one end of it, and a theatre at the other. A theatre at the other!! How many hands and eyes, Protestant and

protesting, are upraised against this simple word—a theatre. But be so good as to sit down, ladies and gentlemen, and have a little patience while I explain myself. You are not really so averse to the thing as you imagine; you have it, but you have not the name. Needs it not to say where, but you really have theatres, not so designated, with stages and platforms, and very practised actors too. *Verbum sat.* There is more acting in the world than takes its name professional. Volumes have been written, more than enough against plays and theatres, whereas the subject should have been the abuse of them. If suppression of the thing is to follow an argument upon its abuse, what will be safe? Religion itself would have to be suppressed by acclamation. Such extravagance as this is like the folly of the teetotallers, who have ruined their own good intentions and a better cause by their total-suppression views. Common sense has kicked their theory out of doors, when they chalked the back of him who took a pint of small beer or a glass of wine as a drunkard. So, in persecuting plays, instead of rectifying them, the puritans did their best to put down what was essentially good. Its evil was its accident. The very origin of the drama was religious; and when it first wandered from distinct religious teaching, it still attached itself to the virtues. They were then the "old moralities." The drama, progressing and accommodating itself to wants or desires of the people, assumed a more varied form, and took upon itself to exhibit manners—to pourtray life as it is, in all its circumstances and accidents; and by so doing, it brought the world at large, as it were, home to every man's door, and provided thus a substitute for the means of acquiring knowledge by ubiquity—by that travel into the wider sphere denied to the masses of the people. The drama became a remedy against the narrowness and ignorance of circumscribed localities; and they to whom occasionally good plays were brought home, knew something more of mankind and of themselves, and had both their hearts and understandings enlarged. In this way the drama was, as it ever might be if properly cared for and directed, in the best sense educational. People were brought together for general amusement. There is much in that; their delights were in common. They felt in common — they distinguished in common — the good from the bad. They learned at what to laugh and at what to weep. They conceived the greater antipathy to vice and crime, by seeing how universally odious these were to all around them; and, by well-timed ridicule and gentle satire, corrected the minor vices of their own manners. Now, Eusebius, if this ever was true, or if it be in the nature of things possible, tell me if here are not means of education—even of acquiring knowledge too much neglected, worse than neglected—cast aside, with an ill name, as an "unholy thing." I would go further and say, that a *natural* want is suppressed, and that never can be done with impunity. A natural want—yes, Eusebius,—in its strictest sense. The curiosity to know all about mankind, of which we form a part, is an instinct. The veriest infant loves the little story, and to have dramatised to him the ways, the habits, of all creatures around him, and always with a certain application to himself; hence the child's delight in fables. As the child grows, he gathers his little experiences into stories of his own making. Groups of young ones meet in byways of lanes and hedges, and, for lack of larger dramas put before them, act their own. Every village and town has multitudes of these unrecognised, unobserved "*minor* theatres." Is not, then, the theatre an instinctive want? We are imitative for its purpose. Nature impels us to the drama as a means of acquiring knowledge, and something better than knowledge, as knowledge is understood. It is an ally and adjunct to religion. Has there ever been known a people among whom, in some form or other, the drama was not? The more civilised nations become, the stronger is its necessity. The Germans have a saying—"Bread and the theatre." They make it the second necessity of life. The French carry it still higher—they make it the first, for they say—"The theatre and bread." The wisest statesmen have encouraged it. The

Romans won the world by amusing it, as well as by arms. Cæsar loved the comic, and encouraged the "mimes" of Laberius and Publius Syrus. He would have the broad farce, thinking that people could not laugh too much — complaining that Terence wanted somewhat more of the *vis comica*. To the Greeks the drama was the all-in-all of life. It was their refining process of education—their school of virtues. Tragedy first, for its heroic action, to raise the whole man — and comedy, as a corrective of social vices. It is true the latter was sometimes abused; but what of that? With us the drama reached at one time its acme of abomination. It was persecuted, and out of spite to its persecutors changed its true nature and purpose. It would not be difficult to correct the drama and make it a most useful teacher; and this has been the opinion of very wise and good men. I will quote an applicable passage from a sermon of Archbishop Tillotson. "To speak against them (viz. plays) in general, may be thought too severe, and that which the present age cannot too well brook, and would not, perhaps, be so just and reasonable, because it is very possible they might be so framed, and governed by such rules, as not only to be innocently diverting, but instructing and useful; to put some vices and follies out of countenance, which cannot perhaps be so decently reproved, nor so effectually exposed and corrected any other way." This sound judgment was given when theatres were perhaps in their worst state. The last paragraph of the quotation is of great weight, for it shows the link wanting in the sermon to connect the lesson of morality with real life. The sermon may not descend to ridicule—the drama may. The *action* in the sermon is confined and weak in description. The *dramatis personæ* are no mere pictures; they show visibly, and to the life, what is good or what is odious.

"Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus; et quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator."

"Show me your company and I will tell you what you are," is a truth. The play has its good companionships. Down went the play and down went king and bishops, and they were all restored together. Even John Milton,* who was never quite comfortable and at home in his puritanism, loved the drama, and wrote plays, both in his youth and his mature and declining years; and thought it no profanation to take his subject from the Bible. Hear with what respect he speaks of the drama:—

"Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on;
Or sweetest Shakespeare, fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild."

Again—

"Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes' or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine;
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage."

That is well said — "ennobled." Even in Puritan Milton's view, then, (if Puritan he was) the stage was noble. And why may it not be noble again? Subject as we are to all the joys and sorrows of life, it cannot be amiss to have an initiatory discipline,—an imaginary and vicarious experience of situations, in which we may in reality one day find ourselves, a fore-trial of the virtue that is in us. It is well to know the stuff we are made of, and pass judgment on our powers, through fictions true to life, before the day of the demand for action. It is surely beneficial to have our natures stirred to sympathies—for these natural instincts lack use; to take home to ourselves the luxury of our feelings, without their real pain. Years ago, Eusebius, when we (that is, you and I) were both of us not past the moulding days of our moral life, we were not only readers of plays, but frequenters of theatres; and often have we since then looked back, and studied our educational process, through a public school and the university; and agreed in this, that we owe much, perhaps the best portion of our moral culture, to *The*

* This is noticed in a very pleasant irony by that amusing critic Dennis, in his reply to Collier, who wrote fiercely against the stage. The reply of Dennis is admirable for its spirit. The reader will find it a very good defence of the stage.

play. The strength and tenderness of true manhood are growing together during the action of a *good* play. Every play-goer must have noticed how a generous sentiment has found an electric passage to the hearts of the spectators,—how noble action or pity has in an instant made all classes akin. How often, beyond the power of all other persuasion, has low vice been at a moment convicted of its odiousness. Here is an instance. Our friend S. told me the other day that, being at a theatre (I think at Brighton) when *Othello* was acted, he noticed, with much satisfaction, the unanimous burst of approval from the audience to Cassio's repentant condemnation of drunkenness: "O that men should put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains; that we should with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause transform ourselves into beasts." You told me, Eusebius, of a temperance society travelling the country with two *dramatis personæ*, a confirmed and a reclaimed drunkard — example and warning. If a fact, it is an incident of a dramatic kind, but wanting in the circumstance of a plot. I expect this will be called the fair side of the subject,—the best aspect. The question should be, is it a true one? Has not the theatre this fair side? Let this then be considered its legitimate, its uncorrupted beauty. Candour must admit the other view. But if it be an educational means, as I believe it to be, I would have it purified, cared for, guarded. No sensible man would let loose the ribaldry of a degenerate stage, to invade any educational system. There should be a real effectual censorship. I know very well difficulties that seem insuperable present themselves. But what good is not beset with difficulties? The best theatres may be purified with real advantage to themselves. It would be Quixotic indeed to expect any government, in the present state of things, of adverse opinions and prejudices, to set up throughout the land theatrical amusements, though they might do much less rational things. Yet, Eusebius, I firmly believe that all the public grants for educational purposes, beyond what would be needful for the teaching reading, writing, and arithmetic, would be far better bestowed in some such scheme than for the absurd, high-flown, useless education which the ingenuity of emulous Government inspectors unhappily invents. A few good travelling-companies of actors would very profitably displace the whole roving company of inspectors. Actors have their dignity of title—"Her Majesty's servants." Give them a due repute, and they will learn to keep it. There is, however, another quarter to which it may not be so unreasonable to look: the country gentry. It would be admirable if, by themselves, or professional actors, they would, in their little villages and towns, set up, with care and forethought as to moral tendencies, theatrical amusements — at least occasionally during their visits to their estates. Plans also of small subscriptions might be devised in places less under the other influence, so that very cheap admissions might be adopted. That was a right pleasant scheme set on foot by some of our best literary men, when they visited our towns, and acted so admirably, "*Not so bad as we seem.*" I should like to see these amateur performances extended to our villages. Would not this general communion, this mutuality in amusement, tend greatly to endear class to class? The aristocracy are lecturing—that is well and praiseworthy, and will have good effect; but the theatrical scheme would be far better teaching, and give infinitely more pleasure. Besides, they confine their lectures to town Athenæums, where teaching and amusements are far less wanted. Let joy be diffused over the population, rural as well as town; it has worn a sad discontented aspect long enough. There should not be a nook in England where something of Shakspeare should not be known, through his plays. If there were little theatres, under regulation, with attached tea-and-coffee houses, all intoxicating drink prohibited, our beer-shops and disgraceful spirit pot-houses would find daily decreasing custom, and ultimately suppress themselves; for the lack of amusement is their encouragement—nay, their very life.

Let any one, who has not much

encountered dramatic reading, enter upon a regular course of study of our best old dramatists, and he will be surprised to find what noble treasures have been within his reach, and hidden from him. And if he be pure himself, he will receive no hurt from the dross. The good will remain and germinate. He will be convinced that there is an education of the people too much neglected.

It is not a bad time, Eusebius, to recommend that theatrical amusements should be engrafted upon educational schemes; for although many causes, and chiefly a change in the hours of domestic appointments, have damaged the fashion of the theatre, yet the old prejudices are wearing away; and a little purification in the management would easily remove the more substantial and real objections. There is not, nowadays, the affectation of ignorance of and contempt of the drama which was very common when we were younger. We shall not now have such an instance of this affectation of ignorance as the following, told me a few days since by a friend. He said he remembered a wealthy Quaker, of mercantile consequence, a utilitarian contemner of unrealities, coming to his father and saying, "Friend, thee knowest something of play-wright, and hast heard of one William Shakespeare and David Garrick. These men having a dispute as to what part of England produced the greater number of fools, laid a wager upon it; and it was determined that it should be a foolish exhibition at Stratford-on-Avon, to which all the world should be invited. This was done, and it was found that the greater number of visitors came from London." I remember a story of an elderly Quaker being seen at a play, with the ready excuse that he only went to see if any of their young folks were there. A few years after this the young folk emancipated themselves from such prohibitory discipline; for more than twenty years since a youth of the Society, with whom I had a day's travel on the top of a coach, asked me, when we arrived at a large city, if I would accompany him to the play. I expressed surprise. He assured me they were no longer under that restraint.

This may be thought a long digression concerning theatres, having little to do with Census and Civilisation. But consider what education really is, and all the various modes by which people may be taught: how few are there more effectual, if properly applied, than the drama? I will end the discussion, as I began it, with a wish that every village had a church at one end of it, and a theatre at the other; and I will add, a good parsonage-house in the centre, and a well-educated rector or vicar within, gladdening his flock by sympathising with them in their enjoyments as well as their cares and duties. Little need would there be of absurd high-flown teachings, and such vanities as are some Government inspectors.

If, however, I have made a digression, why may not a digression be a relief, where to stop a while and bait, and go on refreshed? The wise and witty author of the *Tale of a Tub* knew the value of a digression. His was "madness," and perhaps mine may be thought not much better. Never mind, Eusebius; through you I throw out my Tub for the great whale, the public, to sport with, though he will not swallow it. And now, therefore, Eusebius,

"E diverticulo in viam."

When I branched off to this by-play, I had been speaking of public libraries and Athenæums. Educationists are urging scholarship by compulsion and penalty, and means of after-study by a compulsory penny rate for libraries. All vanity, vanity, vanity! The difficulty of getting books has been discussed—that is, a selection; for it is possible that if a push is made for the management there may be very infamous libraries indeed. I will not give them credit for having many readers after the first novelty of the privilege has worn off, unless the reading be of a mischievously exciting character, in which case they who have *with design* pushed themselves into the management, will push in readers also. The press teems with publications whose object is to subvert all our institutions and the monarchy itself. Public libraries might in too many cases become clubs, religious, or rather irre-

ligious and political; and what necessity can be urged? Books are so cheap that the poorest may buy all he would read. At the window of the largest bookseller in a large city were the following temptations for any aspirants for knowledge:—"Hurd's Horace, 4 vols.; Harwood's Classics, 2 volumes; Shenstone's Poems, 2 vols. These books will be given away to any who will undertake to read them." "Godwin's St. Leon, and two others," on the same terms; and "Eight vols. of Spectator" followed—terms, ditto. I was conversing lately with an active member of a magnificent Athenæum. He lamented that though they had a library, no one ever read there.

On the subject of literary institutions I have a word to say to Census. He must therefore appear again. This Report on Education commences with a statement of a difficulty which met our Gulliver in the very first step of the inquiry. So ill do official people know their proper functions, so little are they acquainted with the nature of the legitimate rules which are to guide them, that in this case of the educational inquiry the Census papers had been despatched to every corner of Great Britain, as if bearing a Parliamentary authority, to which they had no rightful claim, before it was discovered, not by the framers or officials of the Census, but by their opposers, that they bore no authoritative power whatever. It might have been supposed that the issued forms would have been recalled. But no: they were allowed to work their way, with the chance of imposing upon the people, with the ostensible salvo of an *intimation*, "intimating to the heads of schools that they were not *compellable* to fill up the returns, and that their own opinion of the value of an accurate Census was the only influence by which they were expected to be guided." A pretty sort of Census this must be, which confesses a strong opposition—so strong as to cause a long delay; and yet, in the face of that unwillingness to make returns, proceeds, relying upon *voluntary* answers to their queries. "The opposition which the scheme encountered in some quarters led to the discovery that inquiries on this subject did not strictly come within the scope of the Census Act, and could not, therefore, be assisted by the compulsory provisions which secured complete and truthful answers to the ordinary questions as to age, condition, occupation, birthplace, &c." Truthful, indeed! It has been shown as to these items how untruthful they were, for innumerable were the evasions, under even the compulsory provision; so much so, that the former Census was forced to allow a latitude in ages, and this Census makes the confession of the thousands of "females" who must have told fibs (for which, by the by, they have a popular absolution); much less could a voluntary return be depended upon when it must have been known that the numerous opposers of the scheme would do their best to thwart its object. But beyond this no dependence could be placed in the Census officers themselves; for the Report says, that, after the returns had been received, "there yet remained a considerable number, with respect to which—either from the indifference of the Census officers on a matter which had been confessed to be not strictly within the act, or from unwillingness on the part of school authorities — no information had been given." *In this state they were bound to make no returns at all;* for the present returns *are worse than none;* for the known abstinence of a large party of opposers, would naturally offer an *intimation* in other parties to magnify their own sects; and thus, after taking about three years to concoct the matter, by a hocus-pocus which few can understand, and fewer still look into, very inaccurate, not to say quite false returns, flourish in the Census.

The falsity of the religious returns wil be shown in another place; but it must be noticed that, as the whole discussion upon education, all the differences of opinion, resolve themselves into a religious question and controversy, the tendency of the influence of this falsity must be to magnify the importance of those who are too wise in their generation not to seize the opportunity and advantages offered to them. That party is not the Church of England. But I wish to show, Eusebius, the "*indifference*"

or utter carelessness of the Census manufacturers in one matter which came under my observation when I looked into the returns of the literary institutions, Athenæums, &c., of which I had spoken. In page 234 is a table of literary institutions, their number of members, amount of subscriptions, number of volumes in the library, and lectures. I looked to the return for the city of Bristol—a very large, important city indeed, and by no means deficient in literary aspirations. Perhaps Census thought this locality a "modern Bœotia," as it was once called by a malicious critic in the Chattertonian controversy, and therefore gave himself little trouble about it. Be that as it may, see, Eusebius, the value of a Census inaccuracy. Bristol and Clifton are one. These institutions are noted thus, heading the page, No. 329, Bristol as having two — "The Bristol Philosophical Institution" and the Mesmeric Institute; No. 330, Clifton as having one—"The Hotwell Reading Association." The number of volumes possessed by the Bristol portion is stated to be "2400"—for the Clifton portion "550." Would any one, not knowing the locality, believe that there is a "Bristol city library" of nearly a century standing, and containing above eighteen thousand volumes, totally ignored!! whereas those which appear in the return are really the least important. A spirited firm had established, above half a century since, a very valuable library for subscribers, continually increasing, and at this time forming a very large and important collection of books of a superior order. The Baptist College possesses a very valuable collection. I do not pretend to enumerate all the literary institutions of Bristol, but put down those which at the moment come into my mind. There are two Athenæums, an Archæological Society, an Architectural Academy of Arts, Medical and Law Library, Microscopic Society, a Church of England Young Men's Society. But then, what could induce Census to put in the insignificant list the "Mesmeric Institute," which is in reality no society at all — a merely temporary affair, having a hired room for occasional lecturing? Perhaps a future Census may build upon this inaccuracy a grand necessity of supplying the city of Bristol with newfangled library schemes which it does not want. Perhaps while I am writing Mr. Ewart is turning over the leaves of Census, and finding so gross a case of literary neglect in so very large a city, may meditate an exposure of its ignorant population, in order to enforce the adoption of his pet Library Bill, and bring Census as a witness of that universal ignorance which, in fact, exists only in Census's own head. This and so many other inaccuracies sink the reputation of Census so low, that I do not see how one can place the slightest reliance upon any of his returns.

If it be asked, what are the objects to be obtained by all this parade of educational machinery? and the answer be given, to promote the happiness of the people and suppress crimes, it is time to inquire what has been the result. There is a universal complaint of the frightful increase of crime. Government has, for some years past, expended large annual sums for schools: these sums have been at the disposal of the Committee of Privy Council. "The Committee of Privy Council has been gradually developed from a rather humble origin to its present large dimensions, mainly by fortuitous events, and principally by the legislative failures which demonstrated the inability of Government to carry any large and comprehensive measure. It was then perceived that if the State was to act at once and efficiently in promoting education, it was only through the medium of this Committee that its operations could be carried on. Accordingly, the plans of the Committee were elaborated, and the funds at its command progressively augmented, till they reached in 1853 the annual amount of £260,000. That this amount will be increased still farther, seems to be inevitable, unless speedily some *national* measure be adopted." Large sums, then, have been expended, and larger contemplated — *cui bono?* What has been done for the happiness or correction of the people, that could not have been done by the people themselves? If the people were encouraged practically, by showing them the good that

a rational, sensible education might offer, to set up schools of their own; if rewards were held out by promoting to offices and employments of all grades, good, industrious, and moral and religious scholars, parents would not be negligent to provide the means, and they would be themselves morally better for this care and responsibility. They frequently become vicious by the indulgence of a family neglect forced upon them. This State interference has also sown jealousies, envies, discontents, among all classes, and given mischievous life and activity to sectarian disagreements which were before dormant or quiescent. These things neither promote happiness nor virtue. That education promotes both, no man of sense doubts; but what the word signifies should be first known. Let there be education which shall put all in a condition to make fair way in a world full of business transactions—that is, elementary teaching—and that elementary is the starting-post from which those who are properly gifted and disposed to advance, shall begin their farther education. As to happiness, is not the elementary as likely to make people happy as the more advanced, if it best fits their capacities—makes them fully know and practice the businesses which belong to their stations? To create a general craving for the grapes out of reach will never make people happy. To warn them to be content will. But this, as I have shown, is not the view of happiness taken by theoretic educationists and this monitory Governor Census. Neither does forced hot-bed education promote virtue. Morality does not grow out of mere *knowing much;* it may grow out of *feeling much*—out of a sensitive tenderness, which merely intellectual knowledge is apt to choke. Be it admitted that this brain-forcing process may, where the natural fibre is strong enough to bear it, make many clever who never would otherwise have been clever. Then comes the question, if they are made happier by being thrust into a class already stocked as full as nature ever meant it should be, for the general provision of a civilized country. The educationists, in that case, have made up a battalion of clever men for whom there is no work, but to turn rogues or mischief-makers for their very bread. There is nothing in this high-flown cleverness that savours of honesty. Wits that are sharpened for speculation are apt to spurn the humility of contented virtue. Look into the doings of this our world, Eusebius. Who are the great mischief-makers, and ever have been so? Clever men. Nature supplies enough of them, gently to iritate the world that it go not asleep, as fleas are sent upon dogs' backs to keep up a healthy activity. But industriously to set about making more of this necessary evil, should be looked upon as a very unnecessary folly. A clever portion of a population may become far too many for the honest portion; for wise indeed in their generation, when they would do extraordinary mischief, they set about it with the aid of the blockheads—

"——that tool
That wise men work with, called a Fool."

It is a very great mistake of this boasted "nineteenth century" that conceits a clever man to be a good man; and therefore hath it set about manufacturing the intractable article. As I have said before, it has foolishly resolved crime into ignorance, and goes on with this notion, infecting legislature, and unfortunately jurymen, with this madly floundering and blundering philosophy. It thinks to cure vigorous adult vice by lecture, admonition, and books, and sciences; and, when it has made the wicked still more wicked, by every temptation to become hypocrites, presents them, in the maudlin-pathetic vein, with a ticket of leave, absolution from punishment, to trace out and practice against the injured innocent portion of society the schemes they have had both time and inclination to devise during their temporary seclusion. We cannot take up a paper without reading notices of crimes committed, and atrocious ones, by returned convicts and these licensed villains. It has come to such a pass that a general alarm is spreading. Were it not that the war is absorbing all thought and all action, the question, "What is to be done with our criminal population?" would be demanded of Parliament by the thoroughly alarmed nation. There are

some very sensible suggestions on this subject in the *Edinburgh Review*. The writer would deal with certain offenders, not according to the immediate offences for which they are convicted, but as belonging to a "criminal class." "It becomes, therefore, our clear duty to the community, as well as an act of justice and mercy to the offender himself, to take him in hand as soon as a second conviction has shown that he belongs to the 'criminal class,' and protect society against him in the only way in which, as all experience has proved, it can be protected — by reforming him, and incapacitating him till he is reformed. It is of no use to urge that his offence is so small, his theft so trifling, that a sentence of long duration would be disproportionately severe. That consideration is wholly beside the question; he has forfeited his citizenship by abusing it; he has made war against society, and it is for society thenceforward to decide his fate; he has given society a right to protect itself against him in the manner it deems most effectual." If further protection, by severity apparently beyond the measure of immediate offence, be needed in case of thefts, what shall be said of that ultra-criminal class—the utterly brutalised, the ferocious ruffians, in whose hardened hearts every spark of living humanity has been long quenched? One of these let loose upon the world, after conviction, is sure to make many as bad as himself, as the loosened devils are said to take to themselves seven others; and their deeds are frightful to think of. I some years ago read the almost boasting confession of one of this class, made after a last conviction, that, within a short period of escape from a former conviction, he had been principal or accessory in thirteen murders. I verily believe that if the history of ruffianism were paged, this would be found to be no extraordinary case. Ruffians of this description should be treated as the incurable insane, with the difference only of guilt and of punishment, which should be such as would afford a warning, by the mystery of their being shut out from the very cognisance of a world in which they could only act the part of brutes. Ragged schools are a charity which, by their industrial provisions, may do much with juvenile offenders. But what man of fair understanding and common experience can entertain a hope, by any kind of adult schooling, to convert into good and safe citizens the elder street-Thugs, ferocious beaters of women, and wife-murderers? They have rushed headlong out of reach of the mercy of all human jurisdiction, and must be left by man to the judgment of a higher tribunal. There is a silly notion of philanthropy, neither justified by policy nor religion, yet widely disseminated, and hurtful to social health, and even safety. It is asserted by teachers of this school, that offenders deserve, and should receive, only pity; that punishment is of the nature of crime. Every man's instinct proclaims it to be false. Patria, one's country, implies a Pater—paternity in king or governor—a watchful eye over all "the children" of the state, to punish the evil, as to protect and encourage the good—otherwise vice and virtue are but idle words, and distinguish nothing. That government which is all lenient, knows but half its duty. Misplaced indulgence, either in a family or a kingdom, is a weakness. It obtains no respect, and never wins the quiet it aims at. There is somewhere in Machiavelli a cunning remark, in which there is a kernel of truth. Thus it was not without reason that Chiron, the Centaur, the half man and half beast, was made the tutor of Achilles to show that a prince should be taught to rule the reasonable by gentleness and law, and the unreasonable and refractory by coercion and punishment. Continue awhile, Eusebius, this parental idea, and see if it will not carry into the very substance of the text, that portion of my letter which I feared you would consider a digression—that I would have a theatre in moral alliance with a doctrinal church. As prevention is better than cure, the father of the state, whether king or government, as the father of the family, should, even above all things, provide amusement for the many under the paternal care; and remembering the common saying, that "all work and no play makes but a dull scholar," should, in every possible way, promote home cheerfulness, and see that

there be little sadness. An over-morbid, a sad unamused people, turn religion itself into gloom, and morality into moroseness;* and that portion of a population, whose livelier natures revolt from both, rush in disgust into vice, which offers ever too ready a temptation and refuge in pot-houses and beer-shops; and there drunkenness commences its career, which seldom ends but in crime. There never was a bad people without a bad or careless government. I am persuaded, Eusebius, that these pest-houses of intoxication might be made self-suppressing for lack of custom, without any other precise legislation, if places of rational amusement and jocund sport were set up, and encouraged by judicious license, providing tea and coffee and harmless refreshments at the cheapest rate, to the entire prohibition, in such places, of spirituous and fermented liquors. Where plays would be the adopted amusement, there should be much liberty allowed, with some unfelt restriction. For instance, novelties, beyond those licensed by a censorship, might be submitted, before performance, to two or more magistrates and the incumbent of the place. You will see that I am rather thinking of the country than the town population. There may be prudent adaptations of rules and arrangements for each. And thus, Eusebius, you perceive how cunning a game I play, returning to the charge—amusement—ever amusement for the people, as a means to make them more social, more moral, and, in despite of what crotchety educationists may say, more *knowing* also.

Although I have repeatedly deprecated compulsory education, there may, perhaps, be an exceptional case; since, to supply the continual immolation to the factory Moloch, that murderer of innocents, children must be removed from their parents at a very early age, the act, which subtracts three hours a-day for five days every week, at the ages between eight and thirteen, from factory work, must be considered humane if at the same time the hours of work are not excessive, nor without pleasurable relief; but I see not the required information in the Census. It would, however, be more humane still, if there could be another compulsion upon parents and factory masters, not to offer nor to receive children at a very early age. There is no occasion, Eusebius, to say now more upon that fearful subject; what has been said in my former letters may suffice.

I must now revert to the Committee of Privy Council and the Government Grant. The report of Census justifies the remark, that jealousy and discontent have been the result. Dissenters are dissatisfied, because they think the Church of England comes in for the larger share of the grant; whereas some sects, Congregationalists and Baptists, "almost universally decline to receive the public money;" while the Church of England complains that "the management clauses are stringent upon their schools, and relaxed in favour of dissenting bodies." Upon the other hand, an influential portion of the Church of England—represented in this matter by the National Society—complains of the conditions by which grants to church schools are restricted; just and reasonable liberty to local founders and supporters being, it is urged, denied them. It is the fate of meddlers, where there is no need of interference, to please nobody. The fable of the Old Man and his Son, who could not be allowed to ride, lead, nor carry their donkey, might have been a warn-

* His desire to establish sports and games throughout the kingdom caused very much of the bitter enmity against Laud. Then did the Directory, in the opposite extreme, vote the Common Prayer, the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, useless, and issued an ordinance for turning Christmas-day into a fast. Had Charles I. had in him a little of the fierce, not to say brutal nature, of the Chiron tuition, which was in the masculine Elizabeth and her unyielding father, he would never have been hurried into weaknesses ever fatal to princes. Laud and Strafford had not been sacrificed—and he might have saved his own head. The sour bigotry which perpetrated these crimes, even in its downfall, bequeathed two legacies, the effects of which, though quite opposite to each other, have scarcely left us—religious gloom, and the irreligion and profligacy of the stage, kept alive by mutual spite and hostility.

ing. Such interferences generally end in doing a little wrong to every party, that impartiality may be at least affected; while the little-wrong doers seem to adopt the excuse of the bankrupt debtor to his numerous creditors, that they have little need to complain, as they all have neighbour's fare. Census makes a statement, at some length, of the objections on all sides, and leaves the matter pretty much as if he had not touched it at all. In like manner, also, he treats the Voluntary and Compulsory principles of education; from all which, little new or interesting is to be gathered; and the surest conclusion to be drawn is, that all is a "*muddle.*"

There are schools which are doing much good throughout the country—schools of practical art. These are rather encouraged than set up and interfered with by the State. At first they failed, simply because there was an interference; they are now left to the people to set up and to manage, and are showing signs, not only of life, but vigour. They are most important to us as a manufacturing nation. If the Anglo-Saxon race have not strongly developed the instinct of taste, a knowledge of its principles as to form and colour may certainly be acquired; for these are principles of taste. Our instincts may be dormant, overwhelmed with thought and action of more pressing moment. I hope the instincts are within, and that good sense, applied to the principles of taste, will bring them to the surface, and make them visible in works. I have seen much, Eusebius, of the teaching process of these schools, and the result. The masters are excellent, and in this we have to thank the Government. The eye and the head are made to work together; accuracy is of the first importance. Advancing, the scholar's mind, as well as hand and eye, is exercised; and a knowledge of perspective—a branch of the art too much neglected by drawing-masters—thoroughly acquired. I have been surprised to see what pains, and at the same time what interest, the scholars take in the work. All classes attend these schools; and doubtless they are extending a love of art throughout the country, and will give to future amateurs and artists that accuracy in drawing in which we have been said to be defective. The mechanic classes in our towns, at first led to these schools by a desire to improve in their art, will find gradually developed to them beauties in art they dreamed not of. Their minds will thus become occupied to make further discoveries; they will have acquired a new sense—a *δευτερον ομμα*— a second eye, as it has been called, and while they advance their profits, they will advance their pleasures also; and what is the end but a better civilisation? These are not schools of idle speculation, where inspectors come to puzzle pupils with learning riddles, and exercise a foolish ingenuity, but here people may learn what they have *to do;* and for the doing which, benefit will accrue to themselves and the world. All articles of manufacture, all our furniture, all of decoration, which is of great importance to every-day life, will be improved. The comforts and elegancies of life will grow together. Beauty is a synonym for civilisation; it touches with its magic our five senses. The eye and the ear are the agents through which the mind expands to receive its perfect influence.

I shall weary you, Eusebius, with this education affair, although I have not let out the whole string of the argument upon you at once, but made a few episodical knots, and digressed a little, and then I took up the thread again warily. I am pretty well come to the end of it. You may have discovered one thing, that whether the subject be general statistics, education, or what else, we have no original genius for systematizing. All our officials are plagiarists; they are all Gullivers; not one can stay at home, and settle anything of home, and for home. Very Gullivers they are—ever at some Laputa or Brobdignag. They wait not to see what is wanted here, so much as to see what is done elsewhere; they must be ever for Germanising or Americanising. They must system-build from a model from New York, or Berlin, or anywhere. Nay, if there were a university at Timbuctoo, they would try to remodel our Oxford

and Cambridge after its fashion. They have at home the "raw material," knowledge; for what is knowledge but a raw material? But they must go and see what articles are made of it—how finely spun it is in Prussia, Holland, Switzerland, Bavaria, and Saxony.

You remember what I told you of Messrs. Kay and Laing, how they set out upon their travels, not in search of the picturesque, nor of health, nor sausages, as some do, nor to learn languages, nor improve themselves, but to bring home an educational exquisite. Mr. Kay's knowledge-manufactured article is in all respects a perfect model; showing what *can* be done by the favourite process, for his specimen was of the lowest, most unpromising class—the peasant—who, having been dropt into the educational mill, is turned out perfected in the student's ultimate accomplishment—the fiddle. "He can fiddle;" Cantabs and Oxonians cannot; neither "little go" round nor "great go" round of either of our University wheels will do that for them. O! Mr. Kay, Mr. Kay, how longing you are to try your experiments upon our very raw peasant materials; but when you take up the instrument, have a care not to strain the pegs too high, for our clumsy-limbed peasants will cut such a high figure in the dancing to it as will make all the German gravity you have acquired explode in laughter. The ragged school—our lowest for your experiment—if you exhibit before one of them, will be in a tumultuous uproar. Mr. Laing's model-man is introduced by a musical instrument lowered a peg or two—might even be played with effect at a "Beggar's Opera." The model is exactly of the same class and species, but the romantic airs are quite taken out of him; and we see the nature of the many "useful jobs" the accomplished students can turn both their hands and legs to—such as running after coaches, sturdy, surly, importunate beggars by the road-side: such, at least, is the account Mr. Laing gives of them. In these accomplishments, together with that of the fiddle, they very far outdo any of our university students; who are so ill educated, that as yet (what the Germanising late commission will produce remains to be seen)—as yet they can do nothing *infra dig*; "dig they cannot—to beg they are ashamed." And long may they continue so, Eusebius. This "ultima ratio," the fiddle, is so unexpected and amusing, that I wish you in imagination awhile to play upon it yourself. There have been great men in the world, who even boasted that they could not play upon it. I think Dr. Johnson wished it impossible. You remember what the Athenian Themistocles said. He could not fiddle, but he could make a small town a great city. Nero, who *could* play upon the fiddle, did so when Rome was burning, and so reduced a great city to a heap of ruins. Do you not think these sayings and doings of Themistocles and Nero might furnish good matter for the roving Government inspectors to exercise their ingenuity upon?—for novelty is pleasing; they seem to rack their brains to find it. If their experienced wits can supply answers, so much the better for them; if not, they may be sure none of their scholars can, so they may have it all their own way, either by explanation or silence. Questions may be put thus: "State in particulars what more Themistocles would have done had he been able to play, like Paganini, on a single string?" Question 2d, "State what must have been the tune which Nero played, and write it in score."

Mr. Laing's student-picture is not quite so charming as Mr. Kay's, but it has the look of "after nature." He was a more acute observer than the enthusiast Kay, and had a glimpse of the dog's collar through the long hairs at the nape of the neck. You will say of this traveller, Mr. Laing, what Goldsmith put into the mouth of Lofty in the *Good-natured Man*: "I now begin to find that the man who first invented the art of speaking truth was a much more cunning fellow than I thought him."

O! Eusebius, Eusebius—the bewilderment of learning, the confusion of knowledges too many, building themselves up a Babel in the mind, leaving no room for a man's own proper and individual thought to move in! You may see it in his distracted

eyes, which bespeak one who had lost himself, and was looking for him. He is the man of better sense who forgets half, than he who remembers all he has known. An overburthened understanding is like an overburthened vessel — to sail safely in the stormy sea of life, half the cargo must be thrown overboard. It were well to have a lumber or refuse-basket for the understanding; and to write on the frontisterium of one's study — "Remember to forget." Better that half mankind, nay the greater part, should preserve their mother-wit uncontaminated, and in humble literary innocence. Literature has its crimes, and the Evil Eye of mischief looks over its perpetrations. Truly is it said, "Wisdom entereth not into the malicious mind, and science without conscience is the ruin of the soul." You and I have been acquainted with both learned and knowing, whom we have been glad to cut. In the vexation of already knowing too much, and being required to know how much more, could you not, Eusebius, willingly strip yourself knowledge-bare, and take up contentedly with *Poor Richard's Almanac*, or the *Shepherd's Calendar*, and become, as the clown says in *As You Like It*, "a natural philosopher," satisfied to know, "the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends. That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn. That good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause of the night is the lack of the sun. That he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred." For my own part, Eusebius, to lighten my head of one item of learning's lumber, and too many are pressing into it, I throw off, as a sacrifice to the simplicity recommended, what Sallust has said in better Latin than I wish to remember: "Parum mihi placeant eæ literæ quæ ad virtutem doctoribus nihil profuerant;" which, if you will let me presume to be a better translator than yourself, means that if Virtue had the picking up of Learning's books, she would throw the greater part into the fire as useless lumber.

The legs of the table at which I am writing creak. It cannot be with the weight of any sense I have written this last half-hour — Creaking still. Is it mesmerism? — spirit-rapping? Which leg are you in, Eusebius? Oh? yes, I understand you—I can interpret. What a wonderful age is this nineteenth century; that you whom I left, or knew to be a few minutes ago in the far-off forest philosophising with the clown, should now be rapping me over the knuckles for making fools' play of arguments. O yes, I understand what you are saying. You remind me that, having personified civilisation in my first letter—a Chinese lady, with a porcelain complexion, and adorned with millinery, such as could only come from a "Celestial Empire"—I abandon my own most delicate emblem, and am off to a wild forest to philosophise with a clown and a fool; and giving up the feminine influence, find Civilisation in "shepherd weeds." Get into the other leg awhile, Eusebius; you are creaking and croaking a little too near; and listen awhile—you are mistaken, my worthy friend. I have not abandoned the principle of feminine influence; for while you were talking your simplicities to Corin and the clown, I was holding delicious and most sensible banter with Rosalind and Celia in a pleasant forest glade, far out of your sight; and the while I heard a voice behind a tree, which I verily believe to have been Shakespeare's, whispering thus — "I do admire your Celestial Beauty above all things, and have put her into a play I am writing—that is, rapping out, across the Atlantic; which, if I can at all trust the amanuensis and advertiser, will appear as soon as the other world electro-magnetic printing-press shall be completed; in the meanwhile, take my Rosalind and Celia, who, in conjunction with your Porcelain Beauty, will be Three Graces, and you will make your argument perfect—feminine influence — civilisation." If you mean to say, Eusebius, that you never would have believed Shakespeare could have spoken such ill language, put that down as the fault of the interpreter, who, knowing more perhaps of other people's languages,

especially dead ones, than Shakespeare, to his honour, fame, and happiness ever knew, is no longer master of that pure uncontaminated mother-tongue. You are silent. It was but a short dream, Eusebius. I am awake. If I have had a little too much fooling, it was by way of recreation, for I have now very serious matter to attend to.

Notice of the Report of the Census on "religious worship" may not be omitted. It is the most blameable portion of the whole laborious work; for no dependence whatever can be placed upon it. It is so inaccurate as to incur a charge of not being impartial. Who is in fault? Not the census-maker alone, but the Government. A religious Census is a serious affair, and should be restricted, with much previous forethought. The Government are not qualified to issue *Divinity* lectures, nor complete histories of creeds. But if they will assume the unnecessary duty, it would at least be decent to know something of the qualifications of their compiler — his knowledge, judgment, and experience with regard to these important subjects. The work should be done deliberately, carefully; but what says the writer? "I am conscious that, although in illustration of the Tables I have been compelled, in order to secure an early publication, to shorten my remarks, they have, upon the whole, been too extended; and I cannot expect that, *in the unavoidable haste with which they have been written*, by one *previously unacquainted with the subject*, they are free from error. But I do indulge a hope that they are free from bias." I give the writer credit for believing this freedom from bias, but an ignorance is shown in his belief; for no man can be free from a religious bias; and if there be, that man is not fit to write upon religion. But it appears that the Government had selected one *previously unacquainted with* the subject; and that what should have required much time and deliberation was accomplished *in haste*. The subject taken in hand was quite beyond the purpose of a Census. It is the old fault, the Trojan war *ab ovo* — commencing from the egg, a work which, if carried out at length in the spirit of its beginning, would make of itself a very large library. That being impossible, the heterogeneous result is an indigestible digest of religions and creeds, which the Government, for all purposes of a Census, had no business to require, and which no one man could be qualified to make. Parliament has thought it worth while to employ a great part of a session upon Assumption of Title Bills. The labour could only be justified by a previous assumption, an acknowledgment of the Church of England as the Established Church, of which the Queen and her Government are supposed to be members, and preservers, by oath, of her rights and dignities. The Church of England, and the constitution of England, however tolerant both happily are—and may they ever be so—acknowledge but one Church — *the* Holy Catholic or Universal Church. This acknowledgment is embodied in the authorised formularies of the Church. The Constitution does not declare that there shall be no other religions, tolerating dissent to the utmost. A form of religion differing from her own is also established in one portion of the dominions; but not so as in any degree to nullify the title of the Church of England as a branch of the Church Catholic in England. Our Queen Anne was so sensitive upon this subject, that she spoke of dissenters as that portion of her subjects who had "the *misfortune* not to be members of the Church of England." In our day no such expression would be used. I only mean to show, by what I have said, that in making a Report to be laid before the Queen, the Government, and the People, legitimate titles and distinctions should be preserved; and I should draw this inference, that a writer of a Census who errs in this respect is not a member of the Church of England; or, if he thinks himself one, must be mistaken. The report before me, is not for all the Queen's dominions, but for "England and Wales," within which limits one would suppose a member of the Church of England would not enumerate "Protestant *Churches*." But the classifier, to act up to his profession of freedom from "*bias*," treats all

opinions and sects with equal indifference, or, it may rather be said, with equal respect, and lifts up and dignifies the disgusting subscribers to the blasphemy of Joe Smith, the Mormonite, with a place among "other Christian Churches.' Taking the *very respectable* accounts of the multitudes of creeds, with the equally respectable classification, it would not be very unfair to imagine them to have been made purposely for a people in *search of a religion;* and that the compiler, as a general agent for all bodies, would show the honesty and impartiality of his agency by an equal and fair display of all their commodities, without presuming to indicate a preference or *bias.* More than this, the pedlar's pack is ready to exhibit the quilts and cradle of the mad Johanna, and advertise that there are yet four insane congregations of Southcottians, into any of which the looker-out for a faith may enroll himself or herself. I cannot believe, Eusebius, that he would willingly, knowingly, omit any sect; that he has not noticed, therefore, the Princcites and the Agapemone, I put down, not as of any evil intention, or of disrespect to them, but merely to that carelessness and negligence which have caused so many omissions and inaccuracies. And this is the more surprising, as his very lengthy and flattering account of the Mormonites would have led him, one would have supposed, to as full a narrative of so congenial a sect. For it does not appear that any degree of insanity, or worse, is to annul the title of faithful believers to be a "Christian Church!" I would not wish to speak too lightly; but, in truth, in this report the area of religion seems to be treated as that of a fair, in which any set of actors may set up a booth, and claim from the Queen's printer the advantage of advertising bills for general distribution. You remember, Eusebius, Sir Godfrey Kneller's dream; being, as he professed, of no particular religion, he was desired to make a free choice.

But why was this enumeration and this history of and inquiry into creeds made at all? Why proceeded in, when, as I before stated with regard to school inquiry, it was ascertained there could be no legal demand for truthful replies? If the Church of England is made to appear to an untruthful disadvantage, it is hard to withold a suspicion that there has been a bias somewhere or other. Places of worship, of due solemnity, and so-called places of worship, where congregations keep on their hats and smoke; and places fraudulently self-styled places of worship, whose object is to put down all worship—are jumbled together as "Christian Churches," and so make a numerical array against the Church of England. No matter what they are, their ticket-titles, with pretty nearly the same "probatum est" of Census, are tossed into his authority bag, well shaken, to be thrown out for the people to pick up as a boon and privilege of equal value, and of equal Government sanction.

It having been shown that the religious returns depended only upon "an intimation" of voluntary liability—that replies were not compulsory—it may easily be imagined that those sects which mostly desired to magnify their numerical importance, would take advantage of this and other *intimations* which the circular agency of dissenting officials might industriously distribute. It would appear that there were actually, on the given day, circulating congregations. The registered numbers must be fallacious. But our ingenious Census has not exhausted his contrivances. He has invented another test. Forgetting the little approbation of those who "make long prayers," he has set up a religious hour-glass as a surer test than numbers, and by this little simple engine converts the religious zeal of the Church of England, which stood as the major, into the minor, in comparison with the Dissenting bodies, page clvi. "Thus, while the table just presented shows that the Church of England has attending its three services more *persons* than all other bodies put together (3,733,474 against 3,487,558), it appears from the table on page clxxxii, that the number of *attendances* performed by the 3,733,474 is actually less than the number performed by the 3,487,558; the former having attended 5,292,551 times, while the latter attended 5,603,515 times. Or if we assume that a service on an average occupies *an hour and three quar-*

ters, it would seem that the 3,773,474 Churchmen devoted 9,261,962 hours to religious worship (or two hours and a half each), while the 3,487,558 Dissenters devoted 9,806,151 hours to a similar duty (or two hours and three-quarters each)." A very ridiculously amusing idea this—a newly-invented religious clock, set up by a Government Census in a conspicuous situation, warranted accurately to strike the quarters; or an improvement, perhaps, having a double-striking action, with the two figures on each side, like St. Dunstan's,—one to represent the Church-of-England man, the other the Dissenter, striking their variances, and looking so savage at each other that it is lucky the clock's orbit is betwixt 'em. But I have a notion, Eusebius, that our amusing census-mechanician is a bit of a plagiarist in this; for I remember reading something like it of a Praying machine in common use somewhere in Tartary, into which certain written prayers are put. It is then turned round, like a grinding organ, at a trifling cost, by the hand of the officiating priest—the supposed-praying person or penitent receiving perfect satisfaction, without giving himself the least trouble in the world. This is a hint in somebody's travels, it may be, from which Gulliver may greatly improve his religious timepiece.

But as Homer nods occasionally, without loss of dignity, so does our Gulliver; and when he wakes, he finds his watch has run down, and, like other common folk, he sets it by conjecture, or by the sun. The sun! By what sun? That which hardly glimmers a light through murky fog, seen from metropolitan official window? or by church clock or tabernacle clock? or by an average of time, extracted from ingenious tabular calculations, of which the minute-hands are impatient? It is by conjecture. Thus we find, p. cli., "An estimate for defective returns"—"also including estimates for omissions." What have statistics to do with defectives, and estimates for omissions? Whose privilege are they? By whom bequeathed? And who is the residuary legatee, with the right to do what he pleases with his own?

These "defective returns," these omissions, very fatal as they are to census matters, have an ugly look, from this strange circumstance, that there is a secret to be kept, under promises offered by, or required from, the Secretary of State concerning all particulars regarding these Returns. This is very strange, indeed. First, the investigation is not founded on Act of Parliament, but the personal requisition of the Secretary of State; secondly, the Secretary of State, thus going far beyond the Parliamentary liberty, is under promise of secresy to the census-makers and enumerators. If required of him, did he not wonder what could be the why or wherefore? The secrets, whatever they were, are kept. And what is the result? A very strange one: an admission, on the part of Government, that the Returns are not fair and just—an admission made in the House of Lords.

You may think, Eusebius, that this statement requires graver authority than this assertion of mine. I will give you the gravest, beyond the gravity of a judge,—the gravity of a bishop. Here is an extract from the charge of the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, delivered in August and September last:—

"My attention has been drawn to an enumeration of churches and places of dissenting worship, and to the alleged attendance at each respective place, as taken on the 30th March, 1851, called the Census Sunday. A digested summary of that religious census has been put forth in the present year, in a cheap and popular form, with a great apparatus of tables, accompanied by an historical and statistical discussion. This publication, which has been widely circulated, is probably known to most of my reverend brethren. It comprises a great store of interesting and curious matter, illustrated by ingenious calculations, and is well adapted to amuse and inform (query misinform) the reader. But, in the main purport for which the enumeration was intended, a representation of the relative numbers of Churchmen and Dissenters, it must be regarded as a failure, and as leading only to erroneous conclusions. The investigation itself not having been founded on the Act of Parliament for taking the census, but upon the personal requisition of a Secretary of State; many clergymen declined to answer the questions or assist such an inquiry respecting their congregations, deeming it useless and unauthorised curi-

osity; while, among the sectarians, there appears to have been excitement and activity to procure the largest possible confluence of persons in the meeting-houses on that day. From these and other causes a return was procured highly favourable to the dissenting numbers as compared with those of the Church. Such flagrant instances were found of the erroneous deductions drawn from this exposition, that the subject was brought before the House of Lords, in the late session, by two of my right reverend brethren, and the authorities were moved for upon which the report had been grounded. Hereupon it was admitted on the part of the Government, that a strong case for complaint had been made out, and that the numbers of the Church had been understated; but they declined producing the grounds of the statement on the score of good faith; a promise having, it seems, been given by the Secretary of State, that all the particulars of the returns should not be published—a promise which naturally led to carelessness, and, perhaps in some cases, fiction. Here the matter must rest. Henceforward nobody can appeal to the Religious Census of 1851 as a document of authority."

You see, Eusebius, there is a new working-day, a "Census Sunday," taken out of the fifty-two on which shops are closed and business stayed, as days (transferred from the Jewish Sabbath) on which "Thou shalt do no manner of work"—set up by authority of the Secretary of State; made not only a day of business for an army of spies and enumerators, but a day of general jealousy and temptation to fraud. Highly beneficial this to Christian communities! You have read the declaration of a political party-maxim—that it should be the Whig policy to court the Dissenters—and here you see it secretly put in practice under a public pretence.

In the House of Lords the Bishop of Oxford had made the same complaint as to the unauthorised character of the Census. "It was beyond the power vested in the Secretary of State to send out these papers." I make some extracts from his speech:—

"For this reason, the numbers given in the official documents, as purporting to belong to the Church of England, were oftentimes very loosely put together, and considerably less than such numbers really were. In his own diocese, for instance, where he had caused careful inquiries to be made, the numbers who attended one service on Sunday, were found, upon calculation, to be about 117,421, while, in the official returns of the Registrar-General, they were stated only at 98,410. But the greatest misstatements in the reports occurred, not from our own numbers being lessened, but from the number of the Dissenters, of nearly all denominations, being greatly exaggerated and set forth."

Again:—

"He would read to the House a brief statement upon the subject, which he had taken the trouble to procure, which was authenticated, and could be depended upon in every way, and which comprised, in fact, short extracts from various written reports forwarded to him. From these reports it appeared that, at the times when the numbers were being taken, the Dissenters filled their places of worship on purpose to swell the return of their numbers; that many persons attended in these Dissenting chapels in the evening who attended Church in the morning and afternoon; that most, if not all, the Dissenters of the neighbouring parishes always attended the particular parish where the Census was being taken, so that they were in reality counted two or three times over; that special sermons were preached in the Dissenting chapels to induce larger congregations to assemble; that the same persons often attended places of worship belonging to different Dissenting denominations; that the unfavourable state of the weather during the time the Census was being taken kept many people from Church; that many of the chapels mentioned in the report could not hold the number of the persons returned as going to them, unless such persons were very small children; that all the children were taken from the charity schools, and made to count in the returns; that the Dissenters, from the first, entertained an opinion that the returns were to be looked upon as a struggle between the Churchmen and Dissenters; that our own clergy, for various reasons, were careless about the matter, and conscientiously objected to the returns being taken in the manner proposed, and so did not assist in taking them; that many of the most important returns were in reality taken by persons hostile to the Church, and desirous rather to depreciate its importance than exemplify the real amount of its influence." .... "He would refer, as an instance of misstatement, to the return of the Registrar-General as to the Roman Catholics of Liverpool, from which it appeared that the number attending Catholic chapels were 27,660, whereas it was a well-known fact that all the sittings

in their places of worship in this town did not amount to more than 8006. Another instance might also be mentioned in reference to the parish of St. Giles, where the sittings for Roman Catholics were only 460, and yet the number attending them was inserted in the Census as 3000. He had heard, also, of a case in which the number of persons attending Divine service during the day at one of our churches was inserted as 236, whereas, at one service alone, the clergyman of that place knew that 550 had attended; and, upon his remonstrating on the subject, the numbers were re-examined, and found to amount, including both morning and afternoon services, to upwards of 800."

I must give you, Eusebius, the authority of another Bishop:—

"The Bishop of St. David's concurred in most of the observations of the right reverend prelate who had just sat down, and from the instances which had come under his notice, believed it would have been better if the clergy of the Church of England had refused to give the returns in the manner they were required to do; because, by giving them, they were in fact countenancing and encouraging the improper returns that had been made. He knew the feeling of the great body of the clergy was, that the "Religious Census," as it was called, was a mere farce, and could not be said, by any means, to represent a fair estimate of what really was the number of the different denominations. He held in his hand letters from several persons, corroborative of much that the right reverend prelate had stated; and in one of these letters it was said, that a dissenting chapel was returned in the report as having in it, on the day of the return, 2000 persons; whereas, according to the Dissenters' own statement, the largest number it could hold was 1200 persons. From the various facts which had been laid before him, and in which he had every reason to place confidence, there were many cases in which the return of the Dissenters exceeded the number of the population of the place they were supposed to be living in; and, in other cases, there was no doubt that the Dissenters had been counted over and over again. It was also known that the Dissenting Sunday Schools had clubbed together to take it in turn to attend each others' places of worship at different times of the day." . . . . "We ought not to have trusted these matters to the persons that we did, many of whom were interested in putting forward exaggerated reports of the particular sects to which they belonged, and he firmly believed that future returns would accomplish the object which their lordships had in view—namely, that of getting a true report of the number of all religious denominations, unless they were made upon a very different principle from the present returns."

A pretty exposure is this, Eusebius. The Census, then, is not only an impertinence, but a mischief. I have given you very grave authority—they settle the case. The Census is condemned. It is nailed down to the counter of fair dealing, like a false coin, bearing the sovereign image, which never came from the sovereign mint—no, nor the Parliamentary.

I must stay my hand. It will never do to tack on, as a supplement, the worsted fringe of my poor style to the rich texture of Episcopal orations. I know you laugh at my hypocrisy. You are right. I don't believe a word about the poverty of style. Mother-wit can swagger when it will: nor will I be thankless of its gift, to disparage its power of rising. Do you not know it is occasionally light for a purpose? Bishops may not deal with ridicule; but it is a legitimate weapon for such as we are, who may wear a comic mask, and yet tell grave truths—

"Interdum tamen et vocem comœdia tollit,
Iratusque Chremes tumido delitigat ore."

You and I are old enough to be privileged, when provoked, to put on the angry Chremes. But I will not swell out just now after these Episcopal and Parliamentary orations, remembering the fable—The Frogs and the Ox. The motley style, neither all too serious nor too gay, does its work. The clown and the judge are characters in the same play, and needful to the plot—often the first the most amusing. A light manner may hold severe matter. It is a world of light readers; you are one, and will not object to this letter on that account. The famous Dr. Prideaux, when he took a copy of his *Connexion of the Old and New Testament* to the publisher, had it returned to him with the remark, that it was a dry subject, and he (the publisher) could not venture on it unless it could be enlivened with a little humour. Let this be an excuse for mine, and no damage will be done to the sobriety of the sense that is under it.

VIVE VALEQUE.

A PEEP AT PARIS.

LETTER TO IRENÆUS.

My Dear Irenæus—There are many ways of beginning a new year. Some people begin it with a series of parties given and received; others with good resolutions; others by endeavouring to carry out those good resolutions; others by intending to pay their debts; others—fewer, I fear—by paying them; most good men by either propositions of amendment, or an endeavour to act accordingly; many, and that a large class, after a short effort in the same direction, by putting off the beginning of the new year for themselves to their own birth-days, which are likely to occur at some time in the course of the year, and, when their own birth-days come, by lapsing into their old courses. Such being the case, it struck a certain friend of yours, that no bad way of beginning 1855 would be to have a look at our gallant allies and their new empire, at the other side of the Channel, to jot down some of the impressions he had received during his flying visit, and to send them off to you and Maga. The only difficulty was how to begin; for to begin with a description of a railroad-and-steamer journey would be even impudently trite. I wonder why so many travellers take the trouble to describe so unpleasant a thing as travelling. You open your eyes; for you know that, if I am not a fanatic in anything else, I am a fanatical traveller. I must explain. The pleasure of travelling consists in the stopping, not in the going on, but because to stop you must go on first. The disagreeables of travelling are necessary evils, to be encountered for the sake of the agreeables of resting and looking round you. And these agreeables, in my opinion, far outweigh the other disagreeables, therefore am I a fanatical traveller; and I hold that the impressions received during a week of travelling are commonly equal to those received during a twelvemonth of ordinary life. We all wish and pray for long life, and this long life may be either relative or absolute. Absolute long life is of little value to man, and in the realisation of it he can never vie with the raven or the oak. Relative long life may be secured in two ways, even by those whom the gods love, and who die young, by multiplying actions, or by multiplying impressions. In this view, there is a wise philosophy in the expression, "a short life and a merry one." To the indolent it is easier to multiply impressions than actions, and for this purpose we love books, we love gossip, and, above all, we love travelling; for in travelling we get the cream of books through the prismatic colours, not the dull black and white of letterpress. Apropos of what I said about the agreeables and disagreeables of travelling, Tennyson has written two beautiful pieces, one called the "Lotos-Eater," the other "Ulysses." In the first he describes the unpleasantness of the ἐνέργεια, or action; in the second the pleasantness of the ἔργον, or production; in the first he describes the sweetness of rest, in the second the staleness of rust. By the way, what a pleasant book for a journey is a volume of the Laureate, published by Mr. Moxon, of Dover Street—clear type and plenty of margin, like the white paper left round a water-colour drawing, setting off the poetry to the best advantage—not too large for the pocket, or too small for the eyes; not too heavy in hand, or too light for the wind that comes through the open window. I have a great dislike to cheap railway literature in general, not on account of the cheapness, but on account of the density of the print, which, with the jarring of the carriage, becomes mere confusion. Light reading ought to be lightly bound and easily legible, not requiring to get fairly into it, a "pons asinorum" of material difficulties; in short, to compare it with persons, its mental beauty ought not to labour under the disadvantage of Curran, who, being an ugly, but a pleasant man, boasted that he was not a quarter of an hour behind the handsomest man in London. Maga is the closest

book admissible on a journey; but Maga's columnar structure makes up for the closeness of the type in facilities for reading; and Maga professes rather to be the philosophic companion of a fireside than a mere railway acquaintance, to be buried in the greatcoat pocket when the tickets are given up.

I said that I was in difficulty where to begin, being forbidden to begin at the beginning. Shall I begin at the end? That will not do, as the end is the same as the beginning. I must begin in the middle, then. And as I did not keep a journal during my flying visit—for who can write flying? —I must take the middle in place, not in time. I fear in doing this I shall be as commonplace as if I began at the beginning. We have all heard of "the golden mean," many of us of "medio tutissimus;" many of us, too, of Aristotle's dogma, of all good being a mean between extremes. It is odd that the word mean should have become degraded. It meant well at first; but that very degradation seems to me an argument against Aristotle. He was a man of mean—that is, of middle stature—himself, so he perhaps delighted in glorification of the mean. It seems that I have no other alternative but to follow his example. I have before me a beautiful map—"Paris illustrée et ses Fortifications" —showing all the streets and squares, plainly and pleasantly marked, with portraits of the public buildings. I put my finger on the middle of that map as nearly as possible; and I put my finger on the glorious Louvre, the very centre of the attractions of the French capital, and of the grand architectural doings of Napoleon III. Which gallery shall we see first? we have seen them all before. We are in the great quadrangle. It is paved with asphalt, the Turkey-carpet of pavements, clean, and seeming soft, and free from risk to elderly gentlemen; for there are no basset edges of strata sticking up to trip the foot; and there are glass-plots in the corners, with a broad border of something. It looked like a number of hepaticas not yet in blossom. No, it is ivy pegged down, the "very ivy" off "the ruin," forming a border to a carpet of sward. Unless the ivy feels itself insulted, it looks very well there. We go to the door of the Museum. It is not a public day, but strangers are privileged; the porter looks *at* the *outside* of our passports, and in we walk. I have often found a passport convenient in France; and if it were not, I have never felt disposed to quarrel with a custom in any country to which the inhabitants have to submit. We go "away and away and away" through the Salle d'Apollon, with its fine views of the river Seine; and, turning to the right, are in the middle of *chefs d'œuvre* of the old masters, the best pictures being sufficiently marked to the uninitiated by the number of easels set up before them, and the number of copiers. When the artists leave the gallery, they put their names on the backs of their bundles of painting materials, and they are perfectly safe. The Raphaels in the Louvre are well known. My friend dared to dispute the authenticity of St. Michael, alleging that the features were not Raphaelesque; but there is one thing about that picture unmistakable—the exquisite poise of the figure, which seems balanced by its divinity, like the famous Madonna di San Sisto at Dresden, the latter being, in our humble opinion, the finest picture ever painted. What a heresy it is to prefer the pre-Raphaelites to Raphael! Raphael painted truth and beauty—they painted truth without beauty; and therefore, forsooth, Raphael sacrificed truth to beauty. But, in keeping what was unsightly out of sight, he only sacrificed a lower to a higher truth, and followed the example of nature, in whose doings reparation is the rule, and the concealment of what is painful; for does she not cover the ruin with ivy? The grandest example I know of that rule of nature is, the scene of the fall of the Rossberg in Switzerland: that catastrophe, which caused so much affliction, has produced in time a landscape of broken ground, rocks, and water, and various vegetation, such as scarcely any other cause could have produced. In one "pre-Raphaelite" picture at the Louvre, the eye painfully dwells on the anatomical exactness of the wound produced by the spear in the Saviour's

side, whereas such details should be subordinated to the glory of his passion. But the pre-Raphaelites knew no better, for the very reason that they came before Raphael; so there was a time when we used to draw a smaller and a larger circle, and four lines to represent a man. Young artists have a perfect right to be pre-Raphaelites in their studios, but as such they have no right to exhibit, except in privacy, as immature farmers' daughters exhibit their samplers as specimens of their precocious embroidery.

The pictures in the long gallery are not seen to the best advantage, except those of Rubens. Rubens sheds a sort of electric light, which puts everything else out; the air swims with pink flesh, and the eyes tire of the one nude Dutch woman looking as if the violence with which she is drawn up to the skies, or let down to Hades, would shake all the pink flesh off her bones, and leave her a "memento mori." His male figure is certainly grand. But the Louvre is very rich in the life-like pictures of the Flemish and Dutch school, very few of which can be studied without a painter gaining some ideas from them. There is one of not much significance by Quentin Matsys. Was he not the painter who became a painter from a blacksmith, by falling in love with the painter's daughter? Le Sueur flourishes at the further end of the gallery; he delights in two classes of subjects of different character,—nuns and monks enduring austerities, and nymphs and cupids with wreaths of flowers floating in the air. The Cupid and Psyche, so popular and so often copied, is by Eustace Le Sueur. Away we go through the galleries—there is a most valuable collection of drawings, the notes and raw material of the old masters; there is a most valuable collection of antiques, the chair of Dagobert bringing us back to the earliest times, and reminding us that we are in the newest as well as one of the oldest countries in Europe; and the apparently gigantic armour of François Premier telling of the Field of the Cloth-of-Gold, and suggesting a hope that we may see in our own day a similar fraternisation of the sovereigns of England and France.

But which is the way down? It is hard to find: we go round and round, we make one ineffectual plunge into an Egyptian saloon, but we are warned back, for there are workmen in it, and it is not yet open to the public; at last we make a successful dive into the Hall of Sculpture, and find ourselves in the midst of Greek and Roman art. Is it, or is it not, good taste to complete the torsos, and put modern arms and legs on classical trunks? It looks better at first, doubtless, but is rather a desecration. I love the mutilated Theseus and Ilissus, and would not on any account finish them, for fear of impairing the perfect and reposeful symmetry of the originals. Besides, if any addition be false, it is a flagrant falsehood. Better leave them as they were, as the best scholars would leave the fragmentary passages of Æschylus, to the incompleteness in which they have come to us. Such would be, at all events, the more reverential course as regards the ancients. We stop to sketch the Venus of Arles; it is a figure of pure and simple beauty, such a one as the ancients loved: she has just half drawn on her drapery after the famous *goddess show*, in which another Paris was the judge, and is holding in her hand the fatal apple, looking at it as if it were worth possessing, but as if she had had a perfect right to it from the first. But who goes there? A fine bearded man, who might have been a model for a sculptor, with traces of suffering on his countenance, in a weather-beaten scarlet uniform, which is crowned by that ugly undress-cap with which the questionable taste of our military authorities has thought proper to finish off the guardsmen. He is a Crimean hero, a sergeant of the fusiliers: he is on his way home with a hole through his lungs, which he got at Alma, though now in a fair way of recovery. How respectfully, though not obtrusively, the officials come round him, and converse with him through his French companion, who is explaining to him the lions of Paris! There he passes off, six feet high, down the avenue of statues of that Valhalla, by Achilles and Hector and the Roman emperors, and the thought

strikes us that there are as good heroes now as in the days of Troy and the Cæsars, and as good heroes British born and British bred. We came across two more such during our short visit to France. One, a captain of dragoons, accosted us in the Place de la Concorde as we were expanding our map; the other, an officer of rank, we saw on our way home. They came passing through that brilliant world of Paris, and called to mind the sterner scene where our countrymen were suffering. They did us good, and they, doubtless, did the French good too—the kind of good that solemn thoughts do those who are enjoying the pleasant passages of life.

But we pass through the open air into the gallrey of modern sculpture. What an uncomfortable statue that is of Milo of Croton writhing back from the split oak in which his hand is fixed, with a lion hard at work eating him, having established his base of operations at a very substantial part of the wrestler's person. It is the offspring of a bad age, which could not see that sudden and violent action was destructive of the peculiar character of sculpture, and of the pleasure which sculpture gives. In fact, I doubt whether, in both painting and sculpture, repose is not a necessary element of all the finest works, for without repose there is no permanency of impression; and to satisfy the soul, there should be a permanency of impression on which the eye might rest for ever without tiring. This essential repose must not be misunderstood. There is a Diana in the centre of one of the rooms, a bronze figure in the act of running. We may look at this figure for a long time, yet it produces no unpleasant impression. There is action there, but an action which, to all appearance, might be eternal without painful effort on the part of the acting person. Were the goddess of the chase seen in repose, and rightly represented, such repose would seem uncomfortable, so strongly suggestive would it be of action not carried out; and as for fatigue, we must not imagine her as a goddess capable of that. It is a pleasure to imagine her so running, balanced on her compact slender foot, and so roaming the woods for ever. This statue appears to me the best expression of Diana, for it represents her, not as most of her statues do, as a merely muscular Hebe, or the emblem of maiden pride, like Athene without her armour, but as the very incarnation of perpetual motion amongst goddesses as Mercury is amongst gods. And in the perpetuity of this motion there is a repose like that in the motion of the spheres, which it does the soul good to contemplate; for it is full of youth, full of strength to perform its purposes, full of the calm unconsciousness of divinity.

In the inmost saloon the most striking figure is perhaps a stooping nymph by Pradier, very graceful and soft of outline, with the classicality of Thorwaldsen. This artist died about two years ago, and might have achieved greater things had he lived longer.

The nymph Salmacis, stooping, and apparently detaching her sandal, is much in the same style, though not quite so good, by another artist; and there is a recumbent figure of Hyacinthus, elegant in attitude, though the limbs appear either too starved or destitute of muscle, in the same room. As we pass out, we are struck by the statue of Amalthea sitting on a rock with the goat by her, with whose milk the nymph is said to have nursed Jupiter. There is much dignity in this figure, and in the countenance a proud consciousness of the sacredness of her charge. On the whole, we are impressed with the improvement of the most modern sculpture on the school immediately preceding it, the moderns appearing more thoroughly to appreciate the chastity of design characteristic of the antique spirit.

But the short winter-day is going fast, and we must have a look at the Gallery of the Luxembourg before dinner-time. So we cross the Seine and pass down a long clammy street of the Faubourg St. Germain, paved with those round-topped slippery stones so especially uncomfortable to walk upon. They seem to indicate that the old nobility, who still haunt this "quartier," ignored pedestrianism, and only respected the convenience of carriage-

people. Or is this pavement kept up for the benefit of the medical students of the neighbouring "quartier Latin," as it gives so many chances of a sprained ankle? The Gallery of the Luxembourg contains none but modern paintings and sculptures, and gives the best general idea of the modern French school of art. Though inclined to be in good humour with everything French, we cannot say we are delighted with the general choice of subjects. They are chiefly historical, or rather theatrical; and if it be the only object of tragedy to excite pity and terror, the modern French school of painting is certainly an efficient handmaid of tragedy.

But the picture that struck us most of all was of a different, though not an inconsistent character. It seemed to have been painted with a conscious comparison of the capitals of ancient Italy and modern France, depicting in both of them the dissoluteness preceding dissolution. It reminds us equally of the sad pictures of the Roman satirist, and the flame-coloured orgies of a Balzac or a Sue. Its motto is from Juvenal—

"Sœvior armis
Luxuria incubat, victumque ulciscitur orbem."

The great fault is the crowded position of the figures, which must have been far too much in each other's way for thoroughly unstrung and jaded repose in the lap of luxurious enjoyment. There are women and men carousing, or rather having caroused, with empty cups lying about, and desecrated garlands—some languidly draining the last drops of the draught which, for those with consciences, is evidently not the draught of Lethe. The "fulness of satiety" is on all their faces, and the dull, dull weariness of finer natures plunged in unintellectual enjoyment. One female figure, of striking beauty, seems falling forward from a couch in the foreground: she might have been a goddess, a priestess, an empress, and she is—such an empress as Messalina. It is not a pleasant picture, though, and perhaps because the subject is pleasure. There are two indignant satirists standing at the door making stern faces, who, if the guests had waked up with sufficient energy, would certainly have been shown the way out. We look round. The French are certainly too fond of horrid subjects. Their paintings are like the battles in Homer's Iliad—anatomical. They are too often, as say the Faculty, beautiful specimens of disease—moral disease. Tragedy is all very well, but why revolt the sensibilities, and show the bad side of human nature, till one sickens at the relationship one is compelled to own to demons under the name of men? We will run over the names of a few of these most disagreeable subjects. "The Exiles of Tiberius,"—a party of miserable victims of tyranny being hurried off to their island prisons. "Cain Killing his Brother Abel;" "Scene of the Massacres of Scio—Greek Families Waiting for Death or Slavery;" "Death of Elizabeth, Queen of England;" "The Young Princes Stifled in the Tower of London;" "Cain" again, "after the Murder of Abel;" "Shipwrecked Men Fighting with Bears;" "Shipwreck of the Reliance;" "Summons of the Last Victims of the Reign of Terror;" "Scene from St. Bartholomew;" "Suliot Women throwing themselves over a Precipice." I have had quite enough of it; let us look for something more pleasant. But one cannot get rid of these painful pictures, for some of them are very finely painted: their image rises again to the eye when the eye is off them, and appears where we would not wish it to be, with much of the same sensation that the eye feels after looking long on snow with the sun on it, when the snow keeps rising in the vision, but turned red. That "Scene from the Massacres of Scio" should be engraved and sent round, like the pictorial presents of the *Illustrated News*, to all our subscribers—to a Turkish loan. The Greeks have deserved badly enough of us in the present war, but they are some of them contemporaries, some sons, of those who lived in the time of that most odious act of barbarism. It is not to be wondered at that they are sceptical of Turkish progress, just as we have reason to be sceptical of Russian. Yes! we are fighting against the Czar—against barbarian despotism; but for that very reason not for the Turks—that is, if we are wise.

There is a great deal of gross nonsense talked about Turkish civilization. It can never come to anything more than Mahomedanism emasculated; and Mahomedanism, unlike Brahmanism and some other false religions, is radically barbarian and barbarous. Paul de la Roche is very great in the "Death of Elizabeth," but it is anything but a pleasant picture—there is no redeeming idea. Now, "Cromwell looking at the Dead Body of Charles" is a very different picture. There is a grim grandeur in the figure of the "immortal rebel" as he stands alone communing with his conscience, and asking it whether his secretary's words are strictly applicable, that

> "There is slain
> To God no sacrifice more acceptable
> Than an unjust and wicked king;"

words blasphemous in themselves, unless uttered with a certainty of truth, which it is presumptuous for a human being to feel. There is the slightest touch of doubt, of compunction, in Cromwell's face, which would never have been shown to witnesses. But as for this picture of the dying Elizabeth, it is simply terrific without a moral. There is the old haggard form, lying on soft cushions, surrounded with all the trappings of royalty, with the countenance wrung by remorse, disappointment, and despair. I should question if this picture was quite just to the memory of Elizabeth. Her death appears to have been accompanied with frantic violence, but violence arising from woman's weakness, mortified vanity, and chagrin at what she believed the ingratitude of a special favourite, Essex. That the death of Mary of Scots might have stood before her then, and other executions even more like judicial murders, there is no denying; but it appears from the testimony of Mignet, who, as a Frenchman, may fairly be supposed impartial, that Mary's death was a most unwilling sacrifice to the urgency of Burleigh and the clamours of the English people. Mary's beauty has always been an unanswerable argument in her favour; and that feeling which her army felt when her form moved across the window, as mentioned in Scott's novel, and every knight swore by the cross of his sword to shed his best blood for her, has been shared more or less by all who have read about her; and there is a general sympathy for that Lord Claude Hamilton in the engraving, who is dying with such a happy expression on his face, because such lovely eyes are seeing him out of this world, and weeping over his devotion—albeit a devotion decidedly of the earth, earthly. Peace be to his ashes, pardon to hers,—peace and pardon even to those of the capricious, vain, but patriotic Elizabeth! Paul de la Roche has no right, in his portraiture of death, to anticipate the verdict of Heaven. As to the "Summons to the Victims of the Reign of Terror," I would not wish to speak of this picture without qualification. It is certainly one of a class of subjects more honoured in the avoidance than the choice; but the different emotions with which the summons is received form a grand field. There is abject terror, in itself degrading; indignation at the sacrifice of fine natures to the howling fanaticism of an atheist mob; and, better still, calm heroism looking death in the face, with the consciousness of the ultimate triumph of the just man—

> "Si fractus illabatur orbis;"

and, best of all, the self-forgetting and abstracted power which the creed of the Cross alone, in any of its developments, can give to the humanly weak, victorious over man and death and the grave, and humbled only before the Maker in whose presence His creature is so soon to stand. This is a useful, though not a pleasant picture. It is well placed in Paris—a perpetual reminder that tyranny has more faces than one, and that its most hideous face of all is seen upon the many-headed monster.

But we walk round, and try not to look at these pictures any more. There is "Antony Haranguing the People after the Death of Cæsar," by Joseph-Desiré Court. This is a powerful piece; the emotion of the people is well done, and the annoyance of the conspirators, some of whom are half-drawing their swords, doubting whether they shall use them

for attack or defence. The artist has hit off exactly the hang-dog features of the lower natures among the Romans—a low forehead, thick occiput, and protruding ears; and he has given this physiognomy with strict justice to those "honourable men," who butchered in the most cowardly manner their defenceless and trusting friend and benefactor.

But we pass to scenes more peaceful. Rosa Bonheur! that is a pretty name, and a name of good omen. With the tenderness and feeling for nature of all gifted women, with the exquisite and instinctive taste common to nearly all French women, gifted or not, she paints the country, and in a land where the city is everything, with a certain degree of courage. Her Breton cattle-piece in the London French exhibition last year, elicited unqualified approbation. She has only one picture in the Luxembourg. The subject is simple enough (a ploughed field with oxen), but I never saw oxen better done, a ploughed field better done, or the quiet light and shade on the furrows better done: it is pre-Raphaelesque in its homeliness and general treatment, but it is the very beauty of homeliness. We are happy to see the following note at the bottom of a page in the catalogue; —"Madame Herbilin and Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur having obtained as a result of the former exhibitions all the medals granted as rewards, have been assimilated in 1853, by a special decision, to the decorated artists of the Legion of Honour, and enjoy with them the privilege of not submitting their works to the examination of the jury." Here is a practical recognition of the rights of women by French gallantry—of the rights of women such as they really are. Bloomerism will not go down with the tasteful Parisians, but they give woman fair play in her own province—the Beautiful. Here is a pleasant picture by a Swiss artist, Charles Gleyre, called "Evening." It is full of quiet, of mystery, and weird light, and that deep eternal tranquillity over sea and boat and heavens, which Mr. Ruskin says ought to reside somewhere or other in the horizon of every picture that gives the highest pleasure: and there is undoubtedly much of truth in the remark. A member of our old Water-Colour Society is very successful in giving this feeling, especially in his moonlight scenes, whatever other merits his drawings may have,—(I mean Mr. Finch); but with him it is sad, with Gleyre it is full of joy.

That is a good picture by Odier of the imperial dragoon in the Moscow retreat; horse and man both disabled, the rider dismounted, from the horse's wound, but unable to walk: death stares both in the face—not the death a hero would like best, but he prepares to meet it like a hero, and feels more for his steed than himself. This picture is well known by engravings. It reminds us sadly of the only too probable sufferings at the present moment of some of our own "braves."

We come now to a classical picture, by M. Lehmann, who appears to be a naturalised German. We like it, because we like the grand Æschylean story. It represents the Oceanides lamenting round the foot of the rock where Prometheus is chained. It is well fancied, but the rock is too much like that on which the Eddystone lighthouse rests, whereas it ought to have been a spur of the Caucasus; and the nymphs, if they are in great trouble, have not forgotten to place themselves in the most becoming attitudes for the benefit of the bound Titan, who seems, however, too much in pain to appreciate their endeavours to please. This may have been a bit of sly satire on the part of the artist on female grief in general. Why does Horace Vernet choose such ferocious subjects? "Massacre of the Mamelukes by Mehemet Ali." There is certainly a grandeur in this picture, in the utter helplessness of the brave men who are shot down, in the impassive face of the executioner, who can literally smoke his pipe over the annihilation of Egyptian chivalry. Adieu for the present to the Luxembourg. Nothing is more unjust than the memory of a picture-seer, for he omits to mention some of the best things, and dwells at random on those merely which have happened to find hooks to hang themselves on in his mind.

But there are other things to be seen at Paris now besides pictures.

We take a morning stroll round the Boulevards, beginning at the Madeleine. We walk towards the Boulevards of the undiscovered regions, by the focus of revolutions and emeutes, beyond the Porte St. Martin. To our agreeable surprise, we find the Boulevards still expanding, still beautifying themselves with new buildings, with terraces, with open spaces. Why, they get better as we go further from the Elysian regions and approach the shades of Paris; or is it that we fancy them better from their contrast with their former state? Here is a round fountain, set with lions' heads, simple but ornamental—not new, certainly, but new to us. When shall we have such a fountain in Trafalgar-Square? Here, at the end of a vista, is a fine public building of no very discreditable style. It is the Strasbourg terminus. How very well it looks! It is just what a handsome terminus ought to be: it is without affectation, but stands for decorated utility. Here is a perfect nest of theatres, as if theatres were gregarious as well as those who frequent them; one of them has a pretty open façade, a novelty in theatrical architecture. We shall have something to say now about the playhouses of Paris. We are looking at the handbill at the Gaîté, when one of the actresses passes out, and, seeing we are English, obligingly tells us that the Emperor and Empress are expected to-morrow night, and accordingly we take two tickets in the "fauteuils d'orchestre," just under their box. We walk on; everything is honest and open, like friend Irenæus's countenance, so far as the Place de la Bastille. We go up the Pillar, and look around, but do not see much view, for it is winter-time, and all the fires in Paris are alight, it is to be feared that the burning of English coal is becoming more general, and unless some smoke-consuming apparatus is invented for coal-fires, it will impair in time the beauty of the buildings, as it is detrimental to the purity of the atmosphere. One of the great beauties of Paris, seen from its eminences, is the sparkling whiteness of the city and suburbs, so different from London. We looked towards the Champs Elysées. The Emperor has nothing less than the magnificent idea of prolonging the Rue de Rivoli to the Place de la Bastille, fringing it with handsome stone-faced houses for the whole distance. This is to be the great aorta of Paris, running through its whole body, from the Arch of the Star, its imperial head, to the suburbs inhabited by its workmen, its democratic legs. It is a bright idea of Napoleon the Third to keep those legs, and the hands belonging to them, ever in motion. "Panem et circenses!" said our satirical friend,—that is his system! He well knows that somebody finds work for idle hands, and so he keeps all his hands from idleness; and it is for this probably, quite as much as for the literal edification of his city, that, like the gentleman in our Eton grammar, "He pulls down, he builds up, he changes squares into rounds." It is (to change a little Coleridge's line)—

> "Building, building everywhere,
> No time to stop and think."

And it is certainly better that busy hands should be so employed, than in scoring the private houses with musket-shot, and the public buildings with cannon-shot, and trying to plaster over the sores with a two-feet high inscription of "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité." He recollects the terrible insurrection of the workmen in 1848, when the "ateliers nationaux" were dissolved, and, thinking naturally enough that a provisional government ought to feed them, they took up arms to upset it, and were only quelled after a four days' war, and an estimated loss of five thousand soldiers and five general officers. It may be an expensive plan, but the repetition of such scenes would be much more expensive; and in this case there will certainly be something to show for the money. We will not follow the Boulevards all round—that is too much of a good thing; so we cross the Seine, and pass through the Jardin des Plantes, back up the quays. Taking leave of the literal, not literary lions, we turn to the neighbourhood of Nôtre Dame. All its dirty purlieus are coming down. The old cathedral, which has been choking amongst filthy houses for hundreds of years, like a cleanly and

elderly gentlewoman in a mob of pickpockets and other riffraff—the old historical cathedral, sung and said by Victor Hugo, is to stand out, and look about it, and breathe the fresh air, and see its face and its back, if it has eyes behind, in the noble and real, not tidal, river that flows beneath it. Amongst others, that ugliest building in Paris, the Hôtel Dieu, is to come down; of course, accommodation will be provided for the sick in a better situation; for the French government does provide efficiently, with no departmental checks, for its sick at home or in the field. More shame to ours! But we must not be hard upon those who are down; or, what is worse in this case, drop the thread of our subject to have a throw at them. We are glad to see this clearance of the environs of Nôtre Dame; for never was the proverb, "The nearer the church the further," &c., better illustrated than here. We turn into the Morgue, and soon turn out again, not like some of the people we saw going in and out with an apparently disappointed face, as it seemed to our uncharitableness. There are no corpses laid out there; the same was the case when we made a second visit. This speaks well for the present régime. In Louis Philippe's reign I once saw three, on another occasion five bodies laid out, all apparently of suicides found in the Seine. This may have been accidental, but it looked like improvement. But we are in the legal quarter. It is a decided improvement upon Chancery Lane, which, of all places in London—no very cheerful city—has always seemed to me the gloomiest. Here the Empire has been at work. The courts are spacious, well ventilated, and full of accommodation; it is worth while to have a trifling suit to see them to advantage. We sit down in a civil court, where, notwithstanding its name, there is much incivility, especially on the part of the plaintiff, who, being a wine-merchant, cannot get his bill paid, and is suing for more than the court thinks proper to award. This court is positively pretty, the wall above the president's seat being coloured blue, and speckled with golden bees—the colour, we fear, a cruel allusion to the disappointed litigant's looks, the bees a moral lesson to insolvent debtors. The "Cour d'Assises" is old. It is here that the serious cases are disposed of. We heard a most eloquent harangue of the public accuser; and answer of the prisoner's counsel; the prisoner being a poor work-girl, accused of stealing money from a cash-box. It was a painful case, and we did not see it out. A picture of the Crucifixion is an appropriate addition to this hall of judgment. It gives solemnity and religious sanction to the proceedings. But it is of little use to mention this here, as we Protestants are afraid of such emblems. This calls to mind a little circumstance which occurred as we were entering the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois from vain curiosity. We accosted, with some trivial question, a well-dressed man who rushed by us into the church; he, though a Frenchman, was too absorbed to heed, but went on his way, and fell down on his knees in the church, and, after a few minutes of prayer, passed out again to hurry on his secular business. It was a thing of no consequence; the man might have been in business; his appearance was much that of one of our City men. But fancy one of our City men rushing into a church to pray, and out again on his way to the bank! But then with us the churches are only open on Sundays, while the banks are open every day in business hours; and if we would show foreigners our devout demeanour and solemnity of deportment, I question whether we should not take them rather to our banks than our churches. All is done so gravely, so methodically, with such repression of all levity, that they certainly might be mistaken by an ignorant savage for our temples of worship, and the cashiers for priests, and the partners for bishops; for truly, do not these functionaries, both in dress and aspect, look reverend and right reverend.

No! Irenæus, I am not going over to Rome. My Protestantism is as sound as the great bell of Moscow, before it fell: but you must beware, for you have been a Quaker, and extremes meet at last, when they have once begun to approach each other. We pass through the Rue St. Honoré, and through the Palais Royal, with its

tempting shops, full of elegant inutilities, or what the French call "bêtises." The classical figures in Biscuit de Sèvres, a better material than the Parian porcelain, dwell pleasantly on the memory, some with robes just fringed with gold. Statuettes are the most elegant ornaments of a drawing-room; more elegant because they might be done without. A friend of mine who was going to be married, let his friends know generally that he would dispense with the ordinary presents, for certain articles of plate and useful things in general he must get, whether they were given him or not; but that he would feel obliged to them for any little work of art which, his means being limited, his conscience would not let him buy. Works of art, small or great, have this advantage over many other possessions, they are hard to steal, because they have a traceable individuality when complete; and when reduced to their bare materials, they are comparatively worthless; broken up or melted up, they become mere rubbish. I pity the man who, supposing his object was not to turn it into money, would rather possess the Koh-i-Noor than a gem of Raphael, both on account of his own bad taste, and his want of consideration for those who are open to temptation. We go up the Rue Vivienne, and turning into those pretty lateral passages where the busts of artists are exposed for sale, with numberless amusing prints, we get to the Boulevard, and pass into the Passage Jouffroy. What is our object? Nothing more or less than dinner, and well have we earned it to-day. The French have satirically remarked, "Il y a une chose que les Anglais font tous les jours, et qu'ils font toujours mal;" and accordingly, when an Englishman comes to Paris, he thinks himself much injured if he gets a bad dinner. And yet even there bad dinners are to be had, in spite of the "Physiologie du Gout," and "Brillat-Savarin." In fact, the difficulty of getting a dinner at Paris, to the uninitiated, is very great. The "carte" is put into the hand of the stranger, and he nervously orders, not the most savoury, but the most translatable dishes, while the criticising "garçon" is standing over him, and observing his mistakes, if not in the combination, at least in the succession of his "plats." There is one place where this difficulty is removed, the stranger's gastronomy being taken into affectionate leading-strings. It is the "Dîner de Paris," in the Passage Jouffroy. There is a new dinner every day—the dinner of the day. The bill of fare appears on the board outside. If you like it, or think you do, or choose to speculate, you pay for your ticket and go in. It struck me that that paying for the ticket gave a certain artistic complexion to the whole affair; it was like paying at the door of a theatre, concert-room, or exhibition, and it removed that slight anxiety during the agreeable ceremony as to the amount of the bill, which may have a certain effect, though infinitesimal, on digestion. It was a very good dinner, the cost, including wine, being three francs and a half. There was a multitude of diners, though only one dinner, which like the fairy shilling in the Irish story, was renewed as fast as consumed. Some amusement was created by the conduct of two Englishmen, each having a will of his own, though they came into the room together; one insisting on taking a table in the corner, the other in the middle of the room; and each being seated by himself for some time in the place he had chosen, and beckoning the other over, till the stronger will prevailed, and the gentleman in the middle went to the corner. On comparing notes, they found that the cause of the obstinacy of the one was, that he liked to dine in quiet; while that of the other was, that he liked conversation at dinner, and there were two gentlemen at the middle table. Be it as it may, it amused the French, and it struck us that, somehow or other, the French would not have done so. When they are in company, one seems instinctively to take the lead, and the others to follow. After dinner, we go to the Opéra Comique, which of all the "spectacles" is perhaps the most thoroughly national,—that is to say, best suited to the higher tastes of the nation; for to see the French middle and lower classes at home, you must go to the Palais Royal and Porte St Martin. The performances at the Opéra Comique are chiefly mixtures of dialogue and song; airiness and gaiety

being the characteristics of the musical part, which is alike removed from the dreamy sentimentality of the German, and the rich luxurious satisfaction of the Italian school.

The first piece that we heard has passed away from the mind, leaving a residue of agreeable sensation, connected with the warbling of a female singer, Miolan. The second piece has impressed itself more vividly. It is a classical subject, called "Galathée." It is made out of the well-known story of Pygmalion, summed up in a few words, in a simile by Schiller, in his "Ideals"—

> "As with ardent supplication
> Wooed Pygmalion the stone,
> Till the chisel's cold creation
> A glowing conscious nymph had grown;
> So, with young zeal overflowing,
> Clave my heart to Nature's charms,
> Till I felt her breathing, glowing,
> Wound within my poet-arms."

It opens by the appearance of a lazy young slave asleep on a couch. He gets up, rubs his eyes, stretches, yawns, and falls asleep again; at last, repeating the same process, sits up and sings a very good song, descriptive of the charms of doing nothing, and having nothing to do. The actor is Mocker, too stout and thick set a man for the character, giving it too much of the "fat boy" appearance, and failing to give an idea of the beautiful, lazy, domestic pet, intended by the character of Ganymede. Pygmalion is evidently an easy-going master, a classical St. Clair, and his slaves take great liberties with him, especially now that he is absorbed in the contemplation of his beautiful statue, which is kept behind a curtain, and occasionally exhibited as a special favour. His prayers to Aphrodite, uttered in very good music, at last prevail, and on an occasion, when the curtain is drawn, to his delight and surprise the statue has become a living nymph, well represented by Mdlle. Ugulde. Delighted with the present of the gods, he hastens to ascertain her wants, and the first is a very homely one, "J'ai faim." Of course, Pygmalion must do everything for himself, so off he goes to market with a basket on his arm. While he is away, his new acquisition makes acquaintance with Ganymede, paying very artless compliments to his youth and good looks, and also with another friend of his master's, one Midas, who comes on the stage all over rings, pins, and chains, like a Jewish broker. This is a rather ungallant satire on woman, represented by Galathée in her most unsophisticated state. She flatters Midas into giving her, one after another, all his articles of jewellery, then tells him he is an ugly old fellow, and that he may go out the way he came in. At this crisis Pygmalion appears. Midas hides under the tablecloth, and Ganymede, looking very demure, stands ready to wait at table. Pygmalion takes out bread and fruit and wine, and sits down with Galathée to discuss it socially. The bread and fruit disappear without comment, but the wine, as new to her as life, excites the nymph's unbounded admiration. All the accompaniments of the feast are eminently classical, with the exception of the tablecloth, which is much like a piece of bedroom carpet. Ganymede, in obedience to the musical solicitations of the nymph, fills glass after glass for her, or rather patera after patera, while she gradually lapses more and more into the posture of a Bacchante, or, in plain terms—must we say?—becomes more and more unmistakably intoxicated; till at last Pygmalion, who has been getting more and more serious in proportion as she gets more and more fuddled, stops the hand of Ganymede. The consequence is, that the "patera" is thrown at his head, and the nymph jumps up in a fury, upsetting the table and Midas, who is under it, and driving Pygmalion off the stage. When he comes back, he finds that his *ci-devant* statue has run away with the "fat boy." Tired of his bargain, he prays to Aphrodite again, and Galathée, to his infinite satisfaction, resumes her place on the marble pedestal, a statue as before. The whole piece is well sustained in all the parts of its simple plot, and both the acting and the singing of Mdlle. Ugalde leave nothing to be desired. We are seated behind the orchestra in the stalls, always the best place for foreigners who wish to catch the words of a drama, although no doubt something of the illusion is lost by

the neighbourhood of the stage, and the side-peeps behind the scenes.

The next morning—it is one of the first days of January—we are waiting in a most well-behaved crowd at the gate of the Carrousel, to see the Emperor come out: we wait a long time, but no Emperor; we are out of patience, but we do not go away, for we think that every next minute he *must* come. At last we see a movement in the crowd at a distance, and hear a murmur of disappointment in that near us, and we find that he has passed out the other way, and has gained the Champs Elysées. We want to see him and the Empress, as we have seen neither of them before. Our last visit to Paris was just after the *coup d'état*, and then we shared the common feeling against him, which we have since seen great reason to modify. So we walk up the Champs Elysées, a walk on a bright winter's day, with a clear sun and a frost just sufficient to give piquancy to the air, particularly pleasant. All the world are there, great and little, and we pass with peculiar satisfaction the many groups of prettily-dressed happy children in the gardens of the Tuileries. We meet several acquaintances as naturally as if we met them in Hyde Park; we are shown several French and English notabilities—amongst others, the tall figure of the author of "Vanity Fair." We pass a fine building to the left, intended for the Exhibition, for which all the preparations are making in the teeth of the war, as if the Czar and his audacious pretensions had never been heard of. But then the French are always prepared for war, and take these matters easily. We are in the Bois de Boulogne, where improvement has been proceeding on every side at a rapid pace. The little unmeaning trees have been cleared away in some places into vistas and savannahs, and the ground sown with grass, all done with perfect taste. We come to the banks of the lakes, which extend as far as the eye can reach, with graceful curves, and in one place form waterfalls among rocks artificially placed there, but which look perfectly natural, as if they had stood there for ages. The Emperor comes and passes on horseback, but where is the Empress? Her carriage moves along at a slow pace, empty. We observe people on the side-walk respectfully making room, and the gentlemen doffing their hats. She is coming on foot with some other ladies. She returns our salutation with a gracious bow, and we have a full view of her as she passes, looking not so much like a queen or an empress, as one of nature's most lovely ladies, who would have been the same had she appeared in a cottage porch or the reception-room of a palace. She is evidently a being above being affected by her station, except as somewhat of a burden, and we cannot help applying, as she walks, the lines of the Latin poet:—

"Illam quicquid agit, quoque vestigia pressit,
Pomponit factim, subsequiturque decor."

Long life to her, for she is said to be good as she is beautiful—truly said, for, if expression is to be believed, never did we see an expression more abundant in goodness. Let her come over to see the Queen—I hope she will not be frightened, for I think she will hear such a British cheer as foreign potentate has seldom been greeted with before.

The sun goes down, and closes an evening of peculiar beauty. There is a purple flush over the lake, and the Bois, and the thin smoke of Paris, and we turn back well contented with our walk, to see in the evening the representation at the Gaîté which we promised ourselves yesterday. A piece of Frederic Soulé's, "La Closerie des Genêts," has been commanded for the evening, the expected coming of the imperial pair having exorcised "les Cinq cent diables." The Emperor and Empress are punctual to the minute, and occupy the corners in their box, while behind them stand three gentlemen-in-waiting, whose patience we thought must have been well tested by a play which lasted from half-past seven to past midnight. The length of theatrical representations is a great objection to them both in England and France, turning what would be a rational and intellectual recreation too often into a sort of dissipation, only to be occasionally indulged in without the sacrifice of time, which might be better employed. We have often been struck by a remark of the author of *Friends in Council*, that almost everything is

too long, and that almost everybody to whom you give an inch of your short life will take an ell of it; that society, in fact, is a general button-holder. And all this takes place in spite of the good old maxim, that too much of a good thing is good for nothing. A very hard case, indeed, is a long sermon, for although you may not be in the position of Dugald Dalgetty, to whom eighteenthly, nineteenthly, twentiethly, and to conclude, might at any moment have brought the conclusion of his career, yet there a man, without your leave, has you at his mercy: if he is merely dull, there is no great harm done, and, as the good Herbert says, he preaches patience. But he may be preaching doctrine you detest; you cannot escape him, for if you run out you are thought unmannerly, and you cannot answer him without the offence of "chiding and brawling," as if there must be two persons to do it. But the hardest case of all is, when a pleasure will not have done with you when you have done with it—when mine host, an old-fashioned fellow, will not let you rise from the wine and join the ladies, but keeps you listening to his old barrack stories or college stories, as the case may be, till the carriage-wheels begin to come to the door, and you, if a youngster, endure the torments of Tantalus all the time, for snatches of polyglot song come through the drawing-room door, when the footman goes in or comes out with the tea-tray, and you might be turning the leaves over, and putting in a few notes in English prose—no, not quite prose. It is very hard, too, to be kept too long at a concert or theatre: it is true, you may go out at any time, but then you will perhaps lose the best piece or the best part of the piece; and you have paid your money, and you will have your money's worth; so the after-dinner repose is sacrificed to the beginning, and the first hours of sleep to the end. It seems to us that it is an outrage to art to make its service a dissipation. It is true that the Athenians, that nation of artists, sat out three tragedies and a satiric drama at a time; but then they considered it a religious service, and they were in the open air, breathing all the time, not carbonic acid gas, but the φανότατον αἰθέρα of their own resplendent climate. They manage these matters better, not in France, but in Germany. There the general custom is to have one play at a time, beginning at seven, and ending at nine. The price is moderate, for you pay according to the length of the representation. It is better taste to keep the impression of the tragedy or comedy distinct, than that they should be confused in your dreams, as they are sure to be if you witness incongruities the same evening. The theatre becomes a rational and intellectual recreation, like looking at a few good pictures as compared with a bewildering dance through endless galleries of them.

One reason, Irenæus, that I dwell on this point is, that I am one of those who wish to rehabilitate the theatre amongst us; I wish the time to come when children will be taken to it for mental benefit, as they are now taken to see wizards and wild-beast shows. Puritanism has kept up the prejudice against the theatre with us, which has died out in reference to the other fine arts, which it equally "tabooed" at first, and which its extreme development, Quakerism, as you know, still taboos. The playwrights of the Restoration, instead of trying to mend this prejudice by respectability, justified it by assuming the loosest tone, and doing all they could to degrade the art. The prejudice is not yet dead, through the general tone of plays now acted is good, and the characters of actors are in many cases irreproachable. All honour to William Macready for his half-successful attempt to assert the dignity of the stage; all honour to Jenny Lind, whose very presence seemed to shed an atmosphere of goodness and purity through the Italian Opera House, so that men about town confessed that she had moved them to tears, and stirred up memories of better things, to which they had been strangers for many a long day. The drama, like the other fine arts, has no distinctive moral character of its own, though it may become a most powerful instrument for good or for evil, as it is used or abused. It is precisely the same with fiction; certain it is that nothing is more strongly moving to human nature; and to ignore such agencies argues want of

skill in those who wish to act upon mankind. We want recreation for the people above all, and it is time that the attention of Government should be strongly directed to this point. Who shall say how much of the heroism of Aima and Inkermann was not evoked in infancy by the patriotic representations at Astley's? But these are for children; grown-up men require other intellectual food; but in the lower classes, Puritanism has cut away from them all these unobjectionable sources of excitement, and left them instead three of equally unhealthy tendency—the conventicle, the gin-shop, and the beer-shop. I might go on for ever on this subject; but the advice of the author of *Friends in Council* rises before me as a timely warning. I will not be a button-holder. "Revenons à nos moutons," I am telling of a play at the Gaîté, "La Closerie des Genêts." The scene is laid in Brittany, the Wales of France, a people distinguished by an obstinate affection for old usages, which no efforts of so-called civilisation can overcome. The rugged old Breton farmer, who has fought in the Vendean war, is well represented by Saint-Ernest, who keeps up the character throughout, a character distinguished by warm affections and stern severity. His son Christophe, or Aly, has become Frenchified in the service as one of the Chasseurs d'Afrique. He is a good sunburnt soldier, with a blue scar on his forehead, and the part is well sustained by Ménier. There is an old general, who is rather a "heavy father," and his daughter Lucile, represented by the beautiful but rather inanimate Naptal Arnault: she is plainly introduced to be fallen in love with by the Marquis de Montéclair, the real, whether intended or not, hero of the piece. There is a son of the general, who is rather a "mauvais sujet," one Georges, who has gained the affections of the Breton farmer Kérouan's daughter Louise, who is the victim of the piece, being himself married to a clever, but utterly worthless woman —Léona de Beauval—who is the evil genius of all. To his daughter Louise, the Breton farmer is implacable for the disgrace she has brought on his house; and her death, to satisfy his stern sense of justice, seems inevitable. The plot is complicated by Lucile, the general's daughter, pretending that the infant of Louise, a school friend, belongs to herself, saving the character of her friend at the expense of her own. Things grow desperate; Louise has lost the infant, is gone to drown herself, and is saved by Montéclair. Still the dramatic difficulty remains. Kérouan can only be reconciled to his daughter by her marriage with Georges, who is married to Léona de Beauval, as far as he knows. The difficulty is overcome in a novel and singular manner, and we cannot resist the temptation of translating part of the scene. Montéclair is a character admirably kept up by Montdidier, who is a kind of French Charles Mathews, not with less of comic expression. He is every inch the gentleman. In dealing with the utterly bad woman brought to trial, he does not for a moment forget the respect due to her sex. His demeanour is a strange mixture of severity and politeness. The fifth act opens with a representation of a little room, with doors all round it, and a table in the middle, covered with a green cloth and writing materials. Montéclair, Brias his friend, and d'Avatienne, the procureur du roi, with a notary, are seated there. D'Avatienne warns Montéclair as to the illegality of the proceeding, who takes the responsibility on himself without hesitation. Madame de Beauval (Léona) suddenly appears, and the procureur, with the notary and Brias, disppears for a time.

After some trivial conversation, Montéclair alone opens the subject by an announcement that he is there to arrange with her a separation from Georges. She is astonished; and the three friends appear, the "procureur" and the "notary," or solicitor, being introduced as private friends. She is permitted to take a seat.

"MONTECLAIR (after a pause).—Tell me, fair Léona, have you read M. de Balzac?

LEONA (in astonishment).—M. de Balzac! Why that question?

MONTECLAIR.—You know that every one has his way of coming to the point. Will you deign to answer me? Have you read M. de Balzac?

LEONA.—I should not be a woman, did

I not know by heart all his delightful works.

MONTECLAIR.—In that case you must be able to recollect perfectly the History of the Thirteen?

LEONA.—That imaginary association of some men who took upon themselves the mission of avenging society by frightful means? Yes, truly, that interested me much.

MONTECLAIR.—You must then be delighted to find yourself in the presence of its two best known adepts—M. de Marsay and M. de Rastignac—and two neophytes, to whom the illustrious novelist has not given the same celebrity—M. de Brias and myself.

LEONA (eyeing d'Avatienne and the notary).—Truly! I tell you that it would be hard for me to take these gentlemen for heroes of a novel.

MONTECLAIR.—That is possible, but the novel was a true story.

LEONA.—I tell you at once, sir, that I do not find the fiction clever.

MONTECLAIR.—I respect the liberty of trial.

LEONA.—And you think, no doubt, that in every case to attempt to frighten a woman, even when the attempt is unsuccessful, is a thing in very bad taste."

Montéclair goes on to defend his position, and to show that, in certain cases, a woman may forfeit the respect which gallantry owes her by nature.

"LEONA (rising, and quitting the table).—Monsieur de Montéclair, you have caught me in an odious trap, and you have a fine opportunity of insulting me.

MONTECLAIR.—You appear to think that it is of you I would speak.

LEONA.—You are a coward, Montéclair, and you would not dare to speak thus to a man.

MONTECLAIR.—You are right. If it were a question of a man having done all this, I would send him before a court, and I question if the judges would be more polite than myself.

LEONA.—Montéclair! Montéclair!

MONTECLAIR.—You laugh no longer, Leona? You find the adventure amusing no longer? You see that each has his turn.

LEONA (commanding herself, and approaching again the table).—But what do you want with me then, gentlemen? for I begin to think that the invention of the novelist will become a reality. I begin to think that I have fallen into the hands of assassins.

MONTECLAIR (rising in his turn).—Would you rather that I should put you in the hands of those gentlemen the police? They are the born protectors of innocence.

LEONA.—Once more, what is your object?

MONTECLAIR.—To ask your advice.

LEONA.—Will you have done, sir?

MONTECLAIR (pointing to the chair).—Be seated then. (Leona seats herself again.) You will not admit that you are here in the hands of M. de Balzac's heroes? But suppose for a moment that it is true, only to follow my course of argument. Suppose that we are that tribunal, secret, implacable—which dispenses, unperceived, justice in the dark, which strikes the guilty, like Providence, by unknown methods—suppose that we are bound to each other not only by honour but by complicity—suppose that we are in an out-of-the-way castle, as mine is, and admit that, entirely stripped of that chivalrous spirit which allows a woman every crime under the protection of her weakness, we should open under your feet an abyss like this one—(He opens a trap-door—Léona makes a movement of terror.) Then Léona, Madame de Beauval, Madame d'Estève, if you will, disappear for ever. Georges is a widower; he repairs his fault, and none but the guilty is punished. What would you think of this justice?

LEONA.—That it would be a crime, for death is the punishment only of murderers.

MONTECLAIR (shutting the trap-door).—Well, I have only shown you this danger to let you understand better the conclusion of my reasoning, which is, that all may be arranged if Georges is free.

LEONA (aside).—I understand, at last. (Aloud) I am cut to the heart at not being able to give him this freedom, but divorce is abolished.

MONTECLAIR.—Perhaps you do not know the law exactly (giving Léona the statute-book open). Will you take the trouble to read this passage? There, article 180.

LEONA (reading with a voice gradually faltering).—'The marriage which has been contracted without the free consent of the contracting parties, or of one of them, cannot be attacked but by the parties, or by that one whose consent has not been free.' Would M. Georges d'Estève pretend to say that he was not free, and has he charged you to tell me that he demands the annulment of our marriage? It is contemptible.

MONTECLAIR.—Pardon me—pass to the second paragraph.

Leona (reading).—'When there has been a mistake in the person, the marriage can be declared null.'"

This is the turning-point. Léona is not Madame de Beauval, the widow who married Georges, but Isabelle Pommier, her maid, who has personated her. The conversation reaches its climax. There is a story of a sea voyage, of a shipwreck, of mistress and maid being shipwrecked and saved together by a good Dutchman, who did not know a word of French; who mistook maid for mistress in consequence, and gave her the best room, with the mistress, who was well, to wait upon the maid, who was ill. Montéclair is telling the story.

"Leona.—Well, then?

Monteclair.—Well, then, what you would never believe came to pass, that Isabelle Pommier, who was dying, had strength enough to get up in the night and poison Madame de Beauval, who was in excellent health!

Leona.—You lie, Montéclair! Madame de Beauval died of her illness.

All (getting up at once with Léona).—What next!

Leona.—What a wretch I am!

Monteclair (very quietly).—Madame de Beauval is dead; this is all we wanted to know."

The scene is admirably sustained throughout. Of course, no alternative is left to the murderess, Isabelle Pommier—the false Madame de Beauval—but to do as she is desired, and declare her husband free. Montéclair satisfies her of the legality of the proceeding by presenting his pretended friends as the constituted authorities, witnesses of her declaration that the person she personated is dead. He tears the paper she has signed, and tells her that she is free to leave the castle. She goes unpunished; but the dramatic difficulty is got over—everybody who wished it, marries everybody who wished the same. There is a general hand-shaking all round, and the piece ends happily. It was watched during its whole performance with great apparent interest by two personages who sat in the imperial box—one of them the head, the other, shall we not say the heart, of the French empire? Many a time in the representation she is visibly affected, sometimes even pale and weeping—a perfect contrast to him whose features retain a bland, gentlemanly impassiveness, as meet for the features of one who has to rule the destinies of men. They remain to the very last; so do the undistinguished spectators, including your most obedient, who has to get up by six o' clock on a winter's morning to take the train for Bologne and England. We are at Bologne two hours before the departure of the Folkestone steamer; we will have a peep at the camp for want of something better to do. Was the locality chosen that it might represent the position of the allied armies before Sebastopol? We thought so when we climbed the clammy, muddy, bottomless sand-cliff between the sea and the camp. But whatever the approaches might be, all was decency, order, and cleanliness there. If our poor fellows in the Crimea had seen the huts with their stores and perfect arrangement, even some with pretty porches, and every contrivance to keep out cold, it would have made their mouths water. It was like a village, or rather city of wigwams, arranged by the very genius of neatness and taste; or shall we not rather say, a town of Irish cabins, with a total absence of pigs and everything else Hibernian? This latter idea struck us forcibly, and it seemed odd to us how it comes to pass that one race of Celts has so little poetry and so much tidiness, the other so much poetry and so little of the organ of order. Yet so it is; the Irish and the French are in blood and temperament much alike, but in these matters wholly and essentially unlike. In a French household everything has a place, and is in its proper place; in an Irish, everything is comically misapplied. The chambermaid warms your bed with the gridiron, indignantly answering your unreasonable remonstrance, "Is not the frying-pan engaged in doing the chops for your honour's supper?" In France there is a neat dodge to do everything; and everything useful, however homely, strives after shapeliness and elegance. There is good sense in this; for there is no reason that things which we must see always, such as jugs and mugs, should not give pleasure when seen. As to the affairs of war, we are beginning to learn by experience the most bitter, that fighting, though an important part, does

not constitute the whole art of war. It may go unquestioned now that the French are our superiors in all points of war but fighting. Above all, "economy" is their forte; not the wretched economy which stints a war establishment, mere penny-wise pound-foolish economy of money, but economy in its true sense of arrangement, method, and mutual dependence of parts. We have all heard of the fable of Menenius in *Coriolanus*. A French expedition is like the members fed by the alimentary canal; an English, at least the present one, is like the members, and head, and stomach attempting to live and act independently and without relation one to another. Lamentations are heard in every household, and grief is felt in every heart, at the sad disorganisation of our splendid Crimean army. We all feel that somebody ought to be disgraced, even to be hanged for it—but who? that is the question. Where does the blame lie? The truth appears to us that it lies more or less on every Briton's door-step, except such as, like Maga and her contributors, have protested year after year against the state of things that produced this crisis. Every man, for his health, though he may be engrossed in study or business, must take daily exercise, riding or walking, or in some kind of athletic pastime. Every nation, if it would hold up its head among nations, must, whatever be its pursuits, take warlike exercise, not necessarily in blood-shedding, but in all those practices which denote an active preparation for war. Woe be to a nation that neglects this healthful duty! What a mercy it is that at the time when the *Times* was launching its philippics, or rather Napoleonics, against the present sovereign of France, she did not take her opportunity and wreak on us her vengeance for some of the old grudges; she is now taking the nobler way of heaping coals of fire on our heads by clothing our naked soldiers, and conveying our wounded to hospital, who would otherwise be helpless; for the horses are all gone, and the saying of "dying like sheep" will soon be changed for "dying like cavalry horses at Balaklava." This propensity to lapse into unwarlike obesity and forgetfulness of our duties is no new one. It began, perhaps, at the union of the two crowns of the British Isles, when the two chief parts of the nation were safe against each other, and from dangers on the land side, and, like the one-eyed stag in the fable, did not dream of danger coming from the sea. Depend upon it, that in the olden time the men of Berwick and the burghers of Carlisle were in no danger of becoming members of the Peace Society. It was provided in a statute of Queen's College, Oxford, that the inhabitants of the northern counties should be privileged in certain scholarship elections, in consideration of the sufferings of these counties from the incursions of the Scotch. In spite of their sufferings, we know that Carlisle's burghers had the character of being "merry." They were merry because they were forced to be warriors by their noble enemies. Were the men of Manchester ever called "merry"? They may have been when Manchester was a Roman camp; they certainly have never been since. I am not arguing for the repeal of the Union between England and Scotland, for I do not think we could well have spared Sir Colin Campbell at Alma or Balaklava, or his kilted men, to whom the French paid the compliment, "Ces soldats ne reculent jamais;" but I do think it would be well if we had an imaginary border somewhere, and imaginary enemies on the other side of it, keeping us on the alert, ready to carry on war at any time with all the appliances of an advancing age. It is strange that, in the outcry for reform on all hands, one great reform was always forgotten,—the reform of our military establishments; we had better have left some others alone, and looked to this. But we suppose that a candidate for a manufacturing town taking up this cry would probably have missed his seat; and in such cases men, *πάντων ἀπεριόπτοι εἶδος παρὰ τὸ νικᾶν*, care for nothing but success, without regarding the principle on which success is founded. Better days are, we hope, in store for us: we have escaped a great danger, it is more than fortunate that our weakness has been shown us in a struggle with a power comparatively unable

to injure us, at least while our navy is intact. We ought to be thankful that the chastisement we have received has not been heavier. Our women (the boast of Sparta) have never yet seen the smoke of an enemy's camp. They might have seen it, even more plainly than they now can see the smoke of our quondam enemy's camp at Boulogne. We have now drawn the sword, with the fall of the Coalition Ministry, entirely out of the sheath: the scabbard had better be thrown away for ever, for there can be no harm in keeping the sword drawn; for while our empire is what it is, our envious enemies must be legion.

Adieu, despotic France: we are in free England again, as we heard an Italian refugee congratulate himself; and it struck us that, after all, to sober well-conducted people there is not so much difference between a despotic and a constitutional country. We cannot help in sadder moments thinking a constitutional government like a constitutional walk, a necessary bore. Certainly for all practical purposes a good dictatorship is much better, if we can secure its goodness. And is not our boasted freedom to nine Britons out of ten the merest fallacy? Individuals who keep out of his way are generally too small to be crushed by a big despot, but in the freest of free countries there are a thousand ramifications of petty tyranny which take the joy out of the life of a private man. Let the Dissenting minister, for instance, under the Voluntary system, try to act counter to his principal patrons; he is free to do so, and starve. Let the dependent clerk try to act independently against the master who pays him; he is free to do so, and starve. Take any of our towns, dominated by a popular preacher or by a religious clique, and let a medical man, or any other dependent on the public, act on different principles; he is free to do so, and starve. The individual might resist the tyranny; he might refuse to be lengthened out or cut down to the measure of the bed of his Procrustes; he might face starvation by himself in a country where poverty is the unpardonable sin; but, alas! perhaps he is not alone; and "baby fingers, waxen touches," take the image of his manhood from his breast, and he bows his neck to the inevitable slavery.

Yes, when every British member votes exactly as he thinks, and every British elector according to his conscience, without consideration of his custom, it will be time to wear the cap of liberty, and even to plant trees of it; but the time is not come yet. Not one of us can move hand or foot without feeling the rasp or the itch of some social chain; and until we can get rid of every vestige of this feeling, we have no right to speak, or even to think, in disrespectful or uncomplimentary terms of our noble allies across the Channel, and the enlightened despotism to which, as the best thing under the circumstances, the good sense of the majority has taught them to submit. Ever yours,

TLEPOLEMUS.

THE STORY OF THE CAMPAIGN.—PART IV.

CHAPTER XV.—CIRCUMSPECTIVE.

DURING the lull in the operations, a glance at our present situation, and the successive stages which led to it, may not be out of place. We find ourselves, after two great battles and some minor actions, in possession of a position which, itself of great natural strength, has been so fortified as to be almost impregnable, if held by an army sufficiently strong to occupy it throughout its extent. The allied works are pushed close to those protecting the town, and reinforcements reach us constantly; while the garrison of Sebastopol and the Russian army outside must be suffering great privations, and their expenditure of men and material cannot be replaced. So far the advantage would seem to be with us.

But the sufferings of our troops, exposed to the rigour of winter, without clothing or shelter sufficient to resist it, had, when published from a hundred sources, excited universal sympathy. As soon as the change of temperature checked the ravages of cholera, the wet set in, bringing a new train of diseases. Horrible cramps resembling those of the epidemic, but accompanied by different symptoms and excited by other causes, seized numbers of those exposed, sometimes for nights in succession, to the duty of guarding the trenches. In their ragged garments, and with feet almost bare, they paced the wet mud, or, wrapt in a single blanket, lay in holes which they dug in the reverse of the batteries and lines, shivering the live-long night. When relieved, they crept back, rigid with cold, to the bleak shelter of the tents. On the troops newly arrived from England these unaccustomed hardships fell with double severity, and they died in appalling numbers, while the endurance of those seasoned by the previous campaign was now tried to the uttermost. In the months of December and January the sick in the English camp alone varied from 2000 to 3900; and including those at Balaklava and Scutari, or invalided to England, the sick returns showed the astounding number of 14,000 men ineffective in the British army.

The force thus weakened was by no means replenished by the reinforcements which arrived from England and the Mediterranean garrisons, and, in consequence, the duties of those who remained effective were increased in severity. The trenches must be held at any price, and the same guards sometimes manned them for three successive nights.

To feed the army it was necessary to bring provisions daily from Balaklava; the labour of the siege had been such that up to the end of December our means of transport had never permitted us to accumulate one day's provisions in advance. Day after day accordingly saw men and horses, enfeebled by hardship, traversing the roads, clogged by mire and snow, to and from Balaklava. Strings of soldiers might be met carrying pieces of raw pork, and often these provision-carriers, until late in the afternoon, did not break their fast. The cavalry brought up their forage on their horses, the artillery theirs on stript ammunition waggons and Flanders waggons. A horse carried a truss of hay weighing from 180 lb. to 200 lb.; or a sack of corn—a waggon took five or six trusses, and required ten horses to draw it thus loaded, and these, starting from the camp soon after daylight, seldom returned till late in the afternoon. Rows of waggons and of cavalry horses waited (men and animals up to their knees in mud) till their turn for loading came—the rule being that only one boat-load of forage should be disembarked at a time, as very few commissariat clerks could be spared to superintend the issue. It occasionally happened that the men of some of the divisions were for a day, sometimes two, without the ration of meat and rum, having only biscuit and unroasted coffee, while half allowance was by no means uncommon. Now, if the reader will visit, in the coldest days of English winter, the poorest family in his neighbourhood, whose food is just sufficient

to sustain existence; who, never getting coals except in charity, search the neighbouring commons and hedges for furze and sticks wherewith to cook their meagre meals; who lie down hungry and cold at night on a miserable pallet, to shiver till cheerless morning,—and will then remember that to all these privations were added want of shelter from drenching rain, and sleet, and frost, he will be able to realise the condition of the troops in front of Sebastopol after the end of October.

These facts, once known in England, excited sympathy entirely unbounded, and, with the supplies sent to our relief, the public poured forth indignant questions as to how our straits had arisen? Why had the expedition been delayed till so late in the season? When so long delayed, why was it attempted? Why had provision not been made for a winter campaign? Why was our force not more commensurate with the difficulty of the proposed achievement?

It is evident that so long as Silistria was likely to fall—that is, till July—the most important object was to check the progress of the hitherto successful invader towards the Turkish capital. Soon after the Russians had retired across the Danube, and before the preparations necessary for assuming the offensive in this new aspect of affairs could possibly be completed, the cholera broke out.

But the English public, through the press, were clamorous for immediate action. Taunts on the inactivity of the forces, pictures of the success which awaited bold and sudden measures, invidious comparisons between such generals as were supposed to be in favour of delay and those eager for enterprise, depreciating estimates of the enemy's resources, and exaggerated statements of our own—these formed the staple of the articles of the public journals, and to these were added frequent false reports that the enterprise so insisted on was already commenced. Seldom has the British public been more clamorous for any one thing than for the expedition to the Crimea.

Thus urged, the allied army, enfeebled by sickness which continued to pursue it, completed in all haste the most necessary preparations, and sailed to invade a country concerning which, for all purposes of war, a remarkable degree of ignorance prevailed. Travellers who had hastily traversed these regions suddenly found the notes and observations made for their own amusement or profit become information of the first importance. A reconnoissance of the coast had enabled us to select a suitable spot for the landing, but had left us as completely in the dark as to the obstacles interposed between us and our object as were Jason and his companions when they sailed in search of the Golden Fleece. The maps showed us three rivers between the point selected for landing and the city aimed at, any or all of which might be strongly guarded; the numbers and resources of the defenders of the soil could be only guessed at; and the city was surrounded by fortifications, of the nature and strength of which no certain intelligence existed.

Landing unopposed, we overthrew the enemy at the Alma, when such a shout of triumph arose in France and England that the mere reverberations were mistaken for fresh pæans of victory, and on the 18th of October the men in front of Sebastopol read what seemed to them the bitter mockery of its reported fall. It is not easy to suppose that the confident anticipations, thus rife at home, of the speedy accomplishment of the enterprise, should have been without effect on the efforts made to provide for the contingency of a protracted siege. Nevertheless, before the middle of November, a supply of warm clothing arrived, which unfortunately was lost with the steamer Prince. Other supplies following were landed and distributed as soon as possible to the troops, the greater part of whom, however, remained without drawers, flannel shirts, or new clothes till January, when these articles began to arrive in a profusion quite beyond our means of transport, which, at first inadequate to the wants of the army, had diminished every day.

Offering the foregoing remarks as in some degree explanatory of why the enterprise had been delayed, why it had taken place, and why better provision was not made for a winter campaign, I now come to the other question, as to the inadequacy of the expedition to accomplish its ends.

Experience daily strengthened the conviction that the radical deficiency to be lamented in the British army was in the means of transport. It was in vain that supplies were landed at Balaklava, while no medium of conveyance existed from thence to the already over-taxed troops in camp. The baggage animals originally left behind at Varna had been brought to Balaklava, but the losses among them were so numerous and constant, that sufficient horses, ponies, and mules did not remain to bring up the necessary provisions and supplies of ammunition. Thus it happened that we had the mortification of seeing ships lying in the harbour at Balaklava, containing clothing to warm and huts to shelter the suffering troops, yet of no more avail, for want of means to transport them, than if they had been a thousand miles off. It is an old complaint that British troops in the field, in Europe, have been always deficient in means of transport, and never was the fault more apparent, or more severely felt, than in the campaign in the Crimea. Light capacious carriages, drawn by strong well-fed animals, and driven by persons in whom there was no necessity for demanding the same physical requisites as in soldiers, would have been invaluable. The troops would have been regularly supplied, clothed, and housed, and a great number set free to lighten the military labours of the siege; guns would have replaced those disabled in the batteries, and ammunition would have been accumulated in sufficient quantity for a sustained attack.

The efforts made to supply the constant drain of the English army left Gibraltar, Malta, Corfu, and the British Isles denuded of troops. As efficient soldiers cannot be raised at short notice, it seems that the want of men now felt was altogether owing to the small number of troops which the national jealousy of a military force allowed to be kept on a peace establishment. The army in all its branches of cavalry, infantry, artillery, and medical staff, being systematically kept down to the very lowest point consistent with affording the appearance of garrisons to our colonies and fortified places at home and abroad, while baggage and hospital trains are absolutely unknown, must of course be always found insufficient, and its arrangements defective, in a first campaign against a powerful enemy. Doubtless, to the British people, proud of the achievements, and deeply moved by the privations of their army, it appeared impossible that they were themselves the authors of the disasters they deplored. Yet how long is it since oracles who proclaimed the impossibility of future European wars, and denounced our army as a useless and expensive encumbrance, commanded attention and applause? How long is it since the officers now held up to the world as heroes were considered fair targets for daily slanders and abuse, while the public looked on, applauding and amused? And when did any minister, charged with the office of seeing that the nation got present substantial returns for its expenditure, venture to propose an augmentation of the forces now proved to be inadequate in all except what the public cannot bestow, to maintain those interests which have so long engrossed the energies of our thriving people?

The naval portion of our armament was splendid. Our ships of war, our fleets of powerful steamers and huge transports, commanded the admiration and respect of the French. No signs of national frugality or shortcoming were visible there. But a very cursory glance at the condition of our military force, when the war began, will show its utter inadequacy to our rank and pretensions in the scale of nations. In all our garrisons at home and abroad the troops were barely sufficient to supply the necessary guards. At Gibraltar we had 800 guns, and 500 artillerymen to work them. At Chobham we thought we had done great things when we assembled 10,000 men to play at soldiers, while foreign potentates laughed in their sleeves at the display. Our cavalry force was absolutely ridiculous in its weakness, fitter numerically for some petty principality than for a mighty monarchy. Regiments appeared in Turkey, admirably equipped, but inferior in numbers to a respectable squadron. The artillery, that complex arm, involving duties so various, and

which demand so much time in acquiring, has been always kept at a strength below its due proportion in an army such as is now in the field. Batteries at Woolwich for years consisted of four guns and four waggons, each drawn by four horses. with gunners and drivers in proportion; whereas, in the field, each battery has six guns, drawn each by eight horses, and seventeen waggons of various kinds, ammunition, store and forge waggons, with three times the number of horses considered necessary on the peace footing. The horses, both of artillery and cavalry, always accustomed to be separated by stalls, at the beginning of the campaign perpetually kicked each other as they stood at their picquet-ropes, and numbers of them were thus crippled for weeks, and some permanently injured. The train of carriages with the supply of small-arm ammunition for the infantry was devised at Woolwich when the war broke out, and the vehicles were constructed in such a fashion that the animals of the country we were employed in could not draw them, and they were left useless at Varna; which could not have happened had our field equipments been systematically kept as efficient as those of Continental armies. And, in mentioning Continental armies, I do not mean to draw any comparison unfavourable to our own troops and our own system, so far as they go. We have little to learn in war from any nation, and the superiority in the internal management of the French army is principally due, in my judgment, wherever it really exists, to the ample supplies of men and material which, maintained and practised in time of peace, respond with ease and efficiency to the requirements of war.

Probably all this will now be remedied. Soldiers will be enlisted, transport procured, surgeons commissioned, and the glory of England maintained in a fashion worthy of her unrivalled resources—and then will come peace. And with peace will return our habit of considering that alone valuable, the value of which can be measured by the commercial standard: the army will shrivel to a skeleton—its members will be again the object of jealousy and taunts—until, in a new war, we shall again learn our deficiencies from our misfortunes. In our first campaigns, our victories will remain unimproved for want of cavalry; our supplies of all kinds will fail for want of transport; and our troops, suddenly transformed from popinjays to heroes, will be called on to make good with blood and sweat the parsimony of the repentant nation.

Lastly, to consider what course of action, having for its object the capture of Sebastopol, would have been preferable to that we had adopted, or rather, into which we had been urged.

If, landing in July, we had been conducted by the same sequence of events to our present position, where should we have been in September? The garrison would still have fortified the south side as fast as we could erect batteries to assail it. Our reinforcements could arrive no more quickly in summer than in winter—the command of the sea made the seasons equally available to us. But with the enemy the case was different. Myriads of troops, marching from the interior, would have thronged the roads of the Crimea. Supplies, not merely sufficient for the present, but for any future emergency, would have been accumulated in Sebastopol and the neighbouring towns. The garrison, secure of help, would have been encouraged to double efforts—and when that help arrived, it would have been so effectual as, eventually, no matter how gallant and desperate our resistance, to penetrate by force of numbers our position, and drive us into the sea.

If the enterprise had been delayed till the spring of 1855, it is quite possible that our landing would have been no longer unopposed or cheaply effected. The Russians, alive to the danger, would have intrenched their coast line, reinforced the garrison, and augmented their forces in the Crimea. It may be said that we, too, would have been better prepared to sustain the enterprise. It might have been so—but, to learn wisdom or precaution in the conduct of a war, from anything but disaster, would have been contrary to our national custom. It is more likely that the army, inactive for a year in Turkey, would have been

the fertile theme of leading articles, sarcastic, indignant, or abusive—that public zeal, exhausting itself in invective, would have left us little better provided for the enterprise in 1855 than in 1854—and that, if not baffled by the obstacles interposed by the forewarned enemy, our successes would have been purchased at a cost of life still greater than that we deplore. Therefore it seemed to some that, though our losses and sufferings had been great, we had not paid too dearly for our foot-hold on the enemy's soil, if the capture of Sebastopol should produce effects permanently crippling to Russian power. Those losses and those sufferings were due to the time-honoured policy of our nation. Our troops were paying the drawback on the pride of being Englishmen. They were brave and indomitable, therefore victorious; but few, and ill provided for war, therefore sorely distressed. But the nation was aroused, and relief was, it was trusted, at hand. A little more endurance, a little more misery borne with cheerfulness, and we should see the prize in our grasp—while the Czar, impotent to succour, would witness, with fruitless rage, the fall of the illustrious city.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE HOSPITALS ON THE BOSPHORUS.

The sick forming so large a portion of the army, as stated in the last chapter, it becomes a matter of interest to see how they were disposed of.

A soldier seized with illness generally lay a short time in the hospital tents, large and lofty marquees, round the sides of which the patients were ranged on wooden stretchers; while sick officers remained in their own tents, which were in nowise superior, except in privacy, to those tenanted by the men. Nothing could well be more desolate than the interior of the tent of an officer who had landed with the army, and whose baggage might be on board a transport not yet arrived in Balaklava. A pallet of cloaks and blankets in one corner—a couple of bullock trunks or portmanteaus serving as tables on which to arrange the tin platter and cup which constituted a Crimean service of plate—or two huge bags of Russian leather, purchased in the bazaar of Constantinople, as more portable and more easily packed than trunks,—these formed the only spots of furniture on the grassy or mud-spread floor. Those officers who joined subsequently from England were better provided, bringing portable beds and chairs, and other conveniences of camp life, as well as plenty of warm clothing. The men of the companies of artillery which arrived from England in December had strong serviceable long boots, and warm great-coats and under-clothing, which rendered them the envy of their half-clad comrades.

But the generality of tents, both of officers and men, were very comfortless, and afforded little chance of recovery to the sick, who were therefore sent, the slighter cases to Balaklava, where they were placed under roofs—or on shipboard, the more serious to the great hospitals at Scutari, where they remained till either fit to return to the camp, or invalided to England. The ambulance waggons, long omnibus-shaped vehicles, containing brackets on which those unable to sit up could be laid, stretchers and all, as on shelves, and seats *dos-à-dos* with supports for the arms and feet, the whole eased by high springs, were much more comfortable and better adapted for invalids then the French ambulance mules, with a seat for a man on each side, but were far too few to accommodate the host of sufferers daily requiring removal. Most of them were accordingly, sent down mounted on cavalry horses (another heavy, though most necessary, tax on our feeble means of transport), and few sights can be imagined more melancholy than that of a troop of cadaverous, feeble, suffering beings, wrapt up in their blankets, swaying to and fro on the saddle, or crouching on the necks of the horses which bore them slowly towards the longed-for haven, where they might hope for some remission of their misery. Too often it happened that, on reaching the beach, no sufficient measures had been taken for conveying them on board, or accommodating them in the ships. Many died before being laid in the boats, and many more on their passage to Scutari; while a voyage across the stormy Euxine must, to a great num-

ber, have been more terrible torture than all they had previously undergone.

In the middle of January I was despatched to Constantinople in the Sphinx, a war-steamer, to send up a number of transport animals, equipped with waggons, clothing, and drivers, for the service of the army. Riding down to Kamiesch in a thick blinding snow-storm, through which the track was hardly discernible, I embarked; the ship started at once, as she waited only for the despatches which I had charge of, to deliver to the Queen's messenger at Constantinople, and, after a stormy passage with a head wind, we reached the mouth of the Bosphorus in thirty hours. The next morning saw us anchored off the Tophana.

I had last seen the city and the banks of the sea-river clad in all the warmth and brilliancy of summer. The white walls would then have been too dazzling in the hot sunlight, but for the lavish relief of trees, whose cool foliage or gay blossoms everywhere spotted the glare; while the light blue water, unrippled as a lake, was so transparent that the caïques hung as if balanced in air on their own reflections, "floating, a double light, in air and wave." On each side jutted, farther and farther off, and still becoming more fairy-like in their indistinctness, the green and flowery banks of the Bosphorus, till a low line, purpled by distance, closed the view; and everywhere the white birds, the white sails, or the white tunics of the boatmen, specked brightly the blue or the green.

Going on deck on a bitter cold morning (the 15th of January), I saw close before me the city, dreamlike as ever, but of a character altogether changed. Every dome and roof was covered with snow, the grey shadows melting into the grey background of sky. An icy purity had taken the place of the brilliant glow,—the minaret points sparkled with a cold glitter, the mosques rose like huge twelfth-cakes, frosted and fretted, above the snow-clad roofs, and the buildings on the Stamboul side of the Golden Horn looked faint and sketchy against the sky. Keen squalls whistled down the Bosphorus, casting shadows like stains on the slaty water, and making the caïques reel and dance, while the whitened waves marked the hasty footsteps of the blast. Upward and downward cold shores stretched whitely and mistily out between the dull sky and dark water, the black stripes of cypresses giving solidity to the else vapoury landscape. The boatmen had exchanged their white tunics for warm brown jackets, and had wound shawls round their skull-caps; the caïques, faded and dim in colour, seemed to think it no longer worth while to look at themselves in the water, and floated shadowless.

Going on shore, the change from poetry to prose was sudden as ever, Constantinople is like the well-painted drop scene of a theatre. Beautiful and imposing at the right distance, a closer view reveals the coarse texture of the canvass, and the rudeness of the daubing which has produced so excellent an effect. The sun, struggling forth at noonday, sent the dissolving snow in floods from the spouts of the houses, which, mingling with that already blackened by the tread of the passing throng, poured down the steeper streets and settled in pools along the level ones; and every projecting stone that offered a friendly means of transit was disputed by elbowing Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, and English and French soldiers and sailors. These latter had become somewhat noisy and troublesome in their visits ashore, and some frays had ensued, in which lives were lost, between them and the inhabitants. I saw a drunken English merchant seaman persist in an attempt to fight a French officer, because the latter had declined to join him in singing "Cheer, boys, cheer." The Frenchman showed much dignified good-nature, and the rascal was dragged away by his comrades. The same day I saw a French soldier, very drunk, holding in his left hand a drawn sword, which he flourished in the faces of the passengers, proclaiming vociferously his devoted friendship for the English and his disapprobation of the Russians. This respectable ally also was disarmed and quieted by his comrades.

The hotels were filled, for the most part, with military men, some come down sick from the Crimea, some arriving from England and France on

their way to the war, some amateurs of the English or Anglo-Indian army desirous of seeing the nature of the service which afforded a theme of interest for all Europe. The conversation at the *table d'hôte* consisted entirely of criticisms on the conduct of the war, anecdotes from the camp, and debates on the chances of peace; and, occasionally, some of us had the advantage of hearing portions of the actions we had been engaged in, or the manœuvres we had witnessed, placed in an entirely novel light, by critics who had been distant some thousand miles from the scene of action.

The Golden Horn contained almost a fleet of French and English men-of-war undergoing repair, and was thronged with transports lying off the arsenal, or between the bridges which connect Pera with Stamboul. Whenever a ship moved out, a portion of the bridge was swung back to leave the passage open, and the tide of passengers pressing across suddenly found a yawning gulf between them and their goal. The operation of opening and reclosing the bridge being conducted with all the deliberation which characterizes Turkish proceedings, the throng of passengers on foot, on horseback, and in carriages, sometimes increased till it filled the bridge and threatened to overflow into the space between, where caïques were hovering to convey across the more impatient. The bridge itself, flooded in the level portion with some inches of water, and having holes broken through at the sides in many places, through which the unwary might well slip, reminded me of that which Mirza saw in his vision in Addison's tale.

The first day I tried to cross the strait to Scutari, it blew so hard that the caïque was obliged to put back; but on the following day the water was comparatively calm. The barrack occupied by the English in the spring —a large, quadrangular, white building, with a tower at each corner, standing on the edge of the bank— was now the principal English hospital. A boat was alongside the wooden pier, with sick and wounded men just landing from a ship, the Shooting Star, which had been detained by some accident from rough weather in the Black Sea for a great many days. These men, laid on stretchers, each borne by four Turks, were carried up the steep hill to the hospital, moaning as they went, and received within the portal where rest and comfort awaited them.

There are several stories in this huge building; and on the inside, looking into the square, a corridor opening from the rooms, paved with stone, and four or five yards wide, goes quite round the whole extent. All the corridors, as well as the rooms, were filled with patients, and the visitor walked between a double row of beds. At the points where the stairs connected the different flights, wooden partitions were erected to repel the cutting draughts, and stoves kept the temperature pleasant; and thus the corridors were as habitable as the wards.

There was one room in which I took peculiar interest—for, having my leg broken in June by the kick of a horse, I lay there, fixed to one particular spot, for six long weeks before I rejoined the army at Varna—and this was the first I visited. It was occupied by three officers, all strangers to me, and I therefore took but a hasty glance—but that included each well-remembered crack and crevice in the wall and nail in the woodwork, and the large cupboard-door which, laid on two arm-chests to raise me to the level of the window, had, with a mattress on it, served me as a bed. On the level of that window, just opposite, at a hundred yards' distance, rose a tall white minaret, with a low arch opening into its balcony, from which I had seen the muezzin emerge at regular intervals each day to call aloud to the faithful, till I was intimately acquainted with his appearance and the inflections of his voice, in the sweet, sad tones of which he used, after nightfall, to chaunt a monotonous prayer. While I had lain there, the army was in Bulgaria, preparing, as was supposed, for an active campaign on the Danube, and each friend who bid me good-by expressed by looks, if not by words, that he thought me shut out from all chance of participating in the adventurous future opening for him. Some of those who went forth so buoyantly are now laid forever beneath the soil

of the Crimea, in spots where the hopes of others, as well as their own, are buried. Many such recollections arose during that hasty glance round the well-known chamber. These revisitings of a marked spot sometimes round off and include a phase of existence. I had seen much of stirring life since I quitted that room on crutches.

Entering any of the corridors or wards, the same scene presented itself. The occupants of some of the beds sat strongly up, eating heartily their soup and meat—others, emaciated to skeletons, more like corpses than living beings, except for the large, hollow, anxious eyes, lay back on their pillows, or tried with difficulty to swallow the spoonfuls of arrow-root or sago offered to them by the attendants. There seemed no doubtful class—all were broadly marked either for life or death. The patients appeared comfortable—had good beds and plenty of bed-clothes—and the temperature of the chambers was, as before said, regulated to a very pleasant warmth. At some beds, a woman, the wife of the patient, sat chatting with him; beside others stood the somewhat ghostly appearance of a Catholic sister of charity, upright, rigid, veiled, and draped in black; the veil projecting far beyond her face, threw it, as well as the white linen folded across her bosom, into deep shadow. The thinness of some of the forms propped up against their pillows, their chests exposed by the open shirts, was absolutely frightful; the bony hands wandered vaguely about the hair and sunken temples, and the eyes were fixed on vacancy. Some lay already in the shadow of death, their eyes reverted, showing only the whites beneath the drooping lids; and others had passed this last stage, and waited only for the grave.

At the end of a corridor in a tower are quarters once held by General Sir George Brown, but now occupied by gentler tenants. There dwelt the sisterhood that had come from England to tend the sick—the Rebeccas to the Ivanhoes of the Crimea. That quarter of the building threw a softening and romantic tinge over the rest; —in its neighbourhood pain and misery seemed less forlorn. The corridor opened on a kitchen where some good sisters were preparing soup, sago and wine, and other comforting compounds. Doorways opening from the kitchen were screened by long folds of black cloth or tapestry, behind which dwelt the lady sisters; and high up the wall of the kitchen were windows, across which flitted nun-like forms, heard presently to descend the stair to our level. It was while one of two or three who accompanied me, a man of sedate and respectable aspect, such as might without presumption engage the attention of a sister of charity, extracted from a motherly benevolent lady some statistical details of the sisterhood, that the chief of them herself, Miss Nightingale, lifting the piece of tapestry before her door for a parting visitor, stood for a moment revealed. During that short interval the statistics of the motherly lady were unheeded—we steadily regarded the chief as she bade her visitor adieu—then the tapestry fell and she vanished.

There were eight Protestant ladies, and a rather larger number of Catholic sisters: in all, with their attendants who officiated as nurses, there were about forty in the sisterhood.

In the great kitchen, close by their quarter, rice-pudding, manufactured on a grand scale, was transferred, smoking, by an enormous ladle to the destined platters; beef-tea and mutton broth were being cooked in huge cauldrons, such as the witches danced around; and flocks of poultry were simmering into boiled fowls or chicken broth.

There are three English hospitals besides this. One at a little distance, a large red-brick building, was originally built and used for the purpose by the Turks: it is the most comfortable and best suited to its object of all. Another is known as the Kiosk, or Palace Hospital; and the third is at Coolali, a place some miles up the Bosphorus, on the Scutari side, where there is a large barrack which was occupied by the English cavalry and artillery before the army left for Varna. All these buildings were clean, cheerful, airy, and comfortable. They contained in all, at the time of my first visit, 4,700 sick, increased to 5,000 at the end of January; and from first to last 10,000 men had passed

through—some back to the Crimea, where in many cases they had relapsed into sickness and died—some to England—and some to their final resting-place.

On the edge of the bank of the Sea of Marmora, a few hundred yards to the left of the mouth of the Bosphorus, is a level space of greensward, used by the English, from the time of their arrival in Turkey, as a burying-ground. The placid sea, the distant isles, the cape of Broussa on the left, and Seraglio Point on the right, make up a lovely view from the melancholy spot. At the southern extremity of the ground are single graves, neatly defined and turfed, where those who died while the army halted here in the spring are laid. But the press of mortality no longer admitted of such decent burial. To those accustomed to see the departed treated with reverence, and attended solemnly to their last habitation, there was something horribly repulsive in a whole. sale interment, where the dead far outnumbered those who stood round the grave. A pit, about ten feet deep and fourteen square, received every afternoon those who had died during the last twenty-four hours. A rickety araba, or country cart, drawn by two oxen, was the hearse which conveyed them from the neighbouring hospital to the place of sepulture. In the yard of the hospital is a small dismal house, without windows; for its tenants no longer need the light. Thither those who have died in this and the neighbouring hospitals are brought on stretchers, and packed like sacks in a granary till the araba comes for them. Sewed, each in a blanket, with sufficient tightness to leave a caricature, mummy-like resemblance of humanity, a score of bodies are laid on the vehicle, and travel slowly, dangling and jostling, as they go to the mouth of the yawning pit, where the party who dug it await the coming of the cart. There is no time for ceremony; each poor corpse is hastily lifted off, and, doubled-up limply in cases of recent death, or stiff and stake-like where it has been longer cold, is handed down, nameless, unknown, and void of all the dignity of death, to its appointed station in the crowd. One row being laid, the next covers it, and the feet of those who deposit them necessarily trample on the forms below, leaving muddy foot-prints on the blanket-shrouds. Sixty-one (about the daily average number at the time) were buried together on the day I visited the spot. Noticing one corpse in which the lower part of the outline seemed unusually thin, I remarked to the corporal in charge that the deceased must have been long ill, to be so wasted; but he pointed out to me that one limb had been amputated. A clergyman waited till all were deposited to read the funeral service; close by, another pit was being dug for the requirements of next day, and we had seen in the hospital many of those unmistakably destined to fill it. Altogether the scene reminded one of Defoe's account of the burials about London in the time of the great Plague.

I have mentioned elsewhere the trenches dug on a battle-field to contain rows of dead. But there they lie like soldiers, with an awe and glory on their blood-stained uniforms and upturned faces, which no pall nor coffin could bestow. In the pits of Scutari, Death is deprived of his sanctity, majesty, and mystery, and retains only those elements which constitute the grotesque.

Officers are buried singly in graves close to the edge of the bank, where cross-headed slips of wood, like those which mark the plants in a greenhouse, and not much larger, are labelled, sometimes with the name of the occupant below, sometimes less specifically—as "A Woman," "A Russian Officer."

Wishing to see the French hospital in Pera, I applied to M. Lévy, the Inspector-General, who very kindly gave me a note to M. Morgue, the principal medical officer, in which he prayed him to receive some other Englishmen and myself "avec la courtoisie que meritent si bien nos dignes alliés."

The building, standing on a high point of ground above the new palace of the Sultan, and conspicuous from the Bosphorus, was originally intended as a school of medicine. It is very large, newer and fresher, and the wards and departments loftier than those of our hospitals. At the door was a covered cart, with a cross in front, filled with coffins, and drawn by oxen.

In the first room we entered, besides some French officers, there were a Russian captain and two subalterns, wounded at Inkermann, playing at some game like draughts. In the next room, a very spacious one, with a painted ceiling, and windows opening to the floor, looking on the Bosphorus, were five or six French officers, apparently very comfortable. The corridors, like those of our hospitals, were filled with patients; in the wards, the beds on each side were raised on a platform above the floor—there was a very thick paillasse under each man; across the rail at the head of the bed was a shelf with his medicine-bottles; and on a card at the foot was a description of his case. The surgeon who accompanied us round pointed out a remarkable case, that of a man who had received a bullet in the head, which entering on one side had gone out near the opposite ear, passing close to the lobe of the brain; he was sensible, apparently suffering but little pain, and would, the surgeon thought, live. Opposite him was another with his skull fractured by a sabre-cut from a Russian officer; the surgeon, removing the dressing with tweezers, tapped them audibly, without paining the man, on the bare skull-bone, which was cleft for about an inch, and surrounded by a gaping wound in the scalp. The poor fellow whined dolefully as the instrument-case was unfolded; but the surgeon reassured him, saying he was only going to move the dressing; he told us afterwards, he thought it would be necessary to trepan him. Sisters of charity, with the freshest of complexions and the snowiest of caps, moved to and fro among the beds; one of them was an Irish woman from Meath, who had left Ireland, as she told us, five years before to join the sisterhood. One corridor was filled with convalescent Russians in their uniforms of grey or blue, surmounted, in many instances, by a French cap; they stood up respectfully and grinned approval when the good doctor patronised them by a tap on the back or a pull of the ear. The chief distinction between this hospital and ours seemed to be that here the patients were classified according to the nature of their ailments; one ward was filled with cases of frost-bites, another of wounds, another of fever—a plan tried at first in our hospitals, but broken in upon by the throng of sick arriving. It is probable that the worst cases are kept apart in the French hospitals, as none of the men we saw seemed in extremity; and it is certain that *nos dignes alliés* like to exhibit, on all occasions, the best side of their management. The doctor said the deaths averaged seven or eight a-day out of fourteen hundred—about half the proportion of those in our hospitals; a variation somewhat puzzling, since there seems nothing in the difference of accommodation, care, nourishment, or treatment sufficient to account for it.

Our hospitals, with their staff and orderlies, are under the commandant of Scutari, Brigadier-General Lord W. Poulet. The duties of the staff are extremely, almost hopelessly perplexing, from the confusion of the accounts of pay, necessaries, stoppages, &c., of such a number of men of different regiments. To the commandant, all officers halting on their way to and from the Crimea report themselves, and he applies for a passage for them, and also for the patients rejoining the army, or invalided to England, to the admiral, who has control over all the transports and men-of-war. These two form, with the chief commissary, a trio supposed to work in unity—as Mrs. Malaprop says, "like Cerberus, three gentlemen in one." It is most necessary they should act in concert, for many services to be performed here demand a combined exertion of the authority of the three, as absolutely as a bill requires the consent of the Three Estates to become law.

The dealings of the commissariat are very various and extensive, comprising contracts for all the supplies of provisions, clothing, and forage for the army, besides what come from England. The constantly-varying rate of exchange must greatly increase the complication of their duties. Several large steamers are appropriated exclusively to the commissariat as cattle-ships, which, at certain points of the coast, embark bullocks, already collected by their agents in the surrounding district, and convey them straight to Balaklava.

THE MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

It must be acknowledged that the political movements of the last month have not been of such a nature as to improve the prestige of Great Britain in the eyes of Europe. On the very first day when Parliament reassembled after the Christmas vacation, Mr. Roebuck, the member for Sheffield, a strong Liberal, and generally a supporter of the Coalition Government, of which Lord Aberdeen was the head, gave notice of a motion for a Committee of Inquiry into the conduct of the war. That motion, if carried, would not be construed otherwise than as a direct vote of censure upon the Government, and it was so felt and acknowledged. The success of a motion such as that, implies a conviction, on the part of the Legislature, that the executive Government has failed in the discharge of its duty—that it can no longer be safely intrusted with absolute control of public affairs—and that it does not possess that amount of confidence without which a Ministry is powerless. Up to the time when Mr. Roebuck gave notice of his motion, there had been no distinct intimation of disunion among the members of the Cabinet. Those, however, who were accustomed to scan political movements with a watchful eye, had observed, in the course of the debates which occurred during the short sitting in December last, various discrepancies, both of statement and opinion, in the language held by different Ministers. The apologetic tone of the Duke of Newcastle, who was War Secretary, contrasted strangely with the almost arrogant confidence of Mr. Sidney Herbert, the Secretary at War; and it was further remarked that Lord John Russell took occasion in rather a pointed manner, to express a very different opinion as to the nature and probable results of the Austrian alliance from that which some of his colleagues professed to entertain. Still there was no rupture. No Minister felt so dissatisfied with the conduct of his colleagues, as to free himself from that responsibility which attaches to every member of the Cabinet for every act of the body by the tender of his resignation to her Majesty. The month of January—one which will be long remembered by the people of this country, from the almost daily arrival of new testimony of the most agonising kind regarding the sufferings of our brave army in the Crimea—rolled on. In spite of earnest entreaty, and of obvious propriety, the Ministry, in December, had committed the unseemly error of proroguing Parliament for a period which, even under ordinary circumstances, would have been too long, but which, in a crisis like this, was regarded almost as an insult to the excited feelings of the country. As a mere political arrangement, this lengthened prorogation was decidedly injurious to themselves, as it increased instead of allaying the general ferment, and strengthened the impression, already very general, that the Ministry could no longer depend upon the support of a majority in the House of Commons. On the 23d, the day of meeting, Mr. Roebuck gave notice of his motion for the 25th. On the 25th, it was intimated to the House of Commons that Lord John Russell had resigned.

Such a step, taken by the recognised leader of the Whig party at the moment when the business of the Session was about to open, gave rise to general astonishment throughout the country, and imperatively required an explanation, which accordingly the noble Lord volunteered on the following evening. He commenced by stating that he found it impossible to resist the motion for inquiring into the state of the army before Sebastopol, and into the conduct of the military departments at home. He admitted in the fullest and most unreserved manner the deplorable condition to which the army had been reduced, and stated that he was unable honestly to defend the conduct of the war department. He stated further, that, in November last, he had entered into a correspondence with the Premier, Lord Aberdeen, suggesting a consolidation of the war offices, and the

transfer of that whole department from the hands of the Duke of Newcastle to those of Lord Palmerston. His objections, in short, referred both to the existing form of the offices, and to the continuance of the Duke as War Minister. This correspondence was brought to a close by the Earl of Aberdeen, who on 30th November positively refused to recommend the proposed alterations to Her Majesty; and Lord John Russell ceased to press the point. For two months longer, by his own confession, he remained a member of a Cabinet of the arrangements of which he disapproved, and sharing the responsibility of colleagues whom he thought unfit for their duties. We say of *colleagues*, because the personal objections of Lord John were not *quite* confined to the Duke of Newcastle, but extended themselves to a more prominent personage in the Government. We greatly admire the adroitness of the following insinuation made in a speech purporting to be in answer to a very damaging one from the Duke of Newcastle:—"My clear impression was, not that the Duke of Newcastle was unfit for the department that he had assumed, but, as I have stated, either that the Prime Minister should be constantly exerting himself to hurry on and hasten the preparations, or else that the War Minister should be a person endowed with extraordinary authority, power, and energy. I will state now, that if the Prime Minister had been a man whose pursuits and disposition would lead him with eagerness to hasten preparations and dispositions of war, the Duke of Newcastle would have been perfectly competent for the department that he held; and I believe also that if Lord Aberdeen had had as War Minister a person of extraordinary energy and authority from the offices which he had before held, the noble earl would have been a Prime Minister fit to conduct our affairs during the war. But I did not think, from what happened, that the combination of the two insured the efficiency of the public service." That is just tantamount to saying:—"If Aberdeen had been a man of energy, and willing to do the work, Newcastle might have been tolerated as War Secretary; or, if Newcastle had been up to his duties, Aberdeen might have been tolerated as Premier. But how was it possible that the war could be conducted satisfactorily with two such incapables in conjunction?"

Notwithstanding these very decided opinions, which can hardly be flattering to the parties to whom they apply, Lord John Russell continued to act as a member of the Cabinet without taking the sense of that body upon the points to which he now attaches so much importance. Disapproving of the conduct of the administration under which our gallant army was fast melting away—convinced in his own mind that it was being made a sacrifice to Ministerial incapacity—he still remained one of the Ministry: nor, as he takes pains to assure the public, would he have considered it his duty to resign merely because a motion for inquiry, implying a vote of censure, had been made in the House of Commons. According to his ethics, such a motion as that ought to be considered less with reference to its merits than to the quarter from which it comes! Let the following sentences be read by those who have hitherto believed that Lord John Russell, however rash and deficient in judgment, has been guided throughout his political career by considerations of patriotism and morality. Let those who are inclined to think that he has acted an ingenuous part in life, weigh well the tenor of his words:—

"On Tuesday last, when I was present in this House, the hon. and learned gentleman the member for Sheffield gave notice of a motion for a select committee 'to inquire into the condition of our army before Sebastopol, and into the conduct of those departments of the Government, whose duty it is to minister to the wants of that army.' Sir, I of course had thought that it would be probable some member might move for an inquiry of this kind. I had not, however, fully considered the course that I ought to take. That, of course, depended much on the nature of the motion that might be made; *and I should say, likewise, that it depended much on the quarter from which it might come.* The hon. and learned gentleman, the member for Sheffield, it is evident, is in a position to evince no hostility to the Government which he has supported, and I could not

conceive that he had any other object than that which we have all at heart—the vigorous prosecution of the war."

What is the inference from this? What can the noble lord have meant, except that, if the motion had been made by a Conservative instead of a Liberal, he might have taken another course, and been justified in refusing inquiry? So serious did he think the crisis to be—so strong was his conviction that the military department had been mismanaged, and the lives of thousands sacrificed—that he was ready rather to resign, at the imminent risk of breaking up the Government, than oppose an inquiry when moved for by Mr. Roebuck; but he might not so have acted had the motion come from another quarter? And yet mark what he said a few nights afterwards. Being driven hopelessly into a corner by his former colleagues—being charged by them with duplicity for not having taken the opinion of the Cabinet on points which he deemed of such paramount importance, he said:—

"I admit that I perceive an error which I have committed. I have no hesitation in saying that it was an error on my part not to have fully considered the position in which I should have been, if the motion for inquiry should be made after the opinion I expressed and the dissatisfaction I had certified. But, be that as it may, having committed that error, I felt I should be guilty of a still greater error—that I should be guilty of an error in morality (and there can be no sound politics without sound morality)—if I stood up in this House and opposed inquiry, telling this House to be perfectly satisfied with the arrangements then going on, while, at the same time, in my own mind I was not satisfied, and did not feel that I was likely soon to be."

Brave words these, as ever flowed from the lips of a Tartuffe; but how are they reconcilable with his previous statement, that the conduct which he might pursue with regard to a motion for inquiry "depended much on the quarter from which it might come?"

It thus appears from the statement of Lord John Russell, that for months previous to the meeting of Parliament in January, there was dissension in the Cabinet on that subject which was of the most vital importance to the country—viz., the conduct of the war;—that he, if not others, had become convinced that the system of management pursued was hurtful to the interests of the country, and destructive to the army;—and that, according to his view and opportunities of observation, the parties to whose want of energy, ability, and experience, the recent misfortunes must be attributed, were the Earl of Aberdeen and the Duke of Newcastle.

We do not deem it necessary to occupy any large space in commenting on Lord John Russell's behaviour on this occasion, because there can be but one opinion on the subject. Let it be granted that his objections were well-founded, and that his declared conviction of the incapacity of his colleagues arose from observation of their acts and deeds, of their omissions and malversations; let us even assume that he arrived at this conclusion reluctantly, without being biassed by any party considerations, or influenced by the suggestions of future ambition: still, to every honourable mind, there must be something utterly revolting in the admission that this man, disapproving of the arrangements and conduct of his colleagues, and having in fact, no confidence in them, should nevertheless have remained a member of the Cabinet, and shared in its deliberations, without once stating to that body the grounds of his dissatisfaction, or suggesting any remedy—should never have attempted to warn them of the precipice under their feet—should have led them to believe, that he was acting in hearty concert and unison up to the day when a motion for censure was tabled—and that he *then* should have resigned, leaving his late colleagues to answer as they best could to the charges made against them in Parliament. It is all very well for the noble lord to appeal to his past public life as a justification against the odium which has been heaped upon him in consequence of this transaction. He ought to know that previous character can only be admitted as an element of evidence in cases where decisive proof is wanting against a party accused. But here there is no deficiency of proof; and, therefore, an appeal to his antecedents, even if these could be shown

to be unobjectionable (a postulate which we take leave to doubt), is quite inadmissible. He cannot deny that, up to the day when he tendered his resignation, in consequence, as he tells us, of Mr. Roebuck's notice of motion, he was responsible, as an individual member of the Cabinet, for its whole acts and proceedings. Well, then, these acts and proceedings were either right or wrong. They were either calculated to promote or to injure the interests of the country. If right, he was bound to defend them; if wrong—that is, if he considered them wrong—he is a guilty and self-convicted man. And so he admits himself to be, even while he is protesting about character! We have not much sympathy with Lord Aberdeen, or with the political squadron which he lately commanded; we have never shown them any favour, nor have we shared in the absurd popular delusion which attributed to them the possession of an unusual share of Ministerial talent; but we confess that we have been pained to see any British Ministry prostrated by so dishonourable a blow. That it would have been prostrated, independently of Lord John Russell, is not only probable, but certain; still, the first blow came from the dagger of a yesterday's colleague. Before the debate on Mr. Roebuck's motion commenced, there was an "explanation;" and in that explanation Lord John Russell took care that there should be no doubt at all as to the conduct of the Cabinet which he left,—conduct, for every part of which, be it remarked, he was directly and personally responsible!

Notwithstanding the consternation which this unparalleled and unprincipled defection occasioned in the Ministerial phalanx—who found themselves in the position of Reynier's corps at Leipsic, when the Saxon army deserted, and, as the historian tells us, pointed their guns, immediately after going over, against the French lines, and tore in pieces the ranks of their former comrades by a point-blank discharge—they attempted, as they best could, to make out a case of vindication. They failed. Much abler men must have failed in any such attempt, because the facts accumulated against them were absolutely irresistible. There was no question or discussion as to the origin of the war, or the means which might have been taken to prevent its occurrence. The conduct of it was the sole point at issue. Every one of the Ministerial arrangements, from first to last, was challenged. The encampment on unhealthy ground at Varna, in spite of warnings, whereby an immense number of valuable lives were sacrificed—the semi-bombardment of Odessa, without its reduction, which, from motives of "humanity," has enabled the Russians to transport, unmolested, fresh forces and fresh supplies to the Crimea—the late period of the year at which the expedition to Sebastopol was undertaken—the absolute ignorance of the Government as to the strength of that fortress, or the resistance which could be opposed to our combined army and navy—the landing of our army at the Crimea, without their kits, and without any arrangement for supplying them with the means of shelter—the defective hospital supplies, both as regarded surgeons and material—the non-existence of a waggon-train, after Balaklava had been occupied as the port for British disembarkation, to convey supplies from that place to the army, not more than five or six miles distant; and the utter indifference shown, at the time when a road could have been constructed, to that great necessary of military operations—the entire want of effective regulations and superintendence at the port, whereby the supplies that had been sent out were rendered unavailable for their purpose—all these things, and many more, were brought forward as so many reasons why an inquiry should be instituted. It is quite true that all of these could not be considered as charges against the Government. There may have been mismanagement in the Crimea as well as in Downing Street; and the Government may have had to contend, energetically but vainly, against evils engendered by the continuance of a bad system of military administration, and may have been powerless to remedy the consequences of local neglect. Still the fact remained that, in this disastrous campaign, the lives of many thousands of our brave soldiers had been squandered—that the richest nation in Europe

with the full command of the sea, and with innumerable transports chartered for the public service, could not contrive either to clothe or to shelter its army during the rigours of a Crimean winter—and that the treasures which it was liberally dispensing did not reach those for whom they were destined, in the shape of the necessary relief. These things alone were sufficient to have justified the call for an inquiry. But by far the most serious portion of the charges referred directly to the authorities at home, and could not be met even by the paltry subterfuge of shifting the blame on others.

It has been said, and with some show of plausibility, that this was not the proper time for the institution of an inquiry. To that proposition we decidedly demur. No man can foresee how long this war may continue; but we are all most painfully cognisant of what it has already cost us. In the first campaign, a great proportion of our organized army has been sacrificed—not so much from slaughter on the field of battle, as from disease, neglect, overwork, and the want of the supplies requisite to sustain human existence in the work and under the climate to which they have been exposed. In the field they have been victorious—in the camp they have melted away. Cholera, scurvy, diarrhœa, fever, and the frost, have been infinitely more fatal than the Russian shot and steel; and the real question at issue is, whether due precautions were taken to shelter our men from the attacks of these diseases, and to relieve them when attacked; or whether they were forced, through rashness, misconduct, or neglect, into such a position as necessarily must have caused disease, and occasioned an enormous expenditure of human life? We regard with no favour the system which was adopted by the French Republican government, of sending commissioners to watch over and control the proceedings of the commanders of their armies; but we can see no parallelism between that case and the present. Had it been proposed to institute an inquiry into the military operations before Sebastopol, we should have utterly scouted such an idea. The General in command is alone responsible for his dispositions; and the Legislature, in interfering with these, would certainly exceed its functions. But the House of Commons has an undoubted right to know whether the money that it has voted for a specific purpose has been properly expended or not. The whole Legislature has a right to inquire whether the Government, which undertakes the responsibility of issuing orders to the General in command, has acted wisely, cautiously, and with foresight; for, if it were to surrender this controlling power, popular representation would become a farce, and the British people would be left absolutely at the mercy of small cliques of red-tapists, educated from their cradles for no other objects than to attain office, to hold it at all hazards when attained, and to use every means that ingenuity can suggest, when ousted, to clamber to their former position. The days when Britain could be ruled, either by cliques or family combinations, have gone by. The Whigs failed, because they tried to govern by exclusive family combinations; the Peelites failed, because they tried to govern by exclusive official clique. After the double failure, they amalgamated, and now they have failed in their union. How could it be otherwise, when, in either case, they were a miserable and contracted section, making politics their trade and livelihood, and considering each question, not as it affected the welfare of the people, but as it was calculated to promote their own political ascendency?

It is our deliberate opinion that the House of Commons, if it had refused the motion for inquiry, would have been guilty of a breach of trust. The crisis was of a most alarming nature. Including reinforcements, 54,000 British troops had been sent to the East, and out of these it was asserted, upon good authority, that not more than 14,000 remained fit for active duty in the field. Mr. Roebuck, in making his motion, put the case thus:—

"Sir, the first question I have to inquire into is as to the number of soldiers before Sebastopol. I think it is pretty well ascertained that we have sent from the shores of this country 54,000 soldiers equipped as we have never equip-

ped soldiers before, who have done all they could to support the honour and glory of this country. I want to know what has become of those 54,000 soldiers. It appears from the best information that there are now not more than 14,000 actually in arms before Sebastopol, and of these 14,000, less than 5000 are in a state of health. I have now in my hand a letter, dated January 8, from Constantinople, the writer of which states that, according to the best information, the effective force of the British before Sebastopol did not exceed 14,000 men; that the artillery and engineers have diminished in a similar ratio; and that the cavalry had ceased to exist as a force, the horses having been taken up for the transport of provisions."

On the other hand Mr. Gladstone averred that there were upwards of 28,000 men before Sebastopol, and we are bound to receive that statement as carrying with it the weight of official authority. But Mr. Gladstone did not say that these were effective forces, or that anything like 28,000 bayonets could be mustered to repel a Russian attack; and that evidently is not a force sufficient to maintain the lines extending from Balaklava to the camp, and to carry on at the same time, the operations of the siege. That our men, whatever be their number, have been frightfully overworked, is evident from the fearful mortality. It is an undoubted fact that, from 1st December to 20th January, a period of less than two months, 8000 sick and wounded men were sent down from the camp to Balaklava, and thence on shipboard. The extent of the loss cannot be concealed. One regiment, which was not engaged either at the Alma or at Inkermann, has been so reduced as to be sent away. Indeed, the mortality has been peculiarly great among the reinforcing troops, as the men were not seasoned to the climate, nor able to sustain the physical hardships. Since Inkermann, the brigade of Guards alone has been diminished by 1000 men. So reduced was our army, that it became at last absolutely necessary to apply to our French allies to relieve our men in the trenches. That one fact speaks volumes. This was the state of our troops in the middle of winter, which they had to spend on the bleak Crimean heights, under rotten tents, without fuel, and, for a long time, without any supply of warm clothing. To have refused an inquiry under such circumstances would have been monstrous, and we are surprised that Ministers, for their own sake, should have opposed it. But as they were probably conscious that a Parliamentary scrutiny would disclose much that it was convenient to conceal, they adopted the other course—declared that they viewed this motion in the light of a vote of censure, and perilled their existence on the result. The verdict of the House of Commons was unequivocal. By a majority of 157, the largest that ever decided the fate of a Ministry, they declared their want of confidence in the administration of the Earl of Aberdeen.

The history of the subsequent proceedings may be summed up thus. On receiving the resignation of Lord Aberdeen, her Majesty sent for the Earl of Derby, and requested him to undertake the construction of a new Cabinet. In a speech delivered in the House of Peers, on the 8th of last month, the noble earl stated, without the least reserve, the circumstances in which he was placed, and the proposals which he had made to others. Although he had the confidence, and could calculate with certainty on the support of the largest independent party in the House of Commons, he yet could not command an absolute majority. It was the same House by the vote of which, two years before, his tenure of office had been terminated; and the same parties who had previously combined against him, might have had recourse to their former tactics. It was above all things desirable at the present time that a strong Government should be formed; but the composition of the present House of Commons seemed to render that impossible, unless statesmen who had not hitherto acted in concert would agree to waive former differences, and coalesce for the one grand object which the necessities of the time demanded. Therefore Lord Derby, at his first interview with Her Majesty, made the following statement, which ought to sink deeply into the national heart, if patriotism, loyalty, devotion, and disinterestedness are virtues still prized among us:

"I laid before her Majesty, without reserve, my views with regard to the state of parties, with regard to the composition of the House of Commons, and with regard to the balance of parties in that House, and the probable mode in which those parties might apply their powers. I did not conceal from her Majesty that there might be circumstances under which the House of Commons would give to such a Government as I was enabled to form, even without extraneous aid, a generous assistance, and a generous and liberal support; but I think such circumstances could only be those in which there would be no alternative between the existence of the Government which I was about to form, and no Government at all, and that there could be no security whatever for the formation—nay, not only that, but no prospect of the formation of a Government commanding a majority in the other House, so long as there was a large party united in their opinions, some of whose members were excluded from that Government, who, if they were included in it, would bring the weight of their counsel and assistance to us. After my statement, to which her Majesty listened with most gracious attention, I concluded the humble recommendation it was my duty to submit to her Majesty, with the request that I might be enabled to communicate with Viscount Palmerston, for the purpose of obtaining, if possible, his concurrence and assistance in the duty which I was about, with her Majesty's permission, to undertake to perform. I stated also to her Majesty that I could not expect to obtain that concurrence on the part of the noble Viscount unless he were permitted to bring with him one or two of those with whom he had recently acted. I felt, notwithstanding some personal and political differences, that the abilities of some of those gentlemen might have added materially to the strength and power of debate in the House of Commons, and that their concurrence might be desirable, not only on account of the support and countenance which they would give to the noble Viscount in joining the Administration, but also on account of their own individual and personal merit and experience. I stated to her Majesty that, in my humble judgment, without such assistance—without some extraneous assistance—I did not feel myself in a condition to promise to her Majesty that strong Government, assured of a majority in both Houses of Parliament, which I thought at the present moment it was most desirable, if possible, that her Majesty should have. I was bound to consider, not personal or party feelings, but that which was for the interest of the Crown and the welfare of the country; and, first and prominently, for the welfare of the country and the honour of the Crown, I placed the necessity of having, if possible, a strong and united Government. I therefore submitted to her Majesty my humble advice that, failing my endeavours to form such a Government as could hold out a promise of strength as well as of unity, her Majesty should carefully consider whether it was possible to form any other combination of public men by whom that object was more likely to be achieved. Where these men were to be sought for, what that combination was to be, was a subject upon which, of course, I did not presume to offer an opinion to her Majesty. In venturing to offer that suggestion, as one which I believed to be for the good of the country, I concluded by assuring her Majesty, strongly as I felt the difficulties of the position, if such a combination—giving greater strength than any which I could bring to her Majesty's support—were found to be impracticable, then, at all hazards, and under all circumstances, her Majesty should not be left without a Government, but that when such other combination should have been tried and found to be unsuccessful, then with better hopes of Parliamentary support—but whether with or without better hopes—I would answer for myself and for those noble lords and honourable gentlemen with whom I have the happiness of acting, that, at all events, the country should not be without a Government; and that, at all hazards, at all risks, and at all sacrifices, our humble services should be placed unreservedly at her Majesty's command."

We esteem it our bounden duty to give this extract from the speech of Lord Derby, because we observe that, with few exceptions, the Liberal journals have been mendacious enough to assert that the leader of the Conservatives failed in his attempt to construct a Ministry, because he could not find sufficient material to do so among the ranks of his own party. The assertion is utterly untrue. Without inviting or receiving the adhesion of a single man of his former opponents, Lord Derby could have formed, at once and without difficulty, a Government much superior in talent and administrative ability to that which

had been just displaced. Of competent men he had enough and to spare, and we are satisfied that his arrangements would have met with the general approbation and support of the country. But with that utter absence of selfishness—that entire abnegation, which we look for in vain in any other living political leader—his only thought was how he might most effectually serve his Sovereign and his country. Recognising, as the most important object to be attained, the formation of a strong Government which might reckon on the confidence of the House of Commons, he came to the conclusion that this could not be secured, in the present state of parties in that House, without some amalgamation or extraneous aid. We say *secured*; because, though the experiences of 1852 were not auspicious for the formation of a new Conservative Government, still much had occurred in the interim to unsettle the faith of members in their former political idols, of which the recent division upon Mr. Roebuck's motion affords the most convincing proof. We are by no means satisfied that the House of Commons, cognisant as they have shown themselves to be of the extreme peril and complexity of the present position of affairs, would have been inclined, through mere factious motives, to impede the efforts of any Government which promised to act with vigour and alacrity, to repair the errors of the past, and to strain every nerve in the promotion of the national cause. Assuredly there is nothing which the nation at this moment more intensely desires, than a strong, united, and energetic Government; but composed as the House of Commons is, that cannot be attained without a compromise. And therefore the Earl of Derby, keeping steadfastly in view that paramount object—abstaining from regarding anything but the requirements of the public service in the hour of difficulty and danger—intimated to her Majesty that he did not think it advisable to attempt the construction of a pure Conservative Government, though the means of doing so were in his power. But, as the acknowledged political leader of the largest party in the House of Commons, he was ready, on account of the great and pressing emergency, to waive former differences, and to act along with Lord Palmerston, and some of his leading colleagues, if they, in the same emergency, would form part of his Administration.

As a matter of course, the Liberal press has fastened upon this concession, which Lord Derby considered it his duty to make for the sole object of giving the country, at a period of unusual difficulty, and even of extreme danger, a strong and efficient Government; and we have perused various articles, intended to be pungent, upon the subject of the proposed coalition. Now, we have a word or two to say upon that subject. In 1852, the Whigs, Radicals, and Peelites combined for the express purpose of putting out the Derby Ministry. They did so formally—by concert, and by compact of their chiefs; and their object was to gain office. They succeeded in ousting that Ministry, and they proceeded to the partition of the spoils. In 1855, the Aberdeen Ministry fell by a vote of the House of Commons, *without any kind of combination*. The fatal motion was made by a member who usually supported them. About a hundred of their ordinary adherents voted against them, and a hundred more stayed away from the division. No coalition turned them out; they fell because they had shown themselves unfit to govern. But the Earl of Derby, though able to form exclusively, from his own party, a Government, which the House of Commons, unless absolutely factious, must have supported so long as it did its duty, was so impressed with the awful nature of the crisis, that he deemed it his duty to leave no means untried by which a really strong Government could be formed, and, therefore, in the first instance, requested leave of her Majesty to open negotiations with Lord Palmerston, and other members of the late Ministry, who, be it remarked, had, in 1852, been active members of the confederacy which displaced him. And here it is due to Mr. Disraeli to record the fact that, so far from insisting upon the position which he had well earned, that gentleman intimated to Lord Derby his readiness to surrender the leadership of the House of Commons to Lord

Palmerston, and "willingly and readily to act under the direction of a statesman of the noble Viscount's ability and experience." Nay, more—this surrender of a post which in the House of Commons is perhaps the highest object of ambition, was not made by Mr. Disraeli purely out of compliment to Lord Palmerston, or in acknowledgment of his abilities, but expressly because "he hoped such a surrender might render more easy the accession of two of the friends of the noble Viscount, who might be willing to act under the noble Viscount, though they might be less willing to act under him." It is necessary, we think, that these matters should be placed permanently upon record; because, in an age which has been greatly disgraced by self-seeking and personal ambition, due honour ought to be paid to the men who, in the hour of our country's need, were willing to submit to any sacrifice for the sake of the public weal.

This also must be remarked, that so far was Lord Derby from seeking to profit by the misfortunes of the bygone Ministry, that he advised her Majesty, in case the combination he pointed at could not be effected—in the event of Lord Palmerston and his colleagues refusing to form part of his Administration—to try whether another combination or reconstruction was not possible, before resorting to the formation of a pure Conservative Government. At the same time he assured her Majesty, with a devotion which she could not fail to appreciate, and which fell most fitly from the lips of the descendant of the Lord of Latham, that, if that experiment failed, he was ready at every hazard and risk, to undertake the direction and responsibility of a Government formed from the Conservative party alone, so that the Sovereign of these realms should not be utterly deserted. And—God be thanked for it—there is yet enough of chivalry and devotion among us, to render it certain that neither faction, nor political intrigue, nor the crawling advances of Jesuits, nor the machinations of commercial and cosmopolitan republicans, will succeed in shaking the foundations of the Throne. Combinations in the House of Commons may render government difficult, and have rendered it difficult during periods when domestic questions were the sole matter of interest; but it is very different when the wager of war has been made—when Britain has sent forth her armies to conquer or to be consumed in the cause which she has deliberately espoused—and when, in the face of Europe, she has taken a position, from which it is utterly impossible to resile, without fearful loss of credit, and a stain upon the national honour.

Armed with full powers to make any negotiation, Lord Derby lost no time in communicating with Lord Palmerston. The following account of the interview was given in the House of Peers:—

"I found," said the Earl of Derby, "as I anticipated, that the noble Viscount would have been exceedingly unwilling—nay, indeed, that he felt it would have been impossible, without the concurrence and co-operation of some of his friends—to give to me that assistance and support which otherwise he did not express himself disinclined to afford. I stated at once that I anticipated that feeling on his part, and that it was perfectly natural: and I named to him the two among his colleagues with whom I thought he would most readily consent and desire to act, and who might have the least difficulty, from their previous connection with the great Conservative party, in joining the Administration, although between them and that party there had been, and there still might be, some points of difference. I named to the noble Viscount the two men with whom I conceived he would be the most desirous of acting, and who might have the least difficulty, from their antecedents, in connecting themselves again with the Conservative party. I found—for the noble Viscount was good enough to state to me—that, with regard to any personal considerations, he could have no objections to act in a Government with which I was connected; and he accompanied these obliging expressions towards me with an allusion to the long acquaintance and friendship which had subsisted between us. We went so far as to discuss the particular position in the Government in which the noble Viscount should be placed; and I stated to him then, with perfect frankness, that which I am about to state to your Lordships. I stated to him that I did not think it was possible for any Minister to combine with the lead in the House of Commons the duties of an extensive and laborious depart-

ment; and I obtained from him his concurrence in that opinion—that, with the lead of the House of Commons, the arduous and important duties of Minister for War were wholly incompatible."

"I certainly," continued the noble Earl, "returned from the interview with a very strong impression on my mind that the noble Viscount was ready and willing, if he should obtain the concurrence of his late colleagues, to join, in unison with them, the Administration which I was endeavouring to form; and the statement he made to me was, that of course he could give no definite answer till he had had the opportunity of communicating with them; but that he hoped in a very short time, probably before the post went out, but at all events in a very few hours, to convey to me the final decision at which he arrived. I did not hear from the noble Viscount until half-past nine at night. I had left the noble Viscount shortly before two o'clock, and at half-past nine, just as I had written to the noble Viscount that it was impossible for me longer to detain the messenger, if he was to arrive at Windsor that night, I received, with considerable surprise, a note from the noble Viscount. I am not going to trouble your Lordships with the precise terms of that note; but it certainly did surprise me to receive from the noble Viscount, after a delay of so long a time, a note merely stating that, upon full and complete reflection, he had come to the conclusion that, if he were to join my Government, he could not give to it that support which I was good enough to think his presence would insure; that he had communicated with Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Sidney Herbert, according to my desire, but that they would write answers to me, and he thought it better they should do so. At half-past twelve that night, I received a note from Mr. Gladstone, and between seven and eight the following morning I received one from Mr. Sidney Herbert, both written in kind and courteous terms—terms of which I certainly could have no reason whatever to complain; but I certainly was struck with this expression in Mr Gladstone's note—after stating that Lord Palmerston had communicated to him the wish I had expressed that he should form part of the Administration,—'I also learned from him (Lord Palmerston) that he is not of opinion that he can himself render you useful service in that Administration.' Now, my Lords, I confess I received that note with some surprise, because I had reason to suppose that when, at two o'clock, I left the noble Viscount, his consent depended in a great measure upon the concurrence of his late colleagues; but at half past twelve the same night I received this note from Mr. Gladstone, stating that the noble Viscount, in communicating my message to him, had stated at the same time that he could not concur in being a member of the Government."

We shall not inquire curiously what the circumstances or considerations were which produced so sudden a change in the mind of Lord Palmerston. Let it, however, be noted, that if the noble Lord had, previously to his interview with Mr. Gladstone, arrived at the conclusion that he could not join Lord Derby's Administration, he ought not to have proceeded further. Lord Derby's offer was made specially to *him*, the basis of the negotiation being his implied willingness to act. Until that point was determined, he was not in honour entitled to communicate with Messrs. Gladstone and Herbert, who were not invited by Lord Derby to join him separately, but with reference to the supposed additional inducement which their adhesion to, and incorporation in the new Ministry, would give to Lord Palmerston to join. The gist of Lord Derby's communication was simply this—"If you, Lord Palmerston, have no objection to join my Ministry, I shall make the way easier for you, by including at least two of your colleagues. And you may consult with them upon that footing." But Lord Palmerston did nothing of the kind. If Mr. Gladstone is to be believed, Lord Palmerston, in opening the matter to his colleagues, distinctly stated that *he* had made up his mind not to join Lord Derby. No one can blame Lord Palmerston for having altered his views upon reflection; but if so, was it not his duty to have immediately intimated his resolution to Lord Derby, leaving *him* to communicate, if he was so disposed, with Messrs. Gladstone and Herbert? We cannot divest ourselves of the impression that, in this instance, the noble Lord played the false messenger—for what ulterior objects is best known to himself.

Lord Derby having thus failed in obtaining the extraneous support

which he deemed necessary for the formation of a strong Government, laid the results before her Majesty, with a statement of his opinion that "it was for the interest of the country, and for her Majesty's convenience, that she should adopt the subsequent course which he had advised—namely, that of ascertaining whether it was possible to form any other stronger or more effective Administration." Such was the course pursued by the Earl of Derby—a course dictated purely by honour, duty, and devotion to his Queen and country—a course which cannot, it is true, raise him higher than he stood before in the estimation of that great party of which he is the acknowledged chief, but which ought to convince even his political opponents of the lofty patriotism of his character.

Next followed an episode of another kind. On examining the lists of the divisions by which the Aberdeen Ministry had been displaced, it appeared that, next to the Conservatives, the most powerful section of the opposition was composed of honourable members who acknowledged Lord John Russell for their chief. It was true that Lord John Russell had not voted *against* Ministers—for that would hardly have been decent—but he had absented himself from the division, and had announced his opinions regarding the incapacity of his colleagues without reserve. Upon him, then, according to the etiquette which seems to be observed on such occasions, devolved the task of attempting to form an Administration. At all events, he was allowed to try his hand, and, we doubt not, met with few rebuffs from the supporters of the "happy family," who are always too glad to scramble into office on any terms. But it is not permitted to that sacred band of relatives to have any more the monopoly of preying on the public. A pure Whig Administration could not have lasted for a week; and when Lord John Russell went further, and knocked at the doors of his former colleagues, from whose side he had so ignominiously fled, he was very soon made to understand that, henceforward, he must reconcile himself to be regarded in the light of a political Pariah. The only result of his undertaking a mission, which he must, if not utterly blinded by his egotism, have known from the first to be fruitless, was the prolongation of the public confusion for a period of four-and-twenty hours—rather too much time, we think, to be sacrificed to the gratification of his vanity. Finally, Lord Palmerston was sent for, and accepted the trust of the formation of a Cabinet, which he has carried into effect in the following manner.

Three members of the late Cabinet are excluded from office. These are Lord Aberdeen, the late Premier; the Duke of Newcastle, formerly War Secretary; and Lord John Russell. The office of Secretary at War is suppressed; Mr. Sidney Herbert, who held that post, being intrusted with the administration of the Colonies. Sir George Grey, formerly Colonial Secretary, succeeds Lord Palmerston in the Home Office. Lord Palmerston becomes Premier and First Lord of the Treasury, *vice* Aberdeen. Lord Granville becomes President of the Privy Council, *vice* Lord John Russell. Lord Panmure, a new accession to the Government, becomes War Secretary, *vice* the Duke of Newcastle. Sir F. Baring, according to the last accounts, either is, or is to be, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, in room of Lord Granville. And Lord Canning, the Postmaster-General, is called in as a member of the Cabinet.

This is certainly a singular result to follow so immediately upon an emphatic vote of want of confidence, which, in other words, is a vote of censure, passed by so unprecedented a majority of the House of Commons against the late Administration. The late Cabinet consisted of fifteen members. Three of these are removed, and twelve remain. One of the three, Lord John Russell, having distinctly intimated his dissatisfaction, whilst a member of the Cabinet, with the conduct of the war, it follows that at least fourteen out of the fifteen were equally blamable for all that had taken place, seeing that they acquiesced in measures which the House of Commons has impugned. Or otherwise we are driven to the conclusion, that two members of the late Cabinet, the Earl of Aberdeen and the Duke of Newcastle, exercised

such tyranny over the other thirteen, that they could compel them to adopt measures which were injurious to the public welfare. Or otherwise—for there is yet another alternative—they were all sinners alike; but Aberdeen and Newcastle, being sinners beyond hope of pardon, were seized upon as Jonahs, and cast over board, Lord John Russell having anticipated that doom by a premature leap into the sea.

Such are the views which would naturally occur to those who are unlearned in politics, for it does seem a monstrous thing that the vast majority of a Cabinet, whose conduct in regard to the war has provoked a vote of want of confidence from a friendly House of Commons, should, nevertheless, be continued in office. We admit the anomaly; but, at the same time, we must confess that there is some room for explanation. Incompetency does not betray itself all at once. We have no doubt that Lord John Russell, during his short tenure of the office of Foreign Secretary, when he wrote such fulsome and debasing despatches to be exhibited to the Czar, was as proud of them as any school-boy who has obtained a prize for writing copies, and that he showed them to Lord Aberdeen as specimens of extraordinary composition. And we have no doubt that Lord Aberdeen greatly approved of the same, flattered the vanity of "the scion of the House of Russell," by smiling a grim approval, recommending, at the same time, that in the next despatch the dose of sugar should be augmented, and as little as possible be said that might tend to wound the delicate feelings of "a friend of forty years' standing." But by-and-by, the forty years' friend began to show himself rather in the light of an enemy, and Lord John Russell ceased to have the superintendence of Foreign Affairs. It is with great pain that we record our conviction, that to the accession of Lord Aberdeen to power, by mean political intrigue, at the close of 1852, the whole of this frightful European disturbance must be attributed. The Czar began to move against Turkey, because he considered it certain that the British Government, under such auspices, would oppose no decided resistance to his attempts. He believed that, under Aberdeen and his colleagues, some of whom had stepped out of their way to vituperate in the grossest manner the Emperor of the French, cordial concert between Britain and France was altogether impossible; and when we refer to the speeches in question, it must be confessed that he had excellent grounds for entertaining that idea. We shall not do that injustice to Sir Charles Wood, as to suppose that the general opinion entertained in this country of his mental calibre had not been communicated by the public journals as far as St Petersburg; so that any remarks of his, on hustings or otherwise, need not be presumed to have exercised an extensive influence. But the case was different with Sir James Graham, whose political career has been a marked one, and whose name has appeared prominently in the list of several Administrations. Whether a vigorous remonstrance on the part of Lord Aberdeen, coupled with a distinct announcement of the course which he should deem it his duty to advise his Sovereign to take, in the event of the Czar proceeding to carry out his avowed designs, might have had the effect of stopping Russian aggression at the outset, we have no means of judging, for the Premier never made the attempt. At the time when plain speaking might have saved this country and Europe from the fearful calamities of war, there was found no man in the Cabinet adequate to undertake the task. Even after the act of overt aggression, our military and naval dispositions were for a long time so equivocal that the Czar was almost justified in believing that Britain would not draw the sword in earnest. Lord Aberdeen himself took no pains to disguise his intense aversion for war—an aversion highly laudable when war can be honourably avoided, but pusillanimous when the quarrel is a just one, and when the rights of nations have been invaded. Whenever he spoke, whether in Parliament or elsewhere, his invariable theme was Peace. This was not the language which the country had a right to expect from a man placed in his high position; and his actions were not one whit more energetic than his words. He took no personal charge

of the conduct of the war; he committed that department to a nobleman who had little beyond his rank to recommend him; he turned a deaf ear to the representations which Lord John Russell deemed it his duty to make, as to the disastrous effects arising from existing arrangements; and he exhibited, on all occasions, a marked reluctance to meet Parliament. By such conduct he succeeded in making himself perhaps the most unpopular man in the whole of her Majesty's dominions. Men of all parties united in condemning him—the press, through all its sections, denounced him as incompetent and incapable—every one looked forward to his resignation or dismissal as the first step necessary for the vigorous prosecution of the war—and yet, with characteristic tenacity and phlegm, he continued to grasp the reins of power, until they were torn from his gripe by an indignant Parliament, in which he lately had commanded a majority. Setting aside political differences, something of regret generally mingles with the feelings which influence us when we witness the departure of a veteran from the great arena; but in this instance it would be rank hypocrisy to affect any sympathy. In the departure of Lord Aberdeen from office, the nation feels as if some baneful influence were removed; and men again begin to draw their breath freely, as if delivered from the pressure of the hideous Ephialtes. Even his personal supporters—for every man has some—must be ashamed at the manner of his exit. Within little more than a week after his public career had been condemned by the House of Commons, he had the temerity to assume the insignia of the order of the Garter, the highest mark of honour which any subject can receive. The selection of those who are to have that honour conferred upon them is in reality left to the Prime Minister for the time being; and former Premiers have invariably refused, even contrary to Royal solicitation, to accept it for themselves. We can conceive circumstances in which self-denial might not be carried so far; but surely—surely there is something out of place in the immediate assumption, by a disgraced Minister, of such a badge of distinction. Upon what grounds has he ventured to appropriate this high and coveted honour? Not because he has served the country well, for the country has unequivocally condemned him;—not because he was destitute of a high chivalric rank, for he already held, and still retains, the collar of the Thistle. Would it not, at least, have been more decent for him to have declined, until the recommendation of another Premier could have allowed him to avail himself of any marks of favour which the Royal commiseration might have been disposed to offer? Undoubtedly it would; but Lord Aberdeen, even at the risk of making the sentiments of his Royal Mistress appear antagonistic to the feelings of the country, decided upon accepting the Garter. He has it now, and we wish him much joy of it. Mordred, as well as Lancelot, was a knight of the Table Round; but who considers that the addition of the name of Mordred gave honour or reputation to the chivalry of old King Arthur?

With respect to the Duke of Newcast'e, we wish to express ourselves with the utmost forbearance. We cannot go the length of regarding him as an ill-used man, a character which he is evidently most anxious to obtain; but we do look upon him, in some sort, as a victim. In saying this, however, we by no means intend to imply that this victimisation was not a most proper and necessary occurrence. We believe him to have been utterly incompetent, from want of natural talent, education, habits, and knowledge of practical affairs, for the conduct of the department into which he was foisted; but we by no means intend to charge him with lack of assiduity, diligence, and zeal in his attempts, such as they were, to discharge the duties of his office. In fact, we take him to have been by far the most laborious man in the late Administration. It is quite touching to read his account of personal labour, at a time when the majority of his colleagues were either amusing themselves upon the moors, or getting up some little literary credit by delivering lectures upon education, or the true meaning of the British Constitution. He worked, we have no doubt, like a

perfect galley-slave; but the misfortune was that he did not know how to go about it. The Duke of Newcastle was one of those whom the late Sir Robert Peel selected to be educated for statesmanship, according to the principles of the red-tape system; and we believe that up to a certain point he exhibited considerable dexterity in manipulation. But red-tapism does not imply capacity—regularity in correspondence is no proof of real administrative talent. Probably there is not a tradesman, merchant, or solicitor of experience in the kingdom, who has not at some period or another received into his employment a clerk, who, in spite of regular habits, and great assiduity, proved a positive drawback and encumbrance to the business. Of the willingness of such persons there is no question; but they lack capacity and the power of comprehending their duty. So was it with the Duke of Newcastle. From boyhood he was intended for a statesman, not because he showed any extraordinary indications of talent, but because he was possessed of sufficient hereditary influence to aspire in time to the honours of the State. For that object was he educated, drilled, sent into Parliament, initiated into the mysteries of red-tape, and passed through the lower departments of office; and when at length he is placed in a highly responsible situation, and a crisis occurs which calls for unwonted energy, direction, and mental resources, the nation is amazed to find that, instead of a statesman conducting the war, it has been utterly bungled and mismanaged by a clerk. Talent has no necessary connection either with birth or training; and had the Duke of Newcastle been the son of a tradesman instead of a peer, he never would have risen above the level of the average of his class. With all respect for the nobility, we have no idea of succumbing to the principle which has been practically asserted by the late Administration, that this nation is to be governed by noblemen solely in respect of their rank. When, as in the instances of some, talent is combined with rank—when official training and experience have developed faculties naturally acute, and ripened an understanding naturally practical and sound—when we are assured that wisdom is the concomitant of title, and that not only good inclination, but the power of ready performance may be expected from the heirs of title, then we not only cheerfully, but with pride, acknowledge their right to aspire to the higher offices of the State. But "*non ex quovis ligno fit Mercurius.*" As there have been kings utterly unfit to reign, so there have been dukes utterly unfit for the administration of affairs; of which this age has seen no more conclusive instance than that which we are now considering. How entirely does it bear out the wisdom of the remarks of old Roger Ascham:—"If men would go about matters which they should do, and be fit for, and not such things which wilfully they desire, and yet be unfit for, verily greater matters in the commonwealth than shooting should be in better case than they are. The perverse judgment of fathers, as concerning the fitness and unfitness of their children, causeth the commonwealth to have many unfit ministers: and seeing that ministers be, as a man would say, instruments wherewith the commonwealth doth work all her matters withal, I marvel how it chanceth that a poor shoemaker hath so much wit, that he will prepare no instrument for his science, neither knife nor awl, nor nothing else, which is not very fit for him. The commonwealth can be content to take at a fond father's hand the riff-raff of the world, to make those instruments of wherewithal she should work the highest matters under heaven. And surely an awl of lead is not so unprofitable in a shoemaker's shop, as an unfit minister made of gross metal is unseemly in the commonwealth."

We have anything but a disposition to be captious towards the present Government; but how is it possible to expect that we should consider it as something different from the old one, when the very same men who have been mismanaging the war since its commencement, remain in power? Are we really to suppose that the accession of Lord Panmure to the War Office is to have the same effect which followed the entrance of the Prince into the bower of the Sleeping Beauty, when the ministers, officers

and others who had so long lain in enchanted torpor, woke up at the sound of his footfall, and began to busy themselves with their respective duties, as if these had never been interrupted? With all respect to that noble lord—with some belief in his energy, and a hope that he will make that energy available where it is most needed—we cannot confidently predict such magical consequences from his accession.

The late disclosures, and the fearful state of confusion into which public affairs have been thrown, have naturally enough excited extreme indignation; and it has been suggested that there must be something fundamentally wrong in a system which can throw the government of the country into such incompetent hands. Men complain that the circle from which statesmen are selected is too small and exclusive, and that the public would be better served if the sphere were materially widened. Upon this point we think it right to offer one or two observations.

We are constrained to admit that in high departments of Government there have sometimes been made appointments of men, as in this instance of the Duke of Newcastle, who were not qualified for the adequate discharge of their duty; but to fix upon such appointments as condemnatory of the mode in which Governments are usually formed, would be manifestly unfair. With a House of Commons, in which the aristocratic element certainly does not preponderate, to watch them, Governments purely exclusive can have no permanency; indeed, the contempt into which the once formidable Whig party has of late years fallen, may be directly traced to their attempts to govern by means of family combinations. That the democratic element does virtually control the other, is evident on the face of our political history for the last twenty years, if not earlier.

We do not say that the fittest men are always selected for office, for the political constitution of our government renders that impossible. Neither do we aver that family influence has no weight, and rank no consideration, and that there have been no instances in which these adventitious recommendations have been accepted as a cover for personal mediocrity. But when such cases occur, the constitutional check is immediately applied; unless, indeed, the public and the House of Commons labour under the same delusion which caused the appointment to be made. This occurs by no means unfrequently. A certain facility of speech-making, which may be attained by early practice in debating societies, coupled with a close attention to the minutiæ of public business, are very generally accepted as evidences of real talent and administrative aptitude; and the late Sir Robert Peel greatly strengthened this impression by the marked favour which he showed to young men of mediocrity who were willing to devote themselves exclusively to official routine. This may be excellent training for clerks, but it is not that suited for the development of statesmen. However, the public seemed, after a time, to adopt the idea that they would get on quite as well by the management of clerks as under the guidance of statesmen, and the consequence was that exaltation of red-tapism, which reached its climax during the administration of the late Government. For the existence of this state of matters aristocratic influence is not answerable. If we have been suffering under the incubus of bureaucracy, let us at least track the evil to its proper source. Consider who are the men attached to the Government who are principally answerable for the late disasters, and it will be found that the main responsibility rests with the clerks of Sir Robert Peel. So far from considering the infusion of the aristocratic element into the executive as a source of weakness, we regard it as positively the strongest assurance that can be given, and the best means that can be employed, for the permanence and stability of the constitution.

The fault lies not so much with the men who govern, as in the machinery of the government. Until that is thoroughly reformed, and an entire alteration made in the system now pursued for the conduct of public business, there can be no real security. We have gone on multiplying departments and subsidiary boards, until

the complications have become endless; and instead of there being at the head of each department a chief, responsible only to the Cabinet or to Parliament for his conduct, we find a numerous staff of clerks, always too ready to shift the responsibility from their own shoulders to those of others. What we imperatively require is a simpler form in the organisation of the Government, so that each man shall know what his own work is, and shall be compelled to do it thoroughly. In the home departments of the civil service the confusion is absolutely chaotic. Deputations from the provinces, or parties coming from distant parts of the kingdom upon local business, are at an entire loss to whom they should apply. They go from board to board, from official to official, without finding the man they want, and, what is worse, without discovering with whom the conduct of the business rests. It is this shameful confusion and division of responsibility and conduct which, in so far as Scotland is concerned, has led to the demand for a separate Secretary of State—a demand so reasonable and so obviously necessary, that not even the semblance of an argument has been raised against it. But the demand has been refused; and in consequence—what is of no slight consequence to Britain—the militia of Scotland has been utterly neglected, and cannot, for a long time to come, be made an effective force. This never would have happened had there been any order taken for the efficient administration of affairs in the northern Kingdom.

In the present instance, it is the military departments which have been tried and which have failed. From what we can gather, the failure is owing to that ridiculous observance of routine which pervades every branch of the British service. For example, it appears that whatever be the exigency, or however great the distance, no functionary abroad is entitled to act on his own discretion. Unless he has received positive and specific orders, the utmost he can do is to write home for further instructions, regardless of what may be the consequences of the delay. Of this no better instance can be afforded than the correspondence regarding the coffee served to our troops. At first it was sent out, if we recollect right, roasted and pounded; then it went out roasted in the bean; then it went out raw at the time when the men had no fuel; then it was again roasted and pounded, and so forth; and for each of these changes there was a separate correspondence. It never seems to have occurred to any of the people in charge of the commissariat department at Balaklava, that, if the coffee arrived unroasted, it was their business to see that it was roasted before it was served as part of his rations to the soldier. Perhaps that was too brilliant an idea to have occurred to them; or perhaps they may have dreaded that, if they had taken so unusual a step without distinct orders, they might have been censured by the home government. However that may be, it remains a fact that green coffee was issued to the troops at a time when they could obtain no fuel to light their fires. This is worse than negligence—it is barbarity; and no Commission or Committee of Inquiry will fulfil its duty or satisfy the country until this matter is probed to the uttermost, and a severe example made. Then there is the case of the clothing. We need not recall the feeling of horror which pervaded every man in this country when the intelligence reached us that our troops were left to endure the rigour of a Crimean winter, with no other clothing than that which they wore when they disembarked in autumn. The supplies arrived very tardily, but, when they did arrive, the men were not supplied. Official routine interfered between the poor starving soldiers and the comforts that were destined for them. Sometimes there were no proper bills of lading, therefore the authorities at Balaklava declined to receive the consignment. Equipments, sufficient, as we are told, at once to have met the exigency, and destined certainly for no other purpose, were heaped upon the beastly wharves of a narrow and encumbered port, and left to rot there. For the soldier to have touched them, though they were in reality his, would have been theft. Neither colonels of regiments nor brigadiers had the

power to demand for the use of their men—even for the sick and wounded—any part of the supplies which had been forwarded. To all such applications grim official routine was opposed—"the order must come regularly—must proceed from headquarters—must be countersigned, and so forth;" and, unless the great majority of the accounts which have been received from the Crimea are deliberate and malignant falsehoods, it seems impossible to avoid the conclusion that more fearful sacrifices of human life have been made at the altar of official routine than ever were offered at the accursed shrine of Moloch. Even the surgeons, pleading for their patients, could not obtain what they wanted. The routine arrow was stamped upon each Government package, and nothing could be delivered without a special order and receipt.

If these things are true—and every man in the country believes them—is there not absolute and urgent need for an entire change in our method of administration? We have heard a good deal of late about the reflections which the instability of our Governments casts upon free institutions. Is it not time for us to reflect whether we dare to persist in calling our institutions really free? There is not a despotic government in Europe which would have dealt with its troops as we have done with ours—not one which would not have thought shame to have such a stigma attached to it. Yet such is the result of clerk government—an evil which, instead of decreasing, has of late years materially increased, and which, unless immediately checked, can only end in the discomfiture and humiliation of the British empire.

Why should the aristocracy be blamed for this? We cannot see what semblance of a charge is against them; for they are in no way answerable for the introduction or growth of the clerk-principle. But a far more delicate subject presents itself to our consideration, and that is, whether our present military system of promotion and command is adequate to the exigencies of the crisis.

This is a point upon which precipitancy of judgment is very much to be deprecated. A vast deal has been written—and we admit that much of it is true—as to the impolicy of intrusting the conduct of a campaign, in which the honour and credit, as well as the political influence, of Britain is concerned to so great a degree, to a man whose military antecedents are so very remote, and whose age may be supposed to have deprived him of some portion of his pristine activity. We certainly have no intention of attempting to criticise Lord Raglan's strategical dispositions; and we think it would have been well had others practised the like forbearance. But it is no reflection whatever upon Lord Raglan to allude to his years as a serious matter for consideration at the present time. He is now sixty-seven, a period of life when the physical powers of man begin to show symptoms of decay, though the intellect remains unimpaired. Then rises the question how far physical energy is a requisite for the commander of an army. If we are to believe the lessons of history, it would appear to be an indispensable qualification. A general does not fulfil his duty by remaining in his tent and receiving reports. He ought to be ubiquitous. He ought to be able to visit the outposts, to examine everything with his own eye, and, by his presence and example, to cheer and animate his men. Well does Shakespeare describe the effect of a leader's personal attention to his troops, in his picture of the English army on the night before the battle of Agincourt:—

"The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and only ruminate
The morning's danger; and their gesture sad
Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats,
Presenteth them unto the gazing morn
So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent;
Let him cry—Praise and glory on his head;
For forth he goes, and visits all his host;
Bids them good morrow, with a modest smile,
And calls them—brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath surrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night;
But freshly looks, and overbears attaint,

With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks;
A largesse universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear."

Every one who is familiar with the history of the Duke of Wellington—and who is not?—must remember how extraordinary was the activity which he displayed in the field, and how unremitting was the vigilance which he exercised. So also was it with his great rival Napoleon, during the earlier part of his career. These illustrious men were born in the same year, and their age when the battle of Waterloo was fought was only forty-seven. Julius Cæsar was not so old when he effected the conquest of Gaul and invaded Britain. Alexander the Great died at the age of thirty-two. Hannibal was only thirty-five when the Romans were defeated at Cannæ; and Scipio Africanus was but a youth when he defeated Hannibal at Zama. All these instances would seem to prove that the energy and personal activity, which cannot be expected from men of advanced years, are among the most valuable qualities which a general in command of forces in the field can possess. Even the exceptions would appear to fortify this view, for of modern veterans in command Blucher and Radetsky afford the most remarkable instances on record of men exhibiting in their advanced years all the alacrity and energy of youth.

But both Blucher and Radetsky had led military lives, and were inured to hardship in the field. It is different with Lord Raglan, who has not been engaged in active service for forty years. From what has recently been said in Parliament, we imagine that the home authorities have become alive to this; for Lord Panmure tells us that he had despatched General Simpson to the Crimea, as chief of the staff, thereby relieving Lord Raglan from the consideration of many minor details. We shall not presume to anticipate what effect this step may have upon the reorganisation of the army, but it does not seem to us adequate to the emergency. The real want is an energetic and active chief, in the full possession of his vigour, who can do that which Wellington and Napoleon, and every other successful general have done; who can animate his men by his presence and example, and, if need be, by sharing their privations, and who shall be able personally to superintend the whole military dispositions. It is useless to expect that Lord Raglan can do this, because his years and constitution render the necessary exertion impossible. His recall would imply no reflection upon his military skill, nor would it detract one iota from his well-deserved reputation. The enemy with whom he cannot longer cope is Time, which subdues even the most renowned of conquerors, and to that power it is no disgrace to yield. Nay, it cannot even be insinuated that he would have acted more prudently had he declined the proffered command. His sword was at the service of his Sovereign, and he could not, consistently with the honour of his profession, decline to act when called on. Our sympathies are with Lord Raglan, because we think he was, somewhat cruelly, placed by the late Ministry in a false position. He was asked to do more than his years would allow him to perform, without leaving the option of a refusal. Service such as this is likely to prove, demands the energies of a younger man, and most gracefully at such a time can the veteran relinquish his command.

Our space is so limited that we are not able to continue this branch of the subject further at the present time. The state of our army in the Crimea, even adopting the most favourable reports, is such as to render, in our opinion, Parliamentary inquiry indispensable. The nation cannot accede to the jaunty proposal made by Lord Palmerston, that the existing Ministry should be allowed to take the inquiry into their own hands, and to decide upon the propriety or impropriety of measures for which by far the greater part of them are directly responsible. But it is highly right and laudable that the Minister who is now immediately charged with the details of the War department should apply himself immediately, by any kind of investiga-

tion in his power, or by sending out persons armed with proper authority to detect and remedy any abuse which may have arisen from official neglect. In this respect Lord Panmure has made a good commencement. The mission of Sir John M'Neill to inspect, and, where necessary, to regulate the arrangements of the Commissariat department, may have important consequences. His intimate acquaintance with the East, his practical business habits, and sagacity, are so many guarantees that he will discharge his duty well and perseveringly. If he fails, it can only be through official obstruction and jealousy, in which, we need hardly add, aristocratic influence cannot possibly have any share. The like may be said as to the new hospital commission; and we can only hope that these steps, which never would have been taken but for the ejection of the late Ministry from power, may be effectual for the preservation of the wasted remnant of our troops. But it is utterly out of the question that, for a long time to come—supposing that they should remain in office for a lengthened period—the Palmerston Ministry can expect the confidence of the country. To gain that, they must deserve it; and so arduous is the task before them, that we may be excused for doubting, on the ground of their individual performances hitherto, whether they are competent for the emergency. The adroitness of their chief, in availing himself of all political chances, is beyond question. He has already got rid of Lord John Russell, who might have been as dangerous in Parliament as a Russian mining engineer, by sending him to Vienna; but the mood of the British public at the present time is too earnest to admit of their wasting applause upon any such paltry exploit. Nay, it is viewed with serious reprobation; for no man in his senses can believe that Lord John is fit to conduct, on the part of Britain, negotiations of magnitude and importance. Lord Palmerston is now in a position of peculiar responsibility. He has undertaken, with very little change in the composition of the late Ministry, to remedy its defects, and to repair—as far as can be, for, alas! the lives of the many thousands who have perished cannot be recalled—its errors. The unanimous wish of the country is for his success; but its expectation, unfortunately, is by no means commensurate with its desire.

Postscript.—Since the above article was written, and just as we were sending it to press, the astounding intelligence has reached us that three of her Majesty's Ministers, who had accepted office under Lord Palmerston—viz., Sir James Graham, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Sidney Herbert—have tendered their resignations. As yet no formal explanations have been given; but it is universally understood that the reason which has prompted these gentlemen to take so extraordinary a step, is their insuperable objection to a Parliamentary inquiry into the conduct of the war, the present state of the army, and the cause of the disasters in the Crimea. We shall not prejudge them; but if they can urge no better reasons for abandoning their posts at such a time, thus renewing the confusion which most unfortunately has prevailed for the last month, to the entire obstruction of public business, they need not expect forgiveness at the hands of the country. If they considered themselves debarred from acting as Ministers, on account of the decision of the House of Commons in favour of a Parliamentary inquiry—if they deemed that inquiry to be unconstitutional, or dreaded it on account of their own previous personal responsibility, then they were bound by every consideration of honour and duty not to have accepted office under Lord Palmerston. It neither was nor could be a condition of Lord Palmerston's accession to the Premiership, that the inquiry should be abandoned; and every one of the Ministers who signified their readiness to act along with him must have been aware that it was not in his power to alter the resolution of the House of Commons.

It is impossible to exaggerate the gravity of the crisis. We are again—at a time when energy, decision, and unanimity on the part of public men are

imperatively required—at a time when the national reputation is deeply engaged, and when our most material interests are at stake—left virtually without a Ministry, in consequence of the secession of another section of those men who undertook the conduct of the war, who have so lamentably mismanaged it, and who have been condemned by the deliberate vote of the same House of Commons, which, little more than two years ago, hailed their accession to power! What Lord Palmerston may do or attempt to do under such circumstances, we shall not venture to predict. He has still, we are told, several mediocrities at his command; and he may possibly endeavour to patch up an Administration out of the Cardwells, Baines's, and such like, who have hitherto occupied inferior stations in the Government. But the Coalition, which was to accomplish such great things for the country, is now for ever dissolved; and may Heaven grant that we shall never see such a Ministry again! Of all organised hypocrisies, it was the worst. Feigning to the public that nothing but the utmost cordiality and concert prevailed, jealousy, intrigue, and disunion were ever in its councils; and when, after a long period of mismanagement, the hour of reckoning came, so great was the responsibility that had been incurred, that one leading member of the Cabinet adopted the desperate step of abandoning his colleagues rather than oppose an inquiry. Two others, who were most deeply implicated, resigned office in consequence of the adverse vote of the House of Commons; and now, three more, who had intimated to Lord Palmerston their willingness to support him, have withdrawn. On the 29th of January, Mr. Gladstone, in his place in the House of Commons, recited the epitaph for the Coalition Ministry; and we shall now take the liberty of inscribing it, *verbatim*, on its tomb:—

HERE LIE THE DISHONOURED ASHES OF A MINISTRY WHICH FOUND ENGLAND AT PEACE AND LEFT HER AT WAR—WHICH WAS CONTENT TO TAKE HER EMOLUMENTS OF OFFICE AND WIELD THE SCEPTRE OF POWER SO LONG AS NO ONE HAD COURAGE TO QUESTION ITS EXISTENCE. THEY SAW A STORM GATHERING OVER THE COUNTRY—THEY HEARD GRIEVOUS AND AFFLICTING NEWS OF THE STATE OF THE SICK AND WOUNDED IN THE EAST. THESE THINGS DID NOT MOVE THEM; BUT WHEN THE MEMBER FOR SHEFFIELD RAISED HIS HAND TO POINT THE THUNDERBOLT AT THEM, THEN THEY WERE CONSCIENCE-STRICKEN WITH A SENSE OF THEIR GUILT, AND, IN SEEKING TO ESCAPE FROM PUNISHMENT, THEY ABANDONED DUTY.

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No. CCCCLXXIV. APRIL, 1855. Vol. LXXVII.

CONTENTS.

How to Dress Him, ... 379
Psychological Inquiries, ... 392
Zaidee: a Romance.—Part V., ... 420
Notes on Canada and the North-West States of America, . 438
Charles Dickens, ... 451
State of the Militia, ... 467
The Death of Nicholas, ... 481
The Story of the Campaign. Written in a Tent in the Crimea.—Part V., ... 492
Chapter XVII. Exculpatory.—XVIII. Progress of the Siege.

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BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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HOW TO DRESS HIM.

[LONG before public attention was called to the subject by public calamity, most of those who had a familiar knowledge of the soldier, his wants and habits, must have been painfully conscious of the many defects in our military system. The following remarks were written with the intent of exposing one—the clothing iniquity. The completion of the design was interrupted by the commencement of war. The pen was thrown aside for the sword—other duties demanded my attention, and the project slumbered between the boards of a portfolio. The events which have since proved the truth of these remarks, have given additional interest and importance to the evils they denounce, and the changes they advocate: what was once expedient has now become a necessity. I have therefore sent them forth without altering their original prophetic character. They were written with an apprehension that our system would break down under trial, but with no anticipation that the evils it might produce would be so terrible. Dread realities have outstripped theory. Fearfully has the system been illustrated in the first campaign! Fearfully verified has been the remark, that bad clothing and a bad commissariat were ever more fatal to the British soldier than the enemies he met in battle! May the dread experiences he has furnished, and the many voices raised in his behalf, be not in vain.]

CHAPTER I.

How to dress him?—Start not, shade of Mistress Glasse! no sacrilegious foot is treading o'er thine ashes. Let not those fierce moustaches which adorn thy face, O Alexis Soyer!—as depicted on the labels of sauce and relish—bristle up as at the approach of some invader of thy gastronome empire. No revolution is threatened to thy realm—no revolution in stews and stew-pans, spits and roasts. It is no hare, first to be caught, then paunched, seethed, and basted—no fat capon, to undergo a series of trussing and larding, that we would dress. The object of our dressing is beyond and above thine art—respected and respectable as it is—O venerable Glasse! O redoubted Soyer! It is a man—a man, too, of the class which has, perhaps, among all the vocations, won most honour and attracted most notice since the world's beginning. Yes; the soldier certainly stands prominent in the world's panorama. Princes have petted him—poets have rhapsodised him—historians flattered, beauty smiled upon him. In respect of the world's estimation he has nought to complain of. The world has used him well; but it has taken it out of him in the dressing. The

man whom the world has ever delighted to honour, the world has ever delighted in disfiguring and encumbering. It has seemed to say, "Go forth and fight. Come back victorious, and honours shall be showered upon you—feasts shall be spread for you—bright eyes shall flash on you—minstrels shall sing of you. Your name shall be in our mouths—your statue in our public haunts; but we must be allowed to panoply you according to our own will and our own fashion. We will decorate and distinguish you among citizens; but your garb must be after our own devices. You may wear the Waterloo medal on the breast, but there must be the Albert shako on the head." Such is the balance which has ever been struck. Each age has honoured the soldier—has either feared or caressed him; but each has, also, either dressed him like a clown, weighted him like a pack-horse, or straitened him like a maniac.

There have been lucid intervals when the world has had gleams of wisdom on this subject. Those intervals are most frequent in which he has dressed picturesquely to please the eye; rare enough those in which he has been equipped with a fitness for his work. Ever and anon some great soldier or practical warrior age has cast off the trammels of conventionality, and sent forth the soldier armed and arrayed for the development of his strength and courage in their fulness. But these have been rare—rare as the great men and the great ages who have swept away the other cobwebs which the world is for weaving betwixt their advents. What a gallery of caricatures would be the portraits of all the soldier costumes which man has originated! What a succession of all that is vile in invention, or useless in practice! How we of the nineteenth century;—we, the foremost in the files of time—should laugh at them! What Guys! How the practical man would point at the quilted jackets and the overlaid steel-plates; and yet, O enlightenment of this day! there is another figure to follow. It is that of a man with a hat on his head, hard and inflexible as iron, and gainly as an inverted stew-pan; with a coat of brick-dust colour, tight in the chest, short in the waist, and adorned with swallow tails; with a leather band round his neck; with little, narrow straps pressing on all his muscles and fettering his limbs; with coarse unbending trousers and shapeless boots. This man belongs to thee and thine age of practical wisdom; and perhaps coming generations may deem the last worse than the first. There certainly have been especial delusions, which the world has hugged with besotted fondness age after age; and this is one of them—this dressing of the soldier with regard to fancy, fashion, defence, appearance, anything rather than with regard to the work he has to do. The work he has to do and his means of doing it seem seldom to have formed elements in the art of dressing him. Sometimes the delusion has taken one shape, sometimes another. Now it shows itself in tricking out the soldier like a popinjay—now in encasing him like a tortoise. One or the other he has ever been doomed to be—a mass of feathers, frippery, and particolors, or a living form within a dead shell of iron, steel, or brass.

In the early developments of savage life, the first warrior race were, of necessity, confined to their skins, tunics, or even more simple adornment. Success or defeat, however, soon brought innovation. If swept back by the superior discipline of a more advanced people, they would, in their repeated struggles, mix up with their lessons of defeat an imitation of the garb, as well as of the arms and organisation of the conquerors. If victors, the barbaric eye and barbaric taste could not resist the show and pretence of ornamental or defensive panoply; and the men who had triumphed over some enervated race by their free unfettered strength and unencumbered energy, were soon eager to immure their vigour within iron casings, or to bedeck it with gewgaws. The Goth was readily caught by Prætorian splendour. The Norman harness soon glittered below the turban of the Moor.

Progress in military science, or martial glory, seems ever to have generated the idea that the soldier was to be made fire-proof, sword-

proof, bullet-proof—to be turned into a little moveable fortress. The principle of assault was sacrificed to that of defence. The power of movement, endurance, and effective action, was overlooked and overlaid by the study of protection.

Even the clear-headed Greek, who was always conscious of the effect of rapid movement, had great faith in defensive armour. The shield was more sacred to him than the sword. The soldier with him, as with us, was a costly material; and he thought to preserve and make the most of him by shielding his body. When campaigns were short, and the soldier's services seldom continuous, this idea was not so irrational; but in those who have a life interest in him, it seems very madness to waste a third of his strength and energies in weight and cumber. Strange as this delusion was, still stranger is the tenacity with which nations have clung to the defensive form, after the defensive principle has been exploded. Gunpowder upset helmet, steel hat, and morion; but, as cumberers of the head and deadeners of the brain, they have still a representative in the modern shako.

So strong is the connection betwixt the human mind and this delusion, that even the most practical age has not had courage enough to cast it off; and so the poor soldier has gone down through all time masquerading in motley, or sweating out his strength and patience under his heavy burdens. Will it be otherwise in our day? Will it be the honour of our age to cast it off? We doubt—we fear not. This is a wondrous age for condemning, but not for executing. How many abuses have been haled forth to light; judged by public opinion, sentenced, and doomed to death; and yet they live. The way from the dock to the gibbet with them is long. They drag on from reprieve to reprieve, until the dread of annihilation becomes more and more shadowy, and they come forth, some like Agag, delicately, hoping the bitterness of death is past; others standing up bold and defiant, daring the world. And there is no one to hew them in pieces or tread them down. Among the many desperate culprits thus arraigned, the abuse of the soldier's apparel may seem a minor one. It affects not the welfare of the commonweal; has no general bearing, apparently, on the welfare of the people: but it may affect the future efficiency of our armies; it may turn the scale of a well-poised battle-field. It will, as it has done before, in coming struggles, break down many a stalwart frame, and bear down many a gallant heart. How many a fine fellow, whose strength would have been felt in the charge, has fallen back, crippled and foot-sore, to the hospital, from his heavy misshapen boot! How many a stout recruit, whose heart was with his comrades in the battle, has dropped down by the roadside, wayworn and exhausted, by the ill-poised knapsack and lumbering shako! Yet all these things are now—even now, when war is lowering darkly and heavily before us.

Of all abuses, it seems the easiest to be rid of. There are no vested interests to suffer—no opposition—no prejudices to be encountered, save those offered by clothiers, contractors, and superannuated buffsticks. The thing has been written about, talked about—opinions have been taken—committees have sat—a stroke of the pen alone seems enough to finish the matter; and yet, year after year, out come the old brick-dust coat, the infernal shako, and all the paraphernalia unaltered, unamended. Alas for our practical wisdom!—alas for our common sense!—when we are not equal to the petty task of dressing the soldier fitly for his work! What wonder is it that Chancery iniquities and charitable trusts hold their own, when such a petty abuse as this can laugh at our beard!

How, then, shall we dress him?

Does the past offer no suggestions? In its long roll of warrior races and war experiences can there be found no standard—no model? Has man been warring ever since the Fall, without discovering the best dress in which to fight? It would seem so. The history of military costume is wonderfully complete and continuous; it passes before us in almost perfect dioramic order. Each age has its own portraiture. Many are the warnings, few the lessons, portrayed therein.

One error runs through all, like the likeness in a gallery of family portraits.

The Arab exhibits before us the simple stage of military dress—little altered, little added to, since the primitive times. Light, loose, soft, and sun-repelling, it suited the man and the climate; and, as was shown when he appeared as conqueror and invader in after ages, it suited well with the light array and rapid movement which enabled him to sweep over nations like the whirlwind of his own desert. He represented the principle that a man's free strength was his best defence.

The walls of Thebes and Nineveh reveal to us how quickly man departed from this first stage. The old Egyptian had some sensible notions on the subject of the soldier's dress. We may laugh at the grotesqueness of the figures in his pictures, but some good hints may be gathered therefrom. He could not wholly resist the attraction of armour, but was wise enough in his generation to know that to burden or hamper the head of a man who has work to do, or toil to undergo, is to throw away half his strength and half his endurance; and that to cover the loins, and protect the seat of so many diseases from cold, chill, or wet, was a grand defensive principle. The Assyrian, again, rejoiced in chariots and horsemen. He delighted in coats-of-mail, iron helmets, large bossed shields, and revelled in the defensive absurdity as deeply as our old Normans themselves.

The Greek—the great hero type—the great author of strategy and tactics—the foot-soldier of antiquity—based his military policy on the maxim, that to preserve a citizen was a first principle of war; and that this was to be carried out by loading him with breastplate, backplate, helmet, and greaves. That this policy was fallacious we have no doubt now. Could it be tested by raising up all those who throughout time have been saved by the defensive principle, and those who have suffered from it, what a host of the halt, the maimed, and the blind, the crushed, the broken, and the sun-stricken, would there be on one side! How few, how very few, we fear, of the saved on the other!

The Roman, too—the man who was pre-eminently the soldier—who accepted the vocation as the destiny of his race—who was born, swaddled, and bred for war—even he, to whom war was a familiar duty and a daily thought, marred the perfection of his system by the self-same error.

From the times of the Republic to the days when Goth, Hun, and Vandal trod him out, the Roman soldier carried a weight which might have crushed a pack-horse. Dearly did he pay the penalty when, in the latter days, his heavily armed legions were matched against northern vigour and elasticity.

It remained for the Norman to carry the system to the extreme of absurdity. He makes a noble figure, as depicted by romancists and troubadours, in his knightly panoply, with plumed casque, flowing scarf, and glittering shield; but the reality, as we see it in Grose's drawings and the set-up suits in old armouries, is rather grotesque than imposing. Though clothed from head to foot in hauberk, hood, breeches, sabatons, gauntlets, and sleeves of mail, his ingenuity was continually exercised in making impenetrability more impenetrable. Piece was added to piece until the man was lost beneath his armour, and became nothing more than a mechanical mass of metal set in motion on a certain point.

It is strange that the men who begot the noble idea of chivalry, and fostered it into birth, should have clothed it in an outward form so uncongenial and repellant. Strange indeed! that men who spoke of glory as the breath of their nostrils, should seek it, clad from head to heel in impenetrability!

Thus the system dragged on a protracted existence, living unto effeteness, and drawing on the manhood of Europe with it, until the examples of a few great soldier minds, the improvements in the use of gunpowder, and the development of infantry as the arm of war, made the world reject and cast it off for ever.

The Swiss, the fathers of European infantry, taught the first lesson, by showing that the free quick step, and the free strong arm, were better than hauberk or morion, and that the sol-

dier's true defence lay in the free action of his own limbs rather than in plates of iron or links of metal. The Great Captain, who had seen the Swiss in the field, modelled his battalions after them.

Gustavus Adolphus, another maker and modeller of armies, preferred the strength and endurance of the soldier to his impenetrability, lightened his burdens, stripped off his swaddling bands, and then marched and worked him, as he had not been marched and worked for centuries.

The lessons of these great soldiers, and the sharper lessons of experience, woke up mankind at last, and separated them reluctantly from the idea they had clung to for centuries. The system of defensive armour died a natural death at last. It came to its end in England in the time of William the Third, and the Tower became then the limbo of departed steel-pots and cuirasses. There they are now for men to wonder at. The liberation of the foot-soldier from his outwork of metal was complete, but his brethren of the cavalry continue still to bear about with them the relics of the past. A buff coat succeeded, and thus, as old Grose says, when tolling its knell, "defensive armour terminated in the same material with which it began—the skins of animals." The delusion was so far over, and the world was rid of it. Having entombed the substance, however, we still cling to the shadow; having cast off the principle, we still hug the form. The soldier no longer marches under a hundred weight of metal, but he is still a victim to the binding, irritating pressure on head, body, and limbs. The buff-coat era, and the period which followed, seem to have formed a lucid interval in the nation's idea of dressing the soldier. The interval was short. A spirit of change was hovering over the soldier.

About mid-way in the eighteenth century, a great military reformer sprang up, who clothed men, drilled them, and fought battles with them, after a fashion, and according to principles which were never seen or heard of before. Straightway this man, Frederick of Prussia, became the model of soldier-making. The article was henceforth to be manufactured, cut, and fashioned after his pattern. It was eagerly welcomed in England, and being approved of, the system was adopted. It never occurred to its foster-fathers and nursing-mothers to raise the question, whether the Prussian might not have a native aptitude for being buckled in and puffed out—for being half choked, stiffened into a machine, and drilled to the minuteness of an inch, and the Englishman have an antipathy to the same; or whether the dress and system which suited men whose sphere of action lay within an even temperature, would be equally adapted for those who were to serve under every variety of climate and circumstance. Aptitude! adaptability! Nonsense! The system was Procrustean. The man must be fitted to his coat; the coat must suit anywhere and everywhere. Uniformity was the grand principle—the vitality of the system; so it was established; and the edict went forth that the British army was to be Germanised. The soldier was, accordingly, turned over to tailors, and barbers, and drill-sergeants, to work their wicked wills upon; put into a military crucible and turned out according to pattern; buttoned up, and strapped down; pulled in at the waist, and padded out at the breast; clubbed, pigtailed, and pipeclayed, half throttled by a stock; his arms pinned to his side, and his feet turned out at an angle. The poor fellow, who was rather a swash buckler, a dashing rogue in his old loose coat and *dégagé* neckcloth, must surely have exclaimed, after his transformation, with the little woman in the story, "This is none of I."

Such as he was, he must go forth to mount guard on the scorching rock of Gibraltar, to fight under the burning sun of Hindostan, and thread the wildernesses of America; not a button was to be relaxed, not a drachm of pipeclay omitted.

With the costume came a system of drill which, like its twin brother, was to be uniform, minute, and complex. How the soldier lived under both, and kept his senses, is past comprehending!

There were two classes to whom the system was a godsend. The men who had just brains and capacity enough to unravel the complexities of drill, and thread the maze of endless ma-

œuvres, but who could never hope to conceive the great thoughts, or comprehend the great principles, of soldiership, caught eagerly at the drill-book. How they could show their ingenuity! They could invent and convert; turn round into square, triangle into oblong—could move and remove, upset and construct figures of men, like the pieces in a Chinese puzzle, and do all with the precision of a stop-watch, and the accuracy of a pace-stick. They had found a sphere for their faculties, and the buffsticks were triumphant! There were others to whom drill was an Eleusinian mystery, but they could measure the distance betwixt buttons, define the set of a pig-tail, the breadth of a coat-tail—could tell the extent to which a stock could be tightened without producing suffocation. What eyes they had for these things! They were lynxes! Let not the desperate delinquent who dared to deviate one inch from the regulation, hope to escape them! They were somebodies now. They, too, had a vocation, and the "pipeclays" were as jubilant as their brethren the "buffsticks."

What petty tyranny grew up under this joint system. We believe the world has suffered more from its petty tyrants and petty tyrannies—has endured more of bitterness and heart-sickness under them, than from all the open oppression and wrong which has been flung upon it. Sure we are that the wearisomeness and worry of detail inflicted by "buffsticks" and "pipeclays" have goaded more soldiers to insubordination, driven them into debauchery, or thrown them into despair, than the most iron-handed despotism ever wielded by martinets.

Under such auspices the system flourished. Petted and fondled by big-wigs, it sunned itself on parades, spread out its glories at reviews, babbled at clubs, and chuckled over the marvellous genius which had made such a perfect machine. The time came, however, when this pretty game of soldiers was to be played on rougher ground. There was rebellion in America. The British soldier must quell it. Of course, 'twas mere moonshine this! The rebels could never stand the sight of the symmetrical array of such a well-buttoned, well-pigtailed army; or, if they did, the display of the most simple of the hundred-and-one manœuvres must awe them into submission. Strangely enough! they not only cared naught for these things, but even presumed to out-march, out-flank, and out-manœuvre the system! Yes: there were the English soldiers buttoned to exactitude—not a pigtail awry—trained to move over a given space in a given time, at a given pace and with a given measure—held in check by men in smock-frocks and blouses, who had never worn a stock or stepped to a pace-stick in their lives. This was incredible. Buffstickism was wonder-stricken. How could it be? The English soldier might have told,—the English soldier, who was eating out his heart with rage and vexation at being fired at from behind hedges by foes whom he was always pursuing and never catching; who would have given his right arm or the best years of his life for one hour's fight, hand to hand; but he seldom had the opportunity. How could it be? He would have pointed, perhaps, to the heavy baggage-trains which must follow his march; to the complicated movements of the system, which was compelled, like the crocodile, to move by certain lines, whilst the enemy went hither and thither as it willed him; to his own hampered, ligatured, swaddled body, and to the free limbs, the free step of his foe; to the clumsy weapon he carried, and to the smart rifle which was dealing such havoc around him; and might have thought that thus it was easy to see how it could be that a force, so hampered, so encumbered, so impeded by precision and fettered by rule, could not cope with the difficulties of such a country, defended, foot by foot, by men who had all the courage of their race, and fought with all the energy of their new life. Many such things he might have said, sadly and bitterly enough, perhaps; but he was never asked. 'Twas his part to go on suffering and toiling, and perhaps he felt a sullen, despondent relief, when the end came, disastrous and inglorious as it was.

Buffstickism played out the game consistently. It never yielded a button or a hair. Out-generaled and beaten, with two armies captured, and scarce ground enough left to move

the rest on, it gave up the game, and retired astonished, but not convinced —beaten, but not repentant. A colony was lost, and the prestige of our soldiership darkened. How could this be? Buffstickism could not account for it. It could not be the fault of the system. It must have been because some other individual Buffstick had not been intrusted with carrying it out.

After this, somehow, there grew up the idea among nations that the Englishman was not naturally fitted for a soldier; that the land was not his sphere of action; that his glory must be sought on the sea. This belief began, like a dark cloud, to creep over the British soldier himself. He, whose forefathers had fought at Cressy and Agincourt, who had done some tough work in the Civil Wars, and had been, under Marlborough, the best troops in the world—he not naturally a soldier! He thought it could scarcely be, and yet it seemed so. A dark time was looming before the British army; a great man and a great opportunity could alone avert it. The hour and the man came.

A British army landed, under Arthur Wellesley, in Mondego, on the 5th of August, 1808. It was the dawn of the old glory.

A strange inauguration scene took place then, as related by Portuguese peasants, who witnessed the disembarkation. It has almost too much of the ludicrous to be associated with an event so solemn in its consequences, and grand in its results, as that landing; but it is *apropos*.

Before the army advanced there was a general halt, and an order went forth for the instant demolition of the pigtails. The order was ruthlessly obeyed; the pigtails were forthwith struck off, and strewn along the ground. The army marched on. The peasants picked up the relics—so the story goes—and made them into ropes for their water-wheels, which proved so durable that they are in use to this day. If this story had reached the clubs, what dismay and consternation would there have been among the Buffsticks! What dire-prognostics would they have uttered for an army fighting without pigtails! What contempt would they have felt for a General who could commit such sacrilege! An army shorn of its pigtails would be like Samson shorn of his locks, and would fall an easy prey to the Philistines. Spite of all, the English soldier soon showed that the old blood ran in his veins; that, under good leadership, there was nothing he dared not, nothing he could not do. The old prestige shone forth again. The feats of "that astonishing infantry" illustrated a grand revival. The tale of glory was grand—the tale of suffering sad enough; the tale of Gazettes made our hearts proud—the tale of the hospitals was little known; the tale of the thousands who filled them, the thousands who had sunk down on the march, or broken up in garrisons.

Bad clothing and a bad commissariat were more fatal than a battle-field. The nation could spare, though it mourned over, those who fell winning victories; but it could ill spare those who groaned out their lives, or left their strength in hospitals, because the authorities at home could not attend to such trifles as clothing and feeding.

The great Captain did his utmost against the system. He struck down some abuses, modified others; but it was hydra-headed, and he could cut off only one at a time. He remodelled the commissariat, swept away the complicities of manœuvre, and did somewhat towards re-dressing the soldier; but it was little, and in all essentials the British soldier is as inefficiently clad as when he landed in the Peninsula. The war over, the great Captain seemed to consider his functions had ceased. A word from him, and the army would have been clad on new principles; but he never spake it. Some conscientious scruple kept him silent. His captains thought as he thought, and respected what he respected. They had also the natural prejudice in favour of things associated with their victories. Men are very apt to think the machinery with which they have done great things is the best with which they could have been done. When the new musket was introduced, veterans shook their heads, and said "they had seen fine things done with old Brown Bess."

The prejudices of the past, helped by the indifference of the present,

have kept us in the error of our ways. Those who have seen battles won in the scrimped coatee and hard-bound hat, think the same things may be done again, little wotting of the sacrifice of health, the expenditure of material, caused by such apparently trivial means. Those who have no past see a number of stalwart, smart fellows, marching about in our garrisons, and are satisfied. The many who are intrusted with carrying out the system are content to make the best of it, without offering remonstrance or suggestion. Those who could suggest—the practical men—who have tested and tried everything, are unfortunately seldom referred to.

Oh! there is nothing like the Englishman! he has always done his work, and will do it again! Such is the self-sufficient remark with which suggestions of amendment are met. It is true there is nothing like him; but he has never attained his great excellence until the end of a campaign. At its commencement, an English general must contend as much with the accumulated abuses of an imperfect system as with the enemy. He must make his army as well as fight with it—must be a reformer ere he can be a conqueror.

Our neighbours make peace ever a state of preparation for war. They employ a lull in refitting, remodelling, and reorganizing—in correcting details, and experimentalising on improvements. We, again, make peace a state of stagnation, of relapse. War once over, we cast it and its requirements from our thoughts. Let things be! they are well enough; they will do for the present, and be amended when the necessity arises.

The reforms in internal economy, and the administrative progress which properly belong to a time of peace, are deferred until war renders them imperative, and are then carried out amid the exigencies of a campaign. Thus it is that a British army never enters on war, except under the disadvantages of a defective organisation and obsolete system.

Our next essay in arms will be by the side of those who were our foes in the last struggle.

The English general who then commands British troops, will find himself at the head of men whom the world cannot match; but he will also find that, in respect of equipment, clothing, and general organisation, his force will be a century behind his allies. He will keep his old reputation in the battle-field; but it must be with toil and suffering that the heavily-armed, heavily-clad, and half-breathed British soldier will keep pace in march or manœuvre with the lightly-equipped and well-trained chasseur. Dress him as rationally, arm him as rationally, exercise him as sensibly, organise him as fitly, and he will hold his own with Chasseur or Zouave.

CHAPTER II.

How shall we dress him? First, let us lay down some principles on which it would seem rational that the system of military dress should be based. These principles seem simple and self-evident. 1st, That the soldier's dress should be suited to his work, and the greatest development of his strength and endurance; 2dly, That it should be capable of affording the utmost possible protection from heat, cold, wet, &c.; 3dly, That it should have a certain adaptability for all circumstances and all climates; 4thly, That it should be comfortable, as far as it could be so consistently with the other requisites.

Does the present dress fulfil these principles? Let us begin with the shako. No word can be raised in favour of its taste. Can anything be said of its utility or comfort? It may have passive supporters, but no friends, It is needless to say aught of its self-evident ugliness. It must have been chosen for its power of disfigurement; perhaps purposely to diminish the attraction of the British soldier. Put it on the head of a man beautiful as an Apollo, and you place him at once on a level with any bystanding John Smith, who may have been left to his own choice of a head-dress. The grenadier cap and Highland bonnet, though more becoming, are almost as objectionable and senseless.

Is it suited to the soldier's work? Such head-dress should be light, soft, incapable of pressure or irritation, of undue action on brain or circulation; but this has a hard, stiff rim, which binds with a rigorous cordon all the delicate parts, vessels, and nerves of the head. How heavy it is, too! and the weight unequally toppled over the forehead! Can any man be supposed to command his strength or depend on his endurance with his brow aching, his nerves twitching, and his head fretted up to fever heat? As for protection—ye gods! how it protects! The ears and sides of the face are left to the tender mercies of wind, rain, sun, or frost, driving hail or drifting sand; but the head—it cares for that? Yes! on the top there is a sun-trap—a cover of hard, black, highly-glazed leather—which attracts most surely a concentration of heat; and in order that none of the collected radiance may be wasted, there is a leather peak poked out in front, to convey slanting rays on nose and cheek-bones. To make the protection complete there is another little bit of leather thrust out behind, to collect the rain, and conduct a little drain down the back.

Adaptability it has none. It is about as adaptable as a coal-scuttle or a wig-block. It admits not of shifting or easement. The soldier cannot wear it on the guard-bed, or when he smokes his pipe under a tree after a day's march, or when he lies down on his bivouac. It cannot be made less cumbrous in Caffraria, less oppressive in Hindostan, or more protective in Canada. It must always be what it is—a monstrous anomaly of felt, brass, and leather. The design of such a thing, especially for a man who was to march, stand, eat, drink, sleep, live in it, was certainly one of the world's phantasies—the retention of it one of its delusions.

Comfort! the word is irony in association with the shako. If the soldier were asked what had been the great embarrassment of his life, he would say—the shako.

For old Brown Bess he has a sort of rough affection. They have journeyed together many a day; he has carried her many a weary mile, and spent some hours in rubbing up her old sides. They have had their ups and downs, their rubs and their bickerings; but there is a comradeship between them. Even the old brick-dust coatee he looks on with a sort of pride. It is his cloth—the garb of his class—the badge which separates him from the citizen. The knapsack is occasionally denounced, but it is not always galling and fretting him. But towards the shako he has a fierce inveteracy. He speaks of it as that —— shako. There is no sociability in it. It is a care, a trouble, an impertinence. It is always in the way or out of the way; always pinching, worrying, tormenting him. It is always astray, and the plague of his life. In a transport it is a daily care, on the march an encumbrance, in the battle a dead-weight, on the bivouac a nuisance.

We have seen the soldier after a long servitude take a sorrowful farewell of Brown Bess; look regretfully on the red rag he had worn so long; then turn round, strip the shako of its ornaments, and give it an indignant kick of dismissal.

As if combustion of the brain and compression of the head were not enough for one poor devil, the system has ingeniously devised for his neck a ligature of leather, thick, hard, and inflexible as iron. Thus it catches all the veins and respiratory vessels in the narrowest compass, and fetters them with a wicked ferocity.

Having thrown an overplus of blood on the already oppressed head, obstructed the breathing, and excoriated the neck, it says to the soldier, "March on, my fine fellow, some hundreds of miles over bad roads, and then you will fight a battle; you have strength and pluck enough for it." So he has, and he does it; but he does it in toil and suffering. Give him fair play, and he will do it manfully and cheerfully. "But the stock protects!" It might, perhaps, blunt a sabre-stroke, and it keeps off the rain. It may; but it is a fact equally problematical as the falling sky.

We know, however, what it really does do. It keeps in the heat, it frets the skin, and it checks the free current of air to the lungs. Does any man who has hard work to do, and is left to his own devices for doing it, ever bind up his neck as a preliminary

nary? The navvy lays his throat open and bare—so does the porter, so the sailor. The sportsman who has a long day on the moors before him ties his neck as loosely as possible. Why, then, should the soldier be bandaged contrary to the experience and usage of workmen?

Next comes the body garb—the red coat—the source of so much pride, and the cause of so much attraction. It is a showy garment enough, and we would not change its colour, or take from its attraction; for the soldier should be a smart fellow always. We would, however, alter its shape, style, and quality materially, for in none of these points does it answer the requisitions of a soldier's clothing. It is tight everywhere—tight in the arms, tight in the waist, and tight across the chest; and tightness is not favourable to the development of muscular strength. The result is, that in ordinary movements the limbs are cramped and straitened—that in extraordinary ones the cloth gives way. The amount of protection it affords is a mere mockery. The garment ends where protection should begin. It barely reaches the waist; consequently the loins, hips, stomach, and all the parts which most crave warmth and protection, are left exposed. Nor, from its inferior quality, does it offer much protection elsewhere. The wind riddles through its loose texture; the rain penetrates easily, and the cloth shrinks and shrivels up with the wet. Its coarseness and tightness make it oppressive and stuffy in warm weather; in cold, it imparts no warmth. Nor can it, as it is, be made more adaptable to cold or heat. Comfort there can be none in such a garment; and we find that the soldier is ever ready to change it for his shirt-sleeves or greatcoat, according to circumstance.

Then there are the pantaloons, well enough in pattern, but vile in material; so thick and unyielding that they give no free play to the limbs; so coarse that they would fret the skin into sores after continuous contact, especially where sand or dust are being driven about the legs,—they cannot add to the efficiency, protection, or comfort of the soldier. Those issued in summer as substitutes for the white trousers are better, and with a little attention, and a little more expense, might be well adapted for general service.

We have thus come to the other extremity—the shoes; but we must defer the discussion of this item until our scheme be propounded, as it will scarcely admit of division. On reviewing the soldier's clothing, one thing strikes us especially; viz., that the system has been constructed on principles the very reverse of those which the other classes who have hard work to do have intuitively adopted as suitable to their vocations. None of the labourers, artisans, workers, herdsmen, muleteers—none of the men who have long journeys to undertake, and long exposure to undergo, ever thought of weighting the head, binding the neck, and swathing the body in tight-fitting garments. The mower or reaper, when preparing for extra toil, throws off the hat, and folds a kerchief round his head. The Gallego wears a loose baggy cap; so does the herdsman of the sierras. The Sicilian boatmen and Greek peasants have similar head-dresses. The Moor and Murcian turn the hoods of their cloaks over their faces. All the world over, brawny, sunburnt throats, freely exposed, are ever seen in association with labour or exertion. The smock-frock, blouse, capote, tunic, burnouse, have no affinity with the coatee.

If the projectors of the system ever condescended to observe the instinct and habits of the world's working men, they must have despised, for they utterly repudiated them. Perhaps they thought that the soldier's vocation was so different, so much above the others, that assimilation was impossible; but they might have seen that toil, endurance, and exposure were elements of all; and that the same principles which so well suited the working men, might be capable of adaptation to the fighting ones. They might have trimmed, laced, and bedizened to their hearts' content, and yet retained the first great principle, that the soldier's dress should be suited to his work.

But they were above this. They seemed to say to the soldier, "Now, my fine fellow, we expect harder toil from you than the labourer's, more

endurance than the water-carrier's; more exposure than the herdsman's. These all dress themselves lightly and loosely for their work, but we will do better things for you. We will put a nice heavy hat on your head; a good, stiff, tight stock round your neck; we will button, strap, and buckle up your body in every possible way, and then on you go, my brave boy. Their dress may be according to the light of nature, yours has emanated from the light of our wisdom. We have judged. We are infallible."

Let us imagine the soldier attired according to the dictates of this supreme wisdom, sent forth on his work. Let us follow him through the vicissitudes of a campaign, and see how the dress is suited to the exigencies and circumstances of it. We can choose no fitter field for the picture than that on which his fathers fought. We will suppose him following their footsteps in the Peninsula.

The miseries of the transport are over; his daily care has been rewarded by the preservation of the shako in all its integrity; Brown Bess is all right; his belts have just had a taste of salt water, and his pouch has escaped with a few scratches. Behold him now seated in the boat, ready for landing, with all his comrades packed thick and tight as they can stow. Perhaps he is kept some hours in this position, cramped, numbed, and jammed to the very pitch of constraint, with the wind driving the spray in his face, and the sun beating down on his head. Meanwhile, the shako, the stock, the innumerable straps and the water-bottle, must be a mighty comfort to him. 'Tis only for a short time, however: he nears the shore; there is a slight surf on the beach; he is told to watch the waves and jump. Jump! you might as well tell a cart-horse to clear a five-barred gate with the cart at his tail. He is a springy fellow enough, but how can he jump with a weight toppling over his head, another hanging back from his shoulders, the water-bottle banging against his hips, and with his limbs numbed and cramped by long sitting and strap pressure. Some try, and come down on their noses—the shako, of course, tumbling off. The majority hold the muskets above their heads; step boldly into the surf and wade on shore. He is on *terra firma* now. His heart is full of pluck; he is ready for anything and everything—any danger, any difficulty, any enemy.

Again there is a weary halting. Again the sun's rays flash on shako top and peak. But he gets leave to fall out a bit, perhaps gets a comforting whiff and loosens his knapsack: but the shako is unrelaxing: if he takes it off, his head remains exposed to the sun; if he keeps it on, he has to bear an ever-increasing vexation. On he marches at last. The road is before him, what cares he for a march? He has travelled often enough in England. But what roads!—he never saw such before. The parish country cross-cuts by which, when a bumpkin, he has taken to the village ale-house, or taken horses to the smithy, were nothing to these. Rough, uneven, and meandering, with a pit here and a bank there, and sharp pointed stones everywhere, they begin to try his springiness. The shako bears down upon him with the accumulated weight of a long day. The ill-made boot, so coarse that it will not play to his step, begins to gall, press, and fret him. The air is sultry. Oh for a free throat to catch the little breeze there is! He takes off the stock perhaps, and is partly relieved. But what would he give now for a little more room across the chest! What for a little more freedom about the shoulders! What for the power to shift the position of his knapsack or the set of his shako! It cannot be, however; his things are fixed, fast, and unaccommodating—they stick to him like a plaster. There is a halt for the night, and he proceeds to improvise a supper, and make himself comfortable. This is pleasant work for him. Though not so clever at it as the French, he likes a little cooking, but does it at his ease, with shirt-sleeves turned up, with open throat, and pipe in his mouth. Look at him by the bivouac fire, in the tight coat and ever-during shako, toasting a bit of pork on his ramrod. What an uncomfortable, incongruous presence he has! His tormenting regimentals spoil his skill as a cook, and his relish for the bit of supper. He has his smoke and his yarn, and turns in. He is quartered

in a Portuguese village—rough quarters enough! He cares little for that; he has roughed it often in hay-lofts and under hedges, when out for a lark, and can accommodate himself to the circumstances; but how to accommodate the dress—that's the question. He can sleep on the stone-step of the plank soundly enough, if he could dispose of his uncompromising garments; but they are most antagonistic to ease of position or repose of any kind. He puts down the shako, not without dread of not finding it when wanted; but the impounded body and fettered limbs admit of nothing but a fitful, unrefreshing sleep. In the morn he is up and on the march. There are the bad roads, the heat and the dust again; and again his accoutrements irritate, oppress, and deaden him, making his difficulties more difficult, and his strength less plastic. Next day, perhaps, the rain falls downright and heavy, as it often does in those climes at the spring-time, and he is soon wet to the skin. No dress would prevent the wetting, but a different material, by keeping him warmer, would render him more comfortable under it: as it is, he has small comfort indeed. The coat shrivels up, and brings a shiver in every wrinkle. The trousers, thickly clotted with mud, hang like lead on his legs; and the wet skirt, clinging round his loins, chills him through bone and marrow. The boots, wet and dried a dozen times, get hard as iron, and can scarcely be got on or off. Thus he goes on, alternately contending with heat and wet, without having any efficient protection against either. He struggles manfully, however, against all ills, though he may think, perhaps, as he sees a comrade drop by the road-side, or the wan, stricken faces of others as they are carried in carts to the hospitals, that he and they might have endured more and suffered less, had they been dressed somewhat after their old work-a-day fashion. Never mind! The fighting begins after a while, and all is forgotten; yet how often then does his heart burst almost with mortification. He is in the light companies, and finds himself opposed perchance to the first skirmishers in the world. Feeling himself fully equal in agility, and more than equal in strength, he finds his natural advantages counterbalanced by their lightness of equipment, and their experience of the work as it is done on rough ground. His bottom tells at last, and he drives them back; but it is at a double cost of strength and endurance. He has toiled where he might have bounded—has fagged where he might have leaped like a roebuck.

The combat comes—his blood is up—his heart fills with the rush of battle, and he feels nor weight nor pressure, but both must tell. Pluck may keep the body up, but the vigour oozes out.

Think you not that the men who, to gain a certain position, made those terrible rushes we read of in the Peninsular War, and they who stood in the deadly squares at Waterloo, would have done their brave deeds at tenfold less cost of stamina and patience, had they been equipped according to a system of reason and experience?

Thus we have followed the soldier throughout his career, from the barrack-room to the battle-field, and found, or think we have found, the system wanting in all respects and on all occasions.

The German system fell on the British army like a ban, and has followed it like a curse, hampering its courage, and checking the development of its soldiership.

It is impossible to imagine for what motive the dress is retained. *Cui bono?* Is it for the sake of prestige? That prestige must be weak enough which hangs on the cut of a coat or the pattern of a shako. Is it in deference to national prejudices? The nation has no sympathy with swallow-tailed coats or iron-bound hats. No man who has the liberty of choice ever thinks of putting them, or anything like them, on head or body. Does the soldier cling to the dress of other days? In this respect he is very much of a utilitarian, and would gladly strip off the swallow-tail in exchange for some other sensible garment, and give three cheers as he threw the abominated shako in the air. Why then is it retained? We cannot tell, except that it is ever

hard to battle against prejudice drawn up on the vantage-ground of authority.

How then shall we dress him? First, what is this thing which we would dress? "A machine," says the system. "A man," say we, "of as goodly material as the world can produce." How shall we dress him? "Fit him to his clothing," says the system, "without respect to comfort, convenience, or expediency." "Study," say we, his idiosyncrasy, his habits, his physique, and former mode of life, and modify his dress somewhat in conformity with them. We would make the rustic a soldier, not the man a machine—would modify, not re-create. We are not of those who think that the superiority of our infantry has arisen from the system of drill, dress, and discipline. We believe it to result from the peculiar physical and moral constitution of our men, to the full development of which drill, dress, and discipline should be made subordinate and conducive.

We are dealing now only with the soldier's physiqué—the physique as dependent on dress for its temperament and free action. The physique which we have to develop is that of a strong, hardy, animal nature, transmitted through generations of lusty sires, hardened by incessant labour and exposure, exercised by games and athletic sports, and fed by solid diet. This physique appears before us represented by a man, who, as compared with other nations, is a broad-shouldered, large-limbed, large-framed fellow, rather heavy, ungainly, and unwieldy, but in reality possessing an infinity of vigour and elasticity.

This man, used all his life to put forth his strength freely and impulsively, must, as a soldier, be subject to some constraint, but it should be no more than is necessary for system and uniformity. His strength is the strength of burliness and bottom, which requires above all things freedom of movement; the necessary constraint should therefore be as little repressive as possible of the action of body and limb.

How shall we dress him? Let us take the bull by the horns, and at once attack the main difficulty—the head-dress. Surely this must be a test of choice rather than ingenuity. The inventions of the past must help us here. Men cannot have lived so long in the world without having devised, either as workman or soldier, some suitable covering for the head! Let us see. The generations of the helmet are before us,—multiplex and multiform, horned, crested, spiked; of hide and brass; of steel and of leather. We pass them by—grand and martial as they look. We are thankful for the picturesqueness they lend to picture, story, and legend; but our consciences will not permit us to encase the soldier's head in anything so cumbrous and unadaptable. What think you of the turban—light, soft, and snowy? Well enough for the clime, and the men who wear it. It has not, however, the requisites to become the model head-piece for a man of all climes and all work, like the English soldier! Lo! the days of the Civil War and Queen Ann's time revive before us, and we see here the dashing Cavalier, with his hat slouched and plumed; there the Puritan with his, steeple-crowned and broad-brimmed; and here the soldier of Marlborough's time with his, cocked and three-cornered. Shall we pause here? One lingering look, and no more. We must confess a penchant for this genus. In fact, during the revolutionary era, we met a soldier of Charles Albert's army who wore a hat which struck our fancy hugely. It was of the sort known afterwards as "Garibaldi," made of soft felt, light and elastic, slightly peaked and slightly slouched. There was a broad band round the rim, with a cock's feather in it. It had a melodramatic look on the Italian; but we long thought of its capability, until we felt that its affinity to the shako must for ever doom the hat. Place it in what form you like on the soldier's head, Buffsticks and tailors would seize on it, leather-bind and iron-clamp it so, that the last error would be worse than the first. No; whatever head-piece we select, it must be one which these evil spirits cannot work their wicked wills upon. Then there is the shako. Avaunt! The sight makes us shudder. "Granted that this old bell-topped, narrow-rimmed thing is bad enough; but surely the Albert

modification, with its tapering top, double peak, and beautiful ventilator must please." "Out upon it! We will have none of it." Then this, which is to be the semi-chasseur-voltigeur-Anglo-Franco-Germanico novelty—surely that will please fastidiousness itself. See how symmetrically it graduates from the back to the crown. How beautifully the peak cocks up in the air! how jauntily it rests right on the forehead! How delightfully it leaves the back of the head, cool and exposed! Surely invention can no further go. Away with it! Away with it! We repudiate the whole race.

Up on the hills among shepherds, hunters, and herdsmen—down in the plains with delvers, ploughmen, and miners, workers of all grades—across the steppes and the desert with wild riders and camel-drivers, must we go to find the thing we want, for martial tradition has failed us. There are the turban, the fez, the sombrero, the fur cap, the bagged cap, the steeple-crowned hat, the hooded burnouse—and all these multiplied again in their infinite varieties, flit before us. All good in their individual use, their native localities; but none capable of such general adaptation as we need.

Let us, however, come nearer home. We are across the Border, and are standing in the Lothians. Ah! there is a fellow with something on his head that may give us a hint at last. It is the Lowland bonnet—a blue flat cap, made of an elastic woollen texture, resting lightly yet firmly on the head, without pressing on any particular nerve, and so flexible that it may be pulled in any direction, for warmth, shade, or protection, without any injury to the original shape. See! that fellow is crossing the furrows; the sun is in his eyes, and he straightway pulls the bonnet over his brows: he turns, and the wind bites him on the right cheek and ear; again he laps the bonnet over the right side, and walks on defiant; he stands still, and a slight touch readjusts the head-dress.

What! put that coarse ugly thing on the soldier's head? says the system. Stop, my critic! We pledge ourselves to the form and general capabilities—not to the details of ornament or material. If we are not mistaken, this cap may become a very smart affair. Let us frisk across the mountains of Biscay, and there see it in its glory on the head of the Basque peasant-soldier. In the great civil war it was worn by the light Basque troops on both sides, who were distinguished as "white caps" and "red caps," and right well they looked and moved in it. With them it is much finer in texture and material than the Lowland bonnet, and is ornamented on the top with a gold or silver button, and tassel depending therefrom. It sits, however, in the same style, and is equally, if not more elastic. We would have, then, something between the Lowland bonnet and the Basque cap—not quite so fine as the one, and more so than the other. It might be ornamented according to rank—gold button and tassel for the officer, silver for the non-commissioned, and silk or fine worsted twist for the private. It might be of any colour, —white, red, blue, or rifle green—according to the station or regiment; and it might have a bugle, or grenade, or regimental badge in front, with the addition of the eagle's feather to make it smart and martial, for we would have the soldier a showy fellow after all; and right sure are we that the broad Saxon visage would look better under this covering, than when squeezed into a shako, or buried in a helmet.

So much for the picturesque. Now let us see how it answers the requirements of utility. Is it suited to the soldier's work, and the greatest development of his strength and endurance? Light, soft, and bearing no encumbrance of weight or pressure, it leaves the man free to walk, to sit, to run. It offers no impediment to exertion; brings no strain on endurance; sits easily yet firmly on the head; irritates no nerve; chokes no vein, and leaves the head and brain cool by permitting the free escape of extra heat. Does it afford sufficient protection from heat, cold, &c.? Covering the whole head, it may be drawn at will (as we have shown) over any part where an attack is threatened, and, if need be, pulled well down over brow and ears without peril to shape or symmetry. It will turn a good sun-stroke; and if

fortified by the common appliances of kerchief or linen, it would have the repelling power of a turban. Cold it would defy—wet would be its worst enemy, but even that could effect little lodgment, and the elastic material would admit of frequent wringing and drying. Is it adaptable? Surely such a material would be capable of being made lighter for one clime—thicker for another—more protective from heat or cold, as the case may be. It admits of many accessories too. It might in the East or West Indies have a curtain pendent from behind, in extreme necessity, to fence off heat—or a light fold of linen bound round the edge, just as the Syrian or Arab does with the fez. It would also admit of the greatcoat being furnished with a hood to be thrown over it—burnouse fashion. Is it comfortable? Ask any man who has tramped the moors in it, and then sat down to have a quiet pipe or cigar on the hill-side. I can see before me now a group dressed in it at the halt or bivouac; some wearing it jauntily on one side; some cocking it a little; some facetiously placing it top downwards—all coolly making it a nightcap, as each fell off to sleep, without remorse and without compunction. Such a head-dress would, we are sure, answer every purpose, and with a little taste and trouble be made most military and becoming.

We go downwards to the neck. It would be like kicking a dead dog to condemn the stock. It is already doomed. The wearing of it has become optional, and no man in his senses would think twice about casting it off. Covering the neck is more a question of neatness than protection. All the classes from which the soldier is chosen keep their throats almost bare, and it was never known that they were peculiarly subject to any disease in consequence. The sailor is most resolute in throwing the collar down, and yet we never hear of his suffering, nor see anything unseemly in his brown, brawny throat. Neatness might be satisfied by a black kerchief loosely tied, or a scarf with falling ends, such as we see in the pictures of the foot-soldiers of Marlborough or William III. Either of these would be more costly than the stock; but is it not a truer economy to spend a little more money in giving the soldier a thing he can wear with comfort and convenience, than a cheap abomination which half throttles and chokes him, and which he throws away at the first chance? It might be made, too, so far adaptable that the kerchief might be worn in the warmer, the scarf at home or in the colder countries; or the scarf might be made of different materials, according to circumstances.

Suggestions as to a substitute for the coatee have been partially anticipated by the introduction of the red tunic. It is an improvement, certainly, though retaining many of the faults of style and material. The objection of want of protection for the loins and thighs has been fully met, and the good effects of the broad skirts will soon be felt. Like its predecessor, however, it is too tight, and gives too little freedom to chest and arms. It will be only after a long struggle that the system will give up its long-cherished delusion of close-fitting garments. A wrinkle on a soldier's coat would in its eyes be a crime, looseness an enormity; and yet a soldier never can or will be properly dressed until he has fair and sufficient room for the development of his strength. The tunic is, however, a good idea, though no novelty, for it has existed in the British army before in much more perfect type. The foot-soldiers of Marlborough's day are represented as dressed in a tunic, much handsomer and more shapely in cut than this. It hangs loosely on the man; is longer in the waist; sits easily over the hips, and was capable of being worn open at the breast: altogether it has a dashing manly style, as seen in the pictures. The material of the present tunic is, as usual, abominable. Coarse and of loose texture, thick and stiff, it would shrink up and harden with the wet, rot and blacken with the perspiration, and grow threadbare wherever a strap presses; and fret whatever part of the body it fits tightly upon. This new tunic answers one requirement—protection—and that only partially; in all other respects it is deficient. It is too tight for the soldier's work; too tight for the

greatest development of his strength and endurance; too tight and coarse for comfort. Its adaptability, too, could only be effected by upsetting a fixed principle of the system—uniformity. Can these defects be remedied? Easily. Let the coat be made of one of those beautiful materials, tweed or beaver, so common in these days; which, being soft, light, and elastic, impart warmth, whilst they tax endurance by no extra weight or restricted respiration. Let it be loose in the sleeves, loose across the chest, loose at the waist and over the hip. In this last particular the new tunic sins especially. The pressure bears on one part, and that a very sensitive one. The thick seam of the skirt presses on the hip, so does the waist-belt, so does the pouch. No! let the coat descend lightly and loosely, much after the fashion of a gentleman's walking surtout; and though this would involve the risk of more wrinkles, surely the time has passed by when the efficiency and comfort of a soldier's clothing should be sacrificed to the eye, by plastering his coat upon him. Let the lapels, too, be so fashioned that they might be thrown back on occasion, thus affording incalculable relief to the man. This general looseness, too, would allow a waistcoat of woollen, or of chamois leather, to be worn underneath in cold weather. This might constitute part of the kit, and, when required, be put on under, or attached as lining to the coat. The new tunic is also too plain. It should be more ornamented. The soldier should be a smart showy fellow. It flatters his little vanities to be fine, strengthens his love of caste, and reconciles him to many of the rubs and restraints which the service inflicts on him. Hence we descend to the pants. There is no objection to their shape. The material, however, is the very worst; the effects of its bad qualities we have described elsewhere. Let this be altered. Let the trousers be made of the soft fabrics mentioned above, which, in addition to other virtues, have that of not chilling the limbs when wet. Let them also be a trifle wider.

Come we now to the other extremity, the foot. Last, but not least—second only in importance to covering the head—is shoeing the foot. Considering the class from which the soldier springs, the coarse shoes he wears from infancy, the hard work he does in them, and the rough ground he labours over, it must always be a matter of wonder to see how many men, even in a short march, break down from sores, and galls, and blisters in the feet. In a long one, how many ills may be traced to such a beginning! How many of the diseases begin in a local sore, which, aggravated by constant irritation, spreads at last into general ailment! We are convinced that one-half of this suffering, and one-fifth of the breaks-down, might be spared by the issue of a better boot. The present one, made by contract, and called in derision the ammunition boot, is about the most shapeless, useless, comfortless thing that can be seen. It is clumsy, but there is no strength in its clumsiness; with a very little hard wear, it literally drops from the feet, and the leather is so spongy that wet soaks through and through it. The seams, too, are so clumsy that an iron rod might be as well run along and across the foot—hence arises a goodly crop of bunions, bladders, galls, and the other ills which are such curses to the pedestrian. How easily may this be cured—and without that bugbear cost! The soldier pays for his own boots, and there is nothing he grudges less than such outlay. He cares not for a shilling or two, so that his poor feet be well cased. Give him the option of buying the ammunition boot at 6s., or of paying 9s. for a better kind, and he will not long hesitate.

No better pattern for a new boot can be found than in that worn by modern sportsmen,—not the heavy thick thing, furnished with heel-plate and toe-plate, and a galaxy of broad nails weighing some pounds, which our grandsires patronised—but the rational buttoned or laced-up boot, now so much in vogue for walking or shooting; with a good double sole, not too thick; upper leather of the soft, impenetrable calf-skin, or of the still softer kind where it is fastened over the instep. Such an article would cost little more than the soldier now pays, if made in numbers and by contract, and would last so much longer, and admit of so much more repair, that it would prove most economical in the

end. Such a boot can scarcely chafe the foot, and in it the most tender parts, heel, instep, and ball of the foot, would be least subject to pressure. Trust not to contract, however, to boards, or the ammunition atrocity would soon be repeated. Let the pattern be supplied to lieutenant-colonels commanding regiments, and let them be authorised to make contracts in the town or district where they are stationed; then let regimental officers and men do the rest; they will take care that the article supplied be of the right quality and kind.

It may be expected that we should now enter on a disquisition about knapsacks, straps, pouches, and other like topics. We can say little more than has been said on these matters, and think little more is to be done. It has always been a pet theory of buffsticks and pipeclays to reduce the weight of the knapsack, and when by some ingenious contrivance this has been effected to the amount of some ounces, they chuckle as though a great military reform had been achieved. Blind guides! ye begin at the wrong end; you take off a few ounces, and leave the strength burdened with the pressure of a cwt. from unnecessary restraints and ligatures. Give him the free use of his limbs, and the soldier would laugh at a few ounces, or even pounds! It is true that the present knapsack is very unwieldy, and might be improved in many respects. It might be shaped more like a regular pack, made of some waterproof material; the straps might be decreased in number, made elastic, and fastened to the waist-belt like the chasseur's; the weight might be better poised, and made more shifting; but these changes can only be obtained in defiance of the dread law—uniformity. What would the system say to it? We do not, however, believe that the total weight a soldier carries can be much diminished without detriment to his efficiency or comfort, nor do we think it is at all too great a demand on his strength. The French soldier is not so large or so strong a man, and yet he carries as much, if not more, and moves along springily under it. In addition to his kit, he has always a tin pan, or part of a tent, or a bill-hook, to bear; but he has not to contend with tight coats or stiff stocks.

There are one or two more things on which we would bestow a passing notice ere we wind up. There is the great-coat, the soldier's chief comfort, the garment his heart clings most fondly to, from being perhaps the only one which is loose or affords general protection. He has certainly a partiality for it, and will wear it whenever he has an excuse. Why not make it worthy of his preference? It is supposed to last nine years, and bear therein the brunt of guard and bivouac. At present it is a very shabby affair both in shape and material. Why not make it of good and durable stuff, somewhat resembling the quality used by officers; have it a little looser, a little shorter, and give it a hood which might be thrown over the head (if the bonnet be adopted—with the shako this would of course be an impossibility) on exposed posts or in inclement weather? Next, there is the havresack, in which the soldier is supposed to stow away three or six days' provision. It is a most ingenious contrivance to perplex and tantalise him. The straps are so short that, when filled, the havresack hangs a little under his arm, and the opening is so small that it is with the greatest difficulty he can get anything in or out. The bulk, too, interferes with his movements, and jostles his other weights. Made of duck or coarse linen, it is easily penetrable by sun or rain. If the weather be warm, the poor fellow, at the end of a march, finds his biscuit and bacon melted into a mass of crumbs and grease; if wet, his bread is soaked into a sop, and the best part of his supper gone. Lengthen and broaden the strap, and widen the opening; let the material be waterproof, with a linen lining, and let there be compartments for biscuit and bacon, and then the soldier may carry his food with ease, and eat it in comfort. There is one more atrocity we must have a fling at—the canteen. Of all the wondrous devices the system has given birth to, this is the most wondrous. How such a thing was first devised is a problem! how it was ever endured for a day, much less repeated year after year, in this practical age, by a nation always engaged in some war, and often on the eve of great ones, must

be ever a mystery! Let the uninitiated know that the said canteen is a round wooden bottle for carrying water, shaped flat at the sides, and hooped round the edges with iron, which bumps playfully against the hips at every movement. Should it be water-tight, which is almost a miracle, the water is certain to get a taint from the wood, and to become lukewarm with the slightest heat. The French have a neat tin canteen, not unlike a sportsman's pocket-pistol, only larger. It is hollowed out on the side next the body; is slung loosely round the shoulders by a thick cord; is never in the way; keeps the water cool, and can easily be lifted to the mouth for a draught. These and all other reforms must, however, be impracticable whilst the present clothing system lasts. Contract manufacturers and contract tailors would soon nullify any improvement in shape or material. Wretched, indeed, is the system which commits the clothing of the army to the lowest contract, and sets some antediluvian old gentlemen, who know little and care less about the matter, and are facetiously termed "a board," to cackle, doze, and choke over the performance of it. It is a system unjust to the army, and unworthy of a great nation. The evil can only be remedied by intrusting the supervision and control of clothing contracts to men who have an interest in the wear and appearance of the articles supplied. Let the clothing and accoutrements when made be sent to regimental headquarters, and there let regimental officers, whose credit will be involved in the look of their men, and who may be supposed to have some sympathy for their comfort, sit in judgment upon them, to test quality and make by regulation pattern. Contractors would soon find they had a different set of men to deal with, and would cease their tricks. "But these alterations would involve great cost," says the system. Doubtless! The question, however, is, whether the soldier shall be clothed at the lowest possible price, or with a fitness for his work, and a due regard to his comfort and protection. If the latter, then there must be cost. We believe, however, that the sum now allowed for the purpose, if fairly appropriated—if not suffered to dribble into the pockets of clothing colonels, and contract manufacturers, and contract tailors—would amply suffice to send forth the British army as the best clad body of soldiers in the world.

This contract system has been the curse of our army. From it have arisen bad boots, useless hand-barrows, pickaxes, and spades, bad clothing and putrid meats; from these, again, spring foot-sore soldiers, slow work, fevers, full hospitals, and protracted sieges. Down with it! down with it to the ground!

Here, then, we end. We have answered the question, How to dress him? by dressing him from top to toe, rationally and becomingly, we think. We have based our scheme on these fixed principles, that a soldier should be dressed with a fitness for his work; with a due regard for his health and comfort; with a view to the adaptability of his costume to all climates and circumstances.

Whether we have succeeded or not, judge ye. If we have failed, we have failed in detail, for sure we are the principles are sound and true. Then let another try, and we wish him good speed. But remember, brother mine! whoever you be that undertake the task, to undertake it seriously. It is no light deed. Remember that you are dressing a comrade by whose side you may march, by whose side you may stand in the field of battle; and let no idle crotchet, no vain fancy, tempt you to forget that the sole duty, the sole purpose of your task, should be to study his comfort and efficiency.

Whoever does it, it must be done, and that speedily. The soldier demands it as a right, and surely 'tis no great thing he asks, to be sent forth on his hard and perilous work with his strength unencumbered, and his body protected from the ills his arm cannot reach, or his spirit repel; to be sent forth bearing not about him obstacles more distressing than mountain path, or rugged valley—wearing not about him foes more formidable, and often more fatal, than the bullets and bayonets of the enemy.

He asks to have his strong arm free to strike, and his strong heart,

free to endure. Grant him this, and he will go forth—not a truer or braver man, for that he cannot be; but he will go forth more contented and more grateful; he will go forth to prove by long-enduring service that he is too precious a thing to be weighed in the balance with sodden shoes, rotten cloth, German and effete systems; he will go forth to show that the English soldier is a man worth all care, all cost,—a man beyond all price.

CHAPTER III.

Since the above was written the terrible proof has come. The system has been tested by the exigencies of war, and our forebodings have been too surely verified. England has been now some months at war. She entered on it reliant and expectant, and rightly so. The nation had arisen in its might, strong and undivided. There was no faction, no discontent, no struggle betwixt classes, to cripple its strength or embitter its spirit. Except the few carping spirits of the Manchester party, there was one heart, one thought, throughout the land. The country was prosperous—its resources vast—almost unbounded. Money, sympathy, and material, were in abundance. Never did a people enter on a struggle with such undivided will, such a generous spirit. England was confident then—confident in its strength, confident in its union. She looked on the gallant array of her soldiers as they went forth to the war; she looked on their stalwart frames and their firm manly faces, and thought such men might defy the world in arms; she knew not, and she reckoned not, of the causes which should make their strength weakness, and their valour a vain thing. Thus England began the war: whence comes it, then, that her glory is now trailing in the dust, her might melting like snow? Have her resources failed, or her soldiers degenerated? All these have more than fulfilled expectation. Whence came disaster, then? was it the fault of men or systems? From both, we answer unhesitatingly—but the men were most culpable. The system was bad—bad as could be, but it never could have caused such disaster had there been able men to wield the might and sustain the honour of England. Let us see what share of blame attaches to each. The system was old, useless, effete. Its capital vices were, the antiquity of the machine, a penurious economy; a multiplicity of, and want of unity in, departments; complexity of details; the rigidity of official routine; the abuse of patronage. Driven on by the relentless vigorous will of one man, it had jumbled, and jolted, and creaked, after many break-downs and stoppages, through the Peninsular War; after that it sank into a torpid repose, retaining just vitality and movement enough to administer respectably to our home and colonial necessities. Occasionally it was brushed up, painted, and greased, to make an appearance; and John Bull, deceived thereby, actually thought it was rather a respectable machine, which had done good service, and would do it again. The time came. There was war, and we had to bring forth the old system; there was nothing else to fall back upon. All our war experiences and appliances were octogenarian. Our generals were old, our system was older. It was worse than at the end of the war. Time had increased its defects—age and desuetude had brought on decrepitude. During the long years of peace, no serious effort had been made to bring on the system *pari passu* with the science and energy which were working such miracles in our social state, which had had no existence in the war administration. Peninsular men administered the departments; Peninsular prejudices guarded jealously against reform or innovation. Our storehouses were filled (with the exception of a very few late improvements in ordnance and musketry) with *materiel* manufactured either for the last war, or after the patterns then used. Some departments were defunct, others had sunk into a dozy state of routine. In fact, everything was at a dead lock. Thus was it that England exhibited to the world the extraordinary spectacle of a nation standing in the foremost files of civilisation, surrounded by the most wondrous appliances of art and science, and entering on a gigantic

struggle, with an obsolete war-system half a century old. Our great military rivals—one now our ally, the other our enemy—had been wiser in their generation. They, especially the former, had sedulously applied all the discoveries and inventions of science, and had zealously used the intervals of peace, and the experiences of their petty wars, in perfecting the organisation of their system,—in giving to it consolidation, elasticity, and strength. Many of these defects were inherent in the system; many were produced or aggravated by the pernicious economy which has been busy for many years in paring, and clipping, and reducing our system to the lowest ebb of vitality. The odium of this has been thrown on the country. It was the work of faction rather than of the country. The people asked for a moderate expenditure, and the different Governments met the demand by concentrating all their economic forces on the army and navy establishments. It was to conciliate faction, rather than to satisfy a popular cry, that the evil was wrought. The pressure was from within rather than from without. There has arisen lately in the House a body of few and audacious men, whose souls are in their cotton-bales, whose homes are in their counting-houses, whose nationality follows the best markets; these men clamoured madly for the reduction of our army and navy; they would have swept them away altogether, and left us without soldiers or sailors. These men, though few, were strong, inasmuch as they often held the balance of parties: to conciliate them, to win them over to prop their sinking strength, or swell their feeble majorities, Whig ministries again and again drew the life-blood of the nation, sacrificing the best interests of the country to the purposes of party.

The mischief, however, would not have been so great had the economy been well directed; but the reforms, being adopted rather from necessity than conviction, were ill-judged and ill-timed, and aimed oftener at sound parts than corrupt ones. It was easier to lop off a limb than probe a sore. Thus was our system crippled in its best limbs, whilst the disease of the body was left untouched and uncured.

The want of unity in departments was another crying evil, and cause of weakness. All great military nations have recognised the necessity of undivided authority in time of danger or emergency. What gave such energy to the legions of Rome and the armies of Napoleon, save the supreme will of a dictator? And is it not the absolute power of an autocrat which has lately given such ascendancy to the forces of Russia?

Our military constitution is a confederation of petty states, all having separate chiefs and laws, and a sort of petty independence, being bound together only by a somewhat loose principle of co-operation. Such a constitution could not afford the strength and union necessary for a grand or sudden effort. The petty jealousies and cross purposes of divided authority would be ever fatal to vigour or promptitude of action.

During peace there may be safety in a multitude of councillors; but there must be one head, one hand, to govern a crisis. From the multiplicity of departments arose the complexity of details and rigidity of routine which have caused so much disorder, and been among the primary causes of disaster. Each little imperium had its formalities and its etiquette, which were maintained with all the pertinacity of a German state. Let us die rather than abandon our routine! Departments vied with each other in accumulating forms and formalities, until the evil ran so high that the executive part of the army was overpowered by the bureaucracy. Would that it had ended here. In war it ended in starvation and death. "Give us medicine for the sick—stoves to keep them from dying of cold." "We must have the requisition properly signed and approved." "Give us food—clothing for our men." "The order must come through the proper channel. Let men die—let them rot—let them hunger—thirst—perish from starvation—shiver with cold—grow sore from lameness!—what is it to us? Routine must be maintained." So spake the system—and so men died by hundreds. Is it not a thought to stir the blood within us, that England's bravest sons have been offered up wholesale to the re-

quirements of official form? Is it not a thought to humble and shame us, that a set of petty officials should have power to set their absurdities against the life-blood of England?

Last in the catalogue of vices comes Patronage. Like many of the others, it was scarcely perceptible in peace. The peculiar construction of our army made this little known or felt; but war is the great test of military systems, and it has demonstrated patronage as one of the evils we deplore. Our nobles, like the Roman patricians, and perhaps like them alone, have ever enhanced their position by gallantry in the field, and intrepidity in time of peril. Eagerly and readily they leave luxury, state, pleasure, homes, to go forth to fight or die bravely by dozens, as at Inkermann, in the foremost ranks. But this gallantry covers a multitude of sins. There are other things required of officers besides gallantry. In most of these, it must be confessed, they are wanting. It is not from want of capacity or will, as some would assume, but from lack of stimulant, and from peculiarity of position. They do not enter the army as a permanent profession. In peace they adopt it as a pastime—in war as an enterprise. It is not the vocation of a life. Whilst in it they are not dependent on merit or attainment for advancement, and always look forward to some era when they purpose to abandon it, and return to the old pursuits. Consequently they have no sympathy with minute details—no stimulus to master the more abstruse studies or the higher duties. It is only the man who becomes once and for ever a soldier who will do this—who will accept all parts of his vocation. But such a man must have a hope—an incentive in his career. For such a man there is no place in the British army; or if there be, it is darkness and despair. His skill, his zeal, his constancy, will be to him as dead-weights; they will not advance him one step. There is need for all classes—room for all—but there must be place for all. If you would have highly-educated, highly-instructed soldiers, proficient and ready at all points, like the French officers, you must adopt the French system; you must let it be known that the best man may get the best place. Then good men and true enough will come forth, and among them, we doubt not, many of the aristocracy.

Such was our system when the trial came. War was declared, not suddenly, but after long deliberation. There was a long interval for preparation. To our foes and allies it was a godsend. They employed it well, and the crisis found them ready. To the indolence and indifference of our officials it was nothing; they scorned and neglected it. Now was the time to investigate thoroughly the resources, not only of the service, but of the country, and see how the one could be applied to the other. This was beyond red-tapism; it was not the routine: so war came, and found us as unready in all the essentials of preparation as though the question of peace and war had never been mooted. The routine was followed; we fell back on Peninsular men, Peninsular rules, and Peninsular stores—all good in their day; but they had been superseded now by newer things and more vigorous men. The men of the age are the men to meet its wants. An army was to be sent forth worthy of our fame and our might. The order was given. The Horse Guards performed its functions among the departments well. It produced before the eyes of England a body of soldiers (thanks to our regimental system) well equipped, well drilled according to the system, well disciplined, and better armed than any troops had ever been before. The cheeks of Englishmen must have glowed, and their hearts leapt with pride, as they saw the gallant array of stalwart men and the glittering ranks of proud horsemen marching onwards to maintain the old glory and add to the old fame. All knew how these men would fight. Did any among the admiring cheering crowds think how these men were to be fed, clothed, and covered? I trow not. Yet the meanest among them thought as much on the subject as officials. The Horse Guards did its part well; what of the other departments? The Commissariat was reduced to the lowest ebb. It had neither officers, organisation, nor means. Could these be renewed in time? Experience proves they

could not. The waggon-train was defunct. The ordnance turned out a fine body of artillery, but there its work ended. Its stores were of the worst and oldest kind. There were tents of the time of the Peninsula, intrenching tools that a navvy would have laughed at, worn-out carts and antiquated material of many kinds. But there was routine everywhere—God save us, there was no lack of that. A most superficial glance might have shown that there was no hope in the departments. They were too old and effete to be revivified; they must be created anew. Everything was out of joint. Where there was not chaos, there was vacuity; where there was not antiquity, there was emptiness. It was evident, then, that though we had a fine lot of fighting men, we were utterly deficient in the means and appliances of providing for them according to the wants and exigencies of a campaign. This was certainly a dilemma for men administering the affairs of a nation on the threshold of war. Was there no remedy? Did the country afford no resources external to the profession? Was there no alternative but to fall back on the worn-out system? Any man living, with his eyes open, in this nineteenth century, might have seen that the age was peculiarly adapted to meet the requirements of the crisis and the shortcomings of our military system. During the time in which our army and its departments were suffering under the pressure of a false economy, there had sprung up a labour power more vast and various than had ever been known before—a spirit of enterprise and speculation, which knew nor check nor limit—a manufacturing ability, which laughed at time or quantity. A Chatham would have seized on these at once. Lesser men might have done it. It could scarcely be expected of the least. The country offered everything that was needed. The Government might have dispensed with departments altogether, used them on a limited scale, or waited until they had received new being and organization. The traffic of the age had produced especially a class of men, migratory, hardy, and restless, who, wandering from one scene of labour to another, had few ties of place or kindred. These men, inured to toil, and used to contend with the difficulties of a country—accustomed, too, to rude sort of organization—would have been invaluable as road-makers and pioneers. The plan of the navvies has been adopted now; why not at first? Had the Government expressed its want, how long would it have been ere a body of able men, with a civil officer at their head, would have been ready for any service?—and so on. How long would a demand for warehousemen and wharfingers, to tranship and house the stores of an army, have been announced in the City, or in Liverpool, ere they would have been volunteers enow? How long would our manufacturing firms have been in supplying any quantity or quality of clothing, tents, &c., or our trading men in collecting medicine, wine, &c., necessary for the sick? Would there have not been tenders by the hundred for undertaking the draught and transport work for any time or any distance? Has not a firm volunteered now to furnish meals ready cooked to our soldiers, at any distance from the coast, at the cost of 3s. 3d. a day per man? Does this firm stand alone in enterprise and patriotism? All these things might have been prepared ere our soldiers were ready. These resources were at hand, but our rulers were too blind to see, too indolent to avail themselves of them. Had they been resorted to, how much of disaster and disgrace might have been spared. Our generals, without anxiety for their communications, commissariat, or transport, might have bestowed all their attention on the discipline and tactics of the army. The soldiers would have marched and fought, with the assurance of finding, when all was over, their camp ready, their supper cooked, their blankets at hand, and of having a change of clothing when the season required it. The cavalry would have found forage for their chargers, and would not have known the mortification of seeing the noble animals which had carried them through a charge, dying from starvation or cold, or degraded to the work of beasts of burden. This, with the past fresh in our memory, seems a Utopian view, yet we have a faith

that it may be realised. We speak not more of the past than for the future. We believe that, in all our military operations, it would be better to trust to the general resources of the country, and the vitality of commercial enterprise, than to depend on departments, which must become inefficient from disuse, or the reductions inevitable in time of peace. These departments might be kept up at a certain standard, just sufficient to meet the immediate wants of an army in the field, whilst the external supplies and distant stores would be intrusted to the civil branches. It is evident that our soldier is too costly a thing to be used for aught besides fighting. We raise him with too much difficulty, and train him at too great cost, to make a pack-horse or a road-maker of him. Our sappers, also, are too few for more than their professional duties. Let all, then, be left to the work for which they are trained, and for other purposes let us seize on the means which civilization has placed at our disposal. The plan would be costly, says the system. Grant it. But is it better to pay in money or in blood? to have an item in the estimates, or a tale of sick, dying, and dead, such as has of late rent our hearts in twain? We believe, however, that it would be more economical than the blundering bungling methods practised by Government. The other difficulties might have been more easily overcome. A strong Ministry would at once have cut the Gordian knot of the departments—have invested the commander-in-chief with a dictatorship which would have enabled him to override the obstacles, formalities, obstructions, and absurdities of office, which would have rendered the executive, whether it existed in the general or colonel of a regiment, paramount. Had such been the case, how different the story! Suppose an order given to a regimental colonel, to march his men to Balaklava, and bring them newly clothed, without heeding any impediment, how long would it have been ere they had returned, each man with a warm suit on? Where there's a will there's a way, even amid the disorder and anarchy of Balaklava; and our word for it, regimental officers would have found it.

In the matter of patronage, Ministers, too, have been acting under an infatuation destructive even to their *protégés*. It was said, happily enough, in some print or periodical, that they had insisted on putting round men into square holes, square men into round ones. And so they have. We had few tried men to choose from. Our Caffre and Indian campaigns afforded some; yet these were set aside, with the exception of one or two brigadiers or generals of division. Where were the men most wanted—the men who had experience in the conveyance and transport of baggage and camp equipage, so essential to the march of an Indian army? Were there none such? We suppose not; for in the places where they should have stood were thrust men who had spent all their lives in the Guards, or on the staff, and had no knowledge or conception of the duties appertaining to adjutant-general and quartermaster-general, with all the long following of deputy and assistant ditto. Far be from us a wish to exclude our aristocrats from sharing the dangers and honours of our battle-fields, but we would have them in fitting places—with their regiments, or as aides-de-camp. It was unfair to them, and unjust to the country, to place them in positions for which they had no experience or aptitude, and thus expose them to an undeserved odium.

How long shall The System live—how long? The public voice has doomed it; but evils live long in England after condemnation. We are a people loth to slay. Die it must. Its life is the death of England's glory. Our honour demands the sacrifice. Our soldiers look imploringly from their sick-beds and their shelterless tents—point to the heights of Alma and of Inkermann, and say, Shall we receive such things at your hands? Will no one stand between the living and the dead, and save us? Shall we stay our hands until some worse thing befall us—until more terrible lessons are written on death-beds, in hospitals, and in the ghastly mounds which strew the plains where our soldiers have stood in the pride of victory?

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PSYCHOLOGICAL INQUIRIES.

By this time everybody has read Sir Benjamin Brodie's interesting little volume. Everybody, at least, should read it. There are no professional terms to embarrass, and no crabbed style to repel, the reader. It might lie with as much propriety and fitness upon a lady's table as on the student's desk. It can weary no one, it will instruct most, it will suggest something to all.

No introduction to the reader's notice of it is now necessary on our part; neither do we feel disposed to enter into minute or captious criticism. We hold that such men as Sir Benjamin Brodie do a great service to the public by enunciating in a simple manner their own conclusions upon subjects which interest us all, and on which they have had some peculiar opportunities of forming an opinion. When they do this with good faith, it would be both unjust and impolitic to encounter them with the same critical requisitions which it would be fair and necessary to make, in the case of one whose main business in life had been the composition of a treatise on philosophy. Our purpose, therefore, is, to pass on at once to some few remarks on the subjects themselves which this agreeable volume treats of, and which it has, in part, suggested.

What sort of instrument is it which in the brain is committed over to the mind? Such is the question we should put; and we will endeavour to contribute something towards framing the fitting answer. Speaking of the brain from a psychological point of view, it is impossible to avoid expressions which, taken apart and interpreted literally, would trench upon the sole prerogatives of the mind. When we describe an organ or a nerve as the "seat of consciousness,"—or of sensation, which is one form of consciousness,—we might, if literally interpreted, be supposed to assign to the physical organization *psychical* properties which belong (in man) to that spirit which has taken up its residence, and manifests its high activities in the body. But, in fact, when we speak of the nerve being the seat of sensation, we are not, at that moment, viewing it with relation to the mind, but comparing it with other parts of the vital organism. Compared with a bone or a blood-vessel, it is the seat of sensation. The author before us occasionally uses this very form of expression, and, if we mistake not, has, in one place, designated the brain as "the sole seat of consciousness;" yet no one could be more precise and emphatic in his strict maintenance of the dualism of mind and body.

"*Crites.* Ergates regards the brain, properly so called, as the physical organ by means of which alone (to use his own expression) the one indivisible percipient and thinking being, which each of us feels himself to be, maintains its communication with the external material world."

When, therefore, we shall have occasion to speak of the brain, or some portion of it, as the organ of memory, —or the nerve, together with some other portion of the brain, as the seat of sensation—we claim to be interpreted in strict accordance and consistency with the passage we have just quoted.

And, first of all, we have to make an observation, simple enough, and which will wear to many the air of a truism, and which yet, in our subsequent inquiries, will be found to be of considerable importance. The contents of the human consciousness may be divided into two great classes—Thoughts and Sensations. So far as the brain is the organ of thought (and we agree with Sir Benjamin Brodie in regarding it as essential to the exercise of memory), it is a special or complete organ, and may be described as the sole seat of memory. But in relation to sensation the case is very different. Here it only forms a part of the organ. The nerve, with its ganglion, is the organ

Psychological Inquiries; in a Series of Essays intended to Illustrate the Mutual Relations of the Physical Organization and the Mental Faculties.

of sensation. In the language of some writers, all that portion of the nerve, from the point at which it quits the central organ to its extreme distribution, is called its periphery; and then it would be stated (as we find it is in Romberg) to be the very law of sensation, that it is felt "in the periphery of the sensitive fibre." With regard, therefore, to sensation, the brain, essential as it is, cannot be described as the sole seat of consciousness; it is that central ganglion, a union with which is necessary for the sensitiveness of the nerve—without which the nerve ceases *to be a nerve;* but if either part of the divided and destroyed organ could be contemplated by itself, it would be more accurate to speak of the periphery of the nerve as being peculiarly the *seat* of sensation. Touch is felt always in the skin; internal sensations, though more vaguely located, always in the body; it is the eye that sees; it is the ear that hears. Cut off the communication between the retina and the brain, and its susceptibility is gone; you have destroyed the organ, which consisted of the retina together with some portion of the brain. But if there are degrees of erroneous expression, it is a less error to speak of the retina as being the seat of vision than to apply such an expression to any portion of the brain.

The same remark must be made with regard to all our motor nerves. It is by their connection with the brain that, first co-ordinate, and then voluntary movement becomes possible. But the harmonious movement of many muscles is the *result* of this connection; it is no especial or exclusive *attribute* of the brain. When the reflex action takes place from the spinal cord, the only phenomena we have are irritability and motion; when from the central organ, we have also sensation, both *preceding* the muscular motion and *accompanying* it —for there is no sensation more distinct than that of muscular exertion, whether we ascribe it to a combined action of many sensitive nerves, or describe it at once as the specific sensation of the motor nerve; which, like the optic nerve, may be non-sensitive to ordinary stimulants, and yet susceptible to some specific impressions arising from the action of the muscle. But the gathering up of these nerves into the brain is not only necessary to what is strictly called voluntary motion (which implies their union with an organ of memory), but their congregation together in one central ganglion is evidently connected with that sympathy or harmony of action which takes place prior to, and independently of the development of memory, and which we can only trace to the great laws of animal life. Here the brain simply provides that union of many pairs of sensitive and motor nerves which is necessary for their related and harmonious action.

We shall find it necessary to bear these truths in mind when we come to speak of the brain as the organ of our instincts or appetites, or of locomotion, or, according to the very extraordinary expression now current in the books, as "the *organ* for the co-ordination of muscular movements."

It may be as well to state at once the best conclusion to which some attention to a very difficult subject has conducted us. We are unable to regard the brain with any distinctness except under two aspects: 1. As the organ of memory, or that association of ideas which may be described as a development of memory. 2. As the centre of the whole nervous system. With every part of this, whether nerves of special sense, or of what is called general sensation—whether nerves of voluntary motion, or what is called the sympathetic nerve, it is intimately connected. As to our feelings, they are, so far as the brain is concerned, resolvable into memories and sensations, to be distributed accordingly; or they must be placed altogether out of the brain, having their seat only in the spiritual essence.

We are not aware that there is anything in this statement opposed to the views which Sir Benjamin Brodie has put forth in the volume before us, *except* that its author introduces two special cerebral organs—one for speech, and one for locomotion, much too hastily, as we think—and that he appears disposed to overestimate the functions of the brain as the central portion of the whole nervous system. But even this is rather shown

in the reasonings he adopts than in any direct statement.

The following is a very graphic description of the brain as necessary to sensation:—

"A large extravasation of blood within the head, by the pressure which it causes on the brain, induces a state in which there is a total insensibility to all external impressions, and at the same time an entire suspension of the influences of volition. But the effect of a similar injury of the spinal chord is widely different. The parts below the injury, the communication of which with the brain is thus interrupted, are deprived of sensibility. The muscles are no longer subjected to the dominion of the will, although they may still contract on the application of mechanical stimuli or electricity. The lower limbs may be made to start by tickling the soles of the feet. But these motions are merely automatic, and we have no reason to believe that they are attended with sensation or preceded by volition, any more than those of the leaves of the *Mimosa sensitiva*. At the same time, in those parts which are above the injury, and whose nervous communication with the brain is not interrupted, the sensibility and power of voluntary motion are unimpaired, as are also the mental faculties. Singular, indeed, is the condition of the individual in whom there has been a laceration, or equally severe injury of the spinal chord, in that part of the neck which is immediately below the origin of the nerves belonging to the diaphragm. In him, respiration, though imperfectly performed, continues, so that life may be maintained during a period which varies from twenty-four hours to five or six days. He retains his consciousness, he can see and hear and comprehend what passes around him; but, except his head and the upper part of his neck, his body is as if it did not belong to him. He is a living head, and nothing more. I saw a lady under these circumstances with her mind as active, her sympathy with others, and her sense of duty as perfect as before the injury had occurred."

"A living head and nothing more." But we must add there were living eyes and living ears, as well as a living brain; and with regard to that part of the system where the nerve was destroyed, the head was just as dead as the body. Sir Benjamin continues—

"We must regard," continues our author,) "the animal appetites and instincts as being intimately connected with the nervous system, and as having their special places allotted to them in it. But we are not warranted in having the same conclusions as to the emotions and passions, properly so called. Hope and fear, joy and sorrow, pride and shame, these and such as these are conditions of the mind which have an abstract or independent existence; but which, as they may be superadded to our perceptions and thoughts, admit of being excited and acted on through the medium of the nervous system. At the same time, as far as we can see, they have no special locality in it."

The last sentence or two of this quotation is not very clear; there is perhaps no sensation of the human frame which is not capable of being reproduced in some degree by the reaction of thought, or memory. Now, if instinct and appetite have their place in the nervous system, such of our simple passions as immediately concern these, such as can be fairly analysed into a memory and an appetite, would be as fairly distributed between the brain and the nervous system. There are higher emotions which accompany the faculty of reason, which we should be loth to connect with our organisation at all, except with the brain as organ of memory.

No part of Sir Benjamin Brodie's book will probably have left a more distinct impression upon the reader than his attack upon the current system of phrenology. He selects two formidable objections from the science of comparative anatomy, one of which seems imperatively to demand a new arrangement of the phrenological map; the more *animal* passions having been placed in that posterior region of the brain, which is peculiarly developed in man. But, as arguments drawn from comparative anatomy cannot be conclusive against the phrenologist, until it is demonstrated how far "similarity of structure" is proof of "identity of function," we see very plainly that the phrenologist has a mode of escape; and of this mode of escape, he has already very dexterously availed himself. Comparative anatomy, he admits, or sometimes admits, to have been his guide or auxiliary—to have intimated to him where to look, and what organ to look for; but then his real *proof* of any phrenologi-

eal organ has consisted in a series of observations on the human head, in its relation to human feelings and human faculties. He therefore is independent of any knowledge he may possibly have acquired from comparative anatomy. You may tell him that his guide was not trustworthy; no matter, he has found his way nevertheless.

It is the peculiar nature of this "proof"—of this series of observations—which accounts for the tenacity of life which phrenology has displayed. Wonder is often expressed how it is that so crude and immature a system continues to survive the many mortal blows, or blows that ought to prove mortal, which it receives. But it must be remembered that phrenology is an art and practice, as well as a theory; that this "series of observations" is a series also of divinations. Get but your disciple to practise the rites of any religion, however absurd, and you have secured his faith. If once the phrenologist has undertaken to divine the characters and powers of living men and women—if, combining, consciously or unconsciously, the intimations of physiognomy, of voice, of language, or information gathered from other sources, with what to every observer a human head may fairly indicate, he has been successful in his trials of skill—he will be a phrenologist for life. His skill and his faith will increase together. It is in vain now that you argue from anatomy or psychology—that you prove to him that, in some instances, it is bone and not brain he is dealing with—that you show, in other instances, that the classification he makes of human feelings must be either redundant or defective—that he has not made out his organ, or assigned to it an intelligible function—he has one answer for all objections,—his own success! His own, and that of his fellow-augurs. Against this proof no argument will avail. Is he not perfectly *Baconian* in his method of procedure? Is he not on the high-road of experimental science? Does he not measure and observe? What more could you desire? Yes; he is on the high-road of experimental science, but he gathers up and registers his successes only, and leaves the failures for others to collect if they have the opportunity, or think it worth their while. True, he measures and observes; but oftentimes he is measuring mere bone, and watching mere cloud;—uncertain traits of character where the eye of the observer "half-creates" what it is looking for.

But there is one great service which phrenology has performed, and still continues to perform, which it would be injustice to forget. Like every other bold hypothesis in which there is a substratum of truth, it acts as a stimulant to inquiry, and gives that ground-work which is necessary towards the framing of a correct theory. "How far do you agree with the phrenologists?" has been the question incessantly put; and the repeated answers to the question will in time, let us hope, conduct to some definite views on the nature and functions of the human brain. Sir Benjamin Brodie has satisfied himself of the three following organs—an organ of memory, one of speech, and one of locomotion, or the co-ordination of muscular movements.

"*Crito.* If these views be correct, and if your speculation also be correct as to the existence of special organs on the brain for the purposes of locomotion and speech, it would appear probable that there is a special organ for that of memory also.

"*Ergates.* That is true. But there our knowledge ends."

For our own part, we yield to the arguments here and elsewhere brought forward to prove that the brain is the organ of memory; let us say the whole cerebrum is this organ, or that nerves of memory are diffused throughout the whole of it; nay, if the cerebellum or any other portion of the brain claim a share in this faculty, we will not hastily decide against such claims; we will hear counsel for the cerebellum. But, having attained an organ here of so vast importance and so wide a range that it seems to domineer over the whole field of psychology, we pause. We pause because we do not meet with the same stringent evidence for other organs, and because, having this potent organ of memory, there remain no intelligible functions for many of those which might be proposed to us. We

cannot, for instance, conceive what an organ of speech is *to do*, unless it is to be an organ of memory also, or some inconceivable auxiliary to the physical organ of the voice. Neither, on grounds that we have already glanced at, can we admit a cerebral organ of locomotion. The system of Gall and Spurzheim gives to each organ its own memory; but when you have once introduceed this great organ of memory, you have swallowed up in it a number of minor organs. Amongst others, an organ of speech or language becomes a manifest redundancy.

Two examples have come under the author's own observation of children who were dumb, but who yet were neither deaf nor deficient in memory, and in whom no defect could be traced in the "external organs" of speech. From these cases he concludes that there is a cerebral organ of speech; the want or imperfection of which occasioned their dumbness. Surely this is very insufficient evidence. The external organs, the palate, mouth, lips, might have been perfect, but there is much in the wonderful mechanism of the human voice that would escape all surgical examination. It seems a far more probable supposition that the organ of utterance was itself defective in some of those delicate parts which elude observation. How complicate an apparatus it is that we employ in the articulation of every single word, may be gathered from the following extract taken from one of the works of Sir Charles Bell.

"In speaking there is first a certain force of expired air, and an action of the whole muscles of respiration required; in the second place, the vocal chords at the top of the wind-pipe must be drawn by their muscles into accordance, else no vibration will take place, and no sound issue; thirdly, the open passages of the throat must be expanded, contracted, or extended by their numerous muscles, in correspondence with the condition of the vocal chords; and these must all sympathise before even a single sound will be produced. But to articulate that sound, so that it may become a part of a conventional language, there must be added actions of the pharynx, of the palate, of the tongue, of the lips. The exquisite organisation of all this is not visible in the organs of the voice, as they are called; it is to be found in the nerves which combine their various parts in one simultaneous act. The meshes of a spider's web, or cordage of a man-of-war, are few and simple, compared with the concealed filaments of nerves which move these parts; and if but one of them be wanting, or its tone or action disturbed in the slightest degree, everybody knows how a man will stand with his mouth open in vain attempts to utter a single word."

We should rather conclude that something was wrong in this intricate and invisible "cordage," than infer, from Sir Benjamin's cases, the existence of a cerebral organ of speech. This organ of speech he is partly induced to adopt from the analogy it bears to another supposed organ, that of locomotion, or the co-ordination of the muscles which move our limbs. It is common, we know, to speak of this co-ordination of the nerves of motion, as the function of a cerebral organ (the cerebellum), but a little consideration, we think, will show that it is a use of language altogether inadmissible.

It is the generally received doctrine that the pair of nerves, the motor and the sensitive, together with the ganglion, in which they terminate (and where the impression made upon the one appears to be reflected upon the other), form together what may be called a nervous circle or circuit. Now, when several of these pairs of nerves meet in one common centre or ganglion, we may expect to find a sympathy or co-ordinate action amongst them. And, whether from their contiguity or not, the physiologist can have no hesitation whatever in describing this sympathetic or harmonious action as a *law of the nervous system*. Romberg lays it down as his second great law of nervous action. Now, if a number of nervous filaments connected with the various muscles of our limbs should be traced to one centre, their meeting in this centre may be the necessary condition of their harmonious action; but surely you would not say that this centre was the organ of their co-ordination.

This harmony lies in the very nature of the nervous system, in the laws of animal life. You might as well describe the nave of a wheel as the organ of co-ordination of all the spokes. Their collection in a central mass was a necessary condition of their united action, but the co-ordination lay as much in the spokes as in the wheel, lay, in fact, in the very nature of the wheel itself.

In the brain are gathered up all the various nerves of feeling and of motion,—it is so far the seat of consciousness, and of power; but it is the brain and the nerve together which really constitute the organ. In the special senses, as of sight and hearing, some portion of the brain, together with the eye or the ear, constitute the organ. It is in memory alone that the brain becomes a distinct and special instrument. We cannot hesitate to admit, that in the cerebrum, or some part of it, lies the organ of memory. Those who have described this part of the brain as the organ of voluntary motion, and those who have pointed out the close connection between it and the organs of sense, do, in fact, confirm this view. For what should we expect to find in an organ of memory but that nerves should branch out of it *from* all the various inlets of knowledge, and other nerves should branch out of it *to* all the various instruments of action? You wound the anterior portion of the cerebrum, and the sense of vision is destroyed; you wound another portion, and paralysis ensues: such facts as these do not militate against the proposition that the nerves of memory run through the cerebrum, but are in perfect accordance with such a conclusion.

Amongst the arguments, too familiar and too numerous to be here repeated, which assist in establishing this proposition, one of the most striking is that *partial* loss of memory which is not unfrequently the consequence of disease. No explanation offers itself for this well-known fact, except this—that a portion of the brain being injured, remembrances which peculiarly depended upon that portion are destroyed, or for a time suspended. Neither dissection nor any mode of research has enabled us to discriminate what portion of the brain is occupied with this or that class of objects—for instance, with oral memories or visual memories; and the probability is that the whole network of microscopic filaments is so inextricably interwoven, that it will be always impossible to make such a discrimination. But just as, when there is a dark spot or blank space in the field of our vision, we know that there is some spot in the retina which has ceased to respond to the light; so, when these blank spaces suddenly occur in the memory, we must conclude that there is some portion of the still finer net-work of the brain which has ceased to perform its function.

We have in the work before us the following striking anecdote:—

"A gentleman who had two years previously suffered from a stroke of apoplexy (but recovered from it afterwards), was suddenly deprived of sensation on one side of his body. At the same time he lost the power not only of expressing himself in intelligible language, but also that of comprehending what was said to him by others. He spoke what might be called *gibberish*, and it seemed to him that his friends spoke *gibberish* in return. But while his memory as to *oral language* was thus affected, as to *written language* it was not affected at all. If a letter was read to him, it conveyed no ideas to his mind; but when he had it in his own hand, and read it himself, he understood it perfectly."

Here it seems possible to trace a distinction between oral and visual memories. In other cases, however, there is no such distinction, and the line seems to be drawn between old and often-repeated actions of memory, and those which had been of less frequent repetition. Cardinal Mezzofanti could speak some twenty or thirty languages, and knew a little of about twice that number. He was attacked by a fever and was delirious; for some interval after his recovery he lost the memory of all his foreign languages and retained only his mother tongue, his native Italian. Instances of this kind are numerous. Indeed, what does old age itself so commonly exhibit to us but the remarkable difference between the tenacity of old and long-repeated impressions and of later ones.

Our dreams present many curious per-

plexities, but the broad correspondence between the imperfect and tangled memories of which they are composed, and the imperfect sleep, or rather the imperfect wakefulness in which they occur, cannot be mistaken. Neither can we fail to observe the manner in which the cogitative action of the brain is connected with impressions from the senses.

"You are awaked" (says our author), "by a distressing dream, and find yourself labouring under the uncomfortable sensations occasioned by acid in your stomach. You take some magnesia, which neutralises the acid, then turn round, and enjoy a refreshing sleep. A lady had a small tumour in one leg. It was hard, well-defined, exquisitely tender, so that even a slight pressure on it occasioned a severe pain, not only at the instant, but lasting a considerable time afterwards. It seemed to be a tumour of a peculiar kind, well known to surgeons as being occasionally found among the fibres of a nerve. This lady observed that she frequently awoke at night, suffering from a frightful dream which, although it related to some other and quite different subject, she could always trace to an accidental pressure on the tumour. In like manner, children who labour under disease of the hip-joint, are often prevented from falling to sleep by pains in the hip and knee, and painful startings of the limb; but when they are asleep, instead of these local symptoms, they are tormented by distressing dreams."

Happily, in our waking hours there are other causes to counteract this operation of painful and uneasy sensations on the current of thought; but, even in our most wakeful hours, such operation is indisputable; it is the subject of daily observation: the morbid condition of our blood gives rise to morbid feelings, irrational fears or suspicions, anger, or despondency. It is a general law, though, as we have said, counteracted by higher psychical laws, that painful sensations introduce distressing or angry thoughts. Sir Benjamin Brodie makes some stringent observations, which we wish we had space to insert, on the *moral duty* that lies on every man to sustain, by temperance and every other means in his power, a fair condition of health. He who feasts and he who fasts may be both equally culpable.

There is one inference to be drawn (not exclusively, but in a very striking manner) from certain phenomena of dreaming, to which we would draw the attention of our reader. First, let him call to mind what sort of organ it is we have in this cerebrum. The soft and pulpy mass which it presents to the eye is found, on examination by the microscope, to be composed of minute innumerable fibres, lying in such a medium as must leave them in perfect exposure to their own appropriate stimulants; they are intersected by a multitude of blood-vessels, and supplied, moreover, as it is generally presumed (by the cineritious matter which forms the upper portion of the convoluted structure), with what, for want of a better name, is called the "nervous force," though we rather understand by that expression *the somewhat* (probably akin to, or identical with electricity) which is necessary to the manifestation of this nervous force. Having formed some conception of the organ, now, mark the amazing rapidity with which its functions, whatever their precise nature may be, are performed. Take the following instance of a class of cases familiar to every one:—

"It is a curious fact that we may have a long dream in the act of awaking from our sleep. A military officer informed me that, while serving in the Peninsular War, he had frequently been roused from his sleep by the firing of a cannon near his tent, and that he had a dream, including a series of events, which might be distinctly traced to the impression made on his senses by the explosion."

Thus, in the interval which occurs in the process of awaking, a number of those tangled memories we call dreams have been excited. The dreamer perhaps has encountered the enemy, and passed through many of the incidents of battle, been alternately victorious and defeated, in that instant of time which elapses between the shock upon the firing of the cannon and its effect in completely awakening him. In days gone by, before physiology was known, the very natural supposition had occurred that the soul dropped its connection with the body during sleep, and the rapidity of the dream has been adduced as a farther proof of this independent

action of the mind. In the present state of our knowledge, the only just inference to be drawn from it is one which would teach us to admire the wonderful nature of the vital organism with which the human mind is associated. The same rapidity of thought is noticeable in many instances in our waking hours—a long train of past events, or of anticipated events, will, in some exciting circumstances, pass in an instant of time; but in dreams the fact is capable of being tested with greater accuracy.

We indeed hope that dreams are no specimen of what the mind can accomplish when she thinks alone, or without the instrumentality of the body. If we strove to catch some glimpse of her in her own solitary state, we should choose those periods when she is absorbed in her highest efforts of reason and reflection. Even then, however, she must plant her feet, as it were, upon the memory. But so far as we can comprehend so obscure a subject, there is no material organ for the exercise of Reason: it is the energy of the soul itself exercised on, and in companionship with, the organs of memory and perception.

Difficult, and even insolvable as the problem may be, it is impossible for each one of us not to endeavour to form some conception of the manner in which body and soul are united, of the terms of union on which mind and matter coexist in man. Without pretending to have solved this problem, we will suggest the following as a guide for the reflection of others.

There are few, if any, who would bestow upon the lower animals the same immaterial spirit which we believe to be immortal in ourselves. There is no one who would deny to them the faculty of sensations; we see that very many of them combine, with the noble sense of vision, some measure of representative thought or memory. Were it not the wiser plan, then, to admit at once that the vital organism in them is, to this extent, sensitive or conscious, rather than insist on it that sensation itself must imply a dualism of mind and body? Our solution would run thus:—An immaterial spirit, a higher principle of consciousness, assumes or takes upon itself, in man, what in other animals is the sensitiveness of the vital organism; it feels in the nerve, it sees in the eye, it remembers in the brain; but the still loftier, and especially human attributes of mind, have no instrument or organ; they can only be described as the energies of the soul itself, exercised on the materials or in the organs of sense, of vision, of memory.

We think, if space permitted, we could show that it is not necessary to suppose any higher psychical quality than memory in the lower animals, in order to explain all the manifestations of intelligence they exhibit; for there are certain acts of *judgment*, as they are called, a perception of means to end, and of the relations of similarity and dissimilarity, which, in reality, are involved in the very phenomena of perception and of memory. It would carry us too far into the region of metaphysics to establish this proposition. We must beg here to be allowed to take it for granted that there is a distinction between the consciousness of dissimilarities involved in perception itself—and that association of ideas which may be described as a mere development of memory, and the special faculties of human reason. Now, whilst memory is the highest psychical quality we need bestow upon the animals—for which indeed they have the same cerebral organ as ourselves—the higher mental attributes of man are not such as we can (according to the analogy presented to us by the whole nervous system) represent to ourselves as being exercised directly through a material organ; nor is there any corresponding additional organ to be found in the human brain to which we might refer them. We can understand the cerebrum being the organ of memory; at least we can as easily comprehend this as that the eye should be the organ of vision, or nerves spread through the hand the organ of touch; each fibre or each particle of *neurine* repeats its peculiar impression. But if there is anything higher than memory in the mind of man, if there is any power of reason classifying the contents of the memory according to its own laws, we find it utterly impossible to represent this as acting

through fibres or particles of *neurine*. The physiologist assures us that we never think without some accompanying action of the brain, and this may be perfectly true, for we never think without an act of memory. We begin our intellectual life with an act of memory, and to the last hour, and in every species of thought, memory and reason must be constantly associated. But it does not follow that the energy of the reason is accompanied by any other specific action of the brain than this of memory. Take a striking instance. What would the mathematician be without his memory? At every instant it is in intense exercise; suspend his memory, and you have suspended altogether the consciousness of the mathematician. And yet, that which constituted him the mathematician is that *something more* than memory for which there is no cerebral organ. Or, when the reason arranges the materials of sense and memory into science—when it moulds or classes them into its own great generalisations of the True, the Good, and the Beautiful—such purely mental energies as these, with the emotions consequent upon their exercise, we cannot supply with any material organ, except, we repeat, as far as they are connected with the memory.

Let us return to this our organ of memory—this chief laboratory of the spirit—where she is ever adding new and richer memories—converting what, if left to neglect, is but a hovel of mud, into a veritable palace of thought. Our author makes the following observation:—"It is clearly not sufficient that an impression should be transmitted to the brain for it to be remembered. An act of the mind itself is necessary for this purpose; and that, as Dr. Hook has observed, is the act of attention. . . Now, attention implies volition; that is, it is that effort of volition by which an object, which would otherwise have immediately passed away, is kept present to the mind during a certain period." A person receives a sharp blow; we think there is no doubt he will remember it;—what effort of attention or volition has been exercised in order to retain the impression? The force, or duration, or repetition of any impression, are all elements to be considered in the probability of its being remembered. Does not this simple statement better accord with the facts than any curious theory about attention and volition?

We notice that some obscurity invariably steals over the generally clear and lucid exposition of our author, the moment such terms as volition, or voluntary movement, occur. He has allowed himself to be influenced by the current use of language, and those fictitious distinctions which so often establish themselves even in our philosophical vocabulary, instead of keeping his eye on the broad landmarks of nature. *Voluntary movement comes in with memory.* What of animal life passes prior to, or independent of, the development of memory, is merely the circuit of sensations and movements. Appetites, desires, instincts, as they exist in their primitive character—as yet unassociated with thought—are other names for sensations.

As a certain *consciousness of muscular exertion* accompanies all our voluntary movements, it has followed that, in the language of even the most correct writers, the term "voluntary," and more especially the term "volition," are applied to those cases where the element of memory or thought is wanting, and nothing exists of the voluntary movement *but* this consciousness of muscular exertion—itself a purely sensational phenomenon. And indeed many writers pride themselves upon preserving a nice distinction between will and volition. Good taste and general usage apply the word *will* more frequently to our moral actions, but there is no scientific distinction between them. Misled (if we may venture to say so), or rather confused by this use of the term volition, Sir Benjamin Brodie is unable to contemplate any action of those muscles which *become* voluntary muscles by their connection with memory, without interposing some quite imaginary force which he calls volition—the laws of which imaginary force it is, of course, impossible to comprehend. "It is," he writes, "under the influence of volition that the contraction of muscles takes place for locomotion, speech, the procuring

of food and other purposes, and that the torpedo discharges her electric battery." Here speech, which could only have place in a being endowed with memory, and which must always be the result at least of habits engendered by thought, is put in the same category with the electric discharge of the torpedo. If the torpedo possesses memory, and acts from it, the *second* discharge may be an act of volition. But unless it possesses memory, and till it acts from it, its electric battery is merely the result of its own vital organisation, and some external stimulant: it is an act *of which the animal is conscious*, as there can be no doubt his battery communicates some sensation to himself, as well as to others; but no such consciousness, as is here called volition, preceded the act. The same may be said of many of our own muscular movements: they had no other antecedent but a sensation (or rather the irritability which accompanies sensation) whilst we were yet in that infantine state which is unconscious of a purpose.

In Sir Benjamin's vocabulary, volition seems to signify a quite imaginary physical or nervous force through which the mind operates. We need not say that, if a physiologist insists upon introducing his own fiction into the series established by nature, the confusion will be endless. "Sensation and volition are the two functions by means of which the mental principle is enabled to maintain its communication with the external world." Volition is here assimilated to sensation. "Where the volition is exercised there is fatigue; there is none otherwise: *and in proportion as the volition is more exercised, so the fatigue is greater.* Every one knows that he can work the longer when he "works with a will." A young girl dances all night who could not walk for an hour without fatigue. What Sir Benjamin means is, that, in proportion as his imaginary force, volition, is drawn upon, in such proportion is fatigue felt: though even then we do not see how the statement squares with our daily experience. Speaking of nightmare—that state when we strive to move, but cannot—he says, "The fact is, not that the muscles will not obey the will, but that the will itself is not exercised." And again: "After long watchfulness, or severe labour, we sleep *in spite of ourselves*, because the power of exercising the volition is exhausted." In all these cases volition is spoken of as some *separate function* of the nervous system, instead of being in fact the connection between thought and desire, *and* that nervous system.

We began our paper by putting to ourselves this question, What sort of organ or instrument is, in the brain, committed over to the mind? We have found in it this great organ of memory, intimately connected with nerves of sense and of motion. Instinctive movements become voluntary movements through its agency; appetites which are mere sensation in their origin, become passion when re-excited, through the memory, or contemplated as purposes. But now, do we mark out no other organs? If the memory has swallowed up all the *intellectual*, are there no *passionate* organs? Are there none for our several instincts? If we are right in placing those especially human sentiments, the result of that which is especially human reason, altogether out of the list which the phrenologist would present to us, what shall we say with regard to those instincts and appetites which we possess in common with other animals? Have we no cerebral organ for *amativeness*, *alimentiveness*, *combativeness*, *destructiveness*, and the like? None at all. We throw these abroad upon the whole nervous system, of which the brain is only the great centre. Appetites and instinctive actions are but the series of sensations and vital movements which we have to arrange, as we best can, under the laws of animal life.

We foresee here that many would be ready to acknowledge in a mere appetite, as of hunger, simply a sensation; yet when they see this appetite or sensation in conjunction with certain harmonious movements of the limbs of living creatures, they will reclaim that mental or cerebral power under the name of *instinct*, which they had relinquished under that of *appetite*. In short, there will be no coming to a clear understanding upon this class of supposed cerebral func-

tions, unless we arrive at some steadfast conclusions upon this subject of instinct. It is a stumbling-block that must be removed from our path. It lies there, a mysterious something between sensation and thought. We say that there cannot be, in any intelligible sense of the word, a special cerebral organ for an instinct; because, according to our definition, an instinct is that sympathy or harmony (an instance of that harmony which runs through all nature) established *directly* between nerve and nerve, and limb and limb. What is more than this is thought, and falls under our great organ of memory.

Human actions have become so complicated with human thought, that by general consent we appeal to the lower animals when we would discuss the nature of instinct. To them, therefore, we must turn for a moment.

There is, perhaps, no word in the language which has been used so variously and vaguely as this of instinct. Sometimes we hear it employed to designate all the actions of the lower animals; and those which are most plainly indicative of thought or memory are singled out as remarkable instances of instinct. At other times it is even employed to designate some of the highest attributes of the human mind, and anything is called instinctive which wears a primary character, and refers us to no known cause. The author before us slides into this lax use of the term in the following passage: "Still it seems to me that to *reason* well is the result of an *instinct* originally implanted in us, rather than of instruction; and that a child or a peasant reasons quite as accurately on the thing before him and within the sphere of his knowledge, as those who are versed in all the rules of logic."* But the only use of the term which we are called upon seriously to investigate, is that which opposes instinct to reason as some peculiar *mode of thought*. Speaking of the human understanding, we all acknowledge that ideas of individual objects are derived only through the senses; we all acknowledge that to act from a purpose, to use means to an end, implies an exercise of memory. Now, every animal has some mode of taking its prey, or of framing a shelter or nest for itself, in which it is quite perfect, without any teaching or experience whatever. It acts *as if* from design, and yet what we understand as thought or design could not have been present. Are we to say that there is here manifested some quite different mode of thinking, or of *ideation*, than that which men are cognisant of? Or, recognising the fact that all the phenomena of nature *must* wear this aspect of design, shall we not place the design here also at once and only in the great Author of nature, and seek to explain the phenomena before us by such causes as we know to exist—by sensational impulses or irritability, combined with such faculty of perception and memory as the animal may have in common with man? That a measure of what we call judgment and intelligence lies in the very nature of perception, and memory itself, we have already intimated.

It is this last view which has forced itself upon our convictions, though we are afraid we shall not be able to do justice to it in our present limits. We object entirely to the introduction of an instinctive mode of thought. That through their organs of sense animals have sensations different from ours, is past dispute. There is no occasion to introduce this other startling anomaly of a *thinking* which originates in a quite different manner.

* An appeal to instinct is brought in, curiously enough, in one place, to solve an old ethical controversy: "The desire to live in society is as much an instinct in him (man) as it is in the bee, or the ant, or the beaver, or the prairie dog. Ought not this to settle the disputed question as to the existence of a moral sense?" Yes; either party in the controversy would answer—so far as your moral sense is that of the bee, or the beaver, or the prairie dog.

So far from being surprised that animals should live in society, one is rather perplexed that any should live solitary. Even the sense of contact is agreeable; and the mutual caress given and received, in some form or other, is a bond of union. It is their mode of obtaining subsistence, we presume, that enforces solitude on some animals.

Through the olfactory nerves alone what a variety of sensations is evidently diffused through the various quadrupeds, and fishes, and birds, which people the earth, the sea, and the air! Nor can any one for a moment have reflected upon the laws of animal life without noticing the direct connection established between sensations, or rather those irritabilities and contractilities which accompany sensation, and the motions of the variously constructed limbs. A peculiar scent at once calls into play those internal sensations we describe as hunger or appetite; and these again throw every limb into motion, as well those that capture the prey as those that devour it. Nor is it through the scent alone that the animal is roused into activity; that the sight also and the hearing communicate peculiar nervous tremours to different animals is equally certain. What else can be that antipathy which the mere sight of one animal immediately excites in another, leading in one case to hostile movement, and in another to flight? A complete series of actions is produced, in which the relation of means to an end is indeed most conspicuous, without the intervention, however, of thought on the part of the animal.

We repeat, in order to avoid mistake, that we do not dispute the possession of memory in any case where there is fair ground for presuming its existence; and in memory itself, there is involved a certain measure of that species of intelligence, which uses means to an end. It may happen, that in some of the lower animals memory, acting in a very narrow circle on a few objects of urgent want, may display singular vigour and tenacity. Neither do we think that comparative anatomy authorises us to conclude that, where a cerebrum is not developed, memory cannot exist; because comparative anatomy itself teaches us, that a function which, in its higher stage of development, has a special organ, may, in a lower stage, be combined with other functions in a common tissue. The ganglion which occupies the head of an insect may perform the function which in the vertebrate animal devolves upon the cerebrum. What we dispute is, that there is in animals (and of course in man) any peculiar mode of *thinking* to be called instinct. We oppose instinct to reason, not because it is some different mode of thought, but because it is a mode of action in which thought does not occur. It is developed prior to the development of memory.

We are aware that the popular impression is here against us, and that a sort of intuitive knowledge is ascribed very liberally to the animal kingdom. We must admit also that this popular impression has been supported by great names, and great authorities. *Cuvier* has expressed the opinion that the lower animals are "moved by ideas which they do not owe to their sensations, but which flow immediately from the brain." Such an hypothesis contradicts all we *do* know of the nature of that thought which represents external objects to us; and we may safely say, therefore, that it is not to be received till other modes of explanation in harmony with that knowledge have been tried. Some writers, struck with the singular fact that habits acquired by one generation of animals become hereditary instincts in subsequent generations, have concluded that this could be explained only by the supposition that some modified form of the brain had been inherited. But the fact is by no means established that the effect of a habit (as that of the pointer dog) is to modify exclusively the brain. There is much in the subject of habit that is very obscure. This, at all events, is quite clear, that the transformation of a habit into an instinct is only one branch of the still larger subject—What is the law by which the instincts of a race of animals are modified? That they do admit of change is certain, old ones decaying from non-exercise, and new ones being introduced.

We shall obtain no support to our opinions from the author before us. Sir Benjamin Brodie makes many observations upon instinct with which we entirely concur; but in the passage where he approaches nearest to a definition of the term, he couples it with, "voluntary exercise of the muscles," and speaks of it habitually as a species of knowledge: there is much, however, in the following quotation for which

we very willingly avail ourselves of his authority.

"Food is required because life cannot be maintained without it. But no one under ordinary circumstances thinks of this ultimate object. We have an uneasy sensation which we call hunger, and it is merely to remove this sensation that we are led to eat. This is the simplest form of instinct, and it goes far towards explaining others which are more complicated. The desire for food is the same in the newly-born child as in the grown-up man; and, when applied to his mother's breast, *he knows* at once how to obtain it by bringing several pairs of muscles of his mouth and throat successively into action, making the process of suction. The newly-born calf *knows* at once how to balance himself on his four legs, to walk and seek the food with which he is supplied by his mother. The duckling hatched by the hen, as soon as his muscular powers are sufficiently developed, is impelled by the desire to enter the neighbouring pond, and when in the water, without example or instruction, he calls certain muscles into action, and is enabled to swim. When a sow is delivered of a litter, each young pig, as it is born, runs at once to take possession of one of his mother's nipples, which he considers as his peculiar property ever afterwards."

Many probably would be ready to admit that the peculiar impulse which led the duckling into the water, and the movement of its limbs in that element, might be explained without supposing any *knowledge* on the part of the animal—might be resolved into mere *vital* phenomena as distinguished from *psychical*. But when a more complex series of actions is performed, when some peculiar ingenuity, as it appears, is displayed in capturing prey, or building a nest, they cannot refrain from the conclusion that actions *so like* those which would be produced by human thought, really had their origin in some species of thought. We know no way of successfully combating this tendency of the imagination, except that of directing the attention to those lower forms of animal life, where there is a considerable complexity of action, and where there is absolutely no ground whatever for supposing the existence of any form of thought, or any cerebral function. By so doing the mind familiarises itself with the truth, that a large portion of animal life is complete in itself, independently of the development of memory.

We will take up Mr. Rymer Jones's book on the Animal Kingdom.* It will supply us with the facts we are in want of; and it will also supply us with a striking illustration of the very tendency of the imagination we have to contend against. For we shall see that even a Professor of Zoology cannot look upon the lowest forms of animated nature without investing them with human feelings, and human powers—with faculties of the human being which he would no doubt reclaim from them the moment his attention was seriously drawn to the subject.

There is no fact in physiology more certain than that irritability or contractility exists prior to, or independent of sensation. The series of movements which a decapitated frog will perform on the application of very ordinary stimulants; those movements in the human frame, which take place without any accompanying sensation, and which are ranged under the title of reflex action,—a host of experiments and observations establish beyond a doubt, that both where there is, and where there is not, a visible nervous system, complex and harmonious actions are performed on the mere basis of irritability or contractility. The simplest order in the animal kingdom, here called the *Acrita*, are manifestly endowed with no higher vital property than this,—we meet with no one who seriously believes that they are sensitive. The sponge is the first of these *Acrita* which Mr. Jones describes; he finds in it no trace whatever of sensation, no signs that it feels, no organisation such as we are accustomed to consider necessary to sensation. But in the body of the old sponges grow certain "yellowish gelatinous granules" or "gemules," destined to be future sponges. Now, mark how soon the imagination seizes upon our writer, in his description of these youthful

* *A General Outline of the Animal Kingdom, and Manual of Comparative Anatomy.* By Thomas Rymer Jones, F.L.S., Professor of Comparative Anatomy in King's College, London.

sponges—mark it, not by way of criticism of Mr. Jones, but as an instance of the almost irrepressible tendency of the imagination to invest animal movements with the *psychical* properties of man.

"The gemule assumes an ovoid form, and a large portion of its surface becomes covered with innumerable vibrating hairs or cilia, as they are denominated, which are of inconceivable minuteness, yet individually capable of exercising rapid movements which produce currents in the surrounding fluid. Instead, therefore, of falling to the bottom of the water, the ceaseless vibration of the cilia, propels it rapidly along until, being removed a considerable distance," (it attaches itself to some object, loses the locomotive cilia, and becomes an ordinary sponge). "The seeds of vegetables, sometimes winged and plumed for the purpose, are blown about by the winds, and transported by various agencies to distant places, but, in the present instance, the still waters in which sponges grow would not have served to transport their progeny elsewhere. Instead, therefore, of being *helpless at their birth, the young sponges can by means of their cilia row themselves about at pleasure, and enjoy for a period powers of locomotion denied to their adult state.*"

Row themselves about at pleasure! Enjoy for a period! Both sensation and volition are supplied to this *animal seed*, furnished with a plume which the stimulant of the water keeps in its vital movement. These minute cilia the microscope has detected in the tissues of the human body, where certainly there is no consciousness of their automatic movements. Nor would Mr. Jones, if the question were seriously put to him, countenance the idea that they were sensitive.

We pass to the well-known polyp, the *Hydra*—that "animal plant," as some have called it—an organic structure endowed with irritability which is excited by the presence of water, or light, or contact with any solid substance. Mr. Jones endows such animals with a fine sense of *touch*. According to all analogy, such a fine sense of touch must subject them to exquisite *pain* when rudely struck, and yet no means of escape from danger has been afforded them. But their tentacula move *as if* they had the sense of touch, and the imagination can hardly help supplying it to them. Mr. Jones cannot describe their movements without inferring certain mental and even moral qualities. The hydra "selects" its position, it is "watching for its prey," it "waits patiently." When "gorged with prey, or when *indisposed* to take food, although other animals may touch the tentacula again and again, they escape with impunity." And yet all that we have really before us is a creature framed to supply itself with food; at the approach of the appropriate food the tentacula are stimulated, contract or coil themselves up, and draw it into the stomach. Note especially the harmony between wants of the stomach and the susceptibility of these tentacula; when the stomach is in a state of repletion their irritability and movement cease.

Let us proceed to a class of animals where traces of a nervous system become evident, and some slight sensation may be supposed to accompany their movements, but where there is no brain whatever. "Let any of our readers," says Mr. Jones, "pick up from the beach one of these animals, the common star-fish of our coast, which, as it lies upon the sand left by the retiring waves, appears so incapable of movement, so utterly helpless and inanimate; let him place it in a large glass jar filled with its native element, and watch the admirable spectacle which it then presents. Slowly he perceives its rays expand to their full stretch, hundreds of feet are gradually protruded through the ambulacral apertures, and each, apparently possessed of independent action, fixes itself to the sides of the vessel as the animal begins its march. The numerous suckers are soon all employed fixing and detaching themselves alternately, some remaining firmly adherent, while others change their position; and thus, by an equable gliding movement, the star-fish climbs the sides of the glass in which it is confined, or the perpendicular surface of the submarine rock."

The nervous apparatus of this animal is extremely simple, consisting of a circular cord round its mouth, from which are given off two delicate filaments to each ray. Some have detected a third filament running to the locomotive suckers. Mr. Jones, for

what reason we do not gather, is not disposed to regard these nerves as seats of sensation, but merely "as serving to associate the movements performed by the various parts of the animal." The irritable skin he regards as the principal agent in initiating its movements. In this last opinion he is no doubt perfectly correct, but it does not follow that these nerves may not also be the seats of certain sensations of pleasure or of pain—chiefly, let us hope, of pleasure. We shall take it for granted that there is some vague sensation in these nerves, *knotted* as they are by their diminutive ganglion to the circular cord.

But what we wish to bring before the attention of our reader is this:—Here is an animal moving its five rays and its hundred feet in perfect harmony, climbing up the rocks and seizing its prey. It has no eye, no ear, no scent; it is described as a mere "walking stomach." Whether it has or has not some sensation of touch felt in those slender nerves, there is no one, at least, who would dream of assigning to it any *thought* whatever, whether of the instinctive or human kind. There is no cerebral organ of instinct here, and yet we have seen how admirably this creature progresses, and know very well that it gets abundantly fed. Here, at least, what we call instinct must be shared amongst all the limbs of the creature—can be described as nothing but an humble instance of that harmony which runs throughout creation.

And here let us make a remark which appears by many to be quite overlooked. To the animal who has no thought, sensation is not a means to any further end in the economy of the animal; it is the end itself of its existence. The sensation manifests the presence of that irritability which is the real motor power, but where it does not give rise to thought or memory, the sensation, *as sensation*, does nothing in directing the animal. "We cannot suppose," says Sir Benjamin Brodie, "the existence of mere sensation without supposing that there is something more. In the stupid carp, which comes to a certain spot at a certain hour, or on a certain signal, to be fed, we recognise at any rate the existence of memory." Certainly the stupid carp, as he is here not very fairly called, does manifest some memory, but probably in many instances his sensations never become thoughts, and in all these cases they exist as final ends—so much pleasure to the animal, nothing more. And take the case of the winged insect, the moth that again and again flies into the flame of your candle till it has destroyed itself—here there is little or no memory manifested. But you would not say that the animal is without sensation. The whole proceedings of such an insect appear to us to be carried on by the mere laws of vital action; what it has of sensation is so much of pleasure; it never becomes guidance or knowledge.

"Every limb," says Unzer, a German physiologist, who wrote some time ago, but who had paid great attention to this subject of instinct—"every limb has its own appetite of action,"—which again is in perfect harmony with all other limbs and organs of the body. Whether the phrase be altogether admissible or not, it expresses very vividly what we constantly see in the animal creation. The sight or scent of its destined prey excites the rage of hunger,—claw and beak, talons and the jaw, fulfil their functions; some creature is destroyed and devoured. How utterly idle and misplaced does it appear to us to talk here of "an organ of destructiveness," or an instinct of destructiveness. What is the *result* of many harmonious impulses and feelings is converted into a pre-existing *purpose*, an idea which is "to flow at once from the brain," as it could not possibly enter by the channel of the senses.

There is a beautiful illustration of these vital powers bursting at once into harmonious action, which is not unfrequently quoted. Sir Joseph Banks and his friends, when travelling in some tropical country, observed an alligator's egg lying in the sand, under the burning sun. He broke the egg, and forth sped the young alligator. Its eye caught sight of the river, and every limb hastened towards it. Sir Joseph interposed his stick; the stick was bit at, and all the signs of anger immediately manifested. Now, what is this *appetite for the river* but some sensation which (as in the

case of our domestic duckling) we cannot understand, as we do not participate in it? And what is this *anger* but the commotion which opposition excited? The passion *is* nothing but this nervous turmoil spread through its whole body.

But all this time, perhaps the nest of the bird or the hive of the bee has been hovering in the imagination of the reader. He will now admit that the sight of its destined prey may awake all the energies of the animal; that, if a serpent, it will crawl; if a tiger, it will spring upon its food; that the fang, the jaw, and the œsophagus will act in perfect unison,—and thus a result will be accomplished which shall wear all the appearance of a purpose, but which yet was never contemplated as such by the creature itself. But in the case of the nest or the honeycomb there is so manifest a use of means towards an end that it is impossible, he thinks, not to suppose that the purpose existed as an idea in the bird or the insect.

There is, no doubt, this impression strongly produced on the imagination. Yet take the case which is generally received as most indicative of a certain *instinctive thought*,—will any one suppose that each bee has really embraced in its mind all the complex relations of a hive, and the interests of the whole commonwealth of bees? It must have done this if it acts from *an idea*. No other *idea* would be adequate for its guidance. Now, even human societies are formed by individuals who act mainly on their own passions, and for their own interests. Is it not far more probable that each bee is prompted by its own sensational impulses without any thought at all, than that it should be prompted by a mode of thought which the most intelligent human society has not yet attained, which is the despair of the Utopian himself?

Divested of the air of wonder which naturalists delight in throwing round the subjects of their description, what is the great peculiarity of the bee? It is, that the female is exceedingly prolific,—that one only breeds at a time,—that the care of her numerous eggs—that, in short, the maternal instinct, is diffused over the virgin bees, or undeveloped females, as the *workers* are called. From this arrangement of the great business of reproduction, all the rest follows. In such insects as the bee and the ant, those who are not mothers feel all the passions of the mother; they build for the progeny as other insects build, and, from the very nature of the case, must build in common. If one prolific female must have five hundred nurses, or rather foster-mothers, for her young, the commonwealth of the hive is at once established.

But this building of the mother herself—the simpler case of the solitary bee who, less prolific, builds her own nest and rears her own young—the everyday instance of the bird who plasters a mud cabin in the corner of our windows, or who weaves some bower for itself amongst the trees,—what do we say to this? Can we shut our eyes to this wonder? We ask you not to shut your eyes against any of the wonders of nature—but to open them wider still, and to embrace them all. Thus will all wonders cease by merging in the one great wonder, the world itself as the manifestation of the Divine mind.

When we look upon a plant, we see means to end; we see the young root, soft and tender as it is, penetrating the hard soil; we see the leaves spreading themselves out to the light, all harmonising to one result. But we never dream of transforming this result into a thought or purpose which we place in the tree itself: it is a Divine thought which has animated the tree. In like manner, it is a Divine thought which has animated the bird. We perpetually forget that what is peculiar to man *comes last* in the order of creation. The simpler type of animal life embraces this circle only—irritability, movement, and sensation: sensation, or so much pleasure, being, as far as that animal is concerned, the end of all its vital mechanism. In a higher type memory is introduced, but is still quite subordinate to sensation. In man the memory, or that still loftier spirit of intelligence which acts on the memory, becomes predominant; our actions are, for the most part, preceded by some thought or purpose. Thus it is that we make the natural error of supposing that other animals, which have so much in common with

ourselves, are guided by thought, in cases where we are so cultivated, or constituted, as to act from intelligence. But, if we take a wider view of the animal creation, we shall discover that harmonious but involuntary actions form the earlier type of animated existence, and that, instead of wondering that there is so much of design *acted, but not thought*, we should rather reserve our wonder for that higher stage where this harmonious vital action is put under the control of the thought of the created being.

The nest of the bird is no solitary instance. Almost every animal has imposed upon it the necessity of finding, or framing, some shelter for itself, and some receptacle for its young. Next to food there is no want more urgent. And as the continuation of the species is quite as much the care of nature as the preservation of the individual, we may expect to find ample provision made for the *nest*, which is intimately connected with both of these objects. Every animal either burrows in the earth, or spins a web, or constructs some shelter for itself or its young. The nature of the progeny to be produced, and the degree of care and warmth they will require, determine in most cases, the construction of this receptacle. By what peculiar sensations is the animal in every instance prompted to the execution of its task? Impossible to say; but that there are such peculiar sensations is a far more probable supposition to adopt, than to run to the hypothesis of "innate ideas." How beautifully is the spider's web constructed! That glutinous secretion in its own body of which it is composed, is no doubt accompanied with an irritation which prompts the spinning of it forth, and its long, slight, and agile legs are working evidently in harmony with this self-adjusting spinning apparatus. Very curious is the result; but surely, no one finds it necessary to believe that the spider's web existed in the spider's mind as an idea before it began to spin.

Why does one bird build its nest of clay, and another of leaves or the lichens growing on the bark of trees? Why does one bird choose for its haunt corners and clefts where clay alone would be serviceable, and another the boughs of the tree which affords it the materials of its structure? We can only say that there is a manifest connection between the two; which proves at least that architecture was no separate study or purpose of the creature. Why, again, is one bird contented with a few straws or sticks loosely put together, while the restless busy beak of another constructs the most compact little domicile imaginable? We can only answer that there is an evident dependence between the nature of the nest and the condition in which the young are brought forth, and their earliest wants. Every one remembers the pretty description which Gilbert White gives of the nest of the harvest mouse:—"Most artificially platted, and composed of the blades of wheat; perfectly round, and about the size of a cricket-ball, with the aperture so ingeniously closed, that there was no discovering to what part it belonged. It was so compact and well filled, that it would roll across the table without being discomposed, though it contained eight little mice that were naked and blind." There was no possible room for the mother; she built it only for her young, and suspended it a few inches above the ground on the stalks of the wheat, out of reach of all harm. There the naked and blind brood were as sheltered as in her own womb. It was, in fact, another womb which nature, having no room *to grow* it in the prolific little creature herself, constructs through the organs of the mother-mouse whom she has already *grown*.

No one who has truth at heart would wish to slur over any fact which nature presents to us. But let us have fact and not imagination. Now, writers upon this subject of instinct, and especially on the habits of insects, have been so incessantly employed in seeking out for analogies between the animal and the human being—bestowing upon insects, wherever the least similarity of action permitted, both the faculties and the passions of man—that they present to us the facts of nature through an entirely false medium. There is, at least, as much of imagination as of fact in their descriptions. They are far more allied to poetry than to science. Of course there are exceptions, and it is from the descriptions of the scientific naturalists that

we are justified in our *confident distrust* in the majority of those who write on natural history. Some bees are seen at the entrance of the hive; these are immediately transformed into guards or sentinels. What a martial spirit this at once infuses into the commonwealth. There are certain moths, it seems, which choose the honeycomb as a favourite place for depositing their eggs. The larvæ from their eggs devour the honey, destroy the comb, and drive out the bees. Quite right, they should keep guard. These moths, however, "*in spite of the guards kept constantly at the entrance of the hives*, gain admittance and deposit the eggs in the combs." The sagacious guardsmen, having done efficient duty at their post, never think, it seems, of turning out the eggs. That is left, we presume, to some commissariat or transport department which is sadly defective. However, the wisdom of the commonwealth stops at keeping watch against the mother-moth,—it has not advanced to turning out its mischievous progeny whilst still in the egg.

Even our professor, Mr. Rymer Jones, from whom we have already quoted, cannot relate an account of this insect architecture without throwing over it an air of quite human ingenuity. There is a spider that has obtained celebrity beyond all other spiders for making a trap-door to his hole. He is called on this account the mason spider (the *mygale*). He burrows in the earth, lines his hole with web, and, further, spins a web over the orifice. This, as he must go in and out, he breaks every time he has spun it, making his way through always on the same side, till, adhering firmly at one end, and becoming, by successive webs mingled with dirt, of tolerable consistency, the result is produced of a trap-door. Mr. Jones represents the spider as setting to work with the conception of a trap-door very complete in his mind.

"A deep pit is first dug by the spider, which, being carefully lined throughout with silken tapestry, affords a warm and ample lodging: the entrance to this excavation is carefully guarded by a lid or door which moves upon a hinge, and accurately closes the mouth of the pit. *In order to form the door* in question, the mygale *first* spins a web which exactly covers the mouth of the hole, but which is attached to the margin of the aperture by one point only of its circumference, this point of course forming the hinge." (Could the spider spin a web over the aperture on these conditions?) "The spider then proceeds to lay upon the web a thin layer of the soil collected in the neighbourhood of her dwelling, which she fastens with another layer of silk; layer after layer is thus laid on, till at length the door acquires sufficient strength and thickness."

The professor is so determined that the spider shall work *prospective of his hinge* that he represents him spinning under conditions which appear to us mechanically impossible. Let it be borne in mind that we have no controversy against those who maintain that the spider, or any other insect, has its measure of memory and intelligence: our debate is with those who would describe instinct as wholly or in part a peculiar mode of thought—thoughts of things which are not memories. It is a subject which would require a volume rather than a few pages for its development, but we cannot proceed further with it at present.

Returning now to the human brain, it of course follows, if we are right in our views, *that all these phenomena of life which exhibit themselves prior to the development of memory are strictly sensational in their character*—that whatever we call appetites, primary desires, or instinct, can demand no specific cerebral organ. To use the language of phrenology, such organs as *alimentiveness*, or desire for taking food, *amativeness*, *destructiveness*, *constructiveness*, and some others of the like description, must be discarded. They represent what are not originally *thoughts of any kind*, but sensations. Their organ is the whole of the nervous system, which they range over together with the brain as central ganglion.

Very much remains to say upon the subject of the *passions*, but we must draw to a conclusion. We can only repeat our general result. The brain is the special organ of memory: it is the central ganglion, or collection of ganglia, where all the nerves of sensation meet. We would do justice *to the whole body*, to all its organs of sense and motion, and not raise an imaginary autocracy in the brain. We

would do justice to the special function of the brain, without infringing on the prerogatives of the immaterial spirit. It is the instrument of thought because it is the instrument of memory. Reason, with her great ideas or powers of generalisation, has no local organ in it: we can conceive of such reason only as an activity exercising itself *there*. The same may be said of the higher order of feeling, which oftentimes seems to be one with the reason. As for those passions and appetites which we share with other animals, we diffuse them through the whole system, wherever there is a nerve that feels.

How difficult a subject we have entered on, and how impossible it is entirely to satisfy the mind upon it, no one can be more aware than ourselves. But it is good from time to time to make at least some attempt to reconcile the truths which flow in upon us from the opposite quarters of mental philosophy and physiology.

ZAIDEE: A ROMANCE.

PART V.—BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.—BEDFORD PLACE.

In the front drawing-room are a group of ladies, some of them shawled and furred to the orthodox necessities of a London winter; some of them in careful morning dress, expectant of visitors. The room is moderately well-sized, with three tall windows, draped in drab-coloured damask, with shadowy white curtains within. Before one window is a broad low "squab;" before another a little table bearing a vase of coloured glass, and a bouquet of Covent Garden flowers. Everything here savours of "town," and you could no more imagine these camellias and geraniums arranged by other hands than those of the professional bouquet-makers, than you could fancy Mrs. Disbrowe's drawing-room table with its many ornaments, or her chandelier and chimney-glass, to be home work. On a small chiffonier at one side of the room, dimly sparkling with its plate-glass back, and reflecting the moving figures before it, stands another vase of flowers something worse for the wear; and a profusion of bits of "fancy work," scattered over the room, declare the presence of young maidenhood in this very comfortable, but not very bright apartment, where all the chairs are drab, and where everything is made the most of, from the pretty embroidered cushion which embellishes a dim sofa, to the little ornamented foot-mat which hides a hole in the carpet. The folding-doors are open which divide the front from the back drawing-room, and in the doorway stands a settee, very odd and very easy, with tufts of green trimmings on its drab cushions, behind which you can see the light entering through the back window, and a distant perspective of curtains and ottomans—still drab—like the rest of the apartment—but nothing more.

A comely middle-aged woman, with a wrinkle of care in her brow, is Mrs. Disbrowe, seated in her arm-chair,—the ample folds of her black satin gown sweep the carpet round her, and her pretty morning-cap of lace and pink ribbon brightens up her quarter of the room like a gay picture. If Mrs. Disbrowe has a weakness for anything, it is this same pink ribbon, which gives freshness and colour to her habiliments: for the rest, Mrs. Disbrowe's brooch is twenty years old; and we dare not say how many winters have passed over her well-preserved lace, and thrifty black satin gown. At this very moment these active hands of hers, which look in very pretty condition in spite of their many industries, are busy with some delicate mending; and there is not a personal extravagance about this frugal manager, save the bit of pink ribbon which throws a soft colour upon her comely cheek.

Her daughter Charlotte, a tall, well-grown, well-looking girl, with a great

deal of "way" upon her, stands before the fireplace, swinging some flowing breadths of muslin over her arm and in her hands. To know that Charlotte Disbrowe has a great many little brothers and sisters, and in her day has had a good deal to do for them, you only need to look at her. A frankness of good-humour and careless ease of expression, which some people call boldness, added to a rapid sweeping way she has of doing everything, give her something of a hoydenish appearance. But Charlotte never was shy, and does not know what it is to be embarrassed,—a certain steady open freedom about her, makes her always self-possessed and at her ease. She has never been afraid of her own voice all her life, nor hesitated to laugh or to cry when the impulse was upon her; and though her careless ease of manner may now and then jar unpleasantly on sensitive feelings, the good-humoured girl never means to wound any one, and would prefer doing a good turn to a bad one any day. But this young lady carries her scorn of sentiment rather farther than is quite consistent with tenderness of heart. A breezy lightsome summer morning, fresh and gay, is Miss Disbrowe's youth; but there is no dew for the sun to glimmer in; the earth is dry about her, and wants the genial softness of spring showers.

The visitors are young ladies of Miss Disbrowe's own standing, and a mamma not quite so comely as the mistress of this house. These young people are all well-looking girls, fashionable, up to the mark of Bedford Place, easy and careless, and a little loud, with unexceptionable gloves, and floating ribbons, and fresh unsullied dress, eager in their talk, rapturous in their commendations, extravagant in their dislike, yet good girls in their way, if you make due allowance for the total want of veneration for any thing or any person, which is part of their character. You think, perhaps, this rattle of talk would be hushed or subdued if a few older people, less indulgent than these good mammas, were present to hear: not so—the youngest among them would flirt with her friend's grandfather, could the good old gentleman be introduced here, and makes no more account of her own mother's presence, or the respect due to it, than if the said mother were but a newly emancipated school-girl like herself.

A couch at the farther window is strewn with bridal finery, the pretty necessities of the *trousseau*. Though she is the bride, Charlotte is as easy and unconcerned in her blushing honours as that little sister from the nursery, who peers about, pulling these pretty robes by the corner, and examining with a child's curiosity. Charlotte stands swinging the muslin for her new dressing-gown over her arm, and speaking in a tolerably high pitched voice over the head of little Marian Maurice, to Helen Maurice at the other end of the room. The mammas make their conversation more quietly, seated together, but this is what Miss Disbrowe says—

"Yes, Edward sadly wants to have it over. All this fuss and trouble puts him out, he says. *I* don't mind it,—but then one can't delay for ever, and now that mamma is settled with a governess, it may as well be now as at another time."

"Oh, are you settled with a governess? Who is it, Charlotte?" cried the intermediate sister of the three Misses Maurice.

"Well, it's—I declare I can't tell," broke off Charlotte, abruptly and with a laugh. "It's a girl—but it's not exactly what you could call 'a young person' either, and I can't make it out at all. What did you say, mamma?"

"You had better send Minnie out of the room before you say any more about the new governess," said Mrs. Disbrowe.

"Why?" said Charlotte, opening her blue eyes wider; "I am not afraid of Minnie telling, and I don't mean to say any ill of her besides. And I don't know any ill either," continued the young lady more quietly; "she looks very odd, and she's not at all handsome—I think that's quite right and proper; but the strange thing is, that she's only a child."

"Oh, I remember, we had once a very young governess," said Helen Maurice, pinching a lace trimming after a fashion which the bride by no means approved, "and I never saw any one so eager to have us learn

either at home or at school. You recollect Miss Ashley, Jane?"

"Yes—we never minded her," said Jane laconically.

"I daresay Minnie and the rest will not mind this one either," said Helen, composedly picking at the braid of Charlotte's future travelling-dress. "If I should have a hundred children, I should never have them taught at home."

"I wish mamma would send me to school," said Minnie. "Charlotte had masters for everything, and I wonder why I should only have a governess—fancy me minding Miss Francis! I am sure she is afraid of me."

This redoubtable young lady was eleven years old, and the next eldest girl of the family.

"Well, never mind the governess. Are you sure to be married on Tuesday, Charlotte?" asked Marian Maurice. "You will not change your mind?"

"No—I suppose so," said the bride, stooping her head a little, and vacantly counting the folds of her muslin. "But," continued Charlotte, in the same breath, disposing summarily of this momentary shade of bashfulness, "you never told me—are you all to be dressed alike?"

"Well, Helen has pink ribbons and I have blue, and Marian will have nothing but white roses," said Jane Maurice; "but we are all the same except that. How silly to ask, Charlotte! as if you had not seen what we were to wear."

"Bridesmaids do not require to be dressed alike," said Helen. "I am sure at Fanny Allen's wedding there were all the colours of the rainbow. Charlotte, come and try this bonnet on. Isn't it pretty? When I am married, I shall have mine made just so."

"When I am married, I shall have mine in the fashion," said the promising Minnie. "You will all be old women then, whatever you do."

Incautiously coming within range of her sister's hand as she spoke, Minnie was fitly rewarded by a smart stroke, which reddened her white shoulders under her pinafore, but elicited nothing more than a little cry of defiance. This was Charlotte's mode of keeping discipline in her late dominions.

"If *I* was your mamma," said Helen Maurice, whose peradventures were all in this vein, "I should certainly send you to school."

"Then I wish you were my mamma!" cried Minnie. "Miss Francis! why, little Lucy Moore is as old as she is. I will never get my lessons to her; she is not much bigger than me!"

"Where does she come from, then, or how did Mrs. Disbrowe hear of her, Charlotte?" asked Marian Maurice.

"It was Angelina Roberts, who was at school with us, you remember, Helen," said Charlotte: "she married a curate in the country, and I wrote to her—I might have known she was always silly—so she sent us this little girl."

"How provoking! But can't you send her back again?" said Jane.

"I would never trust *my* children with a person who had no experience," said Helen Maurice with dignity.

"I am sure, if I were you, I should wait till I had some," said Charlotte, worn out of patience with her friend's careless fingers, which continued assiduously to pick at the braid of her dress and drawing herself up with the superior importance belonging to herself, almost a married lady, "Mamma ought to know what she requires, and she thinks this little girl will do."

Just then Marian Maurice put her arms round Charlotte, and her own sister Jane, and drew them nearer to the sofa with its load of pretty things. "Don't speak so loud," said this girl, who was gentler-hearted than her companions. "I see some one in the back drawing-room—a strange dark girl: is not that Miss Francis? Charlotte, dear, don't let her hear us speak of her; it is not her fault if she is so young."

And there were so many delightful collars and capes and handkerchiefs, so many mysterious under-garments, invisible to profane eyes at ordinary seasons, but exhibited in all their delicate workwomanship at this, to examine and commend; and Helen had to repeat so often that this and that were the very things she should have "when she was married," and Jane had so

many improvements to suggest, and Marian so many comments to make, that it was not difficult to forget the new governess. Meanwhile, a pair of dark eyes glanced upon this group from behind the drab settee with its green trimmings—tearless shining eyes, moved with neither grief nor anger, and only keenly observant, because it was their nature so to be. These eyes made no envious criticism, and neither sympathised nor condemned; but simply, out of their own different sphere, and far-away abstracted existence, looked forth, and looked on.

CHAPTER II.—MRS. DISBROWE.

It is not to be supposed that Mrs. Disbrowe is by any means an incompetent person, or an over-indulgent mother, by the *primâ facie* evidence of her daughter's independent manners. Just such a young lady as Charlotte was "Mamma" herself in her day, and softened and modified as she has become in her matronhood, she has yet no fault to find with the bearing of her eldest hope. But uncontrolled as Charlotte seems, the reins of this household are in a firm and unhesitating hand. There is no sort of devotion to each other between this mother and daughter. Mrs. Disbrowe is comparatively young herself, and has far too many personal objects in life to identify herself overmuch with her daughter; while Charlotte on her part sets up an unequivocal equality, and is not aware that she owes respect which is not looked for at her hands. With this easy amount of affection and indifference, they make a very good mother and daughter after their fashion; and the eyes of neither being much enlightened by the clear-sightedness of love, Mrs. Disbrowe finds no fault with Charlotte, and Charlotte is very well contented with "mamma."

It is Mr. Disbrowe's profession to be a lawyer, and it is Mrs. Disbrowe's profession to be Mr. Disbrowe's wife. To this business she has been trained, and she discharges its duties most conscientiously. Also, this lady is too sensible not to be kind-hearted in a measure: her servants are not oppressed, and her poor little nursery-governess, putting feelings out of the question, has no great cause to tremble. Mrs. Disbrowe's temper is moderately equable; her judgment is tolerably trustworthy—she would be shocked to find her daughter's room in extreme disorder, or her dress less handsome than her companions'. Charlotte's mind, however, is her own affair—her mother does not find it necessary to take any supervision of that; but, notwithstanding, Mrs. Disbrowe is a good mother, a good wife, the respectable mistress of a most respectable household. Thrift and economy are the Lares and Penates of Bedford Place. Mrs. Disbrowe would rather be guilty of a small sin than be thought poor; but she would rather be thought poor than extravagant. True, she can be liberal with a good grace when occasion is, and even profuse when there is any end to be served by it, and is never mean nor parsimonious at any time; but in her heart of hearts Mrs. Disbrowe is thrifty, and not only needs but loves all frugal arts.

"What is the use of speaking so much of Miss Francis?" said Mrs. Disbrowe when her visitors were gone. "I daresay she is not so young after all; so many people look younger than they really are;—I did, myself, before I was married."

"I suppose you must have been grown up when you were married, mamma," said Charlotte. "Such an idea!—it is not that she looks young—she looks a mere child!"

"Nevertheless, young ladies, I intend to try her," said the mother decisively. "You need not think I shall bear any nonsense, Minnie; however, Miss Francis is not *your* governess, she is only for the nursery. If she is a mere child, it is that foolish friend of yours, Charlotte, who is to blame. It *is* extremely provoking when one thinks of it—why did she undertake your commission at all?"

"So you *are* annoyed, mamma, after all!" exclaimed Charlotte. "I will not say a word now—only, why don't you send her home again?"

"Lottie," said the worldly mother, melting into the kindly woman, "it is not so sure that she has a home, poor little orphan child: I should not wonder if her aunt ill-treated her; at all events, I know she would rather starve than go back—she told me so. Ask Angelina who her aunt is, by the way, the next time you write; and this little girl is very modest and quiet, and I am pleased she does not undertake a great deal, and she wants no salary. She will be no expense to us, and no trouble. Yes, I shall give Miss Francis a fair trial."

"I wonder what is her Christian name," said Charlotte; "it looks so odd to call a child like this, Miss."

"There's a Z on her handkerchiefs," said Minnie—"such a pretty one, worked in gold thread, with a little wreath round it; and when I asked her if she could do that, she said 'No,' and turned away her head, and I think she was near crying. You don't think she looks like a Jewess, do you, mamma? for I can't remember any name that begins with Z but Zillah, and that is a Jewish name."

"I think she told me her name was Elizabeth," said Mrs. Disbrowe; "but you shall call her Miss Francis, Minnie,—do you hear? so it does not matter much to you what she is called at home. What are you going to do with that muslin, Charlotte?—you have only till Saturday, recollect; I expect everything to be ready then; and your dress will not make itself, you may be certain."

"Well, *I* can't do it, mamma," said Charlotte, pouting;—"there is always something to look after—one can't be in fifty places at the same time—and I want it so much too. Poor me, all my things are so useful! I have not a pretty morning-dress to come to breakfast in, and Edward likes me in pink—he told me so."

"Pink muslin looks pretty in November," said Mrs. Disbrowe: "never mind, it must be made, I suppose. There, now, it is past time for visitors. Get all your things away before papa comes home. Quick—Minnie will help you: Mr. Disbrowe thinks I am very foolish to indulge you so."

"And I think it's the greatest comfort in life," muttered Charlotte, with momentary ill-humour, as she carried an armful of her pretty dresses to her own room, "that I don't need to care what papa thinks after a week is over. Well, to think after Tuesday I shall never need to consult any one, never ask anybody's permission, always do what I like myself—Minnie, don't you think it's delightful?"

"I daresay!" cried Miss Minnie, ironically; "Edward will make you do what *he* likes. Oh, I am sure you need not expect to have your own way as you had at home."

"If he thinks I shall do as he likes, he is mistaken," said Charlotte, reddening; "oh no, one doesn't get married for that. Be quiet, Minnie, I'll tell mamma of you. I saw Helen Maurice picking the braid off my dress, and you want to finish it I think."

"I wish Helen Maurice may never get married," said the malicious Minnie; "how she does talk of it! Oh, listen, Charlotte, here is mamma."

But mamma passed by without entering, and happily closed the door upon herself in her own room.

In mamma's sensible mind a little controversy was waging. She was more annoyed than she chose to confess with the youthfulness of the newly-arrived governess. "People will think I cannot afford a better," said this prudent mother; but womanly pity and interest in the stranger had a strong ally and advocate in the leading principles of Mrs. Disbrowe's life. "I do not doubt in the least she will be very careful with the children, and then so cheap! She will cost us nothing," was the more important observation which succeeded. "Of course I will keep her in the nursery; and she is well mannered, and looks something like a lady, though she is odd and old-fashioned. People will think she is some poor relation of our own, and I don't care if it should be said so. Yes, I will keep Miss Francis."

Mrs. Disbrowe turned to her toilette. Her evening dress was quite as thrifty and well preserved as her morning one; and Charlotte's gloves and flowers cost as much in the year as her economical mamma's most expensive gowns. But this was from no foolish fondness or indulgence. The family ruler did nothing more than was necessary. The credit and "stand

ing" of the house of Disbrowe were quite as much at stake in Charlotte's ribbons as in the elder lady's more ample drapery—the one could preserve and be taken care of, the other could not; and Mrs. Disbrowe, wise in her generation, knew when to gather in, and when to scatter abroad.

The house was a tall London house—story above story, stair on stair—in which the "family," properly so called—to wit, the full-grown members and heads of the same, the visitors and friends of the house, all the people in it able to behave with due decorum—were interposed between the perpetual talk of the kitchens and the far-off storm of the nursery. Composed and placid weather—the meridian of commonplace good behaviour—was in the dining-parlour and drawing-rooms; but below, cook and housemaid and Buttons "sat upon" Bedford Place in general—a committee of public safety, great in the doings of number three and number seven; while above, a continual rattle of small musketry, with a great cannon booming now and then through the din, gave note of the infantine battalions, and of Nurse, their general-in-chief, who was either siding against one detachment in favour of another, or combating the whole refractory population with the energy and despair of a martyr. Mrs. Disbrowe, standing steadily before her mirror, hears echoes of all the various noises above and below, of a small skirmish between Charlotte and Minnie next door, and a tumultuous charge of all the infantry upon the devoted representative of maternal rule up-stairs. "No one knows the care of a family," said Mrs. Disbrowe's reverie; but she set her cap without disturbance, arranged her pink ribbon, and adjusted her stomacher. All very well for people to disturb themselves who are new to these experiences. Mrs. Disbrowe felt the reins in her hand, and did not care to dangle them always in the eyes of her unruly vassals; so mamma went down stairs again with her prompt air and active step, unwrinkled save for that one fold of care in her comely forehead—an embodiment of calm authority—a constitutional monarch, governing everybody according to her own will and pleasure, for the benefit of the house of Disbrowe, for the good preservation of credit and respectability, and the general welfare of the family. Mamma, with the eye of a statesman, looked to the main realities of government, and let the little riots wear themselves out.

CHAPTER III.—THE NURSERY.

The nursery is a large, light, somewhat low apartment under the roof, with two dumpy windows, and a little room containing the third, partitioned off at one side. In the clear light of this early winter day you see the bright woollen shawl and printed gown of Nurse, the irresponsible ruler of this lofty domain, full in the sunshine, as she turns her back to the window, and, resting her feet upon the fender, cosily enjoys the fire and her knitting. Nurse's gown is of a very gay pattern, and her shawl is of a brilliant check, lighter than ever Celtic fancy devised for everyday wear; from which tokens you may understand that Nurse's disposition inclines towards the brightnesses of life, and that there is nothing sour or uncongenial in this good-humoured potentate. A twinkle of that merry black eye of hers, and an exclamation from her lips, put you in possession of another fact—to wit, that Nurse is Irish, with brogue enough to corrupt the English of half-a-dozen nurseries. As it happens, Mrs. Disbrowe has few apprehensions on this score, and knows better than to lose a trustworthy and not expensive servant for the sake of her speech; so this Connaught woman has ruled above stairs in peace and in tumult for ten years, and all the little Disbrowes, of consequence, are learned in this kindly brogue of hers, which is "the Irish language" to them.

In the centre of the square of carpet which covers the middle of the room, sits a little girl, with long strings of ringlets hanging round her head in a shower, and veiled entirely in a great pinafore, which reaches from her neck to her ankles. The laudable occupa-

tion of this young lady is the demolishing of one of her newest toys—a barking dog, or rather a dog which will bark no more, as its pedestal has already been broken open, in a vain investigation for the origin of the sound. Sissy is a little girl of an inquiring mind, and can never be content with a result till she has searched out the cause.

Lying at Nurse's feet, sharing with a favourite kitten the ample skirt of her gown, and, unseen by Nurse, the clue of coloured lambs'-wool from which she knits her stocking, is a still younger Disbrowe than Sissy. Master Tom has an eye for mischief, and a rosy little face, glowing and merry, brightened all day long by universal favour and encouragement. However squally the weather may be, above stairs or below, to others of the household, Tommy is the happy one upon whom nobody ever glooms. Not mamma, when the little rogue drags her freshest ribbon—not Charlotte, when he pins her dress to her chair, as he did yesterday—not Nurse herself, did she look down and see what his rosy little fingers are busy with now. So, with happy fearlessness, Master Tom unwinds the worsted, and ravels it round his kitten's velvet paws. Pussie does not like it very much, and would scratch were the operator any but he; but even pussie owns the fascination of merry little Tommy Disbrowe, the pet and plaything of the house.

Sitting apart with dignified composure at a window, with a long strip of muslin between them, two little girls, exactly the same height, do their task of hemming with varying industry, very busy one while, and extremely idle another. The light comes in brightly over these two small heads, with their thick clustering curls of dark hair, short and crisp, and childlike—heads which seem perfect counterparts each of the other; and a most animated conversation, carried on under their breath, proceeds with less intermission than the task. The twins of the household are seven years old, mature and matronly, and a little prudish. Mamma does not stand one-half so much on her propriety as do Rosie and Lettie, these two small sisters, whom it will be prudent to call Rosa and Letitia, if you would propitiate their favour. These young ladies are heartily tired of hemming frills for Charlotte; yard upon yard have passed over their poor little pricked forefingers, and but for a strong sense of duty, Rosie and Lettie must have mutinied long ago. So the hemming goes on languidly, while the conversation rises apace out of whispers into subdued talk, and soon into talk which forgets to be subdued; so that even these little examples of childish dignity add something to the din of sound which fills this well-populated apartment every hour of the day.

For Harry, five years old, spins a humming top on the other side of Sissy; and Jack, eight and a half, in profound and abstracted silence, works away with a knife at a bit of wood, hoping to whittle a boat out of it by-and-by. Jack is very much too seriously occupied for speech, but Sissy's merry voice runs on in a continual current while she demolishes her toy. Tommy maintains a lively dialogue with his kitten. Harry apostrophises his top, and Rosie and Lettie, at length forgetful of auditors, carry on *their* running conversation now with perfect unrestraint,—add to all this the adjuration of Nurse to one and another, the kindly grumble and pathetic appeal with which she keeps up her supervision of this noisy commonwealth, and you may fancy how many agreeable varieties of sound blend in the distant hum of the nursery, and how prudent it is of Mrs. Disbrowe to close her ears as she goes down the stair.

"Oh, Lettie, don't you wish our Charlotte was married!" says, with a profound sigh, the little Rose.

"We always have to be doing something," answers her more philosophical sister. "To be sure, hemming is so dull; but Mamma says Minnie is thoughtless, and all the rest are children—there are only *us*, Rosie, to help mamma."

Somewhat comforted by this view of the subject, Rosie resumed the needle which had been resting in the interval. "Minnie is idle," said the little monitor; "Minnie ought to be as thoughtful as *us*."

The admirable dignity with which this *us* was emphasized was edifying to behold.

"Sissy, to be sure, is quite a baby," continued Rosie, with lofty kindness, "but I don't think when she grows up she will be more thoughtful than Minnie—and boys are always useless. Oh, Lettie, what we shall have to do!"

Lettie shook her head solemnly, and under the influence of this mutual condolence the hemming proceeded with steadiness for a full minute. Then the hands of the more volatile Rose once more dropped upon her knees.

"We never shall go to school now," said Rosie. "Do you think you shall like Miss Francis, Lettie? I do."

"How can you tell, when we never saw her till Saturday?" said the prudent sister. "I don't know till we begin school; but I don't think she can teach us like Charlotte: she might do for Sissy and Harry, and little Tom, but we are not such children now."

"No"—Rosie assented at once to this self-evident proposition—"but I should like to like Miss Francis, Lettie," said the little woman, who was soft of heart, "for she looks so sad."

"I like Miss Francis," cried Sissy, loudly. "I like Miss Francis, and I will learn my lessons and be good, and so will Tommy; for, Nurse, Miss Francis did not go to Minnie, or to Lettie, but she came to Tommy and me."

"It is because she does not know, if she likes the little ones best," said the wise and sedate Letitia.

"Sure, she'll like you all, every one, if you're good," said Nurse, the pacificator: "she's no better than a child herself, poor soul! but she's a woman to the likes of you. Ah, Master Tommy, my darlin', reason good, she should take to you!"

"Nurse can't see what Tommy's doing," said Harry. "Who says I'll learn my lessons to Miss Francis? I won't be taught by a woman! I'll go to school like other boys."

"Oh, Master Tommy, is that the way you're sarvin' your poor nurse?" cried the afflicted empress of the nursery, pathetically, "and me puttin' the *trust* in you and all! Sure and you wouldn't be a wicked boy—and your own little socks, darlin'—and pussie would be as glad of a bit of cord any day; give the pet your little dog, Miss Sissy,—you wouldn't refuse him, dear?"

But Sissy, as it happened, did refuse him, not having quite come to a decision herself respecting the origin of the bark, now ceased for ever. "My doggie won't bark any more," said Sissy, mournfully; "I'll not give him to Tommy. I'll put him away with my doll. Oh, Nurse, how did it go away?"

"What, darlin'?" Nurse bent down from her seat to gather up her ravelled worsted, and to listen to the little applicant.

"The bark—the bark!" cried Sissy; "I only made a hole here, and here—look, Nurse—and my doggie will not bark whatever I do. I can't see where it came from either, but he won't bark any more."

"He's kilt," said Nurse solemnly, "that's what it is, and it's all along of you, Miss Sissy. What would come of you, child, if some one would be making holes to see how your voice came? Never mind, Tommy love; and you, Master Henry, keep your whip away. I'll not have you frighten the darlin' child."

"I don't care!" cried Tommy, valiantly; "I can lick him though he is big, and Sissy too—come on!"

But Master Tommy's rosy fists were locked fast in Nurse's hands. "The spirit of him!" cried that admiring guardian of the public peace; "but you're all to be good—now you hear me—husht every one of you, and I'll tell you a tale."

This bribe produced an immediate lull in the din; and even Jack paused in his weighty occupation to listen to Nurse, famed as a story-teller beyond all praise.

"There was oncet two little boys, and they lived in a grand castle, and had lords and ladies serving of them night and day," said the veracious romancer, "and never ate their bread and milk out of less nor a golden porringer, and had the beautifullest fruit in their garden that ever grew, and rode upon ponies as white as milk, and wore silks and satins, and were the grandest in the land. Well an' you see there came a poor man to this great castle, all for to teach learning to the two little boys; and one said, 'I'll learn sure, of any one, for learning's good;' and

another said, 'He's only for the little children; he shan't never teach me.' So the one went to his plays and diversion, and the other to his learning and his books. There were great lords to ride and play with the one, and nothing but this poor man for to teach the other; and time went on, and time went on, till the two little boys grew up to be men.

"Now, husht, every one of you, and hearken to me. One of them came to be a great king, with all the country under his hand; and the other wandered here and there, and had neither a house nor a rood of land, and many a day little enough to put in his mouth for the hunger. Now, you, Master Harry, tell me which was the king, and which was the wandering boy?"

Master Harry fell back behind little Sissy, and gloomed at the story-teller, and made no answer. "I know!" cried Sissy, triumphantly; "the good boy that learned his lessons was the king. Oh, I know—and I'll be so good, Nurse, when Miss Francis comes to me."

"Is it true, Nurse—is it true?" cried Rosie, eagerly.

"What should hinder it to be true, Miss Rosie, dear?" said Nurse, with the air of an oracle: and as she wound up her ravelled thread, the gracious nurse vouchsafed another tale. It does not answer to award anything but the truest poetic justice when your audience are children. Nurse knew no other lore than that simplest sort which makes the good boy "live happy and die happy," and thus she invariably distributed her imaginary fate.

CHAPTER IV.—A FAMILY PARTY.

Mrs. Disbrowe's drawing-room, where the fire burns brightly, and the lamp is lit upon the family table, is by no means an uncheerful apartment, spite of those trimmings of drab and green, which cannot choose but look faded. The chandelier, solemnly erecting its seven white candles, unlighted, yet ready to be lit; and the broad mirror on the mantel-shelf, in which this chandelier surveys itself, scatter the light pleasantly through the apartment, which is, moreover, brightened up with many animated faces, as the family, in social kindness, take together their family cup of tea. Little Tommy Disbrowe, the central figure of the scene, lies stretched at his full length upon the soft, warm hearth-rug, played with by all and sundry his seniors who surround him; while studious Jack eats cake with devotion by his mother's side, and Rosie and Lettie hold a synod at the corner of the fireplace. That good-looking youth on the sofa holding Sissy on his knee is Mrs. Disbrowe's eldest son, the heir and hope of the house, who is nineteen, and wavers considerably between the gent and the gentleman. Leo is in his father's office, learning his father's profession, but not greatly improved by the society of other youths, like himself, in the same dusty *academia*. Mr. Disbrowe once upon a time was engaged in some business of the hapless princess Charlotte's, and so it comes that his eldest daughter bears her name, and that his eldest son is Leopold, though the royal godfather—if ever he thought of it at all—has long ago forgotten his name-son. To tell the truth, Mr Disbrowe himself has little memory now for the connection, and has even forgotten to be reminded of it by Leopold's Teutonic name.

A young man of five or six and twenty, tall, ruddy, and fair-haired, a well-looking and good-humoured Saxon, sits by Charlotte's side, as she presides at the tea-table. You must not suppose that the young lady blushes, or is at all discomposed by the near vicinity of her bridegroom, or the close approach of her marriage-day; but this is Edward Lancaster, Miss Disbrowe's betrothed. The bridegroom is much at his ease, and completely at home in the family; and he must be a good fellow, you perceive, for not papa's own indulgent hand is grasped with more eagerness by this happy little Tom; and Rosie and Lettie themselves unbend, and are gracious to their new brother. The verdict of the children is entirely in favour of Edward.

Mr. Disbrowe himself, the principal of all these personages, the head of the house, and origin of all its comfort—Mr. Disbrowe is content to be comfortable in his arm-chair, occupying one clear side of the domestic hearth. Papa's chair is the most luxurious of all the chairs; his slippered feet share the warm rug with Tommy; and in this time of family privacy he rejoices in the ease of a dressing-gown, and, closing his eyes, takes in the kindly warmth of the fireside, and the voices of his children, into his heart. More than this Mr. Disbrowe never pretends to do; he is a very trustworthy adviser in his office, but a most indolent monarch at home. "Mamma," the household autocrat, is as universally referred to by her husband as by the smallest denizen of the nursery. Papa comes home to be comfortable and enjoy himself; he is not to be troubled by anything that savours of business: business is for the office, enjoyment for home; so the arm-chair is wheeled every night into its roomy corner, the lion's share of the fireplace; and the room looks bright in papa's eyes, and he sees this circle of smiling faces, and steps into his slippers on these cold nights with the purest sense of luxury; while mamma, instead of grumbling to fill her throne alone, approves with quiet satisfaction, and thinks Mr. Disbrowe a very sensible man.

"Who do you think were here today?—all the Maurices, Leo," said Minnie, who, in a sudden fit of industry, sits with a book of hieroglyphics before her, looping a quantity of thread into a mysterious spider's net, and not to be disturbed even by the bustle of tea—"Helen, and Jane, and Marian, talking,—oh, you should have heard them!"

"Should I?" said Leo, carelessly; "would that have been for their benefit or mine?"

"Oh, Charley will tell you. Every word Helen Maurice said was what she should do when she was married," said the malicious Minnie. "I wish some of you boys had been there to laugh at her,—indeed I do!"

"Who are 'you boys,' pray?" said Leo: "as for the Maurices, I'd rather have the little one, though there's none of them worth looking twice at. Here, Sissy, open your mouth, and shut your eyes. I say, little one, what will you do when you're married?"

"I'll make Edward buy me a pretty pony," said Sissy promptly, "and ride all round every day."

"Round where, Pussie? and what will Edward have to do with it?" asked the elder brother.

"That is always what Charlotte says," said the free-spoken Sissy.

Charlotte put up her hand hurriedly to her small sister's rosy mouth, but the words were spoken; the bridegroom laughed with very gay good humour, and not without a little pride, and the bride blushed as she had not blushed that night.

"Papa wants some tea," said Charlotte hurriedly. "I wish you children would be quiet: Leo, will you attend to papa?"

"You children, and you boys! Upon my word, I am complimented," said boyish Leo, indignantly. "I say, Lancaster, isn't young Burtonshaw a friend of yours? I saw him not long since, and he had his little cousin, Miss Cumberland, with him: now that's a nice little girl."

"Mrs. Cumberland is very silly; I saw her once with mamma," said Minnie.

"How sad it would be for Mrs. Cumberland to know what Minnie Disbrowe thought of her!" said Leo, while mamma interposed with an angry "hush!"—"but I said Miss Cumberland, Burtonshaw's little cousin, a pretty little thing with long curls like gold. I don't like your old misses—your Helen Maurices, who talk of being married; a good little girl for me."

"Like Sissy, Leo!" said his little sister, holding up her pretty little face lovingly.

"Like Sissy!" said the youth, moved with simple affection: "just like my little sister. I like Sissy best of all."

"You may be sure Helen Maurice would never look at you," said Charlotte, interposing in defence of her friend. "Helen Maurice was a young lady when you had your first jacket—Oh, I recollect very well," continued the bride, forgetting that she defended, in the greater pleasure of having a

private thrust at her chosen companion, "she left school a long while before I did; Helen Maurice is quite an experienced person now."

"Don't be ill-natured, Charlotte," said Mrs. Disbrowe; "she is a very good girl, and your friend, and has helped you a great deal with your things, you know. I wish she *was* married, for my part, as she speaks so much about it, for there are a great many of them at home."

"There are more of *us!*" cried Minnie. "I will be Miss Disbrowe on Tuesday—I wonder if mamma will wish me married,—Rosie, and Lettie, and Sissy—all younger than I am, and there are only three of the Maurices. Papa, do you think they will wish me away?"

"Ask your mother, my dear," said papa placidly. Papa, to tell the truth, was half asleep.

"Minnie, be quiet," said the authoritative Charlotte. "Poor Miss Francis, I do pity her among you all."

"She is not my governess—mamma said so at least," said Minnie; "you need not pity her for me."

"Where is Miss Francis?" said Leo. "What do you do with her, mother?—is she never to be here?"

"She is with Nurse up-stairs—she asked mamma to let her stay," said little Sissy. "She does not like you, you are so rude and noisy; she only cares for Tommy and me."

"What a funny girl that is!—I wonder has she run away from anywhere," said Leo, "she looked so frightened when you had her here."

"Yes, Charlotte, I wish you would write for me, and inquire who her aunt is. We ought to know," said Mrs. Disbrowe, "though I dare say, poor thing, it was not for any fault she ran away; an aunt is not like a mother. I think they were not kind to her, poor child."

Charlotte shrugged her shoulders impatiently. "I have a hundred things to do, and no time," said the bride: "never mind her aunt, mamma, if she will suit you. Will some of you children ring the bell—more cake for Tommy? Is he to have it, papa?"

The invariable "ask your mother, my dear," was on Mr. Disbrowe's lips; but recollecting that the applicant was Tommy, papa for once exerted himself, and with his own hand served the little favourite boy. Then the circle dispersed—the bride and bridegroom to the back drawing-room for a confidential talk; mamma to her work-table, and all its heap of labours; the cadets of the family to the nursery, after a round of kisses and good nights. Papa stretched himself still more comfortably in his easy-chair; Leo yawned, and took a book; Minnie pored over her hieroglyphics: the pleasant hour of family intercourse was over for to-night.

CHAPTER V.—MISS FRANCIS.

The fire in the nursery, small but bright, is sedulously guarded by its high green fender; the light which burns on Nurse's round table is one sorry candle, and no more, in the full illumination of which stands her tea equipage—her white cups and saucers, and black teapot. In ordinary cases, it is a very solitary meal to Nurse, and she is not greatly the better in respect to sociability with the companion she has now.

Far different from yon ruddy happy kindly drawing-room in the Grange, with all its flush of home comfort and family associations, is this dim apartment in the highest storey of Mrs. Disbrowe's house in Bedford Place; far different from the Lady of Briarford, the fairy godmother of Zaidee Vivian's fancy, is homely Irish Nurse, in her bright printed gown and woollen shawl; but to Zaidee Vivian, at this moment, external circumstances weigh little, keenly conscious though she is of the stranger voices sounding from below, and of the unfamiliar walls that surround her. Everything is strange, cold, unknown. An unseen spiritual existence, walking this world among men whose mortal faculties were unconscious of its presence, could not be sensible of a more forlorn and utter solitude than is in Zaidee's heart. They speculate about her, all the inmates of this house; they wonder who she can be, and whence she comes, and by what strange chance it is that she has

become established here. One and all of them find some mystery in Miss Francis; but poor, young, desolate Miss Francis, who trembles like guilt every time she hears her assumed name, dwells apart and abstracted in this stranger household, scarcely roused yet to any wonder about them. Trembling at her own self-responsibility, sadly feeling in her inmost heart the want of some one whom she can ask what she is to do, and much confused and bewildered by the necessity of directing her own actions, Zaidee as yet lives in a maze, observing everything with her vivid senses, but taking no note of what belongs to herself. In other circumstances, had she been thrown by the natural pressure of poverty or helplessness into such a position, the chances are that, keenly alive to how they treated her, and on the look-out for slights and unkindness, Zaidee would have been as unhappy as it is an orthodox necessity for the reduced gentlewoman and home-sick girl to be. But the poor child's thoughts were otherwise directed: a painful sense of doing wrong; a strong necessity for consulting Elizabeth, or Margaret, or Aunt Vivian; a dreadful weight of guiltiness towards them all, oppressed her spirit. The same apprehension, simple and childish as it was, of some mysterious unknown consequence, which kept her from the bold deed of burning at once the will which was the cause of all her sorrow, made the simplest action of her life here a burden to her conscience. Wilful and wayward enough at home in her free days, Zaidee had an unspeakable horror now of transgressing, by the slightest hair's-breadth, her aunt's code of manners and proprieties. An invisible censor—her own wakeful and anxious conscience—stood by her night and day, and she had never been so solicitous to please her dearest friends as now, when she made up her mind that none of them should ever see her again. This superstitious obedience possessed this sincere and downright young heart so completely, that it even abridged the natural rapidity and impulse of her thoughts. She had to pause perpetually, she who had given up home for ever, to think what they would say at home—and rejoiced sadly that they could never find any trace of her, at the same moment in which she laboured assiduously to control her very thoughts into pleasing them. As she sits here, dark and silent, looking at Nurse with her shining eyes, it is not Nurse, or the depopulated nursery, which is most clearly apparent to the perceptions of Zaidee, far less is it Mrs. Disbrowe or the family circle down stairs. The voices of home ring in her ears, the faces of home haunt her vision; poor child, she makes so great an effort to overcome all her own desultory habits, to keep the little garret they have given her in good order, and to take care of her scanty wardrobe—to do all the things which Aunt Vivian, in despair, had long since protested nothing could ever make Zaidee do. Something has come to make her weep over these long-neglected precepts in an agony of eagerness to fulfil them, and that something is the same impulse which has driven Zaidee into this utter solitude—this dim and dreary world.

Yes, you would scarcely think it, looking round in the feeble light upon this low apartment, with all its odds and ends of furniture—its chairs and tables, transferred here when they were no longer good enough for any room down stairs—its arsenal of toys and playthings—its scattering of childish occupation and childish pleasure—that Mrs. Disbrowe's nursery could represent the world to any one. It did to this young exile and pilgrim: she did not analyse itself, or find out why it was so strange and cold to her; she did not think of herself as injured or unfortunate, or treated with unkindness; she only knew she was far away—a stranger—an orphan, and desolate. There was no complaint in her heart, but an infinite depth of sadness, a void and oppression hard to endure.

Zaidee could scarcely tell herself, if you asked her, how it was that she came to think of taking another name than her own. Some chance glimpse of the name of Vivian, in the bewildering streets through which she passed on her way to Bedford Place—a strong impression on her own part that only one of her own immediate family, or, at farthest, of Sir Francis Vivian's, could bear the name, and a sudden horror of being discovered by

means of it, seized upon Zaidee. Zaidee Vivian! She knew nothing about the *Times'* advertisements, or any other way except downright finding out, for laying hands upon a fugitive; but she knew enough to perceive that probably there was not another person in the country bearing her name. As she threaded her way wearily through these glittering streets, in which she did not lose herself, thanks to the quick and ready perceptions which no abstraction was sufficient to obscure, Zaidee, who left home without weeping, had very nearly sat down upon a step to cry over this unlooked-for tribulation; but she comforted her heart by falling at last upon her father's Christian name, and adopting that to serve her purpose. And Frank Vivian, when he christened his child in her Eastern birthplace, had given her the favourite female name of his family, in conjunction with the Zaidee, the name of his Greek wife; so that when, with a deep pang, and a strong sense of shame and guiltiness, Zaidee Vivian, her dark cheeks burning crimson, put away her own name and identity from her, and answered to Mrs. Disbrowe's inquiry that she was called Elizabeth Francis, there was still a small consolation in remembering that this was not entirely fiction, but that she had in reality a certain claim to both the names. But Zaidee's terror of herself, in her new circumstances—her horror of being quite worthy of the unqualified condemnation of Aunt Vivian, were increased tenfold by that act. She could not restrain her blush of guilt and self-humiliation when her new associates addressed her as Miss Francis; the remembrance came home to her poignant and bitter, a reflection scarcely endurable. She had not abjured her friends, her home, her family only, but she had abjured her very name!

"Eat a morsel, child; sure you'll die if you keep like this," said Nurse, starting from a long contemplation of Zaidee's self-occupied face. Nurse, from being a little jealous at first, had come to be very compassionate of the poor little governess.

"Do you think so, Nurse?" said Zaidee, with a little eagerness; "for I think myself it will be a long, long time before I die."

"And so it will, please God," was the response. "You wouldn't be but thankful to live long, and you so young? But how you're to keep the life in you, it's not for me to say. And sure I wish, Miss, dear, you wouldn't give such heavy sighs."

"Are they all very kind people in Ireland, Nurse?" said Zaidee.

Nurse's national pride was flattered. "Bless you, honey, and it's you has discrimination! Was it kind you said? Oh, then, in my country, if they'd but know you were friendless, they'd clean eat you up with kindness. Ah, Miss, darlin', you're young, but you've come through trouble—I see it in your face; and them that's solitary, and orphans, it's them that knows what kindness is."

To this effusion of sympathy Zaidee made no response. Perfectly spontaneous and natural as it was, Nurse unquestionably would have been pleased had her young companion become confidential; but confidence was not possible to the solitary child who carried her heart deep in her bosom, and could not expose its throbbings to a chance passenger. In her own simple soul, Zaidee had no perception of Nurse's curiosity, and her poor sad aching heart returned to its world of musings with a deep unconscious sigh.

Solitary and an orphan—so far Nurse was right enough; but no one save herself knew what a wealth of love and kindness she had cast away for ever. Few tears ever came to dim the wistful shining of those dark eyes, and nothing was farther from Zaidee's thought than any self-pity or lamentation over the lot she had chosen. Her mind was absorbed in quite another direction—in a visionary earnestness of endeavour to follow the rules of her old home, in an eager devotion to all the pursuits that had been followed there, and in a strange want of guidance and control, and dread of acting for herself. She had acted far herself in the one great crisis of her young life; that was possible, but oh! the dreary necessity of being her own director now.

CHAPTER VI.—AN EXAMINATION.

"Have you got any brothers and sisters?" asked Miss Minnie, abruptly.

"No." It was impossible to get anything but monosyllables from the lips of Miss Francis.

"And did you never have any, either? Well, I delare it's too bad; things are so unjust," exclaimed Minnie. "Some are *only* children, and have all their own way; and some are third or fourth among a whole lot, and never are cared for at all, except just among the rest. I should like to be an only child—isn't it fine?—but then, perhaps, your papa and mamma are poor?"

"They are dead," said Miss Francis, but without at all raising her eyes.

"Yes, mamma told us that," said the promising Minnie; "but I wanted to know if it was true. Why are you not in mourning, then?"

Zaidee had no answer to make—she sat immovable, chilled, and silent, and could not have spoken had Minnie Disbrowe's displeasure cost her life.

"Are you vexed?" said Minnie. "Oh, I assure you we shan't be friends if you get vexed so soon: you should see how I tease Charlotte, but she doesn't care. I say, are you glad to be in London?"

"Yes," said Zaidee, with a sigh of thankfulness.

"I wish you would say something else than No and Yes," said her interrogator. "Did you live in the country before you came here, and had you to work then, and did you ever teach little children? I wish you would speak like other people. I want to know all about you,—what did you use to do?"

With a blush of self-humiliation Zaidee answered in perfect simple sincerity, "I was only idle. I never cared for doing anything; but that was because I did not know."

"What did you not know?"

She made no answer. All this interrogation, which might have been very painful to another, was harmless to Zaidee. Now and then, when a question chimed in with her own vein of thought, she answered in her simple way; but her own mind was so much at work always that it had no leisure to attend particularly, or to be wounded by the conversation of others. Her abstraction lost nothing of what was addressed to her, but her ingenuous spirit went straight forward, and was not to be diverted into byways at another's trivial pleasure. At this moment her imagination recalled to her so vividly the brightness of that time when she did not know, that in her wistful gazing back upon that far-off happiness, Zaidee had no words to say to any one—no words to say to her own heart. Ah! that blessed child's ignorance, which was gone for ever—that unconsciousness of individual fate in which the youngest of the family rested secure, thinking of "We" only, never of "I"—now, alas! the family and all its fortunes were lost and far away, and this dreary I alone remained to Zaidee, the sole thing of which she could not disencumber herself. Friends and love, home and name, gone from her, you may fancy how her wistful eyes looked back to the time when she did not know.

"I suppose your aunt was very cruel to you," burst forth Minnie once again. "Well, I am sure I don't think mammas and aunts are so different. Aunt Westland is a great deal kinder than mamma is often. I am always glad when I have to go there. Was your aunt angry because she had to keep you always—had you a lot of cousins? I do so want to hear what made you think of coming away."

"I had to come away—I came of my own will," said Zaidee, quietly. "I thought of it because I wished to come."

"Well, how strange! they might have found something for you to do at home," proceeded Minnie; "but I daresay it must have been hard staying with your aunt, or you never could have come here. Mamma is to try you, you know, though you are so young; but *I* shouldn't like to

have all those children to mind. Did you go to school at home?"

Zaidee could by no means keep up this conversation—once more she answered "No."

"You couldn't afford to have a governess at home, could you?" cried Minnie, opening her eyes. "You must have learned something, or you could not teach the little ones. What lessons did you learn?"

"I only can read," said Zaidee, simply; "and I never learned that, I think. I can write, too, but not very well; and I wrote my copies by myself before I came here."

"And you never learned to play?" said Miss Minnie, "nor to sing, nor to draw, nor to speak French, nor anything? Upon my word! and you think you can be a governess?"

"Yes; I only can read, and write a little," said Zaidee with simplicity. She was not at all wounded nor angry; this was the truth—she had no accomplishments; and though she might sigh for the fact, a fact it was, and she never dreamt of disputing it.

"I never cared to learn anything," said Zaidee after a pause, a little wistful craving of sympathy impelling her to this volunteered confession. "I never thought of anything when I was a girl. A lady told me I ought to learn, and I intended to try; but then I found immediately that I must come away."

"And why had you to come away?" Minnie Disbrowe's curiosity was extreme.

"Nurse is an Irishwoman, too," said Zaidee. "I think they must have kind hearts?"

"Who must have kind hearts?" This sort of observation, striking away at a tangent from the main subject of conversation, puzzled the shrewd Minnie more and more.

They were seated in Charlotte's room, which was a back room, and the second best in the house, but, notwithstanding, a somewhat dingy apartment, with hangings not quite so snowy white as they might have been, and a sad confusion of "things" spread about on the bed, the table, and chairs. One or two drawers half open, and a heap of work upon the table, showed at once haste and carelessness; for Charlotte was one of the numerous class who, as she herself said, have always a hurry at the end. The end approached so very closely now that several last necessities had to be finished at railway speed; and woe was on the poor dressmaker, whom Miss Disbrowe pinned to that vacant chair, before which flowed the half-made breadths of her muslin dressing-gown. This unfortunate person had happily been compelled to go out for some indispensable piece of trimming which nobody else could match, and Minnie Disbrowe and her unemployed young governess were seated now as Rosie and Lettie were seated in the nursery yesterday, hemming, to the great disgust of the former, the frills of this gown. When their conversation reached to this point, Charlotte herself entered hastily. "The great wind of her going" fluttered these heaps of muslin like a gale. Her long full sweeping dress and careless movements made the greatest commotion in the quietness of this apartment. Charlotte was in a hurry, and her amiable young sister looked on with great satisfaction while first one piece of finery and then another, swept down by her hasty motions, fell upon the floor.

"I'll tell mamma of you, Minnie. Do you hear Miss Francis?" cried the exasperated bride; "I won't have you two gossiping and looking on while I am in such a hurry. I want that piece of white ribbon, and I want my glove-box. How am I to look through all these drawers, do you think, and Edward waiting for me down stairs? Minnie, do come and help me; and for goodness' sake, Miss Francis, don't stare at one, but get up and look for my ribbon! Where can these gloves be? I am sure all these things lying about is enough to put any one out of patience—people are so untidy—can you not clear them away?"

"It is not my business, and I am sure it is not Miss Francis's," said Minnie, making common cause with her companion. "Miss Francis came to teach the children, and not to work at your marriage things."

"The children have holiday till after Tuesday," said Charlotte, finding it better policy to be good-humoured. "Do help me—there's a

good girl—I am in such a hurry; one can't always help one's temper. You won't mind what I say, Miss Francis; and do look for my white ribbon."

Mr. Edward Lancaster down stairs stands in the middle of the drawing-room swinging about the parasol of his bride, and marvelling why Charlotte does not come. "Charlotte always has to be waited for," says Leo, shrugging his shoulders. "See what you have to look for, Lancaster."

"She has such a multitude of things to do, poor child," apologises mamma. Edward only laughs, and swings in his hands the little parasol,—he is not much disturbed by what he has to look for; for Edward is a good fellow, and honestly likes his bride, faults and all.

The drawers are all tumbled out, it is true, and the poor dressmaker finds a sad maze among her materials when she returns, but gloves and ribbons are happily found at last. Charlotte sweeps forth again, carrying in her train the talkative Minnie, and solitary Zaidee once more sits at work alone.

CHAPTER VII.—ALONE.

Zaidee Vivian—sitting solitary in this back room, with its one dim window looking out upon the expanse of other back windows, a dreary array of backs of houses, and long parallels of brick walls enclosing strips of soil, miscalled gardens—works at the frills of Miss Disbrowe's morning-dress, and is very glad to be alone. There is not much noise at any time in Bedford Place: it lies entrenched and safe in the heart of a great congregation of squares, and flanked by many similar streets and places of gentility, calm and grim and highly respectable, so that the sounds which find their way up here to the back bed-room, on the second floor, are faint and far-away echoes of the cries of merchandise, mixed with, now and then, the groan of a passing organ, or whoop of passing school-boy—distant sounds, representing almost as little the genuine roar of London, as did the rural noises of the Cheshire countryside. Charlotte Disbrowe's pretty things lie heaped around on every available morsel of space, and the long strip of pink muslin passes slowly over Zaidee's forefinger. There is a dreary hush and lull in her solitude; the present does not press on her, but glides over her like the muslin over her hand. Zaidee thinks of her home.

No, this is not thinking; she *sees* her home under its stormy firmament of cloud and wind; she sees the sunset blazing with a wondrous glory over the low dusky line of yonder sea. No parallelograms of genteel houses, but a flat breadth of Cheshire pasture-land, lies under the eyes of Zaidee. She is present in the Grange in her heart, and wots not of Bedford Place; and the bride is not Charlotte Disbrowe, but Elizabeth Vivian; the companion is her loving cousin Sophy, and not this presumptuous child; and as she lifts her eyes upon the scene about her, she thinks of Aunt Vivian's dressing-room, where there is a costly litter of lace and fine linen belonging to another bridal; and then of her own little chamber, as she saw it last in the doubtful chilly grey of the morning, with the red cross solemnly hovering in the dim light, and the white dress spread upon the bed. Not for nothing has this red cross signed the brow of Zaidee morning and evening as she knelt at her prayers, but she has never learned to make it emblematical. The sign of redemption, the type of those deepest depths of love and self-sacrifice which we cannot fathom or reach unto—to Zaidee Vivian it is but the cross in her chamber window, a mystic influence of which she cannot explain the import or the power.

Is Elizabeth married by this time?—had they a very great party at Philip's birthday, as Sophy wished?—would Mr. Powis be there to please Margaret, and Aunt Blundell to please no one?—had Percy come to London yet?—all these questions floated vaguely through her mind. The humblest morsel of intelligence, how gladly this poor child would have received it, and how she longed and hungered to know something of them all. And what if

Percy had come to London?—what if he should meet with her in this very street at Mrs. Disbrowe's door? Zaidee, who just now was pining for a word or a look from home, shrank with terror at the idea, and had almost vowed never to cross Mrs. Disbrowe's threshold, but to keep herself hidden in the nursery, where no one surely could find her out.

When Nurse came into Miss Charlotte's room, with yesterday's paper in her hand. This good woman had a great interest in news, and loved to hear what was going on abroad and at home; and Nurse, moreover, had the utmost veneration for a newspaper, and read it all from beginning to end whenever she could find and appropriate the precious broadsheet. But her eyes had a great trick of failing her when there were big words and "small print" in question; and glad to employ another pair than her own, it was the wily custom of Nurse to propitiate any "good reader" who fell in her way, by reading aloud to them in the first place, after her fashion, the first paragraphs which caught her eye in the newspaper. This required to be cautiously contrived when Minnie Disbrowe was the subject of the manœuvre; but there was less care needed with the unaccustomed governess.

"They're all in the garden, Miss, dear," said Nurse, "every soul of them, but Master Tommy, and he's with his mamma. Sure it's little quiet comes to my share—and I like a look at the newspapers when I can. You're lonesome by yourself,—easy, honey, sure I'll read the paper to you."

Whereupon Nurse began at the beginning—the proper place, and, as it happened, read aloud, with many blunders and elaborate spellings, some of those suggestive advertisements which sometimes throw shadows of family tragedy over the world of lighter matters which fill the columns of the great daily journal—appeals to some beloved fugitive, entreaties for return, and assurances that all was forgiven. Zaidee listened with a silent wonder; these advertisements were like glimpses of other worlds revolving in a similar orbit to her own. Other people there were, then, compelled to flee from home, and friends, and comfort. Her heart expanded with a wistful sympathy. Simple Zaidee knew nothing of guilt or disgrace involved in these unknown stories—she only fancied that they might be like her own.

"Poor soul!" ejaculated Nurse, "but sure it's me that has the weak eyesight. Read it your own self, Miss, and I'll take the bit of hemming, dear: here, honey—there's all the news in the world in it, and it's fine exercise reading. Sure and you'll let me hear."

And Nurse put the paper into Zaidee's hand, and pointed her eagerly to the spot she had paused at. "It's a child lost, poor little soul!" Let's hear about her, Miss, for the pity. I've cried for such many's the day.

Unsuspectingly Zaidee looked on the paper; in a moment her cheeks flushed with their dark rich colour, her eyes filled with tears, her voice was choked. It was not the careful description of Zaidee Vivian, the reward offered for intelligence of her, that smote first upon her heart,—it was words addressed to herself. This great public paper, brimful of the daily doings of the great world, conveyed a cry of love and tenderness to her, earnest, pathetic, anxious. As she read it, her head grew dizzy. She seemed to see a little crowd before her—Aunt Vivian, with Sophy's pretty face full of tears, appearing over her shoulder, and Margaret and Elizabeth at their mother's side. "Zaidee, child!—dear Zay! come home to us again," said the paper; "we would lose a hundred estates rather than you. Zaidee—Zaidee, come home!"

It was as much as she could do to restrain the great cry which burst to her lips. It seemed to her an aggravation of all her previous sin against them that there she sat fixed and silent, and dared not answer. A host of burning words rushed to her tongue. She involuntarily raised her arms; but Zaidee must not throw herself upon the ground, and cry aloud for blessings on them—must not say their names, or weep, or do anything to betray the passionate emotion which seized her at sight of these words. But though she could restrain herself from either words or tears, she could not control the chok-

ing voice, or force herself to read or speak to the humble observer who sat beside her. The paper was between Nurse, whose eyes were bent upon the hemming, and her young reader; but such a world of interval there was between the youthful swelling heart, and that tame elder one, worn into calm and commonplace, of whatever fashion her youth might have been.

"Sure it's entertaining," said Nurse at last, with some offence in her tone. "When you're done, Miss, darlin', I wouldn't mind taking a look at them bits of news myself."

But hints were strangely lost on Zaidee. She was so perfectly in the habit of saying what she meant herself, that an indirect reproof glanced off from her simplicity harmless. And her heart was full of strong and primitive feeling. She had no space in it for secondary emotions, for trifling talk or querulousness. Perhaps Zaidee might not have had sufficient self-denial, had she thought of it, to make a great effort for Nurse's amusement; but she did not think of it—she thought of nothing but this dear voice of home, which echoed into the depths of her heart.

The puckers drew together on Nurse's good-humoured brow. "Young folks and old, there's ne'er a one of them better than another," said Nurse. "Every soul looks to itself, and never a one to its neighbour. Do you call that religion? nor charity neither?—and some is so high, they wouldn't stoop to do a good turn to the like of me. Sure and your eyesight's flitter for Miss Charlotte's hemming than mine. I'll thank you for the paper; it's me own."

Zaidee looked up hastily, and it was impossible to misinterpret the cloud on Nurse's face.

"Are you angry?" she said earnestly. "Have I done wrong? But, Nurse, your face is always kind. I am glad when I look at you, and I have no one in the world now to tell me what I am to do."

"Poor soul!" Nurse was mollified. "What had the like of you to do leaving home? Is it angry you say? There, honey, read a bit of the news, and we'll all be friends again."

Zaidee was almost as uninstructed as Nurse herself, and as reverential of the newspaper; and with a strong effort, and a heart beating high with scarcely suppressed excitement, she began, like Nurse, at the beginning. A great deal of heavy reading she had to get through, toiling conscientiously at the newspaper, and very thankful was she when at last an interruption came; but she saved the precious broadsheet for her pains, and carried it to her attic with her. Full of all the imperial interests of the civilised world, great movements, great intelligence, commerce, and science, and government, but to Zaidee Vivian more precious by far—it was a letter from home.

NOTES ON CANADA AND THE NORTH-WEST STATES OF AMERICA.

The impressions of a traveller visiting the United States of America for the first time are so totally unlike those which he has experienced in the course of his rambles in the Old World, that he at once perceives that, in order to the due appreciation of the country he is about to explore, an entire revolution must be effected in those habits of thought and observation in which he has hitherto indulged He finds that, instead of moralising over magnificence in a process of decay, he must here watch resources in a process of development—he must substitute the pleasure of anticipation for those of retrospection—must be more familiar with pecuniary speculations than with historical associations—delight himself rather in statistics than in poetry—visit docks instead of ruins —converse of dollars, and not antique coins — prefer printed calico to oil-paintings, and admire the model of a steam-engine more than the statue of a Venus. He looks on scenery with an eye for the practical, as well as the picturesque; when gazing on a lovely valley or extensive plain, he discerns at a glance the best line for a railway; and never sees a waterfall without remembering that it is a mill-site.

But if it is necessary for a stranger to become imbued with go-ahead notions, in order to travel profitably in America, a corresponding frame of mind is only to be expected from those who read the results of his experience and observation; it is indeed always some consolation to him to feel that, however imperfectly he lays these before the public, the rapid progress of the country affords him the advantage of giving new facts and new figures, which may form premises for new inferences, and sources of interesting speculation.

It is perhaps fortunate that the change to the smart mode of thinking, to which I have alluded, is not made so suddenly as it might be; since, by watching the more gradual advancement of the Eastern States, we may be in some degree prepared for the almost incredible increase in wealth and population of those farther west—and be better able to appreciate a mushroom city on the Mississippi after visiting a seaport on the Atlantic.

It is only natural that Americans should imagine that foreigners visiting their country should be as interested in its development as they are themselves. I had not been an hour in Portland, the principal commercial city in the State of Maine, and perhaps one of the best specimens upon the coast of a go-ahead seaport, before I observed a paragraph in one of the three papers daily published there, to the effect that "the fleet of magnificent ships now lying in our bay or at our wharves, is the most attractive object to a stranger which our city affords." As a stranger, then, with a taste for shipping, I may be permitted to observe that there were forty ships built at Portland last year, registering 22,873 tons, or more than one-third of the total amount registered in the whole Union during the same period. Its exports consist at present chiefly of lumber, ice, fish, &c.; but the future mercantile prosperity of Portland depends not on the produce of the State in which it is situated, but upon the transit trade which must pass through it, now that it is connected with Canada and the Far West by railways, and with Liverpool by steamers. It is situated upon a narrow but hilly promontory about three miles long, which juts into a deep and capacious bay studded with green islets;—these, while they are a most charming feature of the scenery, form an admirable breakwater, and are so numerous as entirely to shut out a view of the sea from the town. From the highest point of the promontory, however, a most enchanting prospect is obtained. On the one side a richly-diversified county, watered by fine rivers, and where countless lakes glisten amid dark pine-woods, extends to the base of the White Mountains, which rise to a height of six thousand feet and form a noble background; on the other lies the bay set with its green gems, and with the broad Atlantic beyond.

This trade has assumed a most important character since permission to

pass goods in bond through to Canada has been granted. Some idea of its increased extent during the last five years, at Boston, may be formed from the following figures, which show its value, in 1850, to have amounted to £27,240, and in 1855, to £1,326,055. If, as is anticipated, the proximity of Portland to Canada, and the excellence of its harbour, which never freezes, attracts the larger share of this traffic, it is evident that in this respect alone it will prove a formidable rival to Boston, from which it is distant about a hundred miles. In addition to the Canadian trade, it is quite possible that the rapidly developing provinces of Wisconsin, Illinois, Michigan, Indiana, and Minesota, may choose it as the outlet for their products; but it is impossible now to form any estimate of the probable value of these.

A considerable coasting trade is also developing itself between Portland and St. John's, New-Brunswick, and powerful steam-vessels now run four times a-week between these ports.

But while Portland offers so many advantages in a commercial point of view to the merchant, it is by no means devoid of attractions to the tourist. The town is remarkably clean and well laid out; there are avenues of trees in most of the streets: these are composed of handsome and comfortable houses, which, if the place continues to increase as it has hitherto done, will soon cover the entire peninsula. Portland has nearly doubled its population within the last fifteen years, and now contains about twenty-five thousand inhabitants.

After "the stranger" has followed the advice of the newspaper, and been to inspect the shipping, and the instincts of his own nature by going to look at the view, there still remains an inducement for him to linger a while in the city; and this, if he is a man of taste, would be the most powerful—for Portland is celebrated for the beauty of the fairer portion of its inhabitants. If, however, Quebec be his destination, it may be consolatory to him to know that the shipping there is just as numerous, the views just as enchanting, and fascinations of another sort just as irresistible; and the traveller must be a novice indeed if he has not discovered that, in order really to enjoy his vocation, he must depend more upon the variety and intensity of the sensations in which he indulges than upon the length of their duration.

It takes about fourteen hours to get to Quebec by the railway, which has just been opened; and during this time, if our stranger takes advantage of the liberty which is allowed him, by the peculiar construction of American cars, of walking about in them, until he comes across an intelligent Yankee, he will be able to discuss with him the merits of the line, and pick up some information about the country through which it passes. At first it runs through a well-populated district, past fields of Indian corn, oats, potatoes, hay, &c.; then it follows the course of the Androscoggin into the White Mountains, winding up romantic glens, along the shores of secluded lakes, through dense pendulous forests, as though a mountain six thousand feet were not the slightest obstacle to a locomotive in search of the picturesque, and which consequently disdains to bury itself in a tunnel. Of course the traveller does not at first fully appreciate the beauties of mountain scenery which he traverses like lightning, and sees through a dirty pane of glass; but in America he learns to be as smart at this as at other things, and before he leaves the country he can enjoy a landscape which he glides past at the rate of thirty miles an hour, as easily as digest a dinner which he eats in seven minutes and a half.

The woods consist chiefly of pine, oak, beech, and birch, and it is evident that the vast forest opened up by means of this railway must prove a source of great wealth to the inhabitants; while the line itself must benefit extensively, by affording so ready a mode of conveyance to the sea, of timber from the interior.

Indeed these results are no longer matter of speculation. Already the magic influence of steam communication has made itself felt. The population inhabiting a hundred and fifty miles of the country through which this railway now passes, did not, in July 1853, exceed three hundred persons. It has increased tenfold within eighteen months, and it is now up-

wards of three thousand. These are chiefly settlers of an active and energetic class, engaged almost exclusively in the lumber trade. No less than twenty-eight saw-mills have sprung up, and many more are in process of erection,—the reciprocity treaty lately concluded by Lord Elgin having operated as a powerful inducement to timber speculators to commence operations upon such advantageous terms, and under circumstances which cannot fail to secure a handsome return upon their capital and labours. In addition to this important item of traffic, it is probable that, as this line offers greater facilities for the conveyance of Canadian produce generally to Boston, than do those which connect Montreal with that city *viâ* Lake Champlain, (since it is not exposed to the inconveniences arising from opposing interests), a large portion of this trade will be diverted along it; while the completion of the Victoria Bridge over the St. Lawrence at Montreal will enable the produce of the North-western States to reach the sea by a route which is infinitely the shortest, and which will only involve one transhipment. The journey from Montreal to Boston will be made this summer in fourteen hours. The distance from Portland to the Canadian frontier is about a hundred and fifty miles. This portion of the line has been leased by the Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada.

At Richmond, fifty-four miles on the Canadian side of the frontier, the line divides—one branch going to Montreal, the other to Quebec. The character of the country, after leaving the White Mountains, until we approach the banks of the St. Lawrence, is somewhat monotonous; it is one boundless forest. Sometimes an acre or two of stumps marks the industry of some enterprising settler; but stiff, uninteresting pine-trees are everywhere, either forming interminable avenues or log cabins.

But if the process of passing from the United States into Canada be somewhat dreary, it only enables the traveller to appreciate more highly the scenery amid which the present seat of the government of that province is placed. As, however, its merits have received justice at the hands of innumerable travellers, I shall present Quebec rather under its social than its picturesque aspect, and describe the manner in which the surrounding scenery should be enjoyed, instead of the character of the scenery itself.

We are so much accustomed in England to associate the idea of an active, pushing Anglo-Saxon population with the North-American Continent, that it is somewhat startling to find oneself transported in a few hours from the broad regular streets of a New-England city into the narrow winding lanes of an old-fashioned French town, composed of lofty steep-roofed houses, and to exchange for the precise and somewhat formal manners which still characterise the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, the grace and vivacity of our Gallic neighbours.

A large proportion of the inhabitants of Quebec of course are English; but the blending of the two races, which has resulted from this mixed population, has only served to bring out more strongly the favourable points in each, and to create a society of a most agreeable description. The lower town is chiefly devoted to business and the lumber trade, the upper to pleasure and politics; both sections are remarkably well adapted to their different purposes. In the lower, the river near the wharves is deep, and during summer the broad bosom of the St. Lawrence affords accommodation to a forest of masts, and a desert of rafts. In the upper, people live so close together that the most distant party is round the corner, and it does not take ten minutes to hunt up a recusant member of the House of Commons, on the occasion of a near division. During the gay season, between these pursuits the excitement may be very well sustained. A Canadian M. P. may turn out the government in the morning to go to their constituents, and his tandem in the afternoon to go to a pic-nic. Nor need he ever be at a loss for evening entertainment with which to relieve the tedium of a late sitting. But the house itself is a fashionable resort. The galleries of the present Legislative Assembly Chamber hold more than the body; on the nights of interesting debates they are generally filled

with the fair sex. Thus an opportunity is afforded of moving the House and the galleries at the same time — an achievement in which younger members much delight. These said galleries are always very convenient; we may now take advantage of them to inspect her Majesty's faithful Commons of Canada in Parliament assembled. There are a hundred and thirty members; the upper and lower provinces are equally represented. The French and English languages are used indiscriminately in debate, the majority of the Lower Canadian members being French. The present speaker is a Frenchman. The Ministry are composed, as nearly as may be, of Upper and Lower Canadians in equal proportions. Sir Allen M'Nab, a name celebrated in the history of Canada, is the premier — he is the leader of the old conservative party of Upper Canada; his colleague, Mr. Morin, is the leader of the French reform party of Lower Canada: from which it is evident that it is a Coalition Ministry. It fortunately does not fall within the limits of this article to discuss the nature of its policy or its permanency, much less the peculiar combination of circumstances which called it into existence; it has succeeded, under the judicious administration of Lord Elgin, in passing two most important measures, the Clergy Reserves and Seigniorial Tenure Bills, and now rejoices in what in parliamentary phraseology is termed a "good working majority." In addition to the reformers and moderate conservatives, a large proportion of the ultra-reformers of Upper Canada support the Ministry. It would be somewhat tedious to describe the various shades of political opinion represented in the assembly, or to discuss the merits of the different "tickets" upon which members have "run" at divers periods, and which, to a stranger, are sometimes a little incomprehensible. I looked with some curiosity upon a gentleman of whom I had read in the newspapers during the last general election, that he had "swallowed the whole clear grit platform, and a plank or two over." Mr. Hincks, the late premier, is perhaps the most remarkable man in the House; with a strong will, capacious lungs, and a mode of expression more pointed than polished, he possesses great qualifications for influencing a somewhat democratic assembly, and giving due effect to his undoubted talents, while their value is considerable enhanced by a large personal following. But here everybody aspires to lead a party, however insignificant; there are all sorts of "ites" and "ists." It is wonderful to hear how many members indulge themselves in the belief that they have tails, which are found wanting on the day of trial. There is no mistake, however, about that flourished by the member of Montreal; it is indeed the only one worthy of notice, rather on account of its colour than its dimensions: it is called the *Rouge* party, and is composed of enthusiastic young Frenchmen of that species of ardent temperament which, in young ladies at the same period of life, manifests itself in a desire to enter nunneries, but which, with the other sex, takes an opposite development, and finds expression in socialist opinions and black beards. They are the representatives here of that class which was called into existence upon the continent of Europe by the tyranny of despots, whose yoke in 1848 they so nearly succeeded in breaking, and their principles are manifestly utterly inapplicable and nonsensical in a country enjoying the freest form of government extant. There is always some respect due to views, however extreme, which are entertained at great personal risk; but here ultra opinions may be ventilated with impunity; and if they are combined with the rationalism of Germany, and the flippant scepticism of France, the mixture of small beer and *vin ordinaire* thus produced is certainly not an agreeable compound.

With this unimportant exception, however, the sentiments of the Canadian House of Assembly are those of the great mass of the community, both in the Upper and Lower Province, and are thoroughly loyal. Indeed, no better proof of this can be found than in the vote of £20,000 recently subscribed to the Patriotic Fund, to be applied in equal proportions to the relief of the sufferers in the allied armies.

Mr. W. Lyon Mackenzie, of rebel notoriety, without a vestige of a tail, sits opposite his quondam enemy, Sir A. M'Nab, perfectly reconciled to his lot and the mother country; and, both unwilling and unable to disturb the existing order of things, he playfully alludes to those foibles of his youth, which so nearly cost him his head; and exercises the powers of endurance he still enjoys by making interminable midnight orations of the most innocuous description.

The period of four years during which Quebec, upon the system of an itinerating legislature, has been the seat of Government, is just about to expire; and the next Parliament will, it is said, meet in Toronto.

From this change Quebec must suffer, in a social point of view, to some extent. The permanent residence there of the Governor-General has always insured to the inhabitants a certain amount of gaiety; and they have ever shown themselves ready to follow a lead so much in accordance with their own inclinations. It is, however, to be observed that, from the comparatively remote position of Quebec, and its hitherto great difficulty of access, society there has been thrown very much upon its own resources, and is consequently very independent on the score of amusement. As it is, moreover, composed of families which have been long resident in the place, there is an absence of that restraint and conventionality which is necessary in towns more exposed to the inroads of new-comers. And certainly there are in Quebec the strongest possible temptations to be sociable. In addition to the facilities of intercourse afforded by the intimate relations in which people live, and which render evening parties more particularly agreeable, there are all sorts of romantic spots in the immediate neighbourhood, only waiting to be visited under romantic circumstances; and nothing can be more delightful than the reunion of the sentimental and the picturesque which these expeditions involve. It is, indeed, vulgarly supposed that, in order to appreciate nature in a correct and orthodox way, one ought to be alone with it, perched on some dizzy cliff, like Napoleon at St. Helena, wrapt in meditation and a military cloak. But as for enjoying the works of creation at a pic-nic, the idea is scouted as preposterous and Cockney, particularly by those who have never seen really fine scenery at all. For my own part, I have been as much overwhelmed with the wonders of Niagara, sitting on the grass at the edge of the Falls with a large and merry party eating turkey and drinking champagne, as impressed with the majesty of the highest mountain in the world, as viewed from the summit of a snow-clad peak in the Himalayas, and with a ragged peasant, with whom communication was impossible, for my only companion. If the scenery be of the highest order, it will assert its influence under any circumstances; and those who require solitude in order to render them sensible of the emotions it is calculated to inspire, cannot really possess a keen susceptibility.

If the scenery be second-rate, a great deal depends no doubt upon the temper of one's mind as affected by external circumstances. A thorough good-humour is an essential requisite to the enjoyment of a pretty view; and I pity those, therefore, who think that a fine day, a well-stored hamper, and pleasant company, spoil it. The Quebec world would not intrude upon their solitude. Let him, then, that is not influenced by any such prejudices adopt, in the true spirit of a traveller, the custom of the country he is in, and he must have been fortunate if, in the course of his wanderings, he ever met with one to which it was more easy at once to conform, than to the method of going to pic-nics in Quebec. If it be summer or autumn he must provide himself with a light waggon, the seat of which will accommodate two persons comfortably, and is placed upon a body shaped like an oblong tea-tray, which in its turn is supported by four very high wheels, so constructed as to insure an upset to those who are not experienced in the art of turning a vehicle the front wheels of which will not pass under the body. Under these circumstances, it is only prudent for the stranger to have somebody with him to give advice in cases of emergency, and he is therefore, doubtless

out of compassion for his ignorance, provided with a fair companion capable of giving the necessary instruction, as well as of directing his attention to objects of interest on the way. It will be his own fault, of course, if he profits so much by his lessons as ever to be able to drive to a pic-nic by himself, and has not to the last day some point of view still to be made acquainted with. Thus provided, his will form one of a train of waggons containing couples similarly engaged; and in their company he will drive through a charming country, past long straggling villages composed of neat white cottages, and boasting substantial churches, with tin-covered spires, and containing a population of simple French *habitans*, whose whole appearance and costume will transport him in imagination to a rural district in that country from which their ancestors sprang; for the descendants of the Norman *emigrés* have retained their primitive manners and feelings to an extent which in this unnaturally progressive country is refreshing to the stranger to behold, however unprofitable it may be to themselves. They look happy and contented enough, however, as they gaze on the cortège of waggons which follows the banks of the mighty St. Lawrence until it reaches the lofty falls of Montmorency or the Chandière, or turning into the interior, through the Indian village of Lorette, and over its romantic bridge, winds up glens and through variegated maple-woods, until the contents are safely deposited upon the grassy shores of Lake St. Charles.

But a winter pic-nic is a far more interesting proceeding than a summer one. If it is difficult to turn a waggon, it is infinitely more so to turn a sleigh, and there is therefore proportionately greater need of the same sort of assistance. There are some novices, indeed, so ambitious as to begin at once with a tandem; but this is a sign of the greatest inexperience, as, perched upon a high tandem-box, it is impossible to reap benefit from advice, when all you can see of the person who gives it is the top of her bonnet, and all you can hear of her voice is a gentle murmuring stifled under a mountain of furs. Such imprudence will probably meet with the consequences it deserves; but a low single horse-sleigh is a safe and delightful conveyance. To return from a pic-nic in one of these upon a clear frosty night, protected from the sharp still air by soft luxurious furs, with a moon so mischievous and brilliant, and innumerable stars, "pinnacled dim in the intense inane," to light up the sparkling snow; to glide over the glassy roads, waking up the sleeping echoes with harmonious sleigh-bells; to accompany their music with still softer tones to one who can sympathise in the emotions evoked by such gentle influences, is to experience, in a novel and irresistible form, sensations which are always delightful. But I am treading upon beaten ground: every traveller who has visited Quebec has indulged in reminiscences of this sort, more or less vivid,—none more so than the author of *Hochelaga*, who, to judge by his glowing descriptions, seems to have learnt the art of sleighing under the most favourable circumstances.

But the act of going to or coming from a pic-nic, does not constitute its only enjoyment. There is a great deal to be done in the interval. Romantic people tramp off through the snow to see how their favourite summer haunts look, clothed in the icy garb of winter; unromantic people fly down precipices in toboggins; hungry people adjourn to the house of a habitant, where they find a large, scrupulously clean room, with a warm stove, and a table covered with the luxuries they have brought with them. Finally, everybody dances quadrilles to the tunes of Canadian boat-songs, played with great fervour by the village fiddler.

For the benefit of the uninitiated, I must endeavour to explain the accomplishment of toboggining, which can scarcely be acquired in less than two pic-nics. It is simply the descent of a Montagne Canadienne instead of a Montagne Russe. A toboggin is an Indian *traineau* of birch bark, turned up at the end, and in its proper capacity pulled over the snow by a squaw, loaded with her husband's chattels, while he walks in front. With us civilised easterns the order of things is reversed: the lady, instead of pulling the toboggin (which

is quite flat and level with the snow), sits upon it; the gentleman gets as much of his body as he can upon the space that remains behind her, which is not above two feet square. He then tucks one leg under him, and leaves the other trailing upon the snow behind, to act as a rudder. This arrangement takes place on the brow of a steep hill, and is no sooner completed than the gentleman puts the whole in motion by a vigorous kick from his disengaged leg, which sends the toboggin on its downward course with rapidly increasing velocity, until it is either upset by bad steering, or buries itself and its occupants in a drift, or speeds far over the smooth surface of the snow after it has reached the valley.

But we must not forget the principle upon which we bade adieu so abruptly to Portland; and it is time, if we have any of the philosophy of an old traveller still left, to seek some new excitement;—to exchange the luxurious ease of Quebec for a rough life in the backwoods—to become practical instead of sentimental—discuss the material prosperity of the province instead of its social attractions—and see whether any other means exist of communicating ideas as silently and instantaneously as glances. We can make an investigation into the latter point at once, as, if we are on our way to Montreal, it will be prudent to telegraph for rooms; and our visit to the office will afford an opportunity of observing how much better managed, and consequently how much more used, the electric telegraph is in Canada than in England. It is 180 miles from Quebec to Montreal, and the charge is only sixpence for ten words, with a half-penny each additional word. There were consequently no fewer than 86,545 messages passed along the line in the first ten months of 1854. The Montreal Telegraph Company has about 1500 miles of wire in operation, along which 242,868 messages passed in 1853. The passenger communication between Montreal and Quebec has always hitherto been in summer by steamers on the St. Lawrence; and in winter, when the river is frozen over, by sleighs. Now a railway is completed between the two cities. As, however, it runs along the south bank of the river, the difficulty attending a winter traject of the St. Lawrence operates as a serious inconvenience. To him, however, who is simply in search of the novel and the exciting, this is rather an advantage than otherwise.

The morning I left Quebec, the thermometer stood at 26° below zero. A dense fog shrouded the river, which, as we stood upon the bank, became condensed, and fell in a thick shower of hoar-frost. We got into the canoe upon the wharf, stretched ourselves at the bottom thereof, were muffled up to the eyes in furs, and as our friends crowded round the long narrow receptacle, and I looked up at their melancholy countenances, I felt excessively as if I was already in my coffin, and was only waiting to be let down. Presently we are let down with a vengeance; there is a rush down the steep bank, followed by a grating over the rough ice, then a plunge into the river, and we are so wrapt in fog that we can see nothing a yard from the canoe. The boatmen are fine muscular men, in shaggy beards and coats, who sing the old songs of the Canadian voyageurs, except when they are too much occupied in groping their way through the mist. At last it partially clears, and, we find ourselves surrounded by floes of ice. Huge masses are jammed and squeezed up into fantastic shapes, to a height of ten or fifteen feet. We edge our way through the narrow lanes of water between the ice-fields, following a devious course, sometimes breaking through a thin crust of ice, until our onward progress is altogether arrested; then the voyageurs jump out, and pull the canoe upon the ice, while we remain resigned at the bottom of the boat, and rattle us over the jagged surface of the floe until we reach open water, when we are again launched, and, at last, to our great gratification, find ourselves pulled up under the steep bank at Point Levi. If the tide be running down, it often happens that canoes are carried many miles below Quebec, and the unfortunate passengers not unfrequently spend the whole night struggling amid floating ice. Under favourable circumstances the traject does not take above half an hour.

The railway which connects Montreal with Quebec is part of the Grand Trunk, destined before long to be the great central highway of Canada. It is to be ultimately extended to Halifax, and at early date to Trois Pistoles, a town 150 miles below Quebec. A great portion of the traffic which has hitherto been carried to Montreal by the river, will now find conveyance by this line. But it is beyond that city that its influence will be chiefly felt. The journey into Upper Canada by steamboat is tedious in the extreme. The beauty of the Lake of the Thousand Islands, and the occasionally picturesque scenery upon the banks of the St. Lawrence, scarcely compensate for the delays at the canals, except to a stranger; and even he would do well so to arrange his tour as to descend the river, and thereby not only avoid this inconvenience, but substitute for it the excitement of shooting the rapids in a steamer, when he will experience, upon a large scale, sensations with which he is familiar, if he has ever threaded the western rivers in a bark canoe.

By the present mode of conveyance, it takes, under the most favourable circumstances, twenty-one hours to reach the town of Brockville from Montreal. When the railway is completed, the time occupied in this journey will not exceed four hours and a half. Branch lines are proposed, which will connect the most important places on the St. Lawrence with the district now being rapidly developed upon the Ottawa. Indeed, a line is already open between Bytown, or, as it is in future to be called, the city of Ottawa, and Prescott.

But the most wonderful work now in process of construction, upon the Grand Trunk Railway, is the Victoria Bridge at Montreal.

I shall borrow the description of it given by Mr. Ross, the chief engineer of the Grand Trunk Railway. "It will consist," says that gentleman, "of a wrought-iron box 20 feet deep, 16 feet wide, and about 7000 feet in length; supported at intervals of about 260 feet by towers of stone, and open at both ends to admit of trains passing through it, and made of sufficient strength to carry six times the heaviest load hitherto known to travel on railways in this or any other country."

I chanced to be present when the late Governor-general of Canada, Lord Elgin, laid the foundation-stone of the second pier in this wonderful series. It was a ceremony which derived its interest no less from the magnitude of the undertaking, of which it was almost the commencement, than from the singular circumstances under which it took place. Upon the stony bed of the mighty St. Lawrence, 16 feet below the surface of the river, a large group of persons stood dryshod, protected from the rushing torrent, which swept round them, by the massive sides of a gigantic coffer-dam, to the joists and beams of which clung workmen and spectators, waving their hats, and vociferously celebrating an occasion fraught with such important consequences. The design of this unrivalled structure is the production of Mr. Robert Stephenson, whose shrewd perceptions at once recognised the incalculable advantages to be derived from such a work, and whose scientific mind devised the means for its execution. It is only necessary for a moment to consider the extent of those commercial relations which are at present maintained between Canada and the United States, and which must increase tenfold under the benign influence of reciprocity, and to remember that this line must be the highway from the North-western States of America to the seaboard of that continent, to enable us to perceive how vast must be the traffic across a bridge at which several of the most important railways in Canada meet. Fears were entertained that the Victoria Bridge would be unable to sustain the weight of the ice in spring, but the experience acquired during this winter sets that question completely at rest.

Instead of taking the steamer from Kingston direct to Toronto, the tourist would do well to spend a day in visiting Belleville. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the singularly-formed Bay of Quinté. For eighty miles he follows the windings of this magnificent sheet of water, at every turn disclosing some new charm: now past well-cultivated shores swelling gently back from the water's edge, where

settlers, long since attracted by the beauty of the situation, the fertility of the soil, and the convenience of water-carriage, have planted themselves, and where comfortable farms, well-stocked orchards, and waving fields of grain, attest the existence of a large and thriving population, and add to the attractions of nature the agreeable accompaniments of civilised life; now a deep bay runs far into the interior, and the numerous white sails with which it is dotted are certain indications that at its head there is a prosperous town; while occasionally lofty wooded banks rise abruptly, and give a bolder character to the scenery. I ascended one of these, to visit a singular tarn about two hundred feet above the level of the bay, called the Lake of the Mountain. It has no known outlet, and is only separated from the brow of the hill upon which it is situated by a ridge a few yards across. From this narrow ledge a singular view is obtained. Upon the one hand, and on a level with the spectator, the little lake lies embosomed in wood; upon the other, he looks down upon a labyrinth of devious channels, forming part of the eccentric Bay of Quinté, and intersecting in every direction a richly diversified country, sometimes gleaming behind maple woods bright with autumnal tints, sometimes encircling extensive clearings. Certainly Prince Edward's county, on which this lovely spot is situated, is highly endowed by nature; and the U. E. Loyalists, who have made it their home, have displayed unexceptionable taste.

The town of Belleville is pleasantly situated at the mouth of the Moira, near the head of the bay, and owes its prosperity in a great measure to the lumber trade. It has increased very rapidly within the last few years, and now contains a population of nearly eight thousand inhabitants. Its rival, Trenton, is also becoming an important place. Great quantities of timber are floated down the Moira and Trent, and conveyed to Oswego and the American towns upon the south shore of Lake Ontario. A canal is projected across the narrow isthmus which divides the Bay of Quinté from the Bay of Presqu'ile on Lake Ontario. Its formation would involve but a trifling expense, being only two miles in length, while an immense saving of distance would be effected in water communication between the towns on the Bay of Quinté and those on the north shore of Lake Ontario. A good road, traversed daily by a stage, connects Belleville with the town of Coburg, the country on both sides being well cultivated. The clearings, however, do not extend to any very great distance into the interior, where the land is said to be of very fine quality; and to this district, doubtless, now that nearly all the land in the more western counties of Upper Canada has been taken up, the tide of emigration will soon be turned. The price of land has already risen thirty per cent in the townships along this road; and when the Grand Trunk Railway is opened next year, a more rapid development of their resources must speedily follow. Coburg is the most important port on the north shore of Lake Ontario, before ariving at Toronto; and a railway is now completed from it to Peterborough, a town thirty miles inland, situated, however, upon a river which is navigable for steamers, and down which countless lumber-rafts are annually floated. A railway has been chartered to connect Peterborough with Gloucester Bay on Lake Huron, a distance of ninety miles through an uncleared country. It is impossible to say what the effect will be of the facilities for exploration which these lines will afford. Nothing can demonstrate more certainly the growing prosperity of the province, than the fact that the inhabitants are improving and extending with the utmost vigour their means of internal communication, and that in many instances the railroad surveyor is the first man who blazes a tree in forests hitherto almost unexplored.

The voyage from Coburg to Toronto occupies between eight and nine hours. The country between these places is thickly inhabited, while the population of Toronto itself has increased with wonderful rapidity within the last few years. In 1830 it scarcely contained 3000 inhabitants: the population now exceeds 45,000. The progress which Toronto has made during this short period, is only

significant of the advancement of the province of which it is the capital. The population of Upper Canada has increased within the last six years from 800,000 to 1,400,000; and it is not too much to predict, that within ten years the whole of that vast tract of country lying west of a line drawn due north from Toronto to Lake Huron will be cleared. I travelled, during a residence of some months in Canada, over a great part of this district, and everywhere found the most striking evidences of the advance of civilisation. Whether we turn to those statistical tables which show the annual influx of emigrants within the last five years, or to those which mark the revenue of the province during the same period, we shall meet with results which cannot fail to establish the fact of its extraordinary progress in wealth and material prosperity.

It would indeed be difficult to point to any country which offers greater attractions to the intending emigrant than does Canada at the present moment. With a vast extent of territory, clothed with magnificent forest, and watered by noble rivers, possessing a fertile soil, contiguous to one of the largest markets in the world, which is ever increasing, and to which it has a free and unrestricted access, the capitalist here finds a profitable field for investment; while the prospects of the labouring classes are still brighter, if we may believe the report of Mr. Hawke, the chief emigration agent at Toronto, from which the following paragraph is an extract:—"Blessed with so good a soil and climate as Upper Canada possesses, and favoured by Providence with a long and uninterrupted succession of good harvests, there is no country where the labouring man can find more constant employment and remunerative wages, in proportion to the expense of living." The two principal sources of employment for unskilled labourers are upon railways, or in the lumber trade.

But in addition to the inherent resources of the country, it must derive great benefit, and be materially assisted in its progress, by the proximity of the North-western States of America, whose vast mineral, as well as agricultural productions, are likely before long to render them eminently powerful and wealthy; and they will then exert an influence which cannot but contribute to the prosperity of a neighbouring province. It is scarcely necessary here to contrast the condition of Upper and Lower Canada, or to enter upon the various reasons which render the former section of the province the most eligible field for emigration. The traveller seems in a few hours to have passed from an old country into a new one, from a comparatively stagnant into a rapidly progressive state of things; and there is as great a difference between a town in Normandy and one in Yorkshire, as between Quebec and Toronto. I did not stay long enough in the latter city to be able to judge whether the social habits of the two places presented as striking a dissimilarity, but the life of its bustling active population seemed rather that of business than of pleasure. Determined, therefore, to preserve intact my agreeable recollections of Quebec, and anxious at the same time to enter upon new and altogether untried scenes of excitement, I was chiefly occupied during my short stay here in making those preparations which they seemed to require, and in laying in a stock of comforts, which certainly were not to be obtained on the head waters of the Mississippi.

There are few sensations in the experience of a traveller more enjoyable than that of preparing for his journey. There is so much of anticipation in it, so many speculations as to what is likely to be wanted, such a delightful uncertainty attending every purchase, such delicate discrimination required in choosing the most available articles, and packing them in the smallest possible compass, that one feels committed, by the very importance and deliberation of one's proceedings, to carry out, in defiance of every obstacle, a tour which has involved a certain amount of trouble and expense, so that the ignominy may not be incurred of possessing an unused outfit, which should ever after remain the record of a failure.

It is the feeling that every additional article procured is, as it were, an earnest of adventure in the wild life to which it is adapted, which pro-

duces pleasure; and it almost seems as if the first step on the journey had already been made when the preparations for it are completed. Under these circumstances, one of the most important items of comfort is an agreeable and congenial travelling-companion. Perhaps he ought to have been put before the tea, the rifles, the tobacco, and the tent, as he is probably a joint proprietor in those articles; while, as he is neither to be procured upon such short notice, nor to be got rid of so easily, if unsuitable, as the other luxuries, it is of the highest importance that his qualifications should be undoubted, or he is better left behind. However, this is merely speculative. I have never, in any country, been unfortunate in my experience in this respect. In my American wanderings I was particularly well off; and it was with a most agreeable companion that about the middle of July, last year, I left Toronto by the northern railroad on my way to the North-West.

I have seldom seen a more smiling, prosperous-looking district than that through which we passed on our way to Lake Simcoe. Substantial farmhouses, with neat well-built offices, were planted in the midst of orchards and gardens, and afforded presumptive evidence that their thriving occupants had reaped many rich harvests from the acres of waving cornfields through which we sped, and upon which not even a stump was left to remind the railway traveller how short a time had elapsed since the solitary Indian was the only wayfarer through the silent and almost impenetrable forests that then clothed the country. Now, there is little to distinguish it from many parts of England. Snake fences are certainly not so agreeable a feature in a landscape as hedgerows, and there is an unfinished look about the cultivation, and a want of economy of land, which would probably scandalize an English agriculturist. However, although land has become very valuable in most of the counties of Upper Canada, it is not yet so precious as to call for an increase of the same ingenuity for rendering it elastic which is practised in our own country. Canadian farms seldom exceed three hundred acres in extent. The Northern Railroad has been recently finished as far as Collingwood, a harbour upon the south shore of Georgian Bay, sixty-six miles from Toronto, and which it is expected will become a considerable port. The prospects of the railway depend to a great extent upon the success of a scheme for the formation of a town at this point, as the through traffic from the northern lakes, now that the canal at the Sault St. Maria, and which connects Lake Superior with Lake Huron, is completed, is estimated at £80,000. This, in addition to the local traffic, will make a total of £136,000, and, if we are to believe a late report upon the subject, give a dividend of 14 per cent. The present earnings are said to be £15 per mile a-week; and this larger amount, if we remember that it is the great outlet for the fertile counties of York, Simcoe, and Grey, is quite possible. While, therefore, it is an important line in opening up a very largely producing district, it can scarcely, under any circumstances, fail to be a profitable one to the shareholders. The average railroad fare in Canada, for first-class passengers, is about two cents per mile, where the distance is over one hundred and fifty miles; for shorter distances, it is about three cents per mile.

In two hours and a half we reached Grasspoint, a village upon the shores of Lake Simcoe, where a small steamer was waiting to convey us to Orillia. The lake is studded with islands, and its shores are prettily wooded and well settled, though the scenery is nowhere striking. A channel so narrow that it is spanned by a bridge connects Lake Simcoe with Lake Couchiching. Passing through it, we wind among wooded islands until we reach the beautifully situated settlement of Orillia, containing a church and a number of neat white houses and stores, altogether a perfect specimen of a backwood village in rather an advanced stage.

We found the little place in a state of considerable excitement. The general election was going on throughout the country, and we happened to arrive at Orillia upon polling-day. Anxious to see how the suffrages of backwoodsmen are taken, I visited the polling-booth—a mere log cabin—and

there saw two gentlemen, leaning listlessly back upon their tilted chairs, behind a rickety table, picking their teeth, and listening to the process of cross-examination, to which a voter was being subjected. To judge by his appearance, his qualifications were certainly doubtful. He was utterly unlike the sturdy yeomen who surrounded him, and some of whom were making jocose comments upon the somewhat evasive nature of his replies; while others were applauding the dexterity with which he met the questions of his examiner, and the tone of lofty contempt with which he treated his insinuations. He was dressed in a remarkably seedy black tail-coat, buttoned tightly over the chest, with trousers of the same colour, and of even greater antiquity, tucked into a pair of dilapidated Wellington boots. He had a red bandana handkerchief tied loosely round his neck, and a dirty shirt-collar fell negligently over it, exposing a short thick throat. His eyes were small, and full of mischief; his nose short—the part that was turned up was scarlet. He twitched a straw spitefully between his thin lips, and gave his hat a more knowing cock when about to make an ironical observation at the expense of the candidate, who was sitting opposite to him, and disputing his qualifications. He looked like a cross between a needy curate and an unsuccessful blackleg. His sausage-like arms and thighs were clerical, but he had sporting extremities; and I was still speculating upon his probable calling in life, when he proclaimed himself a veterinary surgeon. Those who know the genus will admit that a Canadian "Vet." is scarcely to be outwitted even by a member of that peculiar breed, said to be the sharpest in creation, "an American Jew of Scotch extraction;" and, therefore, it was not to be wondered at that this free and independent elector triumphantly recorded his vote, having utterly routed his accusers: and being thus satisfied myself as to his respectability, I retired with him and his clear-grit companions, to celebrate his success at the bar of the village tavern. On our way we discussed the chances of the rival candidates, and I was surprised at the want of interest manifested by my companions in the progress of the elections; they seemed to be actuated in their votes rather by feelings of personal regard than by any political principle, because, as they averred, there was no such thing in existence. They did not believe in "tickets;" laid it down as a general rule that no man went into Parliament who had not some private interest to serve; and therefore supported him, not for the sake of certain views, but because they wished success to a popular man in the line of life he had chosen, and were not so unreasonable as to expect consistency when it stood in his way. It is not difficult to account for this apathy among Canadian constituents. The material prosperity of the country is too great to be checked by any policy pursued by Government, and thriving settlers in the backwoods are perfectly indifferent as to the proceedings of the legislative bodies, and excessively bored by general elections. When, however, they do occur, in the exercise of their privilege and good-nature they vote for their friends, not having more respect for their principles than these gentlemen ordinarily have themselves. The day, however, is not far distant, when a crowded population will render greater circumspection necessary. It was only natural that, holding such liberal political sentiments, all parties should fraternise very cordially in the gin and tobacco atmosphere which pervaded the bar-room of the little inn, and we joined the group in self-defence, for their conviviality towards evening rendered sleep an impossibility. Those influences, however, which are powerful to excite in the first instance, not unfrequently in the end produce a sedative effect; and after they had developed themselves here by the ordinary amount of maudlin embraces, or quarrelsome encounters, people were sinking insensibly to slumber under and upon tables, or in convenient corners, when there was an alarm given that our hostess had been seized with cholera, that being at this period a prevailing epidemic throughout the country. It would be uncharitable to say that, upon hearing this news, a gleam of satisfaction lighted up those countenances that were not previously ren-

dered entirely unexpressive by whisky; but certainly I never again wish to be placed at the tender mercies of a more incarnate vixen than this dame had proved herself to be. We had all in turn suffered from her villanous temper; and it was now suggested that it had turned sour on her stomach, and thus produced the disease under which she laboured. Such, in fact, proved to be the case. Having tormented her customers in various ways during the day, she now finished by pretending an attack of cholera in the kitchen; a fact which I no sooner discovered than I slipped into the only unoccupied bed in the house, the very one in which she was accustomed to repose her own weary limbs, as a judgment upon her for refusing me accommodation when I first demanded it. My friend shared the landing of the stairs with a puppy of a sleepless disposition, and which he was obliged periodically to kick to the bottom for taking unwarrantable liberties with his feet.

On the opposite shore from Orillia, and about five miles distant, is the Indian village of Rama, composed of neat wooden houses and a church, and containing a population of Chippeway Indians. The tribe here owns a considerable block of land, a comparatively small portion of which, however, is cultivated, as the private sources of revenue of which the tribe is possessed enables the members to indulge their indolent propensities; and, utterly devoid of enterprise, they are content to live upon their annuities, or to add to them only in cases where their more limited amount renders individual exertion for this purpose necessary. The Red Indians in Canada derive the principal portion of their revenue from the sale of those lands which they own as reserves. These, they are very reluctant to part with; and although they are valueless now for the purposes of the chase, they still love to wander through those forests which, in days of yore, formed the hunting-grounds of their forefathers, and to paddle in their bark canoes along the well-settled margin of lakes formerly visited by them in the exercise of their right of savage proprietorship. Now, however, as this part of the country becomes more thickly populated, the aborigines will be compelled to cede to the insatiable settler acre after acre, until, congregated in villages, and dependent for support upon their pecuniary means alone, they will gradually lose their savage tastes and roving propensities, and, in spite of their natural indolence, may, it is to be hoped, by being subjected to a proper educational system, and a judicious superintendence on the part of the Government, become qualified to assume the functions and responsibilities of civilised members of society. In the mean time, so long as they remain in a semi-civilised condition, a gradual decrease must continue; and as their entire number throughout the province does not exceed 15,000, they will form but a fraction of the great Anglo-Saxon community. We engaged two bark canoes and some Indians at Rama, for the purpose of going upon a fishing expedition down the river Severn, to Sturgeon Bay, a settlement upon the south shore of Lake Huron, where we hoped to pursue our voyage in a more civilised manner, amid the wooded islands of Georgian Bay to Lake Superior. Our experiences, however, upon this journey are reserved for a future number.

CHARLES DICKENS.

THERE are a great many matters of public complaint and animadversion in which the word "class" comes in as a very objectionable adjective. Class legislation, class favour and preferment, and exclusivism,—how universal and loud is the voice of the unbenefited world against these guilty things! But it is not always noble dukes and premiers—it is not only peeresses and lady patronesses, who entertain this natural yet offensive partiality for the members of their own circle; even in St. Giles's there is an aristocracy, and the lowest deep of all burns with discontent at the class legislation of Seven Dials. Though it is true, and happens not unfrequently, that aspirants born in one region seek their way upward to another, Mr. Brown or Mr. Jones, though he thrust his person successfully into the hallowed air of nobility, has much harder ado to wrench his thoughts out of their ancient range, or dissociate himself in idea from the class of which perhaps he is ashamed. The weakness is a universal weakness. Few and rare are the cosmopolitans of existence. We men and women of to-day are very limited people, with all our sciences and knowledges; and instead of standing on one broad common ground as human creatures, brothers and sisters to each other, we are all, more or less, inhabitants of such and such a street, keeping so many servants, and paying such a rent for our houses. That one of us who has five thousand a-year has perhaps a great respect for the other who has five hundred; and he, in his turn, recognises, without hesitation, the excellent qualities of his poor clerk who has but fifty. What then? "We are in a different class of society," say respectively these respectable gentlemen. They are both potentates in their way—enviable, sufficient, well-appointed Englishmen, whose incomes, and honours, and appearances, are part of their identity, and who, neither of them, could well recognise the naked primitive creature who only *wears* these vestments of social position for himself. This living centre of their greatness is certainly the foundation of all, and the first object of care and tenderness; but every man among us feels, notwithstanding, in his secret heart, that it *does* require all these wrappings and habiliments to make a Mr. Jones or a Mr. Brown out of the original nameless human creature, without a greatcoat and without an income, who stands upon the primary standing-ground where there are no classes, and where all men are alike.

It does not need this argument, or any other save his own great gifts and powers, to account for the great popularity of Mr. Dickens; nevertheless, we cannot but express our conviction that it is to the fact that he represents a class that he owes his speedy elevation to the top of the wave of popular favour. He is a man of very liberal sentiments—an assailer of constituted wrongs and authorities — one of the advocates in the plea of Poor *versus* Rich, to the progress of which he has lent no small aid in his day. But he is, notwithstanding, perhaps more distinctly than any other author of the time, a *class* writer, the historian and representative of one circle in the many ranks of our social scale. Despite their descents into the lowest class, and their occasional flights into the less familiar ground of fashion, it is the air and the breath of middle-class respectability which fills the books of Mr. Dickens. His heroes are not the young men of clubs and colleges—not the audacious youngsters of Eton, nor the "awful swells" in whose steps they follow. Home-bred and sensitive, much impressed by feminine influences, swayed by the motives, the regards, and the laws which were absolute to their childhood, Mr. Dickens' heroes are all young for a necessity. Their courage is of the order of courage which belongs to women. They are spotless in their thoughts, their intentions, and wishes. Into those dens of vice, and unknown mysteries, whither the lordly Pelham may penetrate without harm, and which Messrs. Pendennis and Warring-

ton frequent, that they may see "life," David Copperfield could not enter without pollution. In the very heart and soul of him this young man is *respectable.* He is a great deal more; he is pure, a thoroughly refined and gentle-hearted boy; but his respectability is strong upon him. His comings and goings are within a lesser circle than are those of his contemporaries whose names we have mentioned. He cannot afford to defy the world's laugh, or to scorn it. That he has, moreover, no relish for these excitements and investigations — that his course is clear in the common beaten way — and that he has "a carnal inclination" to be good and virtuous, are other considerations; but in his sphere he would be instantly branded with the evil mark of dissipation and disreputableness, were he seen once in the company which the young man about town of a higher rank may go to see with impunity, as students of natural history go to see the new arrivals of reptiles or beasts of prey. In the society of Mr. Dickens' admirable stories, there is no such thing as going to the Haunt of nights and coming from thence uninjured. There is no such thing possible or permissible in the class and society which Mr. Dickens draws. When the young man there steps aside into such forbidden ways, he goes irretrievably astray—sinks out of character and respectability—and becomes a very poor wreck indeed, a warning and beacon to all the David Copperfields. For society down below here, in the third or fourth circle of elevation, is more exacting than that grander and gayer society which calls itself "the world;" and while the multitude of novel-writers set themselves to illustrate, with or without a due knowledge of it, the life of lords and ladies, and the gay realms of fashion, Mr. Dickens contents his genius in the sphere in which we suppose his lot to have been cast by nature, in the largest "order" of our community — the middle class of England. Having identified himself with this portion of society, and devoted his powers to its illustration, this grateful public carries its novelist in its heart; and without denying in any way his claims to that higher genius which can give life and breath—the truth of nature, if not of conventional correctness — to every impersonation of its fellows, we cannot do justice to Mr. Dickens without recognising this, his first and greatest claim to our regard, as the historian of a class—the literary interpreter of those intelligent, sensible, warm-hearted households, which are the strength of our country, and occupy the wide middle ground between the rich and the poor.

This middle class in itself is a realm of infinite gradations, and the term has perhaps a different meaning in the lips of every different individual who says the words; but we take it in its widest sense. From the squire whose acres are too few, or his family too recent, to rank among the aristocracy of his country—and from the merchant, who is not rich enough to be a millionaire, the scale fluctuates and descends to the poor curate, the poor clerk, the poor teacher, who have just enough to live honestly, to struggle through debts and incumbrances, and keep—if only by an arm's length—the wolf from the door. To this vast and struggling mass, the great majority of which—every man for himself—earns his own bread, and wins his own fortune, there are laws more limited, and decorums more strict, in form and use, than the easier and loftier circle above them has need of. There is less daring and more timidity. There is the weaker spirit, which finds in what it doubts and trembles at, an evil and contamination which does not exist to the gay and light heart; and there is neither time nor energy to expend in unnecessary adventures. Knowledge of life must be learned here, not in experimental studies, but in the actual combat; and the day's work and the night's rest limit the ways of every man who would keep his place in the constant march. As a consequence, this class does not abound in picturesque situations, and sometimes the meaner vices grow and flourish where respectability and the strong grasp of appearances keep grosser sins away. But nowhere does the household hearth burn brighter—nowhere is the family love so warm—the natural bonds so strong; and this is the ground which Mr. Dickens occupies *par excellence*—

the field of his triumphs, from which he may defy all his rivals without fear.

It is an old story now, which everybody knows, that tale of poor Seymour's drawings, and of the young man, the modest new star just risen upon the literary firmament, who was supposed a likely person to "do" the letterpress for the benevolent publisher. Poor Seymour and his sketches very soon came to an end; but not so the *Pickwick Papers*. The great reputation of the author was established at once, beyond doubt or question, by this first notable work of his; and few of his younger readers now know what were the *Sketches*, by Boz, which made the single stepping-stone between obscurity and fame for their young author. Since then the story of his fortune is one almost uninterrupted triumph. His real and great merits have given him a secure place with the worthier portion of his audience, and his very weaknesses and exaggerations have established him in the favour of others. It is to him we owe that form of serial publication which has added so largely to the number of readers, and the success of individual authors. He has his host of followers, his crowd of admirers, like any other great man; and he has assumed a leader's place not only in literature, but in the world, in morals, in philanthropy, in questions of social interest. Mr. Dickens has unveiled himself from that personal obscurity which softens so gracefully the presence of a great writer. He has ceased to speak his strictures or to pronounce his approbation out of that mist of half-disclosed identity which becomes the literary censor. He is less the author of *Pickwick*, of *Copperfield*, of *Bleak House*, than he is Charles Dickens; and we confess that we cannot regard him with the same affection or the same indulgence in the latter character as in the former. The man who is not content with giving to the world many admirable pictures of its own living and breathing progress —who is not satisfied with his power of creating a real man, a real woman, and throwing upon these creations of his genius that ideal purity and generous grace which ought to be the very highest aim of the writer of fiction—this man must do something better than indifferent and doubtful pieces of philanthropy and social reformation, before he can hope to establish for himself—the *man* as separate from the *writer*—a second reputation. From the author who has conferred a great many pleasures upon us — who has added so largely to our acquaintance, and given us so many types of real and individual existence with which to enrich our mind and conversation— we are prepared to receive everything with the respect which he merits; but our relative positive is very different when we come to be placed opposite, not the writer, but the man. Mr. Dickens is the favourite and spoiled child of the popular heart. There is a long ring of applause echoing after him wherever it pleases him to go; but for the sake of his great and well-deserved reputation, we think it would be well for Mr. Dickens to discover on which foundation it is that he stands most secure.

And in this volume before us, the latest work he has given to the world —*Hard Times*—we discover, not the author's full and many-toned conception of human life, its motives and its practices,—not the sweet and graceful fancy rejoicing in her own creations, nor the stronger and graver imagination following the fate of her complete idea, rather as a chronicler than a producer of the events which its natural character and qualities call forth,—but the petulant theory of a man in the world of his own making, where he has no fear of being contradicted, and is absolutely certain of having everything his own way. We have seldom seen a more lamentable *non sequitur* than *Hard Times*. A story written in direct illustration of some preconceived idea is seldom successful as a story. Beyond an Eastern apologue, a distinct and professed allegory or parable, fiction breaks down when it is bound within these certain limits, and compelled to prove and to substantiate a theory. This, which is the proper work of reason, is by no means the business of the poetic faculty, and Pegasus is too restive a steed to be bound to the plough; but in this case the theory is so overstrained and unnatural, the cause is so perfectly inadequate to the results

attributed to it, that the original objection increases tenfold. The name of the book and the period of its publication alike deluded the public. We anticipated a story, certainly sad —perhaps tragical—but true, of the unfortunate relationship between masters and men which produced the strike of Preston; and this most legitimate subject, at once for public inquiry and for the conciliating and healing hand of genius, to whom both belligerents were brothers, might have well employed the highest powers. The sketch of Stephen Blackpool, too, and of Rachel, his ministering angel, seemed to indicate this larger purpose early in the tale. But no; Stephen Blackpool is only introduced to bring out the greater villany of the wretched little rogue of the story, and to be made a forced example, in his domestic circumstances, of the unequal pressure of the law upon the rich and poor—and, in his death, of the carelessness and neglect to which so many lives are sacrificed; while the real object of the book is, to prove that the teaching of universal knowledge, the instruction in all the "ologies," the education which arbitrarily imposes fact and puts down fancy, is a system which makes very poor villains of our sons, and very wretched wives of our daughters, and that the perfectly opposite system of no education at all, save the natural growth of the sentiments and affections, produces angels, not only of goodness, but of wisdom and judicious courage almost unparalleled. In short, the conclusion of the story is this: shut out all *Arabian Nights*, all imagination, fancy, poetry, from your schoolroom—rear your boy on the dry pabulum of facts and sciences (yet there once was wonderful poetry in these same sciences), and your boy will rob the bank and become a dissipated little provincial scoundrel, as mean as he is guilty; whereas you have only to bind him apprentice to the horse-riding instead, and have him trained among the delightful idealities of the circle, to make everything that is kind-hearted, noble, and unselfish of this very boy.

This lame and impotent conclusion, and not the great question between the "hands" and their employers, is the end and aim of Mr. Dickens in writing *Hard Times*. The book is more palpably a *made* book than any of the many manufactured articles we have lately seen, It is neither born out of the natural fruition of a mind and fancy always astir—nor, after it has begun to be, do its characters and events proceed with the natural compulsion and impulse of life. If Mr. Dickens forgets himself now and then, and remembers the craft of which he is a master, by running into a natural exhibition of nature and life, he draws up immediately under the hard necessity of holding by his text and proving his theory. To say that the story was without character or without interest would not be true; but we are sure that every reader really admiring the fine genius of Mr. Dickens must, in the annoyance and regret with which he reads, have almost overlooked the inalienable gifts of the writer. Stephen Blackpool and his womanly pure-hearted Rachel are beautifully sketched; there is distinctness and identity in Louisa, perfect reality and truth in Tom, who represents a large class of whelps, and a very clever outline in Mr. James Harthouse. We can make nothing of the impossible Sissy, but we have no doubt that Mr. Sleery's company of horse-riders are drawn to the life. When we have said all this, we still leave undiminished our condemnation of the book,—a story made on the didactic principle, with all its events forced into proofs of an untenable theory, and with almost the only life among its personages, which thoroughly interests us, thrown away, forsooth, to show the evils of that carelessness, which, in great matters and little matters, from Balaklava to the Lancashire coal-pits, is undoubtedly becoming a rather remarkable feature in our national character.

But we are very glad to leave *Hard Times* and Mr. Dickens' individual theories for Mr. Dickens' real works, the broad foundation on which his fame stands sure. The *Pickwick Papers* gave a new development to literature. It is true that stories "to be continued" had been possible in Magazines before that era (as who does not know how many welcome visitors from the world of fancy Maga

herself has sheltered under her ample mantle, like St. Ursula with her maidens?) but this boldness of fiction, stepping forth alone in tantalising monthly visits, was new to the time. The work itself bears marks of this: it has nothing of the epic in its construction; it is a fresh, witty, brilliant, original jumble of persons and circumstances, a discursive rambling narrative, running aside into constant digressions, and indeed, in so doing, fulfilling its purpose, which is not to evolve one clear dramatic course of events, but to display a store of humorous characters, of odd incidents, and of unvisited corners of the world. In several of Mr. Dickens' works we perceive, or fancy we perceive, how the story grows upon its author, and how his original intention gets altered and modified by after-thoughts; and perhaps we may sometimes doubt whether the license of doing this, which is necessarily involved in serial publication, is, strictly speaking, good for the art,—but, at all events, we cannot overlook the good effect it had upon the *Pickwick Papers*. Beginning in caricature, it is some time before the artist makes up his mind what to do with his characters; and we can see how the great Samuel Pickwick, the Cockney philosopher, who was at first only something to laugh at, steals into the affections of his historian. How gradually the old gentleman's weaknesses are touched with a tender hand — how the events of the tale gather round him—and how his kind heart and simple wisdom, and last, but not least, his man Sam Weller, work for everybody's advantage. If the book can be said to have a hero at all, it is Sam, the universal genius and principal actor in the story, whose adventures, whose witticisms, and whose shrewdness, lend constant animation to the scene, from which he, or some shadow of him, is rarely absent. This admirable type of a class is Mr. Dickens' sole and individual property, though, now that he has been made and presented to us, every one can recall to his mind or memory some existing example of a Sam Weller, perhaps not so witty, nor so shrewd, nor so constantly ready as Mr. Dickens' great impersonation, but beyond question the real man on whom this admirable ideal is founded. A Cockney, yet not so by necessity—for what a major-domo would Sam make for a snug house in the country! Sam's weakness in real life is "to tell a bit of his mind;" but Sam's strength is an intuitive good sense, which preserves him, off-handed and careless as he is, from foolish, while his kind heart sufficiently defends from cruel, actions. Few of the characters of *Pickwick*, save Sam himself, stand upon the common everyday level; except the young ladies and the young gentlemen, who are singularly unimportant in this book, its characters or oddities, out-of-the-way people, crotchety old gentlemen, eccentric rogues — an odd and angular multitude; but Sam stands sturdily upon the common soil, with no eccentricity about him—a complete production of genius, an immediately allowed and recognisable man. His witty criticisms on everything and everybody, his love for his master, his filial anxiety for the good conduct and dutiful behaviour of Mr. Weller senior, his own true love, and the assistance he gives in the advantageous settlement of the true love of others, are all genuine everyday developments of a genuine English character. We can see him in his groom's dress, moving about through these animated pages, never out of temper, always handy, whistling, singing, "chaffing," making love—a spirit not to be dismayed or discouraged; and we know not whether most to admire the truth and reality of the picture, or the admirable idealisation which, while preserving a most perfect likeness, separates from all the lower and coarser features of the class this thoroughly genuine man.

By way of comparison with Sam, who is never offensive, we may instance Mrs. Bardell, and her respectable circle of acquaintances, who are always so. Mr. Dickens chooses to show us in such pictures the difference between a thorough Dutch portrait of a scene, and the refined representation which seizes the necessary *truth*, but rejects the prosaic *fact*, which is neither agreeable nor edifying. There is great wit, great ability and power, in these famous *Pickwick Papers*,

which at once, by their name and plan, forestall our criticism of a disjointed and rambling story; but the life of the book is Sam Weller.

When Mr. Dickens next appeared before the world, he came with a great and established reputation, and to a public which expected him eagerly—such universal access had he gained during the progress of his first work. The prestige of a victory at the beginning of a career has a great chance to dim the achievements immediately succeeding, however meritorious these may be, and *Oliver Twist* has many features which shut it out from the kindly and familiar place accorded to the other works of its author. The history and natural habits of the *genus* criminal were a popular study at the time of its publication, and Mr. Dickens did not refuse his notable contribution to this phase of literature. We were prepared for the fertility of his inventive powers—for a crowd of individuals, eccentric yet lifelike—for apt and ready caricature of common follies; but we were perhaps scarcely prepared for his intense appreciation of misery, or for the slow accumulation of dismay and terror, the terrible force with which he accomplishes the climax of this book. The career of Sykes, from the time of the murder (feebly repeated afterwards in the case of Jonas Chuzzlewit), is one of the most powerful tragic pictures in our literature. Making use of nothing above the quality of the chief actor, yet by the very greatness of the crime rising out of all vulgarity, the circumstances which mark every hour of the ruffian's remaining life, we know of nothing equal in its kind to the representation of this miserable man, vaguely driven about by his fate, fluttering round it, savage, desperate, paralysed, and coming back at last with a dreadful fascination to meet his self-accomplished doom. It is horrible, but it is perfect; and while we recognise in it the highest power, we are glad to shut our eyes on this appalling picture, and keep the ghost of it from our memory as we can.

And there is little else to soften or endear to us the book which contains such a revelation of human misery and crime. Fagin and his promising young associates are very much more prominent in its pages than the milk-and-water good people — than the tame originalities of Mr. Brownlow and Mr. Grimwig, or the mild loves of Harry Maylie and Rose. About these respectable personages we are so perfectly indifferent, that, in looking back on the book, we only recollect that Oliver *was* rescued by certain benevolent lay figures, very much less entertaining than his objectionable friends. Nor is our interest greater in Oliver himself, though he is so very emphatically a good boy. The plot of the novel, too, is very slight and carelessly compacted; and all the machinations of the spasmodic Monks, and the relationship between Oliver and Rose, seem so purely unnecessary that we can hardly tell what they were invented for. The dramatic force and interest of the story centre in the figures which gave to its incidents a close so tragical. The heroine of the book is not Rose, but Nancy; and not even Mrs. Maylie's passionate and impetuous doctor, nor the somewhat tedious humour of her servants, suffices to lead our interest from the robber's household to the gentleman's. As a development of new and unexpected powers, *Oliver Twist* will always hold its place among the writings of Mr. Dickens, and in right of some of its scenes must remain remarkable in the literature of its time. But wonderful as is the power of art, and extraordinary the force of reality in the conclusion of this story, few of us will voluntarily, and without a shudder, go over the fate of Sykes again.

With the publication of *Nicholas Nickleby* the world recovered permanently the author of the *Pickwick Papers*. Mr. Dickens has never forgotten his memorable experiment in the tragic vein; with more or less success he returns to the field in almost every subsequent novel, but, we are bound to testify, does it discreetly, without inflicting upon us unnecessary horror. His crowd of odd and quaint and out-of-the-way characters, his careful pictures of eccentric benevolence, his descriptions, which exhaust the landscape, and leave nothing suggestive in it, nothing that you cannot see — have gone on from that time to this, improving in execution without dimi-

nishing in vitality and freshness. But it is somewhat singular to remark in these volumes—which are perhaps the most universally read of any books existing at this day, which deal in the common circumstances, the most usual belongings of everyday life—how little of the common and everyday character finds a place in their pages. As a matter of personal experience, we do not find the world abound very greatly in oddities—one or two in the circle of his acquaintance is generally as much as an ordinary member of society is gifted with. But the wonderful thing in these books is, that here are no ordinary members of society—that, save the hero himself, the spectator and chronicler of the whole, every man is an "original." If we do "rub each other's angles down" in the world, we certainly do not find it so in Mr. Dickens' novels. That pleasant, vivid picture of the Cheeryble Brothers is a faithful portrait, we believe, and too true to the life to come within the range of our comment; but is not Tim Linkinwater sufficiently odd and out of the way to supply in his own person a full amount of eccentricity for one three volumes? Nor. Tim Linkinwater has an odd little wife allotted to him, as little commonplace as himself; and wherever it pleases Mr. Nicholas Nickleby to go, odd friends and assistants start up to succour him. Newman Noggs, Crummles, Miss La Creevy, the benevolent twin merchants and their wonderful clerk—not to speak of the Kenwigs family and connections, or the honest John Browdie, a true Yorkshire original—combine to form a list of oddities such as few could equal. In *Pickwick* and *Oliver Twist* this propensity is still more remarkable. Is it necessary, then, before we can interest a kindly and familiar audience in an Englishman of the most respectable middle class, to endow him with some exaggerated peculiarity to make him a "character?" It may be so; yet the art which works its results by means of common men and women, the ordinary everyday creatures, who are neither odd nor eccentric, is certainly the highest art.

In the early part of *Nickleby* we find one of those singular pictures of social evil just sufficiently overdrawn to suit the story and the style of its author—for which Mr. Dickens has become remarkable. A strange and most miserable picture is that of Do-the-Boys Hall. The famine-stricken children, the wretched little despot Squeers, the vulgar spite of mother and daughter, and the unhappy poor usher, with his handsome face and look of gentility, are sadly real in their misery. How has it fared with the Yorkshire schools since the era of *Nickleby?* Did these promising seminaries give up the ghost forthwith? or do they remain in undiminished efficiency, to prove how little we are influenced by the presentments of fiction, though they move us to laughter or to tears? We cannot tell; but we think few fathers or mothers could summon sufficient fortitude to intrust their boys knowingly to any representative of the redoubtable Squeers. In contrast to this wretched house, whose squalor and brutality and mean vice we see and feel only too oppressively, how pleasant is John Browdie's Yorkshire kitchen, with its roaring fire and sanded floor, its overladen table, and its pretty mistress! What a hearty Englishman he is—who will see fair play even to Mrs. Squeers, and will not suffer a man to be kicked when he is down, though that man be the schoolmaster; and how pathetic is that picture of the utter forlornness and desolation of childhood, when the poor little victims caged in Do-the-Boys Hall are let loose to be carried away like straws before the wind, or to flutter about the miserable shelter, which is the only one they know of. Mr. Dickens makes some remarkable, but, we think, rather fanciful sketches of this phase of childish suffering. Is it real? Is a child ever so thoroughly broken in spirit by any amount of ill usage? We doubt it greatly. It is the privilege of childhood to live in the present moment, to be diverted by every chance interruption, and its inheritance is a boundless and indescribable hope. The more we are acquainted with children—with the simplicity which takes everything as it

comes, and with that vivid interest and curiosity which is caught by every novel sight or thought—the less we are prepared to receive such plaintive little martyrs as little Dick in *Oliver Twist*, or the host of saintly little Dicks which abound in less able books than those of Mr. Dickens.

One of the things which make this book remarkable is its astonishing representation of a fool. Fools are a difficult class of people to deal with—if they are often impracticable in ordinary life, they are always very hard to manage in a novel. Insanity may be picturesque and grand in *its* revelations, and is always sure to touch some of the stronger emotions of the heart, if it be only fear, horror, and wonder; even idiotcy appeals to our compassion and our tears with its wistful eyes of no meaning: but folly—save the mark!—folly, complacent, bustling, impertinent, with its mind closed against reason, and its ears deaf to counsel, blind and pertinacious beyond all argument, is precisely the thing of all others most difficult of portraiture. It is so hard to prevent some ray of sense striking in—so difficult to preserve the maundering from an occasional gleam of understanding! Mr. Dickens has triumphed over these difficulties in making Mrs. Nickleby. If she is often very tiresome, and sometimes disgusting, what is that to say, but simply that she is a fool, and an admirably real one? Miss Austin, who excels in twaddlers, cannot equal Mrs. Nickleby—*her* folly has either redeeming qualities, or distinctly offensive ones; but the fool proper wants no better revelation than in this good lady, who has quite made a conquest of the public in her capacity as representative of her class. The troubles of her children have very little effect on Mrs. Nickleby: she cries, but only feels *herself* ill-used when she believes her son a ruffian at the bidding of Ralph; and poor pretty Kate's dangers and pangs are not half so important to this exemplary mother as the assiduities of Messrs. Pyke and Pluck. Mr. Dickens here has executed his first conception remorselessly; he has allowed no tenderness nor redeeming affection to mar the natural proportions of his perfect fool.

And in this book the story hangs together with much more coherency than in either of its predecessors, though there is a shadow of resemblance, more than seems desirable at the first glance, between poor Smike and the mysterious man who occasionally appears to him—and that other forsaken child, Oliver Twist, with *his* spectre Monks; but there is a great deal more art in the knitting together of the narrative, in the connection between Smike and Nicholas, and the poetic justice executed upon Ralph; and despite of the miserable Squeers and his household—despite the disgusting Snawley, a species of reptile which Mr. Dickens *will* indulge in, abominable as it is; and despite the *roués* and jackals of Mr. Ralph Nickleby's acquaintance, there are many delightful pictures in this book, and much that entitles it to an affectionate remembrance. *Nicholas Nickleby!* Somewhere in our possession we have an abridgment of a great part of this book, written nearly sixteen years ago, at the time of its publication, by a young man of two-and-twenty for a little girl a long way distant from him, to whom he was the kindest brother in the world; and the pages we have once read in so careful a transcript, charm us always with a remembrance of this old story, which sister and brother, till we recall it to their remembrance, perhaps have equally forgot.

Is there after that a long interval in the labours of Mr. Dickens? We think so, looking back upon our faithful recollection of his monthly appearances; and then we are called upon to rejoice over Kit Nubbles and Dick Swiveller, to hate the frightful little Quilp, and to sympathize with poor Nell. Poor little Nell! who has ever been able to read the last chapter of her history with an even voice or a clear eye? Poor little Nell! how we defied augury, and clung to hope for her—how we refused to believe that Kit and the strange gentleman, when they alighted amid the snow at the cottage door, could not do some miracle for her recovery! Mr. Dickens acted cruelly to his youthful readers in this conclusion. Does he not confess to a host of letters begging him to spare the child? Yet there is the

less to complain of, because we can see from the first the doom of little Nell.

The hero of the *Old Curiosity Shop* is an indisputable creation; the hardest heart in the world, with the exception of that one which wedded the market-gardener, could not resist the manifold fascinations of Dick Swiveller. We have no fault to find with the goodhearted prodigal—in all his ways and fashions he is perfect, amusing us first, to betray us afterwards into liking and regard for him, scamp as he is; and in no circumstances does he swerve from his character, or disappoint our good opinion of him. Dick is worthy to take his place with Sam Weller, a person as distinct and true, and worthy of universal recognition; and it would be hard to find anything better done than the ludicro-sentimental shade which his singular gift in quotations throws over the conversation of Mr. Swiveller, a peculiarity which still never makes him *quite* ridiculous, but preserves with admirable skill its mingled tone —absurd, yet sincere, and serious enough in its way, and always quite genuine and unconscious. For Dick, you will perceive, does not suspect you of laughing at him for his dear gazelle, who marries a market-gardener; nor for his tearful vow to the Marchioness, that "she shall walk in silk attire, and siller ha'e to spare." No, poor fellow; Dick is perfectly in earnest, and is giving only a natural expression to his thoughts.

And where, out of the works of Mr. Dickens, could one find such a family as the Garlands?—the little old lady and the little old gentleman, Mr. Abel and the pony—so odd, yet so kind and pleasant — so unlike common people, yet so far from being impossible ones; or Kit, good, sturdy, honest fellow; or that remarkable piece of still life, little Jacob? We suppose *Master Humphrey's Clock* to have been by no means the most successful of Mr. Dickens' works; and we have very little patience with the mumming of the initial chapters here; but Mr. Dickens has never surpassed some of these scenes; and we will not consent to class the *Old Curiosity Shop* with the twin story to which the author has been pleased to couple it, *Barnaby Rudge*.

Nor have we much to say of *Dombey*, which is a very imperfect book, though it has capital individuals in its *dramatis personæ*. Toots and Miss Nipper are above criticism, and quite admirable; and we do not object to Edith, Mr. Dicken's first study of a haughty beauty, pure at heart and defiant of criticism, who, if she must be sold, will have the bargain made evidently without any counterfeit emotion. Here, too, appears Mr. Dickens' first sketch of the superannuated man of fashion, whom he introduces cleverly again on various occasions, Lord Feenix, the cousin of Edith. Little Paul, the first hero of the tale—one of those melancholy little wise men whose days are numbered—is sweetly and pathetically drawn; and Florence is a simple, loving child, pleasant to make acquaintance with. But we confess that we are unable to comprehend the humour of Captain Cuttle, and cannot for our life conceive how Mr. Dombey could ever come to touch glasses with him. The story of Edith's elopement is altogether disagreeable; and the hurried and slovenly manner in which Mr. Dickens chooses to thrust his villanous Carker out of the way is extremely unsatisfactory. So uncere-monious a dismissal for an important —but at that time rather embarrassing —personage, suggests to the suspicious critic a poverty of means of which we hesitate to accuse Mr. Dickens; for these extremely fortunate accidents are out of the legitimate range of fiction. We may notice here, too, a peculiarity of our author in the treatment of his heroines. About the climax of the tale it generally happens that one, or more than one, young lady concerned has an explanation to make to somebody—her father, or her lover, or her husband, as the case may happen—in doing which she is greatly moved and excited, yet very calm, and delivers herself of a number of balanced and measured sentences, no doubt quite to the purpose in every instance, but so singularly like each other in form and cadence, that each recalls its predecessor too distinctly to be agreeable. Florence Dombey, if we mistake not, makes two of these speeches—one to her lover, the other to Mr. Dombey; Kate Nickleby does a little in the same way; there is a

remarkable instance in Annie, Dr. Strong's wife in *Copperfield;* poor Mercy Pecksniff follows the universal example; and even Louisa Gradgrind is not behind her predecessors. It would be worth while for any one curious in such matters to compare these little addresses—they are remarkable enough in their way: either the young lady deprecates interruption, or her interlocutor is perfectly silent, and hears her out, overpowered by her earnestness—and the speech is only broken by the author's description of those fluctuations of voice and colour which evidence the excitement of the speaker. This is quite a marked and noticeable feature in the writings of Mr. Dickens.

In *Chuzzlewit* our author appears once more in force. There are pieces of "writing" here, descriptions of external life and landscape, so clearly, carefully, and elaborately painted, that the only thing we can find fault with is the want of some bit of haze or mistiness on which to exercise our imagination, some depth of shadow which we cannot see through, or solitary suggestive road leading nowhither, such as Nature herself always leaves for us in *her* charmed pictures. But a book which is supported by Tom Pinch and Mark Tapley, stands in little need of lesser props;—if there should happen to be too much of the stagecoach journey through the twilight and the night, there is not too much of the simple-hearted traveller, that uncouth, timid, self-forgetting, noble Tom. His simple allegiance to his tyrant—his equally simple horror and shame and grief when he finds what his tyrant really is—his flushes of courage, almost womanish, and full of sentiment—his pure and self-denying honour, his loving unworldly nature, are drawn with a tenderness and regard which secure our liking for Tom Pinch's author no less than for Tom Pinch. Perhaps Mr. Dickens' claims as a *humourist*—a member of that brotherhood of authors who have contributed to the world such delicate and graceful creations as Uncle Toby and Sir Roger de Coverley—rest more upon this loving and tender picture than upon any other individual creation which he has yet produced. Tom's weaknesses and foibles—are we left ignorant of one of them?—yet do we regard him a whit the less because we smile at these gentle faults of his? Mr. Dickens has made sketches of more pretension, but he has never done anything so complete, so good, or of so graceful a perfection in his art, as the portrait of Tom Pinch.

Mark Tapley reminds us a good deal of Sam Weller—Sam born in the country, and with a shade of eccentricity added to his nature—yet Mark is not Sam, though he resembles him. The sketch of American life and manners, though far from flattering, is extremely clever, and *looks* true, and Mark goes through it with unfailing consistency—jolly where there is some credit in being so. The wonderful suppressed indignation of English Mark, his muttered thunder of "Britons never will be slaves" at sight of the man whom he tremulously announces to Martin as having been "a—a man and a brother, sir!" not being able to say that other word, *slave*, is very admirable—one of those superlative touches of genius which never occur to common men. Martin, so long as he is selfish, keeps up his character very well; but when he becomes good, we lose him among the indefinite virtues common to heroes—and Mary, his true love, never emerges from the vague beatitude of an orthodox heroine. The secondary women of this book, however, are those on whom the author has put forth his strength. Mrs. Gamp—who dares say a word against this horrid old woman?—how many merry boys and girls have corrupted their mother tongue after the example of her wonderful sentences; yet what a frightful picture she is, and how impossible we find it not to believe in her. In another style Mrs. Lupin is a pretty sketch, and a very good one is Mrs. Todgers. We are at a loss to account for the revolution which converts Mercy Pecksniff, a very heartless and selfish girl, into a model of wifely patience and heart-broken devotedness—a cruel and brutal husband does not always accomplish such a desirable result; but her sister is perfectly consistent throughout. Perhaps it is the mere perversity of human nature which hinders our due admiration of the much bepraised Ruth Pinch; we

cannot share her historian's admiration for this pretty little doll of his—she is quite unworthy to be Tom Pinch's sister, and is by no means a genuine personage.

Next in succession comes what, in our judgment, is Mr. Dickens' most able and most perfectly satisfactory work, *David Copperfield*. We heard Mr. Thackeray commended lately by a judicious critic for the distinctness with which Clive Newcome *grows* in his present book, and the perfectly clear view we have of his progress from a boy to a man. The remark struck us as a very true and just one—and we apply the same praise to David Copperfield, a strangely dissimilar person, but one whose growth is quite as evident. This young man is one of those creations, so entirely yet so unostentatiously life-like, that the first impulse of the reader is to identify him with the author, and make a real autobiography out of the skilful fiction. All about himself is so quiet, and real, and free from exaggeration, that the simple critic hails the conclusion of the book, in which David appears as an author, as proof positive, and exults in this decisive evidence of his or her superior discernment. Beautifully commenced as it is, this book keeps up its pace more evenly than any of its predecessors; and, to our own liking, no other work of Mr. Dickens can compete with this in completeness or in beauty. How sweet and touching is the first sketch of the young mother, with her little delicate boy, her faithful servant, and by-and-by her new lover! How we feel her faint young spirit sinking under the cruelty she is subjected to afterwards! And then the sorrows of that forlorn little boy; his toils, and trials, and premature acquaintance with life—nor life alone, but the Micawbers—matchless household! with their gentility, their hilarity, their despairs and triumphs. Who has not seen Mr. Micawber himself—his business-like mode of settling his accounts—off-hand yet methodical—his bills of such-and-such a date—his cheerful confidence of something turning up! And who does not know the lady who bears his name—faded but always genteel—whose table is not a whit less agreeable, nor her talk less dignified, because the serviceable Copperfield has just been making some little sale for her to provide the meal which she dispenses so placidly. How true is the precarious hand-to-mouth existence of this characteristic family! yet what pleasant kindly people, after all, are these nomads of civilisation, and how they talk! Then Miss Betsy Trotwood and her pretty country-house;—what a sunbright picture it is—and how we feel the blissful security and rest of poor little David, tied up in the big shawl, listening to his aunt's anathemas of "that murdering sister;" and the Peggottys, male and female—and the adopted family of the rude seafaring hero—and poor old dying Barkis "waiting for the tide." Mr. Dickens must have been under benign influences when this beautiful dawn of history grew upon him. There is scarcely anything of it that we would willingly let die.

We pass over Steerforth—a not unusual example of the "conquering hero," and maker of misery—and his mother and cousin, who are quite unrecognisable people; but there is something wonderfully fine in the expedition of the heart-broken Peggotty—the wanderings of this noble and simple heart in search of his lost child—the light always in his cabin-window at home in case she should venture hither, and he himself, holding up his love-torch over the dark sea of misery and guilt she had plunged into, looking for her. The Vicar of Wakefied himself does not carry our sympathies so much with him as poor Pegotty—and every member of this family is admirably drawn. Nor less excellent is the guileless young romance of David—the falling in love—and, to cheer us, after poor Emily's tragedy, pretty little Dora comes dancing on the scene. Poor sweet little fool! Nobody yet but Mr. Dickens has ventured on such a heroine; and it is very wise of our author that he attempts to make nothing further of her than a child-wife and a remembrance. We cease to be impatient with Dora when we see how soon she is to die.

We are glad to linger upon the many beauties of this tale. Traddles, too—what an admirable fellow he is!

and his rarely-contrived chambers, after he is so happy as to get married, with room for how many wife's sisters; and his horror when some one, possibly a client, interrupts his enjoyment of the society which is "very pleasant, but decidedly not professional;" and his delight to find that the intruder is only the friendly schoolfellow to whom he confided his loves before "the dearest girl in the world" was with him in the Temple. How pleasant they all are! and how we regret that little marble table inhumanly sacrificed by the creditors of the Micawbers. There is nothing amiss with him but his name—where does Mr. Dickens find these names?

But Mr. Dickens' villains, if truth must be told, are always detestable. A meaner reptile than Uriah Heap—a more abominable nuisance than Pecksniff, never existed in fiction. We have no pleasure in seeing them foiled and their machinations exposed to universal indignation, because at all times they are insufferable; and we resent every appearance they make, even when they appear only to be discomfited. How very rare it is to meet with a good villain! We have some very clever rascals in our modern literature, but we know not the author whose powers are fully equal to this greater achievement. Perhaps Gammon, in *Ten Thousand a-Year*, is about the best modern example; but Mr. Dickens' disgusting rogues are entirely out of the category, and have no right to any better treatment than to be run down and exterminated in the quickest and most summary way.

And there is again much fine description, much very careful "writing," in the history of David Copperfield. The storm in which Steerforth perishes is very powerfully done; and Pegotty's strange home on Yarmouth sands, with the ebbing and the rising tides for its nearest neighbours, leaves a most distinct impression upon the imagination. We do not quite know why Dr. Strong and his young much-tried wife have their little episode interposed in a story which is sufficiently full without, and has in reality no need of them; but it would be hard to deny the author, who has done so much for our gratification, a little *capriccio* on his own account.

In Mr. Dickens' last great work (an adjective which cannot apply in any sense to his very last one, *Hard Times*), he makes a beginning as pleasant as in *Copperfield;* but great as are the merits of *Bleak House*, we cannot be persuaded into the same thorough liking for it as we entertain for its predecessor. Here we are again on the perilous standing-ground of social evil; and the sketch of workhouse tyranny in *Oliver Twist*, and the miserable picture of the miserable school in *Nickleby*, are transcended by this last exposition of a still wider and more extensive desolation. Had the lesson been unlearned, or the truth less universally known, this must have been a very telling revelation of the long acknowledged evils of Chancery litigation; and even admitting that Mr. Dickens comes late into the field, it is not to be denied that, for the purposes of his story, he makes very effective use of his suit in Chancery. Not to speak of Miss Flite and Gridley, the earlier victims, who are introduced rather to support the argument than to help the narrative, the manner in which the fatal Jarndyce case engulfs and swallows up poor Richard Carstone is at once extremely well managed, and a quite legitimate use of a public evil. Poor Richard! his flightiness and youthfulness, his enthusiasm and discontent, and that famous and most characteristic argument of his, by which he proves that, in not making some extravagant purchase he meditated, he has saved so much, and has consequently such a sum additional to spend, are very true—sadly true, and to the life. Poor Ada is a sweet slight sketch, not aiming at very much, but Mr. Dickens has been ambitious in Esther. Esther begins very well, but, alas! falls off sadly as she goes on. In her extreme unconsciousness Esther is too conscious by half: we see her going about, rattling her basket of keys, and simpering with a wearisome sweetness. Yes, we are grieved to say it; but it is with a simper that Miss Esther Summerson recalls those loving and applauding speeches which she is so sweetly surprised that everybody should make to her. We are sometimes reminded of the diary of Miss Fanny Burney in reading that of Esther; each of these ladies

exhibits a degree of delightful innocence and confusion in recording the compliments paid to them, which it is edifying to behold. But Esther, though her historian does great things for her, is not so clever as Fanny; and as there is no affectation so disagreeable as the affectation of ingenuous simplicity, we feel considerably tired of Esther before she comes to an end. Nevertheless we must make a protest in behalf of this young lady, little as she interests us: we cannot be content with this style of unceremonious transfer from one suitor to another, which so many modern heroines are subjected to. This, which is becoming quite a favourite arrangement in fiction, especially patronised, to increase the wonder, by lady novelists, does not seem to us to be particularly flattering even to the bridegroom, promoted at the eleventh hour to the post of honour; but how much less flattering to the bride, thus quietly disposed of, let the first heroine of spirit, threatened with such an insult, declare indignantly, by casting adrift *both* the wooers, who barter her between them. Perhaps Esther deserves the indignity, and she certainly does not seem to resent it; but before she loses or gives up *all* the honours accorded to her sex, we must make our stand in behalf of the unfortunate piece of perfection called a heroine. Take our novels as a criterion, and how much of the love-making of the present day is done by the ladies? Oh age of chivalry! oh knightly worshippers of beauty, throned and unapproachable! What has become of all the reverence and duty of your magnanimous bestowal, the sacred honours you gave to woman's weakness, and all the noble fruits it bore?

We are somewhat at a loss to find why so many pseudo-philanthropists come in to the first stage of this tale, for it does not seem enough reason for their introduction that they are simply to play upon the benevolence of Mr. Jarndyce, and thence to disappear into their native gloom. Altogether the author seems to have intended making more of Jarndyce, and his immediate surroundings, in his first design—else why the momentary vision of Mrs. Pardiggle, and the elaborate sketch of Boythorne, of whom so very little is made afterwards? Mrs. Jellyby, too, disappears placidly, though she leaves a very sufficient representative in her daughter, whose various adventures and simple girlish character make a pleasant variety in the tale. Then there is Skimpole, a sketch, which *looks* almost too near the life, of the fashionable amiable phase of the most entire and unalloyed selfishness. The poor boy Joe is a very effective picture, though we fail to discover a sufficient reason for his introduction; and the household of Snagsby, in spite of the clandestine virtues of its good little master, is far from an agreeable one. We cannot omit either to remark the horrible catastrophe of the book, a pure outrage upon imagination. It is not of the slightest importance to us if a case of spontaneous combustion occurs somewhere every week or every day, but we know it is quite out of the range of healthful and sound invention, a monstrous and fantastic horror —worthy of it, and of their relationship to its victim, are the revolting family of Smallweeds. Is this humour? or is it worthy to be offered to a trustful public in any guise? Yet many of these pages, which Mr. Dickens can fill so well, are given over to disgust and impatience, that our author may bring before us this miserable family, and prove to us what he can do in the way of exaggerated and uninstructive caricature. We have another quarrel with Mr. Dickens—one of long standing, dating back to the period of his first work: the "shepherd" of Mr. Weller's widow, the little Bethel of Mrs. Nubbles, have efflouresced in *Bleak House* into a detestable Mr. Chadband, an oft-repeated libel upon the preachers of the poor. This is a very vulgar and common piece of slander, quite unworthy of a true artist. Are we really to believe, then, that only those who are moderately religious are true in their profession?—that it is good to be in earnest in every occupation but one, the most important of all, as it happens? What a miserable assumption is this! Mr. Dickens' tender charity does not disdain to embrace a good many equivocal people—why then so persevering an aim at a class which offends few and harms no man? Not very long since,

we ourselves, who are no great admirers of English dissent, happened to go into a very humble little meeting-house—perhaps a Bethel—where the preacher, at his beginning, we are ashamed to say, tempted our unaccustomed faculties almost to laughter. Here was quite an opportunity for finding a Chadband, for the little man was round and ruddy, and had a shining face—his grammar was not perfect, moreover, and having occasion to mention a certain Scripture town, he called it Canar of Galilee; but when we had listened for half an hour, we had no longer the slightest inclination to laugh at the humble preacher. This unpretending man reached to the heart of his subject in less time than we have taken to tell of it; gave a bright, clear, individual view of the doctrine he was considering, and urged it on his hearers with homely arguments which were as little ridiculous as can be supposed. Will Mr. Dickens permit us to advise him, when he next would draw a "shepherd," to study his figure from the life? Let him choose the least little chapel on his way, and take his chance for a successful sitting: we grant him he may find a Chadband, but we promise him he has at least an equal chance of finding an apostle instead.

We are glad to turn from those disagreeable people to the lofty household which adds its state and grandeur to this novel, and we can give nothing but commendation, and that of the highest, to the family of Sir Leicester Dedlock. Lady Dedlock, haughty, imperious, beautiful, elevated to a higher world, above suspicion, like the wife of Cæsar, by the reverential admiration of her husband, is admirably introduced; and the woman's heart weeping behind these disguises—the old secret history so slowly unfolded, the womanish impulses so sudden and stormy, the womanish horror and yet defiance of shame, are nobly developed as the tale goes on. How did her ladyship's daughter chance to have so mild and tame a nature? The fire and passion of Lady Dedlock are things of a very different rank and order from any emotion of Esther Summerson's. The whole house, from the grey-haired pompous ancient gentleman himself—a true gentleman, and tenderly revealed to us, in the end, with the old chivalry alive and noble under these grand pretences of his—down to the debilitated cousin, is worthy of its author. In this sphere he has done nothing so dignified and so perfect. The accessories and dependants of the family are all touched with equal delicacy. What can be better in its way than George, his friends, and his story—or that stout-hearted trooper's wife, with her far-travelled umbrella and her grey cloak?

In the very highly wrought and tragical pursuit of Lady Dedlock, Mr. Dickens makes use of materials long since collected. Strangely different in its superficial garb from the romance of the past is the romance of to-day; yet who ever traced a picturesque fugitive, warned by spectres, and pressed by armed pursuers, with interest more breathless and absorbed than that with which we follow Bucket as *he* follows the faint trace of this unhappy lady? The dash of the horses along the midnight road—the breathless and silent excitement to which the pursuers reach at last, and then the sudden discovery and climax so simply told form a wonderful picture. And most pathetic is that other scene, where poor Sir Leicester lies in his chamber, listening for their return. These scenes are full of delicacy and power, and are very great efforts, conceived and carried out with unfaltering force.

It is very ungrateful, after all this, and acknowledging to the full how excellently this portion of *Bleak House* is accomplished, to yield to the temptation given us in the conclusion, and suffer our dissatisfaction with that to overshadow the book with all its admirable qualities; but we are obliged to say that we think Esther a failure, and when she has only herself to talk about, are glad to be done with the complaisant history. Mr. Dickens is evidently ambitious of achieving a heroine—witness his vehement endeavour to make something of Ruth Pinch, his careful elaboration of Dolly Varden, and even the pains he has taken with Dora. It is a laudable ambition, for heroines are a sadly featureless class of well-intentioned young

women in these days—but we cannot say that the effort is successful in Esther Summerson. In the ordinary type of heroines—in the Agnes Wickfield, the Ada, the Kate Nickleby—Mr. Dickens is very generally successful. These young ladies are pretty enough, amiable enough, generous enough to fill their necessary places with great credit and propriety, but to produce an individual woman is another and quite a different matter. We have a strong impression that, except for the highest and most commanding genius, a woman of a high ideal, and yet of a distinct individual character, is almost an impossible achievement. We have female writers in these days of very considerable talents and pretensions, but which of them can make a man? Vague pieces of perfection figure in a woman's novel for the heroes, and indistinct visions of beauty and sweetness represent, for the most part, the heroines of a man. That it should be so is according to all the rules of nature, which in every case leaves a haze of mutual attraction and ignorance upon the twain representatives of creation—a haze which nothing short of the highest eminence can look over and into, and not always even that. Perhaps the greatest of all Sir Walter's claims to a sovereign place (especially now, when we are so much wiser than Sir Walter, and complain that his stories are only stories, and not dissections of human motive and purpose), is the wonderful impersonation of Jeanie Deans, a picture which, in our judgment, is quite unequalled, thoroughly idealised, yet as true as daylight, and as perfect a woman as ever woman was; but as Jeanie, noble as she is, could never have been her historian's love and ladye, even she does not quite enter into the class of heroines, a perfect example of which is one of the highest criterions of genius.

Mr. Dickens' day has already been a long one in the popular regard—who could believe that it is nearly twenty years since his star came into the ascendant?—but he is still to his loving public the same young power that first charmed them, and has still to come to the climax of his fame. We do not care to linger on the few other works he has published—on the Christmas books, which are rather means by which the world is privileged to bestow a splendid and appropriate Christmas "box" upon its favourite than productions worthy of his fame—or upon the American and Italian Notes which belong to Charles Dickens, and not to the author of *Copperfield*. In his own sphere, no man living equals Mr. Dickens—and perhaps there is no modern writer of whom we can say so confidently that his great excellences are innate, and not acquired. Much as he moves us to laughter, we know that quite as skilfully, and often with great delicacy and tenderness, he can move us to tears. Nor do we fail to find noble sentiments and just views of human nature in these works of genius, which may take their place, as illustrations of our age and daily fashion of existence, on an equal platform with the highest productions of the same class in any period of our history. Mr. Dickens has won for himself what is more to the purpose than the approbation of criticism, an affectionate welcome in the households and homes of his country. We are told by the authority of statistics that no books are so much read in our public libraries as these—and the persons of his tales are to us all familiar associates, whom we quote with all the ease of acquaintanceship. But while we grant all this, we would fain add a word of friendly counsel to the warm admiration we offer. The law of kindness has come to man under the very loftiest sanction, and kindness sublimated into charity, Love, is the pervading spirit of the Gospel;—yet there is such a thing as unwise kindness, injurious love, maudlin charity, a weak suffusion of universal benevolence which is good for nothing but pretty speeches, pretty pictures, pretty sentiments and actions. Mr. Dickens' hand does not appear, we confess, where his name does, on the periodical which it has pleased him to call *Household Words*, yet he is in some degree responsible for the very poor platitudes which scarcely could reach any public, one would think, save for that "conducted by Charles Dickens" on the top of the page. What does Mr. Dickens mean by all the caressing condescension with which this powerful organ of his strokes down "the poor"—by all these small admir-

able moral histories, these truths and wonders diluted to the meanest capacity?—what by his admiration of the frightful little weedy arbours at Battersea or Greenwich, where his working man carries his family, and improves his Sunday by a pipe and a pint of beer? There is a wonderful natural power of degeneracy in all false arguments;—we are not about to enter into what is called the Sabbath question. The Sabbath, sweet boon of heaven, was made for man, and we have no desire to thrust our old-fashioned opinion upon the enlightened liberality of Mr. Dickens; but when the best way of spending this day of leisure came to be discussed first, does not everybody remember what beautiful pictures we had of the poor man's Sabbath in the fields—of his meditative walk through the lanes and summer footpaths, where the flowers and the trees preached much better sermons to him than he could hear in the ugly little brick church at home? What an ethereal being was the working-man in this refined worship of his!—what a delightful purity encircled this meditative spirit, whose tastes were so delicate, and his perceptions so keen! Alas! the scene has changed. We no longer find it necessary to have fancy pictures of worship in the fields; we give up the stupid necessity of worship anywhere. "No," says Mr. Dickens, or at all events the person who ought to be Mr. Dickens, writing with all the weight and sanction of his name—John Opus, who has been toiling all the week, does not go into the fields to worship; but he goes to a tea-garden, taking with him all the little Opuses, who are only too happy to share their respectable parent's beer,—and we have a full length picture of the happy family in the arbour where the working-man smokes his pipe and takes his Sunday pleasure—a picture much more true, if it is not quite so ethereal, as that other picture of the Sunday morning,—the sermon of the flowers, and the worship of refinement, with which the argument began. But in sober earnest, does Mr. Dickens believe in this Greenwich tea-garden?—is it so much more satisfactory than the little Bethel? In this nineteenth century, with all our boasts and our enlightenment, are a pipe and a pint of beer the utmost delights which Mr. Dickens can offer, in his day of leisure, to the working-man? The waiter in his white apron, with his tray of glasses, is he a better influence than the poor preacher?—and the beer-stains on the table in the arbour, and the long pipes, and the talk—are these things more good, more beautiful, more improving for the little Opuses, than even the miseries of church-going? It is an old, old system to set up pleasure as the only thing which makes life tolerable; but this, at the utmost, is only amusement, not pleasure. And life is never tolerable—every life has insupportable days in it—slow, tedious, lingering hours, when the cry of Patience, patience, will not content the restless agony? What then?—are we to have nothing but the tea-garden?—nothing but the horse-riding?—nothing but the delights of art, however noble, or imagination, however refined? Let Mr. Dickens think better of this grievous yet glorious mystery, this life which craves something more than relaxation. Not many days since, we chanced to read, in a little American publication for children, a dream of heaven, in which heaven was very much like a tea-garden; but it is hard to content human creatures, insatiable and unreposing, either with Mr. Dickens' Greenwich arbour, or the American lady's heaven of flowers.

But to Mr. Dickens, in his purer and higher authorship, this censure does not reach; and we have nothing to say to the author of David Copperfield, of Tom Pinch, of a hundred other pleasant creations, but the hearty goodspeed which would drown the ravings of the equinox with its resounding echo, could every individual who joins in the wish, join in the utterance. A kinder audience no man ever had, and it becomes their favourite to use them well.

STATE OF THE MILITIA.

The critical state of our army in the Crimea, and the perplexities occasioned by the Ministerial changes at home, have naturally, for some time past, engrossed the attention of the public. But now that the springs of Government are again in motion, it is our common duty to look narrowly to the means which may be employed for developing the military strength of the British nation, and for enabling us to maintain, in what possibly may be a protracted struggle, that position which we have already assumed as a first-rate European power. We shall not venture to speculate upon the effect which the death of the Emperor Nicholas may have upon existing combinations. Great, energetic, ambitious as he was,—still he was but a man; and the policy which he pursued, and the designs which he strove to execute, were far less intended for his own aggrandisement than for that of the nation which he ruled. Russian to the heart's core, he has bequeathed to his successor the traditions which he had himself received; and the first act of that successor has been to declare his unflinching adhesion to the ancient policy of the empire. We have no title whatever to expect that the restoration of European tranquillity may be the result of the conferences at Vienna. We must remember that at this moment the British and French armies are encamped on Russian ground—that for months past they have been laying siege to the great Russian fortress, arsenal, and depôt on the Black Sea—that the Allies have gone too far to recile without accomplishing their purpose—and that Russia has by far too much at stake in the East to permit Sebastopol to be taken and dismantled without the strongest opposition. Anxiously as we desire the return of peace, we cannot avoid the conviction that the war is as yet too young. The quarrels of nations are like those of individuals. Taken at the early stage, before the passions are fully inflamed, they may be adjusted; but when once the parties are in the field, and confront each other, it is almost impossible to separate them. Such has been our opinion from the earliest moment when the aggressive intentions of Russia were announced; and bitterly indeed have we deplored the chance which, at a time when firm and undisguised remonstrances might have operated upon the mind of the Czar, left the moral power of Britain in the hands of a feeble and selfish Ministry, who had not the courage, if they had the inclination, to oppose themselves resolutely to his will. But we shall not dwell upon the past. Looking alone to the present position of European affairs and European armaments, we are not justified, from any analogy which history affords, in believing that this stupendous quarrel can be so easily accommodated. In the face of the enormous levies which Russia has raised, it seems incredible that she will yield Sebastopol. If Sebastopol is not yielded or dismantled, we may have again, under worse auspices, to recommence another war. In short, we have no belief that the diplomatic engines assembled at Vienna will have any effect in subduing the present European conflagration.

We say this, because—while we acknowledge the full propriety of attempting every possible method for pacification which is consistent with national honour, national responsibilities, and national duty—we are desirous that our countrymen should not be too sanguine as to the results of such endeavours; or suppose that because they are made, it is not incumbent upon them to prepare for the utmost exigency. Statesmen, pending negotiations, cannot be expected to avow their opinion that such negotiations will prove fruitless, or altogether nugatory. Their language must be, or ought to be, guarded; and the public, if they do not choose to be wilfully deceived, must accept it with some qualification.

The chances of peace are at best remote and uncertain; whereas war is around us in all its grim reality. Therefore it is obviously the duty of Ministers, and of the national repre-

sentatives, not to suffer themselves to be led astray by hopes of early pacification, but to carry on their preparations with the utmost vigour and vigilance. We are desirous to give the present Government credit for sincerity of intention; and we shall not attribute to them collectively or individually any share of that responsibility for neglect and mismanagement which rests upon their predecessors. But the task which they have undertaken is obviously a most serious one, and it concerns us all to see that their duty is properly discharged.

The House of Commons has already recognized, by its vote, the absolute and immediate necessity of making a large increase to the numbers of the standing army; and it is with regard to the best means for accomplishing that end that the present remarks are intended. There is no denying the fact, that, at the outbreak of the present war, we were not prepared so take the field in that force which could insure success. What available troops we had were sent out, but there was no proper reserve; and some of the reinforcing regiments which arrived at Balaklava, since the commencement of the investiture of Sebastopol, were mainly composed of recruits, uninured to military hardship, and unskilled in military duty. The natural consequence of this was a fearful mortality among the men, who were conveyed, it is said, at the rate of upwards of a hundred per day, from the trenches to the hospitals, from which few of them emerged in a condition fit for service in the field. This awful and calamitous expenditure of human life has thrown an immense additional difficulty in the way of the augmentation of the army; and we really believe that the most difficult problem to be solved at the present time relates to the sources from which the proposed augmentation is to come.

We have no statistics which enable us to speak with anything like certainty as to the number of men who have lately been directly recruited into the army; but we doubt very much whether the result has answered the expectations of the Government. We have heard nothing for a long time on the subject of the enlistment of the foreign legion, a measure which the late Ministry considered of such very great importance; and we are given to understand, upon good authority, that the recruiting of the militia is nearly at a stand-still.

Yet, unless immediate and vigorous steps are taken for the complete organization of the latter force—unless Ministers bestow upon it tenfold the attention which it has yet received—we are firmly of opinion that it will not be possible to make the requisite addition to the ranks of the British army. We have to raise, within a very short time, a large number of men competent for effective service in the field; and where are we to look for these except in draughts from the militia? Manifestly it is not for the advantage or credit of the country that men enlisted in one month from the agricultural or manufacturing population, should be despatched in the next to active service, before they have learned even the rudiments of their profession. We cannot take upon ourselves to say what time may be required for the proper training of a soldier; but it must be obvious to all that something more is necessary than the stout heart and strong determination which induces a recruit to enter. The militia ought to be, in time of war, not only the nursery, but the academy for British soldiers; and until it is regarded in that light, and until the proper means are taken for promoting its efficiency to the utmost, we cannot expect to see arrayed in the field such an army as becomes the honour of Britain to produce.

Let it be understood that we are not charging the present Ministry with neglect; which would indeed be unfair, considering the short period which has elapsed since their accession to power, and the many difficulties which have lain in their way. But we entreat that they will give, without any delay, their earliest consideration to the state of the militia in Great Britain and Ireland, and adopt such steps as may render it a truly efficient body from which the regular army may be reinforced by a far more effective process than that of ordinary recruiting. And, in order to do so, it

seems to us absolutely necessary that the direction and control of the militia should be removed from the office of the Home Secretary, and placed under adequate superintendence. Unless this is done, the public money will be squandered in vain; and the only reliable force for recruiting the ranks of the regular army must prove inefficient at the time when we most urgently require its assistance.

The existing arrangements as to the embodiment and training of the militia are, we believe, very nearly, if not altogether the same in England, Scotland, and Ireland. But the English Militia Act was passed in June, 1852, and may have proved, from certain circumstances to which we shall presently advert, more successful than the Act, which, at the very close of last Session, was applied to Scotland. We hope that such is the case, and that the difficulty which has been felt in obtaining the proper complement of men in the northern part of the United Kingdom, has not been experienced in the south. But we think it will be acknowledged that the present state of the Scottish militia affords us quite sufficient scope for comment, and is important enough to justify us in selecting it as the subject of illustration.

By the Act passed on 11th August 1854, the quota of private militia-men to serve for the several counties of Scotland, is restricted to ten thousand. The force is a volunteer one, is divided into seventeen regiments, and is apportioned thus:—

Regiments.	No. of Privates.
Aberdeen,	741
Argyll and Bute,	381
Ayr (Rifles),	691
Dumfries, Roxburgh, and Selkirk,	503
Edinburgh, County,	657
Edinburgh, City of (Artillery),	221
Fifeshire (Artillery),	542
Forfar and Kincardine,	776
Kircudbright and Wigton (Rifles),	301
Haddington, Berwick, Linlithgow, and Peebles (Artillery),	415
Inverness, Banff, Elgin, and Nairn,	692
First Royal Lanark, Second Royal Lanark,	1911
Perthshire (Rifles),	495
Carry over,	8326
Brought over,	8326
Renfrew,	560
Ross, Caithness, Sutherland, and Cromarty (Rifles),	515
Stirling, Dumbarton, Clackmannan, and Kinross,	599
	10,000

These are all to be raised by voluntary enlistment, and the appointment of the officers lies with the Lords-Lieutenants of counties. The order of Council apportioning the quotas of the several counties, was issued on the 13th of September last; so that the enlistment has been going on for more than six months. Let us see with what effect.

From a document quoted in the *Times* of 10th March, it appears that returns have been received from eleven of the above regiments now embodied, and their collective force is thus stated:—

	Officers.	Men.
Authorised complement,	284	7236
Present strength,	158	3028
Deficiency,	126	4208

From the six other regiments, of which one or two have been embodied, there are no returns; but we have good grounds for believing that in them the deficiency is much greater. We know that in some of the northern districts it has been found difficult to procure a single volunteer; and it is our conviction that at the present moment, the number of the militia enrolled in Scotland does not amount to 5000 men.

It is of the utmost possible importance that these facts should be made known, so that a remedy may be applied in time. If out of a population of nearly 3,000,000, Scotland, in the time of war, can barely raise 5000 men for the militia, we may be certain that there are serious faults in the system which is presently pursued. This is a matter which demands the instant attention of the Ministry and of Parliament; for the time is short, and the enormous levies of Russia are already in the field. If the militia, in this part of the country, is to be made effective as a reserve force or nursery for the army, or even available for

garrison duty, far more vigorous and peremptory steps must be taken regarding it than have as yet been employed.

That the militia, as presently constituted, is unpopular, we hold to be established beyond question by the fact which we have just stated. Let us attempt to discover the reason of this.

In a society constituted like ours, where the welfare and subsistence of millions of the population depend upon their rigid and unceasing attention to the requirements of their handicraft or trade, any public duty which may withdraw them from their usual occupation is viewed with repugnance and dislike. It was the operation of this feeling more than anything else that first led to the establishment of standing armies, the cost of which is neither more nor less than a commutation paid by the industrial population for their own exemption from military service. Those who of late years have made such an outcry against military establishments seem altogether to have forgotten that by the maintenance of such armaments they are enabled without interruption to pursue their ordinary business; for as no nation can expect to remain unmolested, if it has neglected the means of defence, and is destitute of the power of repelling aggression, it either must provide that its male population shall be trained to the use of arms, which necessarily implies an interruption of the peaceful avocations of life, or it must maintain, on constant service, a body of trained soldiers who are to relieve the others from the duty.

In Britain, for a great many years, we have accepted without reservation the latter alternative. We have entirely abandoned the system of training any part of our population; and even on occasions of emergency our Governments have shown a marked disinclination to sanction the formation of purely volunteer corps. It is not our intention now to discuss the soundness of that policy; but surely its adoption ought to have been considered as the strongest of all arguments for the maintenance of a powerful standing army. With a regularly trained and exercised militia it might be quite possible in the time of peace to diminish the numbers of the regular force, because then the militia would furnish a reserve, ready to be called out in the event of any sudden emergency. But to reduce the standing army to the lowest point that will enable it to discharge garrison duty at home and in the colonies during a period of profound peace, without having any kind of reserve to meet contingencies, is the most egregious act of folly which any nation can commit. Such, however, has been our course, and we are now paying the penalty for it.

The illustrious Duke of Wellington, in the very last speech which he uttered in the House of Peers, on the occasion of the second reading of the English Militia Bill, on 15th June, 1852, earnestly urged the necessity of making the militia an effective force, as by far the best means for providing against any possible emergency. He spoke thus:—"You are now providing for a peace establishment: you are at peace with the whole world; you are providing for a peace establishment. I say that peace establishment ought to have been effectually provided for long ago. If it had been, we should not have needed now to be told, as we have been by the noble Marquis, about the number of days and weeks it will take to train the militia recruits, or about the futility of expecting anything to the purpose from troops with their three weeks', or their six weeks,' or what time it may be, training. We have never, up to this moment, maintained a proper peace establishment—that's the real truth; and we are now in that position in which we find ourselves forced to form a peace establishment such as this country requires. I tell you that, for the last ten years, you have never had in your army more men than enough to relieve the sentries on duty of your stations in the different parts of the world: such is the state of your peace establishment at the present time, such has been the state of your peace establishment for the last ten years. . . . What I desire—and I believe it is a desire the most moderate that can be formed—is, that you shall give us, in the first instance, the old constitutional peace establishment. When we have got that, you may do

what you please. The noble Marquis says, very truly, that these 50,000, or 80,000, or 150,000 militia-men won't be fit for service in six months, or twelve months, or eighteen months: but I say they'll be fit, at all events, for some service; and certainly they'll enable us to employ in the field others who are fit for service; and in time they will themselves become fit for service. In the last war we had in service several regiments of English militia, and they were in as high a state of discipline, and as fit for service, as any men I ever saw in my life."

The emergency has arisen, and we now find that we have not a sufficient number of troops to enable us to prosecute the war with vigour. The losses in the first campaign have been enormous; and in order to reinforce the army in the Crimea, it is necessary that the troops employed in garrison duty, both at home and abroad, should be relieved. It is proposed that such relief shall be effected by means of the militia; and had the whole militia been ready for that service, perhaps no better arrangement could have been made. But, in Scotland at least, barely one half of the required number has been obtained; and as none of the regiments were embodied before January, the men have not been trained, and are as yet unfit for military duty.

During the last war, no difficulty was experienced in raising a large militia force; and we have no reason to believe that there would be any difficulty now, but for the changes which have been made both in its nature and in the manner of raising it. Let us see what these changes are.

By former Acts, the militia of Great Britain could only be drawn out and embodied "in cases of actual invasion, or upon imminent danger thereof, or in cases of rebellion and insurrection;" and could not, in any case, be ordered to serve abroad. But by an Act passed on 12th May 1854, this arrangement was altered, and it was enacted that "whenever a state of war exists between her Majesty and any foreign power," the militia may be drawn out and embodied. This is a very serious and important change. As the law previously stood, all that was required from those who entered the militia, was attendance for twenty-one days annually, when the regiment was called out for exercise; so that no man was required, for any great length of time, to abandon his ordinary avocations. In the event of invasion or rebellion, the regiment might be embodied, and marched from one part of Great Britain to another; but not otherwise. This was by no means a harsh or oppressive kind of service; and, had the militia been kept up, the training of these local forces would have been of infinite service at the present time; but, unfortunately, the militia was allowed to become dormant, an Act being passed regularly every Session "to suspend the making of lists, and the ballots of enrolments for the militia of the United Kingdom."

When the new English Militia Act, which was intended to resuscitate the force, was passed in June, 1852, the old regulations as to service were still continued; so that every man who enlisted in the militia did so on the understanding that he was not liable to serve with his regiment in another part of the country than that to which it belonged, except in cases of the last emergency. But the Act of May 1854 altered all this; and it, moreover, gave power to extend the period of annual training from twenty-one to fifty-six days after the different corps were called out: so that the service became of a different and much more onerous nature than before. We shall presently have occasion to say a word or two as to the effect of this very sweeping change, which transformed the militia from a local to a movable force. In the mean time, let us simply request attention to the fact, that the conditions under which the enrolment of the militia of England proceeded in 1852, were very different from those under which the enrolment of the militia of Scotland was commenced in the latter part of 1854; and we are inclined to attribute the marked reluctance to militia enrolment, which has been exhibited in the latter country, very much to the changes which have thus been introduced.

We must, however, go a step fur-

ther, and look at the last Militia Act, passed on 23d December 1854. By it certain proportions of the militia are allowed to volunteer their services *out* of Great Britain for a period of five years—in fact, to become regular soldiers, except in name; and we have not the least doubt that, if the war continues, we shall hear, before the expiry of the present year, of the services rendered by English militia volunteers on the plains of the Crimea.

But these changes will certainly not assist the enrolment for the militia in Scotland or in Ireland, for which countries militia acts were not passed until the very close of the Session of 1854. We do not know who may be the party blamable for this remissness; but certainly it seems a very strange thing that, after war had broken out, so long a time was allowed to elapse without taking any step to call into existence the militia of two out of the three kingdoms. The omission in the case of Scotland may be accounted for from the circumstance that there is no responsible officer of State to give attention to its affairs; and that, in the office of the Home Secretary of State, it ranks nearly as a *terra incognita*. But that some exertion should not have been made to place the militia of Ireland much earlier upon a proper footing, does strike us as a lamentable instance of carelessness on the part of the Government; more especially when it is considered that each change in the constitution and character of the militia generally, was calculated to diminish the chances of voluntary enlistment. These changes were objected to at the time by the Earl of Derby and others, who dwelt very strongly upon the impropriety of imposing upon the militia other duties than those which they had undertaken to perform at the time of enlistment; and also upon the impolicy of breaking up the regiments when embodied, by allowing part of each regiment to volunteer for foreign service. In particular, on 14th December last, Lord Derby most ably dealt with the changes which had recently been effected in the constitution of the militia. He argued that Ministers were taking the militia from a service for which they were specially raised and adapted, and transferring them to a service—garrison duty in the Mediterranean—for which they were not raised, and are not adapted. He contrasted the provisions of the Act in 1814, enabling the Government to enlist portions or regiments of militia, and providing that not more than 30,000 should be sent out of the country, with the provisions of the bill then under consideration, which gave power to withdraw an unlimited number of the 54,000 raised. He dwelt on the hardship it would be to the men and officers of the militia to be dragged abroad, many going because it would be a slur on them to remain. He expressed his opinion that the permanent interests of the militia would be destroyed, and that the services of those left behind would be lost to the country.

Since this article was commenced, the subject has again been brought, by Lord Malmesbury, under the notice of the House of Peers, on the express ground that the recruiting for the militia generally has come to a stand-still; and very severe comments have been made, and made most justly, upon the absence of any provision in the Act of May 1854 for allowing militia-men, who had previously enlisted under the old conditions, to withdraw from the service, if either unable or disinclined to undertake the novel duty. We ask attention to the following statement by Lord Malmesbury. "The cessation of enlistment in the militia was attributable, in the first place, to an apparent—if not a real—breach of faith on the part of the Government towards the men who had enrolled themselves. The Militia Bill of 1852 first raised the force on the understanding that the men should only be required to serve for twenty-eight days, unless in case of an invasion. In 1854, war having been declared in an unexpected quarter, a new bill to embody the militia was necessary. The men so embodied received a larger amount of bounty than those who enlisted under the act of 1852; and justly so, because a greater demand was made upon them. Yet it was never sufficiently explained to the men of 1852 that they would be liable to be embodied permanently, or for a service of five years; and the

consequence was, that many married men, who would not have joined a permanent force, but did not object to serve in one that would be called out for a month, found themselves entrapped (as they considered it) into liabilities which they had no intention whatever of incurring when they first enlisted. This had produced a very unfavourable effect upon the minds of those men who went out, as well as upon the minds of their relations at home; and it had also had the effect of throwing a great number of wives and children upon the parish for their maintenance. The men not only thought themselves unfairly dealt with, but the ratepayers, influential farmers, and others, to exempt themselves from the burdens thus cast upon them, had been led to exert themselves to check enlistment, and especially that of married men." From the answer made by Lord Panmure on the part of the Government, it would appear that a discretionary power had been conferred upon colonels of militia regiments, to allow men who had enlisted on the old conditions, and whose families might become chargeable upon the public, to retire, when the embodiment took place, upon repayment of their enrolment money, or even without it. That, however, was no sufficient answer. The men who enlisted previous to May 1854, did so on distinct conditions, and with reference to a very different species of service than that which is now required. We do not think that the Government was by any means bound to relieve such men of their original contract. In the circumstances in which the nation was placed, every man enrolled should have been kept to his bargain; and those who were unwilling to be re-attested, and to accompany the regiment when embodied, and liable to be removed from the district in which it was raised, should have been continued as local militia-men, subject to be called out, as formerly, for a certain period of training. In this way there would have been a nucleus or depot formed for each militia regiment, and a certain stationary force maintained, which, under conceivable circumstances, might be of the utmost advantage. But destiny seems to have willed it that in no one transaction, connected with the conduct of the war, could the Aberdeen Ministry be powerless for mischief; and we now find that, in addition to the calamities which their folly, negligence, and stupid incompetency have inflicted upon the finest army ever sent from Britain, they have contrived to paralyse the militia, by disgusting the men with the service.

Whatever opinion may be entertained as to the disposal of the militia already enlisted, it must, we think, be admitted that the altered nature of the service cannot have the effect of holding out any additional inducement towards enlisting. Observe how the matter really stands. There are, at this moment, two separate enlistments going on all over the country—the one for the regiments of the line, the other for the militia. Can there be any question as to which force a young man who had made up his mind to devote himself for a certain term of years to military service would prefer? We apprehend that nineteen out of twenty would at once declare for the line. If a lad of ordinary spirit has once made up his mind to leave the trade or handicraft to which he was brought up, to exchange his fustian jacket for a uniform, and to go a-soldiering, he will infinitely rather join one of those famous regiments, the traditionary renown of which is so dear to the hearts of the people, and fight under the colours of the 42d or the 79th, than become a unit of a new-raised regiment of militia, to do garrison duty in some remote town, or to be cooped up within the walls of a Mediterranean fortress. If he is to be a soldier at all, he will crave to be sent to the battle-field, where he may have an opportunity of winning honour and distinction.

The error lies in the almost entire abolition, by recent statutes, of the old distinction between the militia-man and the regular soldier. The enlistment of the former, under the old system, did not necessarily imply the abandonment of his trade, or the rupture of his domestic engagements. But the man who enters the militia now must prepare himself for continuous service, and for a long removal

from home. His regiment may be sent from the place where it was formed, to do garrison duty in any part of the United Kingdom. If three-fourths of the corps to which he belongs are willing to go abroad, they may be despatched on foreign service; and we really believe that most militia-men, after a little experience of garrison duty, would be very glad to volunteer. But will men, knowing all this, enlist voluntarily in the militia? We apprehend not; and we believe that it is in consequence of the recent injudicious changes that the militia-roll of Scotland shows so very poor a muster.

The blunder, however, has been committed, and it is now, we think, too late to attempt to remedy it by restoring the militia to its former footing. But it is in vain to expect that a double enlistment can be successfully carried on throughout the country. It may be necessary hereafter, at least during the continuance of the present war, to consider the militia, not in the light of a local force called out for a certain number of days in the year for exercise and training, but in that of a body which is to be shifted from one part of Great Britain to another, to do garrison duty in the absence of the regular troops. If so, it appears perfectly obvious that, for the future, it will be necessary to resort to the old system of the ballot, in order to make up the deficiency in the numbers of the militia.

Our opinion upon the subject is very decided; and we think it is much to be regretted that the principle of the ballot was ever abandoned. In the earlier part of 1852, when the proposals for the organisation of the militia were first brought forward, there was indeed likelihood enough that any number of militia could have been raised by voluntary enlistment; for at that time the state of political affairs in France had occasioned serious misgivings, and great doubt was entertained of the competency of our means of defence. That feeling had not altogether subsided when the English militia bill was passed, and hence probably the superior success which seems to have attended the enlistment in the sister kingdom. But in 1854, there was no idea—no apprehension whatever of invasion. War had broken out; but the theatre of war was at a great distance; and our naval armaments were such as to place us beyond the apprehension of a hostile landing on our shores. Therefore the stimulus to voluntary militia enlistment no longer existed. And men who might have been willing enough to volunteer under the old conditions, took fright at the Act of May 1854, which, however dexterously explained, did certainly place the militia at the entire command and disposal of Government, within the limits of the United Kingdom, during the continuance of the war.

Let us consider for a moment what the militia really is. It is a force which in time of peace has no real existence. It has to be re-made in any case of war, or similar emergency; and its formation is based upon the principle that, in the event of public danger, the people of this country are liable to be called on to supplement the regular army. For this purpose each shire or county is required to furnish a certain number of militiamen, according to the population; so that, in reality, the raising of the militia resembles the distribution of the land-tax. But as all men are not equally inclined to serve, the old rule was that lists of all those liable by law to bear arms were made out, and the militiamen were selected by ballot. Of course it happened often that parties who were unwilling, under any circumstances, to join were drawn; but these had always the opportunity, if they could afford it, of substituting another in their place; if not, they were compelled to serve;—on the very same principle which regulates the selection of jurymen. The freedom of which we boast so much, depends upon individual submission to the laws. No man likes to pay taxes; yet he is compelled to pay them, No man likes to be hurried away from his ordinary business to serve as a juryman; yet he must do so, or submit to a heavy fine. Few men like to be turned out for drill, even for twenty-one days in the year; yet such is the penalty which in this free country of ours they must be prepared to submit to in cases of emergency, and, after all, it is a mere infinitesmal tax.

We hold that the abolition of the ballot was unwise, because it implied that service in the militia was not a positive duty. Represent it in any other light than as a duty imposed by State necessity, and you are in great danger of destroying its efficiency. Liability to serve in the militia whenever that body is to be called forth, should be regarded as a positive obligation, due by the subject to the Crown in respect of the many immunities and privileges which the subject enjoys; and we regret that it ever has been placed on any lower footing, or rather that any deviation should have been made from the broad principle.

We are not given to understand that the Government has absolutely relinquished the right of resorting to the ballot, which indeed would have implied the surrender of a most valuable constitutional power; and we think that they are bound now to have recourse to that method in order to complete the enrolment. Until that is done, it is obvious that this training must be exceedingly defective and unequal. Several of the Scottish regiments of militia are at present mere skeletons. For example, the numbers enrolled in the 2d Royal Lanark Infantry, the full complement of which, in men, non-commissioned officers, &c., is 1000, amount merely to 95. The Argyll and Bute regiment, full complement 430, musters only 60. The Inverness regiment, full complement 780, can only show 226. The Aberdeen regiment, full complement 800, has 245. The Stirling regiment, full complement 670, has 217. The 1st Royal Lanark, full complement 1000, has 530. The Edinburgh county regiment, full complement 700, has 390. The regiment which has done best is that of Renfrew, but it is still short, by 172, of its full complement of 616.

Under such circumstances, how can the training go on effectively, even supposing that the means of training had been devised and were ready at hand? What is the use of calling out for permanent duty these skeleton corps? We warn the Government that they will incur a most serious responsibility if they do not take immediate steps, by legislative enactment and recourse to the ballot, to have the numbers of these regiments completed. We require, in the first instance, that the whole number of the militia shall be raised; and in the second, that it shall be properly trained and disciplined for the new service imposed upon it.

The former regulations for training were applicable only to a local militia, and might have answered the purpose well if the militia were not to be permanently embodied. But as the case stands now, it is evidently of the first necessity that the training shall as nearly as possible resemble that of the regular army, so that the militia may be made effective as a valuable military force. This is necessary for the sake of the militia-men themselves; for although we have no doubt that they world be ready to volunteer upon any duty, and to embark at once for Sebastopol, it is the business of the authorities to take care that they are not allowed to undertake any duty for which they are not thoroughly qualified. We must regard the militia now in the light of a reserve, and a most important one, to our regular army, and no means must be spared to bring them up to the standard of the latter.

This never can be effected, in Scotland at least, unless the whole superintendence and direction of the militia is intrusted to some competent military authority. At present there is no responsible head. Regiments—or what are termed such by courtesy—have been embodied in various parts of the country, each isolated from the other, and the colonels are left to communicate as they best can with the Home Office. This is a positive abuse. Why should not the control of the militia in Scotland be intrusted to Major-General Lord Melville, who is Commander of the Forces in that part of the United Kingdom? Why should not he—or, if his regular duties are too onerous, some other officer of rank and experience—be nominated to the entire command of the militia? It is a force which peculiarly requires superintendence and direction. It is chiefly officered by gentlemen who have never been previously in service, and who have the whole of their military education, even from the

rudiments, to learn. This is an arrangement quite unsuitable to the new character of the militia. So long as it remained merely a local force, it was natural and proper that the officers should be selected from the ranks of the landed gentry; but the case is very different now that the regiments are made movable and called out for actual and permanent duty. The great object now is to endeavour to make the regiments efficient by bringing them up as rapidly as possible to the standard of troops of the line; and in order to effect that, the services of officers who have already received a military education are imperatively required. When we read the Militia Act, and observed that colonels, lieutenant-colonels, majors, and captains in the militia are required, if previously civilians, to have a landed qualification to the extent of £600, £400, or £300 of real rent, it seems almost as if we were transported back to the days of the wappenschaws, when each proprietor was compelled, in respect of the extent and value of his domains, to appear at the head of a certain number of tenantry equipped in weapons of war. Nor is the idea out of place, because the old wappenschaw was neither more nor less than the annual parading of the local militia, furnished for the defence of the county, but not movable beyond its bounds, except in case of civil war or invasion. We have still a force analogous to this, in the yeomanry, which is always officered from country gentlemen, and we doubt not would prove most effective when its services were required upon emergency, as indeed has been often shown. But, with all respect for the yeomanry—indeed for their own sakes—we should not like to see them embodied as the militia now are, and sent out on actual service abroad. That they would charge as hotly and resolutely as the light division of cavalry did at Balaklava, we do not doubt; but we would rather not be witnesses of such an experiment. The military art, unless it is to be considered as a farce altogether, must be studied and acquired by slow degrees —we do not refer merely to dispositions in the field, though these are of the last importance, but to the thousand details which officers ought to attend to for the sake of the men who are placed under their charge.

It seems to us that, in consequence of the altered character of the militia, there is no longer any reason why the distribution of commissions should be intrusted to the Lords-Lieutenant of counties; and that the country would be much better served, and the efficiency of the corps far more rapidly secured, if previous service, either in the line, or in the Indian army, were made an indispensable qualification for the higher grade of officers. The appointment of subalterns is of less consequence; but even in that, a great deal of discretion should be used. Men who have duties to detain them in their own counties, are not proper parties, now that the law has undergone so importance a change, to hold commissions in the militia. No one who is not prepared to march, and continue with his regiment, and to remain on permanent duty for the period of five years, ought to accept a commission now, or to retain it if he has already been appointed. The militia being now intended for real service, the very first thing that should be looked to is the competency of the officers, and that can only be determined by the amount of their previous experience.

Next arises the consideration of the proper training of the men. Until they are properly disciplined, it would be wrong to send them away even for garrison duty; and from all that we can learn, a very considerable period of time must yet elapse before any one of the Scottish militia regiments can be pronounced fit for duty. This is no reflection whatever upon the men who have joined. It could not have been otherwise. But it is a most serious reflection upon the late Ministry, who ought, as soon as war appeared probable, to have taken measures for raising the Scottish and Irish militia, instead of postponing these to the very close of the last Session of Parliament. The men are but newly raised—they are incomplete in numbers—and they are only, along with a great proportion of their officers, receiving their first instructions. Nor can such lessons be presumed to be very effective; for, from all that we can learn,

there is a frightful deficiency of instructors. If, indeed, we had the usual number of the regiments of the line at home, there might have been no great difficulty in obtaining drill instructors for the militia; but it must be remembered that our whole effective army is abroad, or in the field, and that it is impossible to expect any adequate assistance from the depots. In each of these, recruits are being drilled and trained to supply the deficiencies in the ranks of the several regiments, and that is a duty which naturally and properly must take the precedence of the instruction of the militia. Some militia regiments may possibly be better provided as regards instructors than others; but we know this to be a fact, that, a month ago, the services of *only one drill-sergeant* from Woolwich were secured for the instruction of an *artillery* militia regiment, with a complement of upwards of four hundred! The utter incapacity of the means towards the end proposed will become evident when we state, that in the line twenty recruits at most are intrusted to each sergeant for instruction in infantry drill; but that, in the artillery, it is considered that the sergeant has enough on his hands if he can undertake the instruction of ten.

Another great evil is the isolated position of many of the regiments, and the extent of territory from which they are drawn. By a reference to the preceding table of the militia regiments, it will be observed, that no less than four of them are raised from four counties for each, one from three, and three from two counties. The distances to headquarters are, in many cases, very great; and much confusion and annoyance has already arisen from the system of billeting the militia-men upon the inhabitants, which, besides derogating from the popularity of the force, interferes most seriously with the proper discipline of the men. There is only one way that we can conceive by which the militia of Scotland, however levied, can be rendered really and rapidly effective, and that is, by immediate formation of one central permanent camp for instruction and exercise, to which all the embodied militia should be removed, and in which camp also the depots of the different regiments now recruiting in Scotland should be quartered. This plan, we believe, would be found infinitely less expensive than the fitting up of separate barracks all over the kingdom. It would concentrate the men, and would bring them all under the view of competent military authority—it would economise the very limited means of instruction which are at present available—and, above all, it would teach the men, and not less perhaps the officers, what duties are required from the soldier upon actual service. We gather from the proceedings in Parliament, that something of the kind is preparing both in England and Ireland, and that there are to be camps at Aldershott and the Curragh of Kildare. We hope that a similar arrangement will be made for Scotland and that immediately; for already by far too much time has been lost; and, in proportion to the amount of expenses incurred, nothing has been done in reality to meet the exigency of the crisis. In so far as this country is concerned, we attribute that, as we have already said, to the wretched system upon which the affairs of Scotland are at present administered; but, be that as it may, we are entitled to expect, from the language held by the present Government, that they will spare no efforts towards raising an adequate force, and we call upon them to redeem their pledge.

In fact, unless a camp is to be established here, we should like very much to know how it is possible that the militia regiments can be trained so as to make them useful during the present war. Three out of the seventeen regiments are artillery—where and how are they to be exercised? How is it proposed to find guns for the training of the Edinburgh, Fife, and Haddington regiments—and where are they to practise? If they have no practice, they are literally useless; and yet, if these regiments are to remain stationed in their county towns, they can find no proper field for their evolutions. Shot and shell are dangerous playthings in a highly cultivated country; and we doubt much whether the farmers would like to see their steadings exposed to the same danger as the suburbs of Sebastopol.

There can be no difficulty at all about the selection of a proper spot for the formation of a camp. There are several places, close adjoining to the Edinburgh and Glasgow, or Scottish Central Railways, which are admirably adapted for such a purpose—which afford ample scope and room for all kinds of military training and exercise, and which could be reached in little more than an hour, either from Edinburgh, Glasgow, or Perth. In the vicinity of such a camp, earthen butts might be thrown up to admit of the usual artillery practice; and in the construction of these works, and the making of batteries and intrenchments, all the troops might be employed with evident advantage, since, in modern warfare, the spade is as valuable an implement as the musket in the hands of the soldier. While the artillerymen were practised in mounting and dismounting heavy guns, slinging mortars, and laying down platforms, with the other numerous duties of the gunner, the infantry, after they had passed the preliminary stages of drill, would be trained to calculate distances, according to the new system of musketry drill, and generally would acquire an experience of camp life which is really invaluable to a soldier, and infinitely superior to anything that can be learned in the barrack. We anticipate also, from the adoption of such a plan, a most rapid progress in the knowledge of their duties on the part of the officers who have never yet seen military service; and we doubt not that, in a very short time—far shorter than could be effected by any other means—our militia might be made a really effective and creditable force.

But unless some steps are immediately taken in this direction, and that without delay, it seems impossible to expect that our militia will be worthy of the country in which it is raised. We have already explained the various changes which have been made in the constitution of the force over the United Kingdom; and we hope that we have demonstrated clearly enough the effect of those changes in checking voluntary enlistment. We repeat our opinion, that under the new system it is impossible to expect that the required quota for Scotland can be raised by voluntary enlistment, both because the altered nature of the service must deter many from coming forward who would have been quite ready to serve in a merely local corps, and because there is a superior inducement held out to men to enlist for the regular army, rather than for the militia as now constituted. We still think that recourse must be had to the ballot, even though that mode of enlistment should prove to a certain degree unpopular; and perhaps we may venture to say that, at a time like the present, when Ministers have a most serious and responsible duty to fulfil, mere considerations of popularity ought to give way to regard for the public interest. We can assure Lord Palmerston and his colleagues that they will commit a gross error, even as regards their own interest and their tenure of power, if they fail, from fear of impairing their immediate popularity, to use every constitutional means within their reach, towards completing the number of the militia and rendering it an effective force. They must, for a time, get rid of all notions of popularity-hunting. The country is sick of political intrigues and devices—it requires nothing more than an honest, intelligent, and energetic Government—and there never was a time when a Government, which can establish a just claim to that character, would be more powerfully supported than now. Lord Palmerston has, at present, towards the close of a long political career, a great opportunity of achieving distinction of the highest and most permanent kind, if he will decide to be directed solely by the pole-star of duty; to set parliamentary cabals, and the low influences of coteries and cliques, at defiance; and to show himself in all respects a Premier adequate to the emergency. He has not done so yet. The late exhibition of the new Lord of the Admiralty, Sir Robert Peel, at his election in Tamworth, was so mischievous and frantic, and so calculated to disturb, at a period of peculiar delicacy, our relations with Austria, that not a moment should have been lost in cancelling that most unwise appointment. Why it ever was made, ex-

cept for the sake of alluring the votes of some insignificant fraction of the old Peel party, it is quite impossible to understand; for the antecedents of Sir Robert Peel have not been such as to justify the slightest reliance either in his discretion, his judgment, or his business ability. The country is, at the present moment, very jealous indeed as to the selection of men for political offices; and most naturally so, since the recent calamities of our army in the East were mainly occasioned by the entire unfitness of various members of the late Government for the duties which were intrusted to their charge. Lord Palmerston should remember that the position which he now occupies is one of remarkable responsibility, and requires the utmost circumspection. For matters have come to such a pass, that he is watched by the jealous eyes, not of a hostile party, but of the nation, strongly and righteously indignant at the late exhibition of official blundering and neglect, and not again to be cajoled into torpor by any displays of Ministerial dexterity and finesse. He should remember, also, that his new position by no means absolves him of the responsibility arising from his own deeds and delays when he filled the office of Home Secretary; and that, although the public censure has been directed more vehemently against some of his late colleagues than against himself, because the effects of their neglect and mismanagement became more immediately and disastrously apparent, the slackness of the recent Government in other departments may yet occasion equal anxiety and embarrassment.

The state of the militia at the present moment shows clearly enough that the Government did not take the proper steps in proper season for rendering it such a force as the Legislature intends it to be. It is deficient in numbers, and, to a large extent, deficient in discipline, and without the means of acquiring it. It was not deemed worth while to pass the bills for raising the Scottish and Irish contingents, amounting together to 40,000 men, until the close of last Session, thereby rendering it impossible, under the most favourable circumstances, that they could be ready for duty in the ensuing spring. Let the economists look to this. In their present temper the members of the House of Commons seem willing to vote any sum that may be asked in the shape of supplies; and the bill which the nation is thereby incurring, will be a serious one when the hour of settlement arrives. No one, we hope, beyond some paltry peddlers of the Manchester school, whose miserable platform exhibitions and fustian rhodomontades have materially contributed to provoke the war, will object to any amount of expenditure which the circumstances of the nation render necessary. But here is a force to be raised at home, which, when embodied, will cost more than the whole infantry of the line. Is it not, then, the obvious duty of the Legislature to see that the Government omits no proper step for making that force really effective?

It is right that the country should know the actual condition of the militia, and the probabilities of its aggregate efficiency. We have confined our remarks almost entirely to the state of the Scottish contingent, as being immediately under our observation; but from certain passages which we find in the report of the recent conversation in the House of Peers, already referred to, we are led to suppose that there is still a considerable deficiency in the numbers of the militia of England. Be that as it may, our ten thousand Scotsmen are at least as valuable and likely to prove effective as the ten thousand aliens who were to be brought into this country for the purposes of training under the Foreign Enlistment Act; and we want to have them raised and disciplined. We say, and submit that we have proved our assertion, that they neither can be raised nor disciplined, and made fit for actual service, unless the Government pursues a far more energetic course than has hitherto been adopted; we say, also, that there has been already far too much delay and neglect in this matter; and that, in order to prevent the bad consequences of that delay and neglect, immediate action is necessary.

We write in no spirit of hostility to the present Government—we charge

them with no neglect. We simply show them how the case stands, and call upon them to act accordingly. But, if they are to do anything effective, at least as regards the Scottish militia, they must employ some adequate machinery for that purpose. The Government ramifications are now so intricate and inexplicable that no one knows with whom the real responsibility rests, or in which office the business of any department is conducted. By all we can gather, the militia seems to have been rested between two stools, the Home and the War Office—if, indeed, the Horse Guards has not something to do with it. This is utterly shameful and indefensible, and is a scandal to the country. It is easy to see that, under such a system, the militia never can be brought up to the proper mark; and, when we consider the magnitude of the force authorised by the Legislature to be raised, and the duties for which it is now destined, it appears almost incredible that no arrangement should have been made for placing it, in the three divisions of the United Kingdom, under the control and superintendence of high military authorities, competent to its direction, and able to report upon its wants and deficiencies. Let it not be forgotten that the militia is now a force liable, by statute, to severe and permanent service—no longer a local, but a movable body—and removed entirely from the class of ordinary volunteers. The man who enters it now, does not do so for the mere object of being trained to meet a possible emergency; but he becomes, so long as the war lasts, to all intents and purposes a soldier, and amenable to military law, within the confines of Great Britain. Foreign service, for which he may volunteer, is an easy transition from this; because if a man agrees, or is compelled, to leave his home and abandon his usual mode of existence, it signifies little whether the distance of his removal is one hundred or three thousand miles. But since these duties must be undertaken, whether by voluntary enlistment or not—for the credit of our country—for the sake of the men themselves—let due precaution be taken that they are not despatched unprepared. If they are to be soldiers, make them soldiers; and we defy any other nation in the world to furnish such material, if the proper pains and proper superintendence are supplied.

At a time when the public attention is so much bent upon the disclosures of the absolute incompetency of many of our public departments for fulfilling the objects for which they were organized, and of the lamentable effects which have been the consequence, we trust that these remarks will not be considered as out of place. Our resources, in point of men, compared with those of our antagonist in this war, may be small; but that is the very reason why they should be most carefully husbanded. Since the Legislature has resolved that we are to have a militia, movable in the time of war, and therefore severed from ordinary industrial pursuits, let it, we say, be made complete and effective up to the highest possible point, so that the militia-man, if he inclines to enlist in the line, shall join the army as a soldier, and not as a half-trained recruit. Most earnestly, and under the deepest conviction of their importance, do we urge these views upon the attention both of the Legislature and the Ministry.

THE DEATH OF NICHOLAS.

"Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
And set down naught in malice."—OTHELLO.

THE Ides of March were fatal to Julius Cæsar; the sixth day before the Nones of March was fatal to Nicholas the Czar—of all the sovereigns of Russia, perhaps the most like a Roman Cæsar. It was at the end of an article on Schamyl, in the February number of this Magazine, that we observed, "Posterity will see him, and judge him; and One higher than Posterity." It is somewhat awful to think that he has already passed before the least fallible of these tribunals. It is trite to say that death is a great change for all men. But the greatness of the change depends on their circumstances. In the case of the man who has, before it, been living, as we familiarly say, with one foot in the grave—to the failing octogenarian—to the younger, though bedridden invalid, the change is least perceptible; it is merely the going-out of a low blue-burning light—the dispersion of thistle-down by the wind—the drifting with the tide of a becalmed vessel behind a headland that hides it from sight, it may be into a port. Nor is death a startling change in the case of the soldier cut short in his glory, for he of all other men lives in the midst of death; or in the case of the adventurous traveller who goes to look death in the face every day at the poles or between the tropics; or in the case of the devoted sister of charity who even while alive, anticipates death, dresses herself in a pall and a winding-sheet, to show that her business is with the dying, and that she has taken leave of life for ever. But make the circumstances entirely other than these—imagine a proud beauty at the zenith of her triumphs beckoned away by Death from the midst of a festival—or some man of men, some great man, who has grown into a world-wide name in arts, science, literature, or kingly rule, obliged to drop all his schemes and honours at the silent moving of the same fleshless finger, and then death becomes in truth the most awful condition of our existence. Our short life is to most of us like a Lapland summer. The hours of night come, but we heed them not; they wrap up other millions and invest them with impenetrable darkness; but all is light in our own limited horizon, and the sun which goes quite under to others seems to us merely to "set into sunrise." Nor are we altogether to blame for the feeling that

> "All men think all men mortal but themselves;"

for the feeling itself is one of Nature's instincts, has its full sway, perhaps, in the purest and most healthy minds. Nor should we seek to educate ourselves out of it; for the idea of death, kept constantly in view, becomes a terror; and terror is worth little as a motive for living well, unless some feeling be led on by it to supersede itself; and this does not often happen. If men take heed to live well, they may generally leave their dying well in higher hands; for although we cannot help living to die, we die, after all, in order that we may live. Still it is well that our eyes should sometimes be forced to look upon the picture of that change through which we must all pass. We said before that the greatness of that change depends on the circumstances of men; or rather, we should say, its apparent greatness in the eyes of others. Death is very striking in all cases; for instance, where Strength and Beauty are summoned from this earth, either by some malady which seems incidental to another time of life, or some accident unlooked for and unsought for. It may be said that the word accident implies thus much.

But some accidents are courted by the nature of the business or pastime in which persons are engaged. The death of Lieutenant Bellot was an heroic death, and a melancholy death, but not an appalling death; for he did not accompany the polar expedition through love of life. But some years ago we were most vividly struck by reading the account of a death in

the *Times;* it was that of a young actress at the English Opera in Covent Garden. She was attracting crowds nightly by her beautiful dancing; and garlands were showered upon her at the end of every performance. One night as she came too near the foot-lights, her floating dress caught fire, and she was borne off the stage to perish in tortures behind the scenes. The change seemed peculiarly awful from the rapturous admiration, the lights and the colours, the music and the garlands, to the power of that hungry element which the ingenuity of man's wickedness devised, as the sorest trial of constancy through which a Ridley or a Latimer could pass into eternity. And the death of the late Sir Robert Peel seemed to us very awful, in the strongest possible contrast to that of his colleague in office, the Great Duke. In the case of the Great Duke, death was a natural consummation, which placed his fame and honours in a safe position; and when he died, it was not his death, but his life, that rose before all eyes in overwhelming magnitude. It would have been melancholy if that spirit had lived to be darkened by second childhood, or passed through any circumstances which minished one iota from its dignity. But the case of Sir Robert Peel was very different. Though verging towards the fall of life as a man, he was still young as a statesman; and whatever we may think of his policy, he was the leader of a powerful party, who fixed their eyes upon him as the man of the age. The start of an unconscious beast was enough, and the fertile brain ceased to work for more than European fame, and the tongue of the orator was silent for ever. The case of Lord George Bentinck, Sir Robert's talented antagonist, was similarly and equally awful. If the sports of the field had been fatal to either of these men, it would have been somewhat different; for in some of these we play with death enough to give them their interest; but Sir Robert was killed while quietly riding in Hyde Park—Lord George died suddenly while quietly walking across some fields to a friendly party. We shall never forget the death of the Duke of Orleans, as we were in Paris at the time. He was not even thrown from his carriage, but stept out of it from a low step, and, falling on and from his feet, received what seemed a slight blow on the head; but the blow was enough to destroy what the bullets of Algeria and the shells of Antwerp had spared: the hopes of the house of Orleans were struck down; the destinies of France were changed for all after-time; and even Paris was sad for a season. But it seems to us that no sudden death has ever occurred, more striking in its circumstances than that of the late Russian Czar. He was no ordinary Czar, and a Czar is no ordinary mortal; for to him alone of all mankind are Shakespeare's words true to the letter—

> "He doth bestride this narrow world
> Like a Colossus."

Although it is the boast of Great Britain that upon her dominions the sun never sets, yet we suspect that the idea is rather a conceited abstraction. Russia is one and continuous, from Kamtschatka to Warsaw—from Archangel to Sebastopol. The Russian Czar is absolute master—not in any figurative sense, but in as complete a sense as one immortal being can be master of another—of some fourteenth part (the exact proportion matters little) of the whole human race. What was Alexander of Macedon to this? He merely overran part of the world, and frightened it into obedience during his life-time; the Russian Czar is the one soul that animates the great Mammoth body of his vast empire; and what his name is, seems to matter little—Peter, Paul, Alexander, Nicholas; he himself, as an incarnate idea, is indestructible. But Nicholas was no common Czar, or common man. He was every inch a king, in the first place—one of the Διοτρέφεες βασιλῆες, the Jove-sprung kings of Homer. Like Agamemnon, or Achilles, or Ajax, he was

> Ἐξοχος ἀνθρώπων κεφάλην καὶ εὐρέας ὤμους—

towering above men with his head and broad shoulders. As it was said of Burns, that he was one of the few poets who was fit to be seen, so it may be said of Nicholas, that he was one of the few kings who, like Saul the son of Kish, would first have been selected by a king-maker. Like Saul,

again, Nicholas began his reign under the fairest auspices, and ended it under the gloomiest. After steering, in a measure, clear of his peculiar temptations, though that part of his life when men are most led astray, he lapsed into evil towards the last, as if through a supernatural influence; and the first symptom of this moral decay was the same in both cases—a deviation from the path of strict straightforwardness. When Saul sought to deceive Samuel in the matter of Agag, he showed that mental mortification was benumbing the sensitiveness of his nobility; and the same was the case with Nicholas when he made covert and ignoble proposals to the English Government. After this the story is short. He flung the glove of defiance to Europe and the world; and then he died. Let us speak of him, as we can and ought, with charity. We are in the presence of the dead, though of a dead enemy; and may we not indeed well say, that an enemy dead is an enemy no longer; for, by proving that he is obliged to undergo the common lot of all, his brotherhood is at once reasserted. There is one narrow gate through which, however divergent our careers may be, we must all one day pass; and woe be to us if we try to jostle each other in that gate. As we are upon this subject, we will take the opportunity of expressing our regret at the sad feeling which dictated a caricature in a very popular weekly paper. It looked so much like exultation over a fallen foe, that it brought perforce to our mind Æsop's story of the dead lion, and the insult he received. It was dictated by an un-English feeling: we hope it was only an error of thoughtlessness; but thoughtlessness in print is a very grave error. But the truth of what we observed a short time ago on the Czar's greatness, is seen by a glance at any terrestrial globe. There is the Russian empire stretching away over one hemisphere, and across the top of the other; the chains of her dominion are coextensive, or nearly so, with the chains of winter, and only cease to bind where the suns of the tropics begin to exert their influence. The Czar is Russia, and the power of the Czar literally spans the world. The Czar is Russia, whether called in Europe the Czar, or in Asia the great white Khan—or in America, whatever men call him there. He rules over white Europeans, yellow Asiatics of the Mongol race, and red Indians in the new world. Over the children of the sun, the black race alone, he does not rule, although with a scarcely unnatural ambition he seems to aspire to do so. Are we speaking of the past in the present tense? The joy of Europe at his death seems somewhat excusable, for Russia appeared to die in the person of that Czar, who seemed to be of all his line the perfect incarnation of Russia. Peter the Great, though a true Romanoff, was not so Russian as Nicholas, who was in reality of a German family Russianised, of the house of Holstein Gottorp. The poet Poushkin, who was oddly tolerated by the Czar near his person, as the despotic feudal lords used to tolerate their impudent jesters, dared to symbolise this by mixing one glass of wine for the Russian blood with three glasses of water for the foreign. As Nicholas grew in years, the idea seemed to have grown on him that Russia resided in him, and that on his own head rested the responsibility of directing the future of Russia. It was not improbably the feeling of this responsibility that killed him; if it had not, he would have been an angel or a demon, and no more man. His latter days appear to have been clouded with a mystic fanaticism; and this fanaticism seems to have acted in the vein of mania that lurks in his family, and somewhat overbalanced his singularly shrewd and vigorous understanding. Formerly capable of any amount of self-restraint, he seems latterly to have become subject to fits of fury, such as absolute power is apt to produce in its subject; to have become in some measure what the Greeks called ἀκρόχολος, and of which Cleomenes of Sparta was their example, and which is something less impotent, more respectable, though more alarming than our word choleric. This sends us back to the father of history, Herodotus, and the account of Cambyses, the Persian, and his eccentricities, produced by absolute power, success, and, it must be added, impiety. The beginning of the actual madness of Cambyses was his wanton slaughter of the Egyptian god Apis. We do not doubt that this had in reality something to do with it. Cam-

byses did not believe in the gods of Egypt, yet, on a mind constituted as his was, a sacrilegious act, committed even against a religion that he did not believe in, was likely to lead to desperation. But the acts of his madness, thus induced or not, were indeed terrible. He invited Prexaspes, one of his courtiers, to tell him what the Persians thought of him. Prexaspes, taken off his guard, replied that they thought very well of him, excepting that he was given to hard drinking. The son of Prexaspes, the cupbearer of Cambyses, was standing at the door. Cambyses asked Prexaspes whether he would feel qualified to contradict the opinion of the Persians, if his fondness for wine left him sufficient steadiness of hand to send an arrow through the heart of the boy. The thing was no sooner said than done, and the poor bereaved father was obliged to confess, to save his own head, that not even a god could shoot so well. Much of this kind, though somewhat less horrible, were the escapades of the Emperor Paul, the father of the late Czar. But Nicholas's acts of this nature were undoubtedly exceptions to the general self-control which he exercised. They seem to have occurred when he was taken by surprise by any act that offended him. The case of the Frenchman, who was sent out of St. Petersburg at a moment's notice, after being, as we may say at the university, "proctorised" by the Emperor in person, for smoking a cigar in the street before his face, is one of these. No wonder! Cigars seem to be to kings what red cloth is to bulls. Even in that native country of smoking, Germany, where the weed and not bread seems to be the staff of life, so that we wonder how the generations before the discovery of tobacco existed at all, and half fancy a repeopling of the earth must have taken place—even there no one may smoke in the streets of a "residenz-stadt" generally; and when they may, the cigar must be taken from the mouth in passing that symbol of absolutism, a sentry. Frenchmen are always getting into trouble in this way. We heard of one being expelled from Vienna for not only puffing in the sentry's face, but caning him for objecting; and the sentry was blamed himself for taking the caning without using his sword. There is no doubt about it; the cigar in the mouth gives a certain democratic finish to a man. Even aristocratic England only half likes it; and we cannot wonder at its arousing the choler of Nicholas. There is another similar story of his plucking an "imperial" from the chin of an officer who appeared before him with that apology for a beard; but he may have objected to the name as much as to the thing itself. We do not quote those petty acts, or the questionable anecdotes of them, as instances of the want of self-control which appears to have begun on a more alarming scale later in life—only as instances of predisposition to the hereditary mania. And was there no act of impiety, as in the case of Cambyses, or the case of Saul, to account for the development of what the Greeks would have called the divine perversion of character? We think there was. The Czar has appeared of late years in the character of a religious persecutor, after investing himself with every assumption of Divine authority in his own creed. We know not whether the story of the nuns of Minsk be true or not; but we know that he had, by his persecutions of the Roman Catholics of Poland, aroused such unpopularity on his visit to the Roman States, that the soldiers who were sent by the Pope for his safe escort are said to have thrown the money he gave them at parting on the road with a curse; and this in a country where the same poor soldiers are not ashamed to ask for alms as they stand on guard!

This hereditary tendency to mania in the House of Romanoff and their offshoot, the present dynasty, may be accounted for by the supposed existence of such a tendency in many families; but that no outward manifestations take place, because no circumstances have occurred to call it forth. Few shoulders are strong enough, or heads clear enough, to bear the weight of absolute power, and it is accordingly in a position of absolute power that such aberrations are liable to show themselves. It is too much for a human being to be made a kind of Providence to millions. The kings of the patriarchal times were only fathers of families on an

extensive sale, and their despotism was invested with no terrors, as it existed merely in obedience to a law of nature. The weight was too great even for the Atlantean shoulders of Nicholas. Even he broke down at last. He was carried away by the blast himself had raised; but, like the oak, whirled away at once by the roots from the earth,—not bowed before the violence, like the willow. So much were the ancients impressed by the liability of absolutism to mental derangement, that they attributed it to the envy of the gods, directed against an undue share of happiness in man. The wrath of Nemesis was aroused—of Nemesis, the personificator of Compensation, or the eternal balance of good and evil. Nemesis led on another power, Ate, or Infatuation, which influenced the acts by preying on the mind, and produced violence, superhuman crime, madness, and final destruction. Such was the history of the house of Pelops,—every horror in the catalogue of horrors was done by them and undergone by them; such was the history of the house of Œdipus: and these two histories together were enough to furnish nearly all the materials of ancient tragedy. And such in times nearer our own, has been the history of the house of Romanoff. One or two members may escape, but crime, and its consequence, affliction, runs in the family; and while we cannot divest ourselves of the idea of personal responsibility with regard to them, they seem impelled by an inevitable destiny to doing and suffering the worst. In this house of Romanoff, above all, it is a very ancient tale of woe and crime. Exaggerations are not produced at first, but grow up as time goes on, by an accumulation of horrid facts. As Goethe says in his *Iphigenia*—

> "Es erzeugt nicht gleich
> Ein Haus den Halbgott noch das Ungeheuer;
> Erst eine Reihe Böser oder Guter,
> Bringt endlich das Entsetzen, bringt die Freude
> Der Welt hervor."

It is well that earlier Russian history is veiled in comparative darkness; for, judging from what we can see by the light we have, we do not wish to see more. The deeds of the most bloodthirsty of the Cæsars, the deeds of Christian of Denmark, with his "blood-bath of Stockholm, hardly equal those of Ivan the Terrible and his line. The murder of nearest relations—a thing elsewhere to make the sun hide his light—is a twice-told, an often-told tale in the history of the Czars. We come to Peter the Great. Like Philip of Macedon in astuteness and aggressive ambition, a thirst for external civilisation, and self-denying to a miracle in order to achieve it, he preserves, under all his foreign polish, the instincts of native barbarism, and cements his specious structures with nothing less sacred than the blood of his eldest son and undoubted heir, whose only crime was that of resisting the affected innovations, while he retained the true savagery of his father's character. Then to show that human nature can err in ways as opposite as the poles, from one and the same depravity, we have the cold cruelties and ardent profligacy of a Catharine; the fantastic levities, making more shocking their accompanying inhumanity, of a Paul; the sober severities of a Nicholas, with the interval of sufferings endured by Alexander, around whose head, though in a measure guiltless, the Furies of his father flitted, as his mother's did around that of Orestes, till they hunted him broken-hearted into the grave.

But if we are to presume to sit in judgment on Nicholas as a man and an absolute monarch, we cannot help confessing that, taken as a whole, his character is one of somewhat heroic greatness. That he was a great tyrant, any theme-writing schoolboy will tell you, and tell the truth. But could he help being so? And what would have become of him had he been otherwise? On the authority of Herodotus we know what happened to Mæandrius, the son of Mæandrius, at Samos, as soon as he endeavoured to put in practice his philanthropic plan of becoming "the justest of men," by which he understood laying down despotic power and establishing a republic. The benefited classes instantly accused him of embezzling the public money. Just so were Alexander's philanthropic schemes defeated by the classes he meant to do good to. His heart was half broken by conspiracies against his person and power. Driven by the furies, as our Greeks would

have said, into rapid and endless travel, in a country furnishing abundant space for it, he closed his valuable life more like Cain than a benefactor of mankind, as he indeed was.

Nicholas ascended the throne with his example before him as a warning. But, as we well know, he was in no hurry to ascend the throne; and when he did so, he did so under a full sense of the duties and responsibilities of his critical position. How much does not that contest—not for, but against empire—redound to the credit of both brothers, Constantine and Nicholas! We have seen two French workmen in blouses, keeping each other waiting, cap in hand, for five minutes, at the entrance of a passage too narrow for both, each deferring to the other to go first; even so did Constantine and Nicholas keep each other waiting, in a struggle of politeness, three entire weeks; but the narrow passage was the way to the most extensive empire the world has ever seen. Nicholas had all the reluctance, fabled of beneficed clergymen in becoming bishops, to assume the empire. He knew what it implied. He knew how many tendrils of human sympathy must be pruned in its acceptance—what personal pleasures and personal tastes must be given up for ever—as completely as if he were to take the irrevocable vows of a monastic order. For, as far as many social delights are concerned, it must be written over the gate of absolutism, as over the gate of Dante's *Inferno*,

"Lasciate ogni speranza, chi vi entrate."

That his reluctance to be an Emperor was not feigned, we may know from the difficulty he had in establishing his power when he had once made up his mind to other circumstances. That difficulty amounted to the risk of his own life, and the life of his infant son, the present Czar, Alexander. Equally striking is the conscientious adoption of power by Nicholas, and its romantic abnegation by Constantine. The latter Prince, like the "soft triumvir" of Rome, preferred the smiles of beauty to the dominion of the earth; for he had contracted a left-handed marriage with a Polish lady, the consent to which had been obtained from his brother Alexander, only on condition of his renunciation of his sovereign rights. But in his case, unlike that of Antony, the renunciation implied no dishonour, for he knew that Nicholas was a far better man than himself. Nicholas, after vainly endeavouring to overrule the dogged submission of Constantine to Alexander's will, and convinced at last of the truth of the fact that he himself was fitter than his brother, manfully took in hand the helm of the drifting ship; and the first thing he found was a revolted crew. It was indeed high time that he should take the helm in hand, or give it up to some one else fit to hold it. Russian officers who had come back from the West with a crop of liberal ideas, could think of nothing less than planting them out in the East, where the climate does not suit them. An instance of a similar mistake was shown in Ceylon once, when a governor, thoroughly impregnated with the spirit of the British constitution, impannelled a jury of Mussulmans on a man found drowned, and they returned the solemn and significant verdict, "His time was come." The Russian officers told the soldiers that the renunciation of Constantine was only a sham, and what was a democratic movement to them they interpreted to the soldiers as an insurrection in favour of another master. Some of the incidents connected with this difference of motives are amusing. An officer raised the cry of "Constitutzia," or "the Constitution," in connection with Constantine, and the soldiers very naturally concluded that he meant Constantine and his amiable lady. Another told them more brusquely that they were in arms for a Republic. "Oh, yes, certainly," said the soldiers, "we will have a Republic, by all means; but who is to be Czar?" Whatever the motives and the cries were, the conspiracy threatened everything, and if it had not been put down, might have ended in a very Red Republic indeed. But Nicholas, having once taken his line, kept close to it.

He endeavoured to reclaim the misguided men by the exposure of his own life and his son's life; he was shot at. He sent Milaradowitch, the Russian Murat, to them; the old soldier of 1812 died by a pistol-shot from a Russian hand. He sent the patriarch to preach to them, who ful-

filled his dangerous mission with a courage worthy of the Archbishop of Paris; his grey hairs were grievously insulted, in spite of the devotion of the Russians to every symbol of their religion. Having tried all means but the last, he resorted to force with reluctance, but without flinching. The thing must be done, and he was the man to do it. Even then artillery was only employed when musketry would not do the work. The tenth discharge of cannon broke the squadron of the conspirators. Nothing remained to be done by open war, at least in the north; but some executions took place, and many banishments to Siberia; and Nicholas has incurred much blame for the severity of these measures. It is said that severe punishments ought not to be inflicted for political offences, because they are often caused, either, as in the case of the Stuart insurrections, by notions of loyalty, or, as in the case of the Carbonari of Italy, by a more or less pure desire for the regeneration of mankind. But rebellion against the powers that be is such a desperate nuisance in every country, whatever be its government, that it is a game which no man should be allowed to play, for a small stake. If a man feels in honour and duty bound to strike for liberty, or for a change of masters—and we allow that a sufficiently strong motive may exist to justify him—he ought to be obliged to strike with his life in his hand, and be ready and willing to sacrifice his life and everything else if he fails. If his cause is good, but weak, and he dies, he is not disgraced by dying; and public opinion relieves him from the stigma of the assassin or the thief. Whether it may be expedient in all cases to carry out such extreme penalties, is another question; and we cannot but think that our own Government did far better in pardoning poor silly Smith O'Brien, than in making a political martyr of him, out of whose martyrology agitators might have made endless capital. But in the case of Nicholas, the severity that he exercised was no doubt necessary, from consideration of the character of the people he had to govern. Some nations are adult, or fancy themselves so, in their development. We fancy that we are, for instance, and consequently of age to govern ourselves. It may be true, yet even we are the better for a little good advice—a mentor at our elbows sometimes; and it would have been well had such a one looked into the details of our Crimean expedition. But some nations, unlike our noble selves, remain, nearly to a man, the most arrant schoolboys, even at a late stage of their existence. All their growth and all their feeling make them merely large boys (βουπαιδές, or ox-boys); and for want of intelligence they remain, and are likely to remain, ever growing bigger, but never growing older or wiser—just as it is a fact in natural history, that if you shut tadpoles up in the dark, they never lose their tails and become frogs, but only grow into larger tadpoles. Now, the Russians are one of those nations who, like tadpoles, have retained their tails, or, like young schoolboys, have not yet taken to tails. They have never yet shown themselves deserving of wearing the "*toga virilis*." Being schoolboys, they must consequently have a schoolmaster over them, or we shall have anarchy with a vengeance. Alexander was no schoolmaster; he was too good-natured. Constantine was too ill-tempered—he was no schoolmaster either; whereas the true schoolmaster should be rather ill-natured and good-tempered. If he yields to kindly impulse, in many cases his authority is lost; if he gives an inch of indulgence, an ell of liberties will be taken. Even so must he be of generally imperturbable temper; or if out of temper, he must be terrible, and not ridiculous. But good-natured men generally, when out of temper, are ridiculous, and not terrible; so that of all characters they are the worst to govern boys or boy-like men. Nicholas was a first-rate governor of boy-like men, for he united nearly every requisite quality. We in England know more of those absolute monarchs on a small scale—schoolmasters—than we do of those schoolmasters on a large scale—absolute monarchs. It is well that we know something of what absolutism is, or we could not feel for the Russians. Now, Nicholas in a measure united all the characteristics which we perhaps have known in our boyhood to belong to able schoolmasters—which

other nations have known, or know, consummately able despots. He was a consummate governor of a people of overgrown children. His innate majesty softened down the fear that his penetrating and all-pervading system of police inspired, into the awe which mankind might feel for a demigod; and latterly his people seemed to have regarded him, more than any of his predecessors, as a kind of divine personage, whose will it would be impiety to dispute.

That this kind of homage in time affected his head and heart, was no more than what was to be expected; and, accordingly, when men began to cry, "It is the voice of a god and not of a man," the warning of the Godhead had already begun to declare itself by symptoms which could not be mistaken. The courage of Nicholas never shook, and his mind was vigorous to the last, but his frame gave way under an accumulation and complication of responsibilities; and the great European war, the Frankenstein of his own creation, crushed him at last in its unconscious, but preternatural muscular convulsions. That he was actuated throughout the whole of his arduous career by a strong sense of duty, is more than probable. He lived and died in harness. He sacrificed himself continually to the position in which he thought he ought to move. If there was a fire in his capital, who was there among the first, in the coldest night of a Russian January, but the Emperor himself? If there was some religious ceremony which required his exposure in the open air, bare-headed, there was the Emperor himself, bare-headed, through its, under the circumstances, more than tedious length. Never, on a single occasion, does he seem to have bestowed a thought on his comfort as a man when it came in the way of what he considered his dignity as the Czar of Russia. Those who saw him in his rare hours of seclusion, when he laid aside the buckram of his uniform, which seemed, as he wore it, to somewhat constrain and puff out his fine but full figure and face,—in those rare hours, which were as sleep to other men —hours spent in his country palace with his wife and family—speak most highly of the amiable and easy manners of the late Czar, his affability to those he could trust—not many, we must suppose, after what Alexander had said of his subjects,* and after his own experiences—and especially of his good example as a husband and a father. In the former relationship, it is true, his memory has suffered from scandalous gossip; but when we know from what slight causes stories spring up in private life about people that no one would care for but those who make it their business to discuss men rather than facts and principles, and when we estimate how much mere exaggeration is at work in such conspicuous cases as that of an emperor, all such stories must be admitted with the greatest caution as facts of history. He was certainly a far better husband than his mild brother Alexander—who was more like, in this matter, Homer's Ἀλέξανδρος Θεοειδής, or Alexander of god-like form, than Alexander the Great of Macedon. Nicholas seemed, if possible, thoroughly to enjoy himself on such occasions of relaxation; and we cannot imagine that a man who exercised at most times such stern self-discipline, can have much wanted decided dissipation. When he was travelling, and on visits during his travels, he appears to have been as free and easy in his manners as any other gentleman who does not "wear his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at." He is said to have made himself very much at home in England; and he told a gentleman, from whom we had it only at second-hand, that when he was a boy his mother used to take him out at St. Petersburgh, and showing him the direction of England, tell him that there lay a great nation, which he must keep well with at all risks. We know that he did not follow this advice to the letter, but we know also that he broke with England unwillingly; and if we had consented to go halves in the partition of Turkey, he would have been but too well pleased. That

* "If they knew where to hide them, they would steal my ships of the line; if they could draw my teeth without awakening me, they would extract them during the night."

it would have been most discreditable to England to have made such pact, is generally admitted—far more to her, indeed, than to Nicholas; for the aggressive policy southwards was the old tradition of his race, and he spoke in the name of growing and expanding Russia. But we hardly saved our honour in the transaction as it was, for the Ministry listened smilingly, and the *Times* wrote leading articles on the sickness of Turkey. Let this pass. We only wish to state that he meant no harm to us; for we cannot suppose that the Czar could have ruminated on the distant closing up of Russia on England, like the iron prison in its last fatal change on the victim of Italian revenge. There is no doubt that we have acted wisely, most wisely, in preferring the alliance of France to his, for England and France are doing each other good every day of their united lives; but still it is not fair that we should bear his memory any malice, for it was we and not he who struck the first blow. He has done nothing to deserve at our hands unseemly caricatures, or that his death should have been applauded at an English theatre. As far as national feeling is concerned, there is no reason why we should not be just to him. We will now come to the severest stain on the character of Nicholas. It is undoubtedly this—that in aggressive wars, whose fruits were utterly out of proportion to the efforts employed, he has shed human blood like water on the face of the globe; and that his system of carrying on war—that is, by unlimited sacrifice of soldiers, who are but as fascines thrown into a ditch to bridge it—has given war under him a character peculiarly sinister and ferocious. Nicholas cannot be praised as humane. The word, in its common acceptation, does not belong to his character. He breathed, he lived, as the incarnate will of his country. As some monarchs, though in name absolute—as Augustus and the Antonines of old, or the Napoleons of to-day—have represented and do represent, the incarnation of the public opinion of their respective countries, so did Nicholas represent the embodied will of a country which has a will as strong as a steam-engine's, but no public opinion at all to act as a break. Powerful over all else, he was powerless against this will. He could not check it—he could only direct its course. He may have curbed it for a time—we think he did, in wisdom; but, like a hard-mouthed horse, it tired his arm at last, and it ran away with him. No wonder that there was a collapse and a crash at the first barrier. Russia rose up and went on, goes on now, but the crash cost Nicholas his life. If he had been in a greater hurry to consummate the destiny of Russia, we might have considered him as being selfishly ambitious—as clearly so as Napoleon I. was after his assuming the purple; as it is, we cannot think him so. One cause with another—his sense of his responsibilities as ruler of Russia, and holding the helm of her destinies, the religious homage paid to himself, the belief in the future world, which increases in most men with increasing years, the notion of a mission to be fulfilled and a work to be done—seem to have conspired to force him into the career in which his life terminated. That career, we may be quite sure, was no bed of roses for him; and as a man he would probably have preferred ending his declining days in peace. The blood that he shed in his career, was shed not so much by his own hand or commands, as by him as the sole legatee of the will of his forefathers, and the destiny of the state he governed. We must remember that we are not to judge him as a man, nor even as a king, but as a despotic sovereign—a position which, in some countries, some man or other must be called upon to fill, and where hardness and severity are forced by necessity even upon the kind and humane, if they would do their work well. Indulgence is demanded by historians for the memory of Elizabeth, and we are told to think of her, not as a woman, but as a responsible sovereign—responsible both to God and man. We must extend even a greater degree of charity to the memory of our fallen foe, and judge of him as a sovereign, responsible indeed to God, but irresponsible to man, and acting in that most difficult of all positions according to the clearness of the light that was in him. The motives of his actions, stupendous in themselves

and consequences, are laid bare elsewhere; but the veil has not been raised to us, nor should we wish it raised. Under strong restrictive circumstances, Nicholas of Russia lived the life of an antique hero, and, we think we may say, at last died the death of a Christian. At least, if any evidence is to be gotten from deathbeds, the evidence of his deathbed all tended that way. And after death, we are told, "at first the face of the corpse was very much sunk and fallen in; but in the evening the fine features had become more imposing than ever, from their repose and regularity."

It is well that he died, like Cæsar, with his dignity wrapt about him. We should not have wished him to die otherwise. His faults, like his virtues, were those of a king, and it would have been a shock to the feelings of the world, if, like Napoleon I., in his last days he had undergone unkingly degradations. As to the probable influence of his death on the destinies of Europe, on the conduct of the war, on the fate of the world, it is hardly yet possible to form any well-grounded conjecture. The effects of the passing away of a great man are not immediate. We recollect that this was remarked at the time of the death of the Great Duke. Until the Russian war broke out, he was not really missed. Would he have dissuaded from the Crimean expedition? We cannot tell. Would Russia have gone to war with us at all during his lifetime? We cannot tell; probably not. But certain it is that in the recriminations consequent on the disasters of this war, his counsels have been painfully missed, and one or two words of his would have been paid for by untold treasure. Nor can we yet tell what effect the death of Nicholas will have on the future of Europe. Though Nicholas is dead, his death has scarcely yet been realised by the world. It is natural that Alexander II. should profess his intention to continue his father's policy; but the question is, Has the mantle of Nicholas fallen on his shoulders? There are ten chances to one against it. The military power of Russia is where it was at the death of Nicholas. But Nicholas was not a consummate general, though he knew how to choose generals, and was a brave and good soldier himself. What will be missed first by Russia is that name which overawed half Europe, and seemed to realise in a distant capital, through ambassadors and agents, the magnificent presence of the man.

To Germany—even to the courts connected by family alliance with him—the removal of the late Czar must be like the removal of a nightmare. It cannot be agreeable to any prince to be on bad terms with his subjects, least so to a prince whose dominions are not larger than the county of Rutland, for then the difference assumes the complexion of a quarrel in the same household. Yet many of the petty German princes have notoriously been on bad terms with their subjects, in consequence of promising constitutions and other privileges, and not performing these promises. To what are we to attribute their reluctance to gain popularity at an easy rate, except to their dread of the Russian incubus, which, whenever their hearts warmed towards their people, and they felt inclined to fraternise with them, and play king, lords, and commons in miniature, rose up like an embodied Remorse, and warned them back to the gloom and isolation of despotism, which, whatever it may be for the ruled, must be in all cases a most ungenial position for the ruler? The French proverb,

"Pour être heureux
Il faut être deux,"

holds good in this case as in all others. Friendship is impossible when one man knows that he is entirely in the power of another. Marriage, in its true and loyal sense, is nearly impossible also; hence the Sultana of Turkey is not considered a wife, and is consistently not considered so. Thus a despot on a small scale forfeits happiness for no adequate remuneration; and what is the sublime in the case of the Czar, becomes the ridiculous in the case of the Gross-herzog or the Elector. No doubt, many of them will be glad to escape from a false position, and the death of the Czar will be a positive relief to them. As for the King of Prussia, with his great resources and enormous standing army, his position is and has been

most degrading. Should his policy change from this time, he will get no credit for it, as it will be at once said that he changed because the fear of the Czar was taken away from him. The plea of family affection,—a selfish plea in the mouth of a responsible being—will avail him not, for the wishes of the deceased are as sacred to family affection as the wishes of the living. The most plausible motive for his vacillation and double-dealing will still remain, and it is to be feared that his wish to assume it will still prevent his joining the Western Powers, we mean, a fear of French aggrandisement. Not that Europe will ever be brought to believe in the prominence of this motive in the mind of Frederick, for unless the neutrality can be preserved throughout, the future and contingent danger will be realised immediately, and the first effect of Prussia turning her back on civilisation will be the testing of the strength of Ehrenbreitstein, and a French army under the walls of Mayence, not for the first time in history. We fear that, under present circumstances, the difficulty of Prussia joining the Western Powers, unless her people take courage and force her king, is increased rather than diminished. Her court will cling to the neutrality like a limpet to the rock.

On the other hand, the lesser German princes will not be ashamed to own that they were afraid of the Czar—rather, we suppose, of what he would say than of what he could do—and they will throw their small dress-swords into the same scale with the heavy sabre of Austria. Germany will at last feel her danger, and rise to fight for her own rights; and at the very last, Prussia, partly from shame to draw her sword against the Fatherland, partly from fear of being left behind, may consent to follow in the wake of Austria, with a hope of overtaking and finally heading her, which will probably not be realised. We can fancy the ineffable disgust with which all patriotic Prussians must regard the conduct of their king. We believe that Austria has been kept back from a hearty adherence to the Western policy, more by her own internal difficulties, than by any personal liking for or personal dread of the late Czar. With a disaffected Hungary, a disaffected Italy, a disaffected Bohemia, and Germany disunited and cowed by Russia, no wonder that she stood aloof. If she moves now in the right direction, she has a fairer opportunity than ever of taking the lead of Germany; and the house of Hapsburgh may be itself restored, even in these latter days, to a position which may remind the world of ancient glories. Certainly, she will be guilty of a piece of "magnificent ingratitude" towards Russia; but the gratitude due to the preserver is surely cancelled when the preserver becomes the invader. And Austria has been invaded by the mouths of the Danube. If Germany joins against Russia, as we hope and eventually believe she will, Poland will be restored to some kind of nationality—as far, no doubt, as is really practicable. Hungary will also be restored, and more easily, for the young Emperor of Austria, who has not personally offended the Hungarians, has nothing to do but to restore to them their ancient rights, and become King of Hungary to them instead of Emperor of Austria, to secure their affections, and give its pristine strength to that right arm which, as against Russia, is now paralysed. Hungary and Poland are the two great outworks, the detached forts, which ought to protect the *enciente continuée* of Germany from the approaches of Russia. It is most pitiable that Russia has already got such hold upon them that she will be hard to drive out. We wonder if the Germans ever study the map of Europe. Probably they have never seen the map in Mr. Urquhart's book. A glance at that map would alarm them. Russia has not penetrated into Germany only, or penetrated only into Turkey, but her frontier has been advanced all round pretty regularly, as with the wash of a mighty spring-tide. The most alarming part of the business is, that, should the tide rise higher, there are no natural barriers to stop it. All is plain and level before it; it has only to sweep on and on. There is no Switzerland, no Pyrenees or Grampians in the way. There is the Hartz, and there are the Carpathians, but these mountains will be but as reefs to be last covered: they will not present a solid wall to

the advancing tide. There is no hope but in the manhood of Western Europe, and the united and determined resistance of the German and Scandinavian races, joined, perhaps, with the Magyar, to their ponderous enemy, the Sclavonic race. It is as with the Dutch and their daily position, a life-and-death struggle, national and individual existence depending on damming out the sea, and keeping the dykes sound. One weak place will do as well as another: the rushing tide will soon make for itself a thoroughfare in that weak place, through which the sea of barbaric horse, foot, and artillery, will sweep, destroying and to destroy. Many a time before has this tide risen, and many a time has it ebbed. Once it washed as far as Paris; again it was arrested when Diebitch was stopt at Adrianople, and it rose higher then than ever before. Its ebbings, which were probably only in the course of nature, were attributed to the moderation of Nicholas, who, like the fabled Poseidon, might well have been called the "Earth-shaker;" and he seemed to have the power of storm and calm in his hands over this mighty sea. His removal from the scene will soon show the extent of his personal influence. It is quite certain that Europe now lies open, to a great extent, to this Sclavonian inundation; we may hope that the death of Nicholas will prove that change of the moon which produces the turning of the tide, and that, before it has time to rise again for the last, the fatal flow, Europe will look to her defences, and not forget, while she makes all firm and sound around her, that her best defence is trust in the greater than all czars or emperors, whom even the winds and the waves obey, and who can produce at His bidding, and in a moment, from the tumult of the waves a great calm, from the confusion of warring nations a great and a blessed peace.

THE STORY OF THE CAMPAIGN.—PART V.

CHAP. XVII.—EXCULPATORY.

In the earlier chapters I have rather avoided comment, confining myself to a plain narrative of the course of events as they flowed one into another. The public had been more than content with the campaign, and demanded only an intelligible and detailed account of the occurrences which had led to such pleasing results. But opinion had begun to exercise so large an influence on the war, that a record of its progress would be defective in which this new element should be left unrecognised.

The dull expanse of the siege, unrelieved, after Inkermann, by any bright red spots of victory in the foreground, was kept incessantly before the eyes of the public in its most dismal and lurid colours. Inflamed by the letters from the camp, and leading articles, with which every newspaper teemed, descriptive of the sufferings and losses of the army, and charging the authorities, military and ministerial, as the chief sources of disaster, the nation joined in one indignant outcry against the Government and the General. The plaudits of anticipated victory were changed to threats, forebodings, and despondency. Where a speedy triumph had been expected, there had been comparative failure—where national glory was to have been cheaply obtained, there had been losses and misery amounting to national disaster: therefore there must be blame. Such was the process of reasoning conducting to a conclusion almost unanimously assented to; the clamour swelled daily;—Mr. Roebuck gave notice of his motion of inquiry into the conduct of the war;—Lord John Russell suddenly quitted the Government; and the Ministry, defeated on Roebuck's motion by a majority of two to one, went out amidst such a clamour as greets the last moments of a criminal on the scaffold.

Amid the din of invective, those who read the parliamentary debates and leading articles of the time, will be puzzled to detect the true ground of censure. They will see that the nation was dissatisfied, and with whom, but will have some difficulty

in knowing why. Everybody has been ready to indicate the culprits, but none to specify the crime, except in the general terms of neglect, ignorance, and apathy. But though the accusers were confessedly in want of specific charges, yet the causes of our failure, in those points where we had failed, having been divined, or imagined to be divined, it was easy to ask why those causes had been allowed to exist.

For instance, it was known that the severest hardships of the army had arisen from the want of a communication between Balaklava and the camp; and it was asked why a road had not been made? It should have been made, it was urged, at the commencement of the siege, and should have been the first thing thought of.

Now, at the commencement of the siege, and for six weeks afterwards, the roads were hard and good. Before us was a place which we hoped to take after a short cannonade, and, notwithstanding that all the men available were employed in the trenches and batteries, and transporting armament and material for the works, the delay still seemed very tedious to the impatient troops. The trenches, once constructed, must be manned; and, thinned as the army was by sickness, to do this adequately absorbed all our available men. To make a road seven miles long was no light task, even if men and time could have been spared for it.

After a time, it began to be seen and admitted by the press, that the army once landed in the Crimea, the events, up to the end of October, followed in a sequence easily accounted for, without fixing culpability on the chief actors. It was seen that to have occupied the first period of the investment in making a road, would have called forth deservedly a charge of deferring the completion of the enterprise, in order to carry on an extensive work which might never be wanted. As the season wore on, the days between us and winter, like the Sibylline books, grew in value with each diminution of their number, and not one could be spared from the business of the siege. The enemy were seen throwing up their defensive works, and unless we kept pace with them, we must expect to break ground under an overwhelming fire. On the other hand, to have pushed the enterprise to a rash termination, by assaulting the town without waiting for the battering-train to do its work, would have entailed, even with success, the yet more serious charge of incurring an unnecessary waste of life, when a little patience and trouble spent in availing ourselves of the means we possessed, might secure a comparatively bloodless victory—a charge which all but men of surpassing self-reliance would shrink from the risk of. Viewed in retrospect, it is easy to detect our errors, and to point to a better course of action; and the least sagacious and resolute general of the allied army would, if the problem were again set before him, apply the lesson of experience in the alternative of a speedy assault or deliberate provision for wintering on the heights. It is a cheap sagacity, and pleasant to exercise, which points out the faults of the past. In fighting our battles o'er again, mediocrity becomes infallible, and doubt and difficulty are no longer elements of warfare.

If, then, it is granted that, up to the end of October, things had gone as well with us as could fairly be expected, let us take that as the starting-point of imputed error. It is said that, it being then clear that no prospect remained of a speedy capture of the place, measures should at once have been taken to provide against winter. A road should have been made, provisions stored, and huts and stables constructed—all very desirable measures, but unfortunately not practicable. As already mentioned, the duty of the trenches exceeded our means, when guards, pickets, and the covering force were provided for, and our men were already dying of fatigue. Therefore, in order to begin other works, men must be taken from the trenches. But to guard the trenches insufficiently would be worse than not to guard them at all: it would be adding the slaughter of men to the loss of guns, therefore they must be abandoned; and to withdraw the guns and ammunition, and dismantle the batteries, would have been of itself a considerable labour. But our lines once abandoned, the French could no longer hold theirs, as they would have

been liable at any time to be taken in reverse; therefore the whole siege-works must have been given up, to be reconstructed at a more convenient season, while the Russians augmented their defences without interruption. Would this have suited either army or either nation? Or would it have been considered preferable to the severe losses we have suffered? Besides, our attention was no longer confined to the siege. The army in the field against us was daily increasing, and had already attacked our position twice. Such were the circumstances under which it is said roads ought to have been made, provisions stored, and the troops sheltered.

The asserted superiority in the condition of the French army was cited as proof that we were in much worse state than we need be. It is by no means certain that our allies were much better provided than ourselves; at the same time, it is difficult to compare with accuracy the condition of the two armies, because the French systematically represent their own affairs in the most favourable light. And without presuming to doubt the advantages of a free discussion by the public press of our military system and operations, yet we must admit it to be, if a weakness, yet a natural one, on the part of our allies, to veil their own proceedings as much as possible from an equally severe scrutiny. Assuming, therefore, that inquiries made from the French as to the progress, reinforcements, and general state of their army, did not always elicit unadulterated facts, we may still find indulgence for the motives which tinged those facts with a roseate hue. To hear that its army was disorganised, famished, and dying of disease, and to be held up to the world as an example of disastrous military policy, might, however interesting to the public, be somewhat obnoxious to the vanity of a warlike nation, proud of its achievements, and fond to excess of glory.

There is no doubt that, during the early part of the campaign, the French suffered more from disease than we did. If, during the winter, the case was reversed, the change is easily accounted for. Large and constant reinforcements from France lightened the labours of the siege, and left plenty of men for the construction of the road from Kamiesch to their camp. While our men, from the fewness of their numbers, were often two, even three, nights in succession in the trenches, the French spent four nights out of five in their tents. Six days enabled them to communicate with Marseilles, and six or eight more to procure from thence any supplies which might be suddenly found needful.

It was said we ought to have insisted on the labours of the siege being proportioned to the strength of the two armies respectively. But, at the commencement of the siege we rather outnumbered the French, who offered us our choice of the right of the attack; with Balaklava as a port, or the left, with Kamiesch. We chose the right, principally for the sake of holding Balaklava, which was altogether in our hands, and its harbour filled with our vessels. When reinforcements arrived to the French, they had a greater extent of trenches to occupy than we, owing to the nature of the ground in their front permitting a nearer approach to the place. The whole of the French troops, with the exception of Bosquet's division, which was posted near the Woronzoff road, encamped in rear of their own lines, where, however convenient for the relief of their trenches, and for supplies from Kamiesch, they were at a great distance from any point of the position liable to be attacked. It would certainly appear to have been more desirable that they should have contributed a larger proportion to the covering force; and, after the battle of Inkermann, they sent troops of all arms to reinforce our first and second divisions, and placed a brigade of infantry in the lines of Balaklava. At the beginning of February, the French, numbering more than seventy thousand, which was five times our effective force, took the whole of the lines and field-works on the hills around Inkermann, while we armed the batteries with guns, and furnished artillery-men to work them. Had the army been all French or all English, of course every reinforcement would have lightened the burdens of the whole; but, in the absence of any express stipulation for such a contingency, it was natural that the French should avail them-

selves of their superior numbers to relieve our men and forward our works only so far as was feasible without detriment to their own.

The commissariat of our army has received a good deal of censure. The only school in which its officers can learn any part of their duties is in our foreign garrisons and colonies, where their business is to issue pay to the troops, to make contracts for provisions, and to see that these are of good quality. This is obviously a somewhat slender preparation for the duty of supplying an army in the field—and many among the juniors had not even this advantage. Those members of the service with whom I am personally acquainted, certainly cannot be charged either with indolence or incapacity.

In offering the foregoing remarks, I by no means intend to say that every possible measure was taken to alleviate the distresses of our troops. Better order might probably have been established, and the insufficient means at their disposal turned to better account. But I do intend to say, that, in the absence of large reserves of good troops, and an efficient transport corps, no sagacity or foresight could have obviated, to any extent, the evils which have befallen us. The Government may, or may not, have exerted itself to the utmost in carrying on the war: if it possessed the means of remedying the deficiencies I speak of, it ought to have been called to account long ago for neglecting to do so. But let the condemnation be on just grounds:—the protraction of the siege amid suffering and loss is, in itself, no fair proof of incompetence. The British people, hardest of taskmasters, demanding bricks where they have denied straw, look only to results; and the ministry and the general who commence a war must always, unless aided by fortune to an extraordinary extent, incur the national displeasure at the first arduous undertaking of the campaign; and it will be well for the country if it possesses men capable of efficiently replacing them. Such has been the fortune of the first actors on the present stage: censure has been loud and general, and the difficulties encountered never fairly taken into account. In front, a city of great and daily-increasing strength, with a numerous garrison, and offering unusual natural obstacles to a regular attack—an army in the field threatening us—our forces thinned by sickness, and clad in worn-out summer uniforms, while winter was pressing so close that we felt his breath on our cheeks—supplies daily less attainable, men and horses daily dying—and no retreat. What a problem to set before a General, an army, and a Government, trained amid the experiences of a forty years' peace! The genius of Napoleon, combined with that of Chatham, might have gained lustre by a triumphant solution. It will be said that the conditions enumerated ought never to have been allowed to exist; but I have in some measure anticipated the objection in a former chapter (XV.)

It is very natural that those who saw our gallant army quit England, splendidly equipped, elate, and eager for battle, should feel sorrow and indignation at the miserable end which so many of these noble troops have met. It is natural that when men of talent have exerted all their descriptive power to set the sufferings of the army in the strongest possible light, their readers should be excited to a pitch of sympathy even beyond that which an actual sight of the horrors so vividly depicted would produce. With advancing civilisation, human life has risen in value and consideration to an unprecedented extent—our soldiers, no longer accounted as food for powder, are thought of as equal in all respects, superior in some, to those citizens of ancient states who have made famous the names of Thermopylæ, Platæa, and Marathon; and those who would scruple to deprive the worst criminal of existence, can not hear of so many brave men perishing without horror. The expression of these feelings, under the circumstances, is natural and inevitable. Not so the contrast so frequently drawn and so strongly dwelt on, between our army and that of the French, and which, coming from ourselves, cannot have failed to efface some of the respect which the sight of the battery at the Alma, where three Russians lay dead for every Englishman—of the charge at Balaklava, where our heavy brigade of cavalry met and

put to flight three times their number of horsemen—and of the bloody resistance at Inkermann, so signally produced. Is it politic to insist so strongly on our inferiority?—or, if politic, is it just? I have heard of letters from Paris alluding to others received from the French camp, in which the French army is described as been entirely occupied with taking care of the English. The Continental states, taking us at our word, begin to affect compassion for the military system of the nation which is stronger in resources now than when it saved Europe. Cannot necessary reforms be effected without such depreciatory outcry? Might not the comparisons I speak of be drawn with greater fairness? Legions of fresh troops were always ready to cover, and more than cover, the losses of the French. England and France are friends — long may they continue so — nor should any subject be hinted at which is likely to excite jealousy between them — but let us be just to ourselves. Nothing has yet occurred to prove that our ancient reputation in arms is endangered.

CHAP. XVIII.—PROGRESS OF THE SIEGE.

Before leaving Constantinople, when the object of my mission was accomplished, I visited again the hospitals at Scutari, and noticed a remarkable improvement in the appearance of the patients. Formerly a large proportion were evidently past recovery; but now, although the hospital was fuller than ever, the *facies Hippocratica* lent its ghastliness to a far less number of pillows. The most appalling cases were those of frostbite, and I saw one dreadful instance where the bones of the toes stuck out white and naked from the black and swollen feet.

On the 17th of February I sailed for the Crimea, and thus terminated the cheerful glimpse of civilised life which I had enjoyed doubly from contrast with the stern scenes which bordered it. From a smoky hut in a quagmire, to a pleasant room looking on the Bosphorus—from the *Barber of Seville* at the opera of Pera, to the grim drama of the siege with the snowy waste for a drop-scene — the change was indeed "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." The ship had been ordered to start a day before her time, and I had hurried down to the Golden Horn, followed by a porter bearing a huge pie, made under the special directions of my hostess, and so stuffed with every available bird of the air as to be a sort of aviary in paste. Woodcock, red-leg, pheasant, and the domestic fowl, nestled in harmonious and sweet companionship on layers of veal and ham, their union being cemented by truffles. It was smoking hot, being drawn from the oven barely in time for my departure. Placing it carefully in a caïque, I seated myself therein, and directed the boatman to row to the vessel, which was hissing with steam as if about to start. On reaching the accommodation-ladder my first care was for the pie, which I well knew would be warmly welcomed "before Sebastopol;" and, lifting it from the caïque, I placed it on the step of the ladder, and was about to follow when the boatman let the caïque fall off from the ship's side, and I was obliged to quit my hold of the ladder. The pie, left unsupported, was too broad for the step, and toppled over. For one agonising moment it seemed about to fall into the water; it remained resting on its side, and forth gushed a flood of gravy, filling the air with such odours as saluted the nose of Sancho when he lifted the lids of the fleshpots in Camacho's kitchen; or Mr. Codlin's, when the host of the Jolly Sandboys took the cover off the stew. Attracted by the steam of rich distilled perfumes which rose upward, about four hundred Croats, who were shipped on board for the Crimea for the purpose of making roads, flocked to the side of the vessel, and the pie was conveyed across the deck through a crowd of picturesque savages, who hovered fondly around it, snuffing up the fragrance, and who could with difficulty prevail on themselves to quit its neighbourhood. However, it turned out eventually but little the worse, and had, moreover, the advantage of being discussed in a most uncritical spirit.

The harbour of Balaklava was so thronged that the steamer could not

enter, and I went in a boat. The place was greatly improved since I had last seen it. The streets were cleaner, the frost had dried the roads, and there were more conveniences for landing. The railway ran from the heart of the town, through the meadows which last autumn teemed with vegetables, fruit, and vines, to the side of the hill beyond Kadukoi at the head of the valley; and huge fat dray-horses, suggestive of ale and stout, stalked ponderously by. Ascending the heights to the plateau, too, circumstances were changed greatly for the better. Many huts had been brought up, forming in some spots small villages. The dead horses had been buried, and the live ones sheltered, either in stables of plank, or in trenches covered in with boards or tarpaulin; while the troops had been for some weeks enjoying the comfort of plenty of warm clothing, and wore the appearance of health.

So many stories of desperate sorties, threatened attacks by the Russians on Balaklava, and combats more or less disastrous to the Allies, were always floating about the *table d'hôte* at Pera, generally supported by plausible authority, that I hastened to inquire into the truth of some which had appeared better authenticated than the rest. With the exception of one or two sorties, however, nothing had occurred to break the monotony of the siege. But the night of the 19th February (the day I landed) had been fixed on for an expedition into the valley of the Tchernaya, to surprise the Russian force there, and to effect a reconnoissance of the surrounding country. General Bosquet was to command a considerable French force; and the Highland brigade, with two batteries of artillery, and about three hundred cavalry, was to co-operate with him.

Though the day had been fine, a bitter north wind, with snow, blew all night, and the cold was so intense that the order for Bosquet's division to march was countermanded. The staff-officer, who was sent to apprise Sir C. Campbell of the postponement of the enterprise, lost his way in the snow-storm, and at two in the morning the English force marched out of Kadukoi, proceeding across the plain towards Tchergoum, where, according to the original plan, they were to have engaged the attention of the Russian force, while the French, crossing the bridge, turned their flank. There seems good reason to believe that, had the design been carried out, it would have been attended with success; the Russians had neglected their outposts, and nothing occurred to interrupt the march. Daylight showed the Russian force across the Tchernaya, two miles off, ill prepared for an attack, and it was nearly half an hour before they got under arms. When it was seen from the plateau that the English had advanced, a body of French was despatched to support them—and nearly at the same time came the order countermanding the enterprise. In marching back, the ammunition-mules were separated from the troops, and, a body of Cossacks appearing behind a neighbouring hill, two of them, with levelled lances, galloped down to intercept the rearmost animal; but a sergeant and private of the infantry escort, running out, fired at them, and they turned and retreated, while a detachment of our cavalry came back to protect the ammunition. Some of our men were frostbitten—and another misfortune arising from the abortive attempt was, that the enemy were thus placed on their guard against a repetition of the enterprise.

Before this, intelligence had arrived of an attack made on Eupatoria by the Russians, who had been observed on the 15th to receive large convoys and reinforcements from the eastward.

At daylight on the 17th they came on in numbers estimated at 40,000 of all arms, with from sixty to one hundred guns, and opened with their artillery on the intrenchments surrounding the town. Skirmishers covered the guns, the battalions were in rear, and the cavalry on the flanks; subsequently the guns advanced, and under cover of their fire the infantry, forming behind a wall six hundred yards distant from the right of the town, made their attack, and were repulsed—at other points also they were driven back—and at ten in the morning they retired, covered by the artillery and cavalry. Liprandi's

division (the 12th), formerly posted in front of Balaklava, was present in this action.

A battery of Turkish artillery was disabled in the attack, every gun being struck, and a third of the horses killed, with nineteen gunners. There were ninety-seven Turks killed, and 277 wounded in all; a French detachment acting with them lost four killed and nine wounded; and of the Tartar population thirteen were killed and eleven wounded. Selim Pasha, an Egyptian, commanding a brigade, was among the slain. The Russians left 460 dead—and, if the snow-storm on the night of the 19th found them on the march, or unsheltered, they must have suffered severe loss.

For some time a cordon of Russian cavalry had surrounded Eupatoria. A depot of provisions and military stores had been collected there, and a garrison from the Turkish army on the Danube under Omer Pasha; but their great deficiency was in cavalry, the scanty number of which barely enabled them to furnish the necessary videttes. While in Constantinople, I was glad to hear that 4000 cavalry were soon to be despatched to Eupatoria; in an action taking place on the plains between that town and Sebastopol, victory would almost certainly remain with the side which was strongest in that arm.

During the early part of the siege the garrison of Sebastopol had never displayed any great degree of enterprise, though they had stood well to their guns, and worked diligently at their defences. But on the night of the 22d of February they seized on a hill about four hundred yards from the advanced trench held by the French in front of Inkermann, and began to construct a battery there. All the redoubts now erected on the battle-field of the 5th of November were garrisoned by the French, who had also constructed some very well-finished lines extending from the batteries opposite the Inkermann Lights, around the face of the slopes looking towards the Round Tower, in which direction approaches had been pushed to the advanced trench in question, which was at a considerable distance from the redoubts.

Being in the trenches of our right attack on the 23d, I had a good view of this new Russian work. A row of gabions had been filled, and a second placed on the top of a small hill between the Round Tower and the French trenches before Inkermann; and a few men were employed in working behind the hill, which hid them from the French. It was evident that the latter could not permit the work to proceed unmolested, and an attack was ordered for the same night.

At an hour after midnight, 2500 French infantry, consisting of a battalion of Zouaves, and one each of the line and of marines, sallied from the trenches; and the two latter remaining in support, the Zouaves advanced without firing, to the foot of the eminence on which the battery was posted. The Russians were prepared, and received them with a volley from the work in front, and from a line of infantry extended on each side to flank the approach. The Zouaves returned the fire, and pressed on, and a combat of musketry and bayonets ensued, which lasted for an hour. During this time the Russian batteries opened against the hill, firing shot, shell, and rockets, without intermission. The French succeeded at one time in entering the work, and driving out its defenders, but were checked by the Russian supports, which were posted behind the hill in great strength, evidently in expectation of an attack; and the Zouaves, after suffering severely, retreated, bringing with them General Monet desperately wounded. They had fifteen officers killed and wounded, out of the nineteen lost in all by the French, whose loss in men was variously stated at from three to five hundred.

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CONTENTS.

The Length of Human Life, ... 499

Zaidee: a Romance.—Part VI., ... 509

Poetry of the War—Reviewed before Sebastopol, . . . 531

The Campaigns of a French Hussar, ... 536

Modern Novelists—Great and Small, ... 554

Notes on Canada and the North-west States of America.—Part II., ... 569

The Royal Scottish Academy, ... 582

The Cold Shade, ... 598

The Story of the Campaign. Written in a Tent in the Crimea.—Part VI., ... 614

Chapter XVIII. (*continued*) Progress of the Siege.——XIX. The Burial Truce.——XX. View of the Works.

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BLACKWOOD'S

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THE LENGTH OF HUMAN LIFE.

There are two things we chiefly wish for while we remain in this world—health, to make life enjoyable; and length of days, to make it lasting. To obtain both depends mainly upon ourselves.

We do not simply die, we usually kill ourselves. Our habits, our passions, our anxieties of body and mind—these shorten our lives, and prevent us from reaching the natural limit of human existence.

The key to health and to long life is sobriety of living. It is the fashion of the present day to restrict the term sobriety to moderation in the use of intoxicating liquors. Misery and crime and death we trace readily to the neglect of this species of sobriety. We do not hesitate to say of a drunkard that he has killed himself, but we rarely speak of over-eating as a serious or frequent shortener of life. Yet the food they eat causes to mankind at large more sleepless nights, more unhappy days, and more shortening of life, than all the liquors they consume. "Oh! miserable and unhappy Italy," wrote Cornaro, three centuries ago, "dost thou not see that gluttony is killing every year more people than would perish in a season of most severe pestilence, or by the fire and sword of many battles?"

A sober life implies moderation in all things. "It consists," says Cornaro, "in moderate eating, in moderate drinking, and in a moderate enjoyment of all the pleasures of life. In keeping the mind moderately but constantly employed, in cultivating the affections moderately, in avoiding extremes of heat and cold, and in shunning excessive excitement either of body or of mind."

And so Lessius, a follower and amplifier of the views of Cornaro, writes also in his *Art of Enjoying Perfect Health.** "By a sober life," he says, "I understand a moderate use of meat and drink, such as accords with the temperament and actual dispositions of the body, and with the functions of the mind. A sober life is a life of *order*, of *rule*, and of *temperance*." Then as the moderate use he speaks of implies the consumption of meat and drink, both in just measure and of proper kinds, he adds to his definition of a sober life the following seven rules for actually living such a life:—

1. Not to eat so much as will unfit the mind for its usual exertions.

---

1. *Discorsi di Luigi Cornaro, intorno della Vita Sobria*, 1550 to 1572.
2. *L'Arte de Godere Sanità Perfetta, de* Leonardo Lessio. 1563.
3. *De la Longevité Humaine et de la Quantité de Vie sur la Globe.* Par F. Flourens, Membre de l'Academie Française, &c. &c. Paris, 1855.

* *L'Arte de Godere Sanità Perfetta*, 1563.

2. Or so much as will make the body heavy and torpid.

3. Not to pass hastily from one extreme of living to another, but to change slowly and cautiously.

4. To eat plain and wholesome food.

5. To avoid too great variety, and the use of curiously made dishes.

6. To proportion the quantity of food to the temperament, the age, and the strength of the eater, and to the kind of food he uses.

7. Not to allow the appetite for food and drink to regulate the quantity we take, as this sensual desire is really the cause of the whole difficulty.

By these rules a sober life is to be led, and a perfect condition of health maintained. And the life thus led, though nominally a life of restraint and privation, yet carries with it many pleasurable comforts. "A sober life," says Lessius, "gives vigour to the senses, mitigates the passions, preserves the memory, strengthens the mind, protects from the evils of intemperance, makes both body and mind more free in their operations, and prolongs the period of our existence."

But Cornaro has more fully sounded the praises of what he calls—"That divine sobriety which is grateful to God, friendly to nature, the daughter of reason, the sister of virtue, the companion of temperate living—modest, gentle, content with little, guided by rule and line in all its operations."

"From this sobriety," he says, "as from a root, spring life, health, cheerfulness, bodily industry, mental labour, and all those actions which are worthy of a well-formed and well-disciplined mind. Laws, divine and human, favour it. From it, like clouds from the sun, fly repletions, indigestions, gluttonies, superfluities, humours, distempers, fevers, griefs, and the perils of death. Its beauty allures every noble heart. Its safety promises to all an agreeable and lasting preservation. Its happiness invites every one, with little disturbance, to the acquisition of its victories. And, finally, it promises to be a grateful and benignant guardian of life to both poor and rich, to male and female, to young and old; teaching to the rich, moderation—to the poor, economy—to man, self-restraint, and to woman modesty: providing the old with a defence from death; and for the young, placing the hope of a long life on a foundation more firm and more secure."

And still, as if he could not come to an end of its praises, the eloquent old man—concluding this, his first Discourse, at the age of eighty-three—begins anew in warmer words. "Sobriety purifies the senses, lightens the body, gives vivacity to the intellect, cheerfulness to the mind, strength to the memory, quickness to the movements, readiness and decision to the actions. By it the soul, relieved, as it were, from its terrestrial load, enjoys a large part of its natural liberty; the spirits (in the language of the times) move pleasantly through the arteries, the blood runs through the veins, a temperate and agreeable warmth produces agreeable and temperate effects; and, finally, all our powers, with a most beautiful order, preserve a joyous and grateful harmony. O most holy and most innocent sobriety," he concludes, "the only cooler of nature, gracious mother of human life, true medicine of mind and body—how ought men to praise thee, and to thank thee for thy courteous gifts!"*

For all these eulogies of Cornaro there is an undoubted substratum of truth and fact; and we are safe in conceding that, from the sober life of Lessius and Cornaro, two main blessings are likely to flow—health, with its attendant comforts; and long life, with its continued enjoyments. Let us leave the former for the present, since health is a blessing which all have experienced more or less, and all can judge of and value. But we may usefully consider the old age to which this life is to lead us.

Now, in regard to this old age there are three things we naturally ask—

First, At what time of life does old age naturally begin, and how long does it naturally last?

Second, Is this old age really worth having? Is it worth living for? Will

* Cornaro, *Discorso Primo.*

it repay us for the self-restraint and self-denial which are necessary to attain it? And,

Third, Should we really reach and value it, how is it to be best nursed and upheld?

First. The first of these is the most difficult to answer. Up to the present time we have only been able to hazard guesses, both as to when old age begins, and when life naturally ends. What David puts into the mouth of Moses we still generally receive as a fair expression of the truth regarding the length of human life: "The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow, for it is soon cut off, and we fly away."* And fixing the limit of life at seventy or eighty, we of course reckon old age to begin a great many years earlier.

But physiological anatomy has recently come to our aid, and professes now to give us definite and precise views, in regard both to when old age begins, and when the complete life of man naturally ends.

The life of the body naturally divides itself into two parts. During the first, the body increases in size and development; in the second, it decreases or becomes less. The first half includes the two stages of infancy and youth—the second half, those of manhood and decay. These are the four periods or epochs of human life, which are generally received and spoken of. And we divide each again into an earlier and later period of uncertain duration. We talk of later infancy, of early youth, of full manhood, of declining old age, without attaching any fixed or definite ideas to these expressions.

"I propose, however," says M. Flourens, in a book which has recently awakened the attention of all Paris —"I propose the following natural divisions and natural durations for the whole life of man:—

"The first ten years of life are infancy, properly so called; the second ten is the period of boyhood; from twenty to thirty is the first youth; from thirty to forty the second. The first manhood is from forty to fifty-five; the second from fifty-five to seventy. This period of manhood is the age of strength, the *manly* period of human life. From seventy to eighty-five is the first period of old age, and at eighty-five the second old age begins." These periods all shade insensibly into each other, so that, in an actual life, we can hardly tell where the one ends and the other begins. They vary in length, also, in different individuals, and most men nowadays become old and die while they ought still to have been in the period of early manhood.

The limits thus assigned by Flourens to the several periods of life are not wholly arbitrary, like those we generally talk of; on the contrary, a more or less sound physiological reason is assigned for each. Infancy proper ceases at ten years, because then the second toothing is completed—boyhood at twenty, because then the bones cease to increase in length—and youth extends to forty, because about that time the body ceases to increase in size. Enlargement of bulk after that period consists chiefly in the accumulation of fat. The real development of the parts of the body has already ceased. Instead of increasing the strength and activity, this later growth weakens the body and retards its motions. Then when growth has ceased, the body rests, rallies, and becomes invigorated. Like a fortress, with all its works complete, its garrison in full numbers, and threatened with an early siege, it repairs, arranges, disposes everything within itself. The new stores it daily receives are employed in fully equipping, in strengthening, in rebuilding, and in maintaining every part in the greatest perfection and efficiency. This period of internal invigoration lasts fifteen years (that of the first manhood), and it maintains itself for ten or fifteen years more, when old age begins.

And what marks the beginning of old age? In youth and manhood we perform a usual daily amount of physical or mental labour; but we are able to do more. Let an emergency arise, and we find within us a

* Psalm xc., verse 10—(A Song of Moses.)

reserve of strength which enables us to accomplish far heavier labours; we double or triple our exertions, we accomplish the unusual work, and after a little rest we are as strong and hale as ever. Old age has come on when we can no longer do this, when the natural strength is barely sufficient for the daily work, when anything unusual fatigues, and extraordinary efforts sensibly injure the health. When the reserve of strength is exhausted, the age of decline has fairly begun. It is by drawing upon this natural store of reserved strength through excess in living, faster than it can be naturally repaired, that manhood is shortened, and old age so often prematurely entered.

And, besides, old age is distinguished by this, that it brings with it a general weakening of the whole body. It is not the lungs, or the heart, or the nerves, or the muscles, that lose their tone, and become incapable of unusual or prolonged exertion. Local disease may weaken one organ, while all the others remain sound and vigorous as ever. But old age impairs all alike. Each, so to speak, has consumed its treasured stores of surplus strength, and, living as it were from hand to mouth, is barely able to accomplish the daily task which the bodily movements impose upon it.

Yet old age does make itself felt more, in every individual, upon some one organ than upon all the others. There is a weak member in every man's body. All parts are not alike strong and healthy in any of us. On this weak member old age tells most sensibly; and hence in one man the decline of strength first distinctly manifests itself upon the lungs, in another upon the stomach, and in a third upon the heart. And as the excessive weakening of any one organ influences —hampers, we may say, and obstructs—all the rest, it may happen that this weakness, original or acquired, of one important organ, may suddenly arrest life altogether when the age of decline arrives. As a penalty for the excessive use which has impaired that organ, old age may be barely reached before the whole machinery of life spontaneously stops, and is arrested at once.

Such are the periods into which M. Flourens divides the natural life of man, and such the physiological reasons assigned for the duration he ascribes to each. His second period of old age begins at eighty-five, and thus the complete natural life of man, according to his view, can scarcely fall short of a century. But that the natural normal life of man ought to carry him on to his hundredth year, is a somewhat startling assertion. We naturally ask, therefore, for further proof upon this special point.

What says experience, for example, to this alleged long life as natural to man?

"The man," says Buffon, "who does not die of accidental diseases, lives everywhere to ninety or a hundred years." This is the answer of experience—experience from the mouth of an eminent naturalist.

"When we reflect," he adds, "that the European, the negro, the Chinese, the American, the civilized and the savage, rich and poor, citizen and peasant—otherwise differing so much from each other—are yet all alike in this, that the same measure, the same interval of time, separates their birth from their death—that difference in race, in climate, in food, in comforts, makes no difference in this common interval, we must acknowledge that the length of life depends neither upon habits, manners, nor quality of food; that nothing can change the laws of the mechanism by which the number of our years is regulated."

All this is true. The length of life depends on the essential constitution of our internal organs.

That comparatively few men reach ninety or a hundred years is also true, says experience, but that is because of the interference of *disturbing* causes. Most men die of disease; only a small number die of old age. In our artificial life, the moral is more frequently sick than the physical man. In a calmer moral atmosphere, *entire* lives would be more frequently spent. "Almost all," says Buffon, "spend their lives in fear and contention, and most men (most Frenchmen, of course, he means) die of chagrin." Among savage tribes it is the same. Few die a natural death. All die by accidents, by hunger, by wounds, by the poison of serpents, by epidemic

diseases, &c. That few really reach their hundredth year, therefore, experience repeats, is no proof that such is not the natural term of human life.

Haller, professedly a physiologist, likewise investigated this question historically, or by the light of recorded experience. He collected together all the authenticated instances of long life. Of these the two extreme cases are the Englishman, Thomas Parr, who died in the reign of Charles I. at the age of 152, and another less certain case of 169. His conclusion—not a very precise one—is, that *the utmost limit of human life is not within two hundred years (non citra alterum seculum!)* But though himself a physiologist, this deduction of Haller is only a historical one. It is based on no physiological data.

What, then, does physiology say? Buffon not only investigated the subject historically, or by the light of experience, as we have seen, but he was the first also to study it physiologically. He writes as follows: "The total duration of life may be estimated to a certain degree by that of the duration of an animal's growth. . . . Man increases in height up to his sixteenth or eighteenth year, and yet the full development in size of all the parts of the body is not completed till the thirtieth year. The dog attains its full length in one year, and only in the second year completes its growth in bulk or size. Man, who takes thirty years to grow, lives ninety or a hundred years. The dog, which grows only during two or three years, lives only ten or twelve; and it is the same with most other animals."

This passage contains the germ of an idea which he afterwards develops more clearly. "The duration of life in the horse," he says, "as in all other species of animals, is proportionate to the length of time during which it grows. Man, who takes fourteen years to grow, may live six or seven times as long; that is, to ninety or a hundred years. The horse, which completes its growth in four years, may live six or seven times as long; that is, to twenty or thirty years."
And again, "As the stag is five or six years in growing, it lives also seven times five or six; that is, to thirty-five or forty years.

So far, Buffon lays down the true physiological problem. The length of life is a multiple of the length of growth. His own deductions as to the true multiple were uncertain, because his data were so. He did not know accurately at what age the growth of man and other animals really ceased, or what was the true sign of such cessation. At this point M. Flourens takes the question up; and with more accurate anatomical and physiological data, he has arrived at what he believes, and at what certainly appear, more reliable results.

"I find," he says, "the true sign of the term of animal growth in the reunion of the bones to their epiphyses. So long as this union does not take place, the animal grows. As soon as the bones are united to their epiphyses, the animal ceases to grow."

In man, this reunion takes place at the age of twenty years, and he lives to ninety or a hundred. The following table contains the other data given by M. Flourens:—

Man grows for	20 yrs,	and lives 90 or 100
The camel,	8	40
The horse,	5	25
The ox,	4	15 to 20
The lion,	4	20
The dog,	2	10 to 12
The cat,	1¼	9 or 10
The hare,	1	8
The guinea-pig,	7 months,	6 or 7

By these data the result of Buffon is corrected. All the larger animals *live about five times longer than they grow*, instead of six or seven times, as inferred by Buffon. Thus, by a physiological analogy, the ordinary natural life of a man is fixed at a hundred years. He grows twenty, and five twenties make up the hundred. If some few men live beyond the hundredth year, it may be that their natural growth was also unusually prolonged. Or some extraordinary prudence in living, or uncommon constitutional strength, may have secured for these rare individuals their extraordinary length of life.

But, having arrived at a degree of comparative certainty in regard to the ordinary or natural length of human life, we turn with renewed interest to these extraordinary lives. Can any general physiological relation or law be discovered, by which the ut-

most possible or extreme limit of human life is determined—that limit beyond which man cannot *possibly* live? To this question physiology as yet returns no answer. It falls back, in its turn, upon historical experience, and even from that source gathers only presumptive evidence.

We have seen that from a consideration of the extreme cases of long life to be found upon record, Haller had concluded that the extraordinary limit of life approached to two centuries. Buffon reached the same conclusion by a different process. The ordinary life of a horse is twenty-five years; but there is a case on record of a horse of the Bishop of Metz which lived fifty years, or double the ordinary length of a horse's life. "The same should happen in other species, and therefore in the human species," says Buffon. Man, he concludes, *may* live to double the ordinary length of life.

In aid of this analogical argument of Buffon, M. Flourens brings further facts. The camel, which has an ordinary life of forty or fifty years, has lived to a hundred. The lion, which lives commonly to twenty, may live to forty, and even to sixty. Dogs have lived twenty, twenty-three, and twenty-four years, and cats eighteen and twenty. From all these cases united, he concludes—in regard to mammiferous animals, to which our accurate knowledge is at present confined—"that it is a fact, a law—in other words, the general experience in regard to that class—that *their extraordinary life may* be prolonged to double the length of their ordinary life;" that is to say, the extreme possible limit of human life is measured by ten times the period of growth.

"A first century," he adds, "of *ordinary life*, and almost a second—a half century at least—of *extraordinary life*." Such is the perspective which science opens up to man. It is true that science offers this great *fund of life* to us, more in the possible than the actual—*plus in posse quam in actu*, to speak after the manner of the ancients; but were it offered to us in the actual, would the complaints of men cease? "Begin by telling me," said Micromegas, "how many senses the men of your globe have?"—"We have seventy-two," answers the inhabitant of Saturn; "and we complain every day of the smallness of the number." . . . "I don't doubt it," said Micromegas; "for on our globe we have nearly a thousand, and we are still tormented with vague desires."

Second. But an old age thus protracted—a life continued to the full period of one century only—are they worth struggling for, are they worth living for, are they worth having when they come? Solomon speaks of them as "evil days," as years in which a man shall say, "I have no pleasure in them." And he describes the infirmities of the period as "the day in which the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows shall be darkened, and the doors shall be shut in the streets . . . and all the daughters of music shall be brought low . . . and fears shall be in the way, and the almond-tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail."

The frailties of extreme old age are truly pictured in the figurative language of Solomon. Physical strength declines as old age advances; this fact is unquestionable. But for this decline of strength, does old age bring with it no compensation? "The physical loses," says Cornaro; "that is certain." "The moral gains," says Cicero. "More than the physical loses," says Buffon. "A noble compensation," says Flourens. "It makes one wish to become old," says Montaigne. "And then how advantageous to live long," adds Cornaro; "for if one is a cardinal, he may become pope as he grows older; if he occupy a distinguished place in a republic, he may become its chief; if he be a learned man, or excel in any art, he may excel in it still more."

We might quote the praises which Cornaro lavishes on old age. But seeing him bear so joyously his many years, we almost identify him at ninety-five with old age in person, and feel as if he were only sounding the praises of the ancient Cornaro himself.

Cicero, on the other hand, wrote of

old age when he was still too young. His praises read sweetly, and contain much truth; but it is the composition we admire as much as the sentiment it embodies. We reflect that Cicero, in talking of old age, was still far from the period when he might speak of it from experience. He was only composing a theme which he had set himself as a task.

But at seventy years of age, Buffon, who regarded himself as still young, wrote—not of set purpose, but incidentally, and among his other writings—concerning old age. We listen as to the true and genuine homage of one who stands on the confines of both periods, and feels himself entitled to speak freely of each—when, in contrasting his own state with that of younger men around him, he says,—"Every day that I rise in good health, have I not the enjoyment of this day as immediately and as fully as you have? If I conform my movements, my appetites, my desires, to the impulses of a wise nature alone, am I not as wise and more happy than you? And the view of the past, which awakens the regrets of old fools, offers to me, on the contrary, the enjoyments of memory, agreeable pictures, precious images, which are worth more than your objects of pleasure; for they are pleasant these images, they are pure, they call up only amiable recollections. The inquietudes, the chagrins, all the troop of sadnesses which accompany your youthful enjoyments, disappear in the picture which represents them to me. Regrets ought to disappear in like manner; they are only the last flashes of that foolish vanity which never grows old.

"Let us not forget another advantage, or at least a powerful compensation, which contributes to the happiness of old age. This is, that the moral gains more than the physical loses. In fact, the moral gains everything; and if something is lost by the physical, the compensation is complete. Some one asked the philosopher Fontenelle, when ninety-five years of age, which twenty years of his life he regretted the most? 'I regret little,' he replied; 'and yet the happiest years of my life were those between the fifty-fifth and the seventy-fifth.' He made this confession in good faith, and his experience arose out of these sensible and consoling truths. At fifty-five years a man's fortune is established, his reputation made, consideration is obtained, the state of life fixed, pretensions given up or satisfied, projects overthrown or established, the passions for the most part calmed or cooled, the career nearly completed, as regards the labours which every man owes to society; there are fewer enemies, or rather fewer envious persons who are capable of injuring us, because the counterpoise of merit is acknowledged by the public voice."

"The spirit increases in perfection," says Cornaro, "as the body grows older." It becomes fitted for new duties and exercises of mind; for the development of the human faculties is not simultaneous, it is successive. Those which rule at one period, became subordinate at another. "In youth," says Flourens, "the attention is quick, lively, always on the alert, fixes itself on everything, but reflection is wanting. In manhood, attention and reflection are united, and this constitutes the strength of manhood. In old age attention lessens, but reflection increases; it is the period in which the human heart bends back on itself, and knows itself best."

"The old man," says M. Reveillé Parise, "smiles sometimes, he very rarely laughs. Goodness, that grace of old age, is often found under a grave and severe exterior, for the first comes from the heart, and the second from the physical being which has become weak. Patience is the privilege of old age. A great advantage of a man who has lived long is, that he knows how to wait. In the old man, everything is submitted to reflection."

Thus old age has its pleasures, it appears, and its compensations. It is by no means the unenjoyable period we are apt to fancy it. For its calm and reasonable pleasures, wise men praise it above the other periods of life. It is surely worth living for, therefore. It is even worth sacrificing the pleasures of youthful excess, if by so doing we can hope to reach and live through it. But if it begin only at seventy—the natural termination of manhood, according to M. Flourens—how few ever do reach it! and of these,

again, how few have left themselves in a condition to taste its peculiar enjoyments and compensations!

THIRD. But if old age be an enjoyable period of life—if it be really worth living to, and living for, it is worth caring for when reached. It is to be reached, as we have seen, by living a sober life; it is to be reached in good health by a reasonable obedience to the rules of Lessius. But when this green and worthy old age is attained, how is it to be nursed and specially upheld?

With a view to this special end M. Reveillé Parise has laid down four simple rules.

The FIRST is *to know how to be old.* There is very much in this rule. "Few people know how to be old," was one of the sayings of Rochefoucauld; and the philosophy of this knowledge is expressed by Voltaire in the couplet;

> "Qui n'a pas l'esprit de son âge—
> De son âge a tous les malheurs."

The SECOND rule is *to know oneself well.* Both of these precepts are more philosophical than medical, and yet both lie at the basis of a successful medical management, at the period when age and ill health are so likely to conjoin.

The THIRD rule is to make a *suitable adjustment of the daily life.* Good physical habits produce health, as good moral habits produce happiness. Old men who do every day the same thing, with the same moderation and the same relish, live for ever! "One can scarcely believe," says Reveillé Parise, "how far a little health well treated will carry us." And "the rule of the sage," says Cicero, "is to make use of what one has, and to act in everything according to one's strength."

And the FOURTH rule is, *to attack every malady at its beginning.* In youth there is a reserve of force—a dormant life, as it were, behind the visible acting life. The first life being in danger, this second life comes to its aid—and thus youth rallies after much neglect or ill usage, and still lives on. But old age has no such reserve life. Every ailment of age, therefore, must be taken up quick and cut short, if the single, unsupported, easily enfeebled life is to be surely upheld.

By following these fundamental rules, and the practical precepts as to diet, exercise, temperature, &c., which M. Reveillé Parise deduces from them, can we prolong life? No; we cannot by any art *prolong* life, in the sense of making it pass the limit prescribed by the constitution of man. But we shall be able to live an entire and complete life—extending our days as far as the laws of our *individual* constitution, combined with the more general laws which regulate the constitution of the *species*, will admit of.

The subject, as we have sketched it, seems—indeed, really is—complete in itself. And yet speculative questions rise up in connection with it, some of which awaken doubts as to the main conclusion at which we have arrived. Grant that human life may naturally extend to a hundred years, or even to a century and a half, then we naturally say to ourselves,—Were men really to live so long as this, and other animals in proportion, how thickly peopled the world would become! If births greatly exceed deaths now among civilized nations, living at a state of peace, how would it be were men to live usually to a hundred years, with health and vigour in proportion! This reflection did not escape the great Buffon—great in genius and in capacity for speculation, but limited, like the time in which he lived, and often erroneous, in his knowledge of facts. He met the objection it embodies with a new and brilliant hypothesis.

"*The total quantity of life on the globe,*" he says, "*is always the same.* Death, which seems to destroy all, destroys nothing of that primitive life which is common to all the species of organised beings. . . . . God, in creating the first individuals of each species of animal and vegetable, not only gave form to the dust of the earth, but rendered it living and animated by including in each individual a greater or smaller number of active principles, of living organic molecules, indestructible in their nature, and common to all organised beings. These molecules pass from body to body, and serve to maintain and continue the life, or to nourish and enlarge

the body of every individual alike; and after the dissolution of the body, after its destruction, even its reduction to ashes, these organic molecules, upon which death has no power, still survive, pass into other beings, and bring to them nourishment and life. Every production, every renewal, every increase by generation, by nutrition, by development, supposes them a preceding destruction, a conversion of substance, a transport of these organic molecules which never multiply, but which, always existing in equal number, keep nature always equally alive, the earth equally peopled, and always equally resplendent with the first glory of Him who created it."

Who, after reading this passage, will deny to Buffon the praise both of genius and eloquence? No wonder he has charmed and captivated so many generations of admiring readers, and persuaded them to receive his poetical imaginings as the dogmas of true science.

The entire doctrine of Buffon, that the quantity of life on the globe is fixed, is a pure speculatiou. His organic molecules are a second still more ethereal imagination, devised to explain the possibility of the first. Except as a curious hypothetical notion, wherewithal to while away an idle hour, we would dismiss the first not only from our books, but from our thoughts. It can scarcely in any way be connected with the positive knowledge of our time. The second speculation is only to be numbered with the vain fancies, antiquated though fine, which abound so much in the purely poetical physical philosophy of past centuries.

And yet there is a charm in this poetical philosophy which makes us regret while we dismiss it. We cannot help admiring the speculators of the olden time, as men of finely-gifted minds. And we envy them those happy hours of creative inspiration, when, by their midnight lamps, or beneath the shade of academic groves, they built up poetical worlds, and by imaginative methods constructed and regulated all their wheels.

It is no doubt owing to feelings of this kind that the great views of Buffon, the substance of his eloquence, possess still the power to charm and influence M. Flourens. "I reject," he says, "the organic molecules of Buffon, as I do the monads of Leibnitz. They are only philosophic expedients for removing difficulties which they do not remove. I study life in neither of these, but in living beings themselves; and from this study I learn two things—*first*, that the number of species has been continually diminishing ever since animals have existed upon the globe; and, *second*, that the number of individuals in certain species has been, on the contrary, continually increasing. The result of these contrary actions is, that, taking everything into account, the total quantity of life—by which I understand the total number of living beings—remains in effect, as Buffon has said, very nearly the same."

Tamed down into plain English, the eloquent imaginings of Buffon, as interpreted and understood by M. Flourens, amount simply to this, that *the number of individual living beings existing at one time on the face of the earth has always been very nearly the same.* Out of a purely speculative assertion like this what good can be extracted? Does it really throw any light upon palæontological history, or derive any confirmation from such chapters of this history as have yet been written? Does it enable us, in any degree, to understand better the Divine plan and procedure in the past, as it is recorded in the rocky strata—or in the present, as seen in the supposed progressive increase of the human race?

Nevertheless M. Flourens, in the book before us, sets formally to work to prove his two propositions.

"That species are always lessening in number," he says, "is evident from the fact that several species are known to have become extinct in comparatively recent times. The dodo has become extinct since the Portuguese first visited the Isle of France in 1545. The primitive types of nearly all our domestic animals—the ox, the horse, the camel, the dog—are all extinct. Immediately before the historic period the mammoth and the mastodon disappeared, leaving the elephant as the sole existing gigantic quadruped. Before these, again, the

phies, and well-inked copy-lines. There also lies a light cane, once a potent sceptre in the firm hand of Charlotte; and beside this table, pale, and somewhat agitated, Miss Francis sits restlessly, trembling with uncertainty and confusion, looking upon all these childish faces, which are full of resistance, wondering to see how unlovely they are; nervous and afraid of speaking to them, ready to cry with vexation, with wistful eagerness and shame. Yes, it is very true. The poor young girlish governess is not only afraid of Minnie, but of the very youngest and smallest of Minnie's brothers and sisters, and has not the faintest idea how she must begin with them, nor plan for managing the small unruly population given to her care.

And Nurse, coming and going silently shakes her head, and makes signs to Zaidee, warning her to begin; then, sitting down close by her, touches her now and then with her elbow. Finding all this insufficient, Nurse at last opens her lips and whispers, "Miss! sure you'll never get the better of them, if you never try. Why can't you begin, honey? They're waiting, every soul of them: say they're to come and get their lessons. Sure I'd try."

Thus admonished, Zaidee, turning very white and very red, gathers up her courage. It is strange how unsympathetic, how full of hard and pitiless opposition, these little faces are, as the distressed girl looks round upon them. They have no compassion for her utter solitude, her terror of themselves. These children are all set against her, each after its own fashion; the instincts of the childish heart are not touched in gentleness for her. She is only their natural enemy, the new governess, and these little tyrants would crush her if they could.

"Will you come and read? Mrs. Disbrowe said you should," said Zaidee, addressing Rosie and Lettie. Neither Rosie nor Lettie were discomposed; but the breath of the questioner came quick, and her voice was timid and hurried. Poor Zaidee, at fourteen, in the fright and novelty and desolateness of her new position, could by no means look authoritative or dignified.

"Oh, please, we have some work to do for mamma," said Rosie, whose heart smote her a little, as she looked up at Zaidee's face. "Mamma never said we were to get our lessons to you. I am sure you cannot teach *us*," said the less amiable Lettie. From this unpromising commencement Zaidee shrank, making no answer. Her natural candour was almost too much for her at this conjuncture. It was quite possible, after all, that this solemn *us*, the twins of Bedford Place, were already too learned to be instructed by her.

"Why, then, and the young lady has nothing to do but ask your mamma?" cried Nurse, the sole support of the stranger. "Oh, children, is that all the memory you have for what I told you?"

But even with Nurse's support Zaidee did not venture to return to the charge. She was no match for these precocious little women. The little boys might possibly be more propitious. This trembling representative of instruction turned to them—

"Will *you* come, then?" said Zaidee, who had not courage to call Jack and Harry by their names; "you have only to read and say your lessons, and I am sure it does not matter who hears you."

"Doesn't it, though?" cried Harry—phlegmatic Jack meanwhile sucking his finger, and saying nothing, as he stands apart in the invincible might of passive resistance; "it matters to me! I won't say my lessons to a woman; not if you were twice as big, and twice as old. I won't have a girl ordering me now Charlotte's married. I'll go to school. I won't say my lessons to you!"

Then she turned round very swiftly and suddenly, and stooped to the younger members of the family, who sat on the floor behind. "Little children, will you let me teach you?" said Zaidee; "you should be good, you are such little ones. Will *you* come to me?"

Sissy Disbrowe tossed her small head with infantine disdain. "Miss Francis means Tommy; it is not me," said Sissy; while Tommy roared manfully, "I won't say any lessons to anybody; no! no! no!"

The poor little governess stood alone, facing this amiable family,

every member of which, stimulated and encouraged by the example of the others, faced her with the triumph of successful sedition. Zaidee ceased trembling, after a moment, and became very upright and very pale.

"This is what Mrs. Disbrowe keeps me for," said Zaidee; "she does not want me for anything else; I have no right to stay with her. I am here only because I am to teach you. I know very little—it is all quite true; but I am to hear you your lessons. That is what I am here for; and I am obliged to do it, or I must go away. I have no friends. I cannot go away unless Mrs. Disbrowe sends me. It is not that I love to teach, or that I am very good for it; but I must—do you hear me?—I *must*; because I am here for no other thing."

When Zaidee had said her speech, she remained still looking round upon them all, her dark face lighted up with resolve and decision. The children still confronted her, all of them rebellious and unmoved. What was she to do, to express in purpose what she had said in words?

Poor ignorant child! she was bewildered and stunned to the heart. She could not do anything; not an idea came to Zaidee of how she could reduce into subordination this little contumacious company. Her words came back to her with a dreary echo—she *must* do it; but the children were all quite fearless and indifferent to her, while she trembled before them. She would not shed tears in their sight; but the tears, notwithstanding, blinded her eyes. She stood in the centre of the room, sick at heart. What should she do?

But the door opened at the moment, and with a sudden start the countenances changed before her. Mamma had come herself to superintend the first day's teaching. How it was, Zaidee could not tell; but before half an hour was over, two gentle little pupils, being no other than Rosie and Lettie, whilom leaders of the insurrection, stood before her, meekly reading their lessons. To defy the governess was easy enough, but it was quite a different matter to defy mamma.

CHAPTER IX.—SYMPATHY.

"A little pack of plagues—no better. Miss, darlin', do you hear me? Sure it's you will have your hands full of them."

"Did you speak to me, Nurse?" asked Zaidee.

"Was it speak to you? I was mourning for you, poor soul, and you so young," said Nurse, compassionately; "it isn't the like of this you've been used with, I can see, for all so little as you say."

But Zaidee was unresponsive, and did not understand the pity bestowed upon her. She looked up for an instant with one of her wistful looks, half vacant, half inquiring, and then returned silently to her work, which was "plain-sewing"—sewing of the very plainest, such as there was considerable need for in Mrs. Disbrowe's well-populated house.

"I wouldn't lay myself out for more trades nor one, I wouldn't," continued Nurse. "I'd not be slaving all the night if I had to fight with them little bothers all the day. I'd be one thing or another, and not let nobody take the advantage of me. The lady is none so great a friend to you."

The girl looked up once more with her half-awakened eyes, but Zaidee could not be persuaded to pity herself on this score. From a long, long distance of the summit and elevation of her own thoughts, she looked upon Nurse, who pitied the poor young governess. All the while Mrs. Disbrowe's plain-sewing went on unconsciously, and on the table between the windows you could see the school-books and copy-books gathered in a little heap. Zaidee was wearied with a real day's work, but the sensation was pleasant to her. True, she had been blinded with tears of vexation and embarrassment more than once to-day; but her thoughts were so very far removed from making a grievance of this, or of anything else in the lot she had chosen, that the simple-hearted child did not even apprehend the idea when it was presented to

her; for Zaidee not only did Mrs. Disbrowe's plain-sewing willingly, but with devotion, and had a secret satisfaction in doing it, while with infinite care she regulated her even line of stitches, thinking to please Aunt Vivian in the homely work which Aunt Vivian should never see.

"Bless the child!" said Nurse, impatiently. "Don't you know what I mean, then; or are you afeared to speak your mind for me telling on you? Never a one needs be afeared of me."

"I am not afraid," said Zaidee.

"Then, why don't you answer me frank, when I am sorry for you?" said the perplexed Nurse.

It was very bad policy to be silent; for nothing could have irritated Nurse so much as this quiet upward look, wistful, and something startled; but Zaidee was unused to emergencies, and, quite puzzled, could find nothing to say.

"O, then, and it's you would try a saint!" said the provoked sympathiser. "You are as well off as you want to be, are you, and don't want no kindness from the likes of me?"

"Yes, Nurse," said simple Zaidee. "I am well off, am I not? But I like to see your face look kindly—I have no one else to look kind upon me now."

"Well, then, wasn't that what I said?" cried Nurse; "and why do you be tasing decent people out of their patience?—wasn't I mourning for you, all by yourself, and making a lament for such a young child cast upon the world, and giving you a word of advice—and you to turn the cold shoulder on me like this!"

But to Nurse's infinite astonishment this pathetic appeal produced neither apology nor justification, nor so much as a passing notice; for when Zaidee spoke again, it was to ask a question, striking sharp off from this personal discussion.

"Is it long, Nurse, since you came from home?"

"From home!" The heart of the elderly woman was surprised back again for a moment into childhood. "Lord bless you, honey, what's the meaning of the word to me? I went among strangers when I was ten years old, and ever since hither and thither I've gone to earn my bread; this one's kitchen and the other one's nursery,—that's all the home there's been to me in this world for five-and-thirty years. Sure is the word that says service is no heritage. Ay, did the child say home? There was a cabin oncet, and an ould lone woman in it—well, well, we'll spake o' that no more."

"Was that your mother, Nurse?" said Zaidee, looking up with her awed and earnest eyes, and with the simple interest and curiosity of a child.

"Hush, darlin'; sure it's many a year ago—the saints make her bed—the heavens be her rest," said Nurse, turning her head aside with devout mutterings, which Zaidee did not understand; for Nurse, whom fortune and Mrs. Disbrowe compelled to keep very quiet in respect to her faith, was an orthodox Catholic at heart. "I'm a lone woman now myself, Miss," continued Nurse, wiping from the corner of her eye the ghost of a tear. "There's neither child nor kin to make a moan for me—girl and woman, I've lived with strangers. O, then, but it's a weary time since I came away from home!"

"And why did you come—did they send you away?" asked Zaidee, anxiously.

"Them that was round the board was more nor aiqual to what was on it," said Nurse, solemnly. "Many a one's been drove like me by the hunger and the poverty. Boys and girls we were eleven of us, and life is sweet. We were scattered from the door like the thistle-down, and one fell here, and one fell there, and this boy 'listed for a souldhier, and that boy went to sea. Brother and sister, father and mother, every one's dead and gone but me; and for all so many times I've thought my heart was clean broke, yet sure, Miss, you see me here."

"Did you ever wish your heart would break?" asked Zaidee with great earnestness. Her simple mind was already comparing its own experiences with the experiences of this long-lived woman. The sincere and unenlightened child could see no difference between her own fourteen and Nurse's five-and-forty years; nor be-

tween the child of an Irish cabin and the favourite of the Grange. The widest catholicity was in Zaidee's simple heart; in the broad estimate she formed of nature and its primitive emotions, distinctions of sphere or station were unknown.

"Ever and always I had to earn my bread," said Nurse, slowly. "I've been a hard-working woman, lone, and poor, with never another to mind but only meself from one year's end to another; but life is sweet. My heart was broke entirely in my young days with trouble and sorrow, but I never brought them by wishing. No, honey, grief's sore, but life's precious —I'll wait my Maker's time."

"Do you think it is a sin to wish to die?" asked Zaidee, looking up once more with her wistful eyes.

"O, then, isn't it a sin to cross the Lord's will any way?" said Nurse, with a shudder. Spite of all her loneliness and hardship, this poor woman felt that truly the light was sweet, and it was a pleasant thing to behold the sun.

"I would not wish it all for my own sake," said Zaidee very rapidly, and under her breath. "But if it would be good for some one else, what would you do then?"

"Heart alive! Do you take me for a haithen, child?" said the offended Nurse. "Never man nor woman all my days was the worse of me."

Zaidee, who was looking up at her with earnest inquiry, suddenly dropped her anxious eyes, to which the tears came in a momentary flood. She could not see her needle nor her line of even stitches for the moment—she could only see the dreary fortune which had made her dearest friends so much "the worse" for her. When the blindness cleared away, the poor child went on eagerly with her plain-sewing, and with a deep unspoken thankfulness looked round upon the bare walls of Mrs. Disbrowe's nursery. It was but a cold ungracious dwelling-place for one who had been nursed in such a home of love and kindness, and an approaching din of sound made the young governess shrink aside to a corner of the fireplace, that she might not shut out these noisy happy children from the hearth which belonged to them. Yet not a murmur of repining was in Zaidee's mind. Her first "trouble" was great enough to swallow up all smaller ones. Philip's supplanter, the legal but most unwilling heiress of the Grange, had no room in her unsophisticated thoughts for the little personal injuries of her new lot,—she was so very thankful to be here out of Philip's way and separated from the home where she could never again be only Zaidee, the dependent and spoiled child. Poor homely Irish Nurse! she could by no means understand this strange young companion of hers,—they conversed together in common language, but in understanding had a world between them, though neither was aware of it; and Nurse was Zaidee's sole companion through these long evenings. Books were not to be had, nor, had they been attainable, would she have cared for reading now; for Zaidee's mind had taken a stride far away from the world of fiction and fancy, and she was busy with her own mystery for long hours, which, in other circumstances, she would have spent over the innocent mysteries of story-telling. Zaidee's literature had come to be as contracted as her cousin Elizabeth's,—her father's Bible and that advertisement in the *Times*. She read nothing else, but these she read every day.

CHAPTER X.—FAILURE.

"I don't see why I should mind other people's children—though they *are* my brothers and sisters," says a young lady in a very light-coloured silk dress, with gay waving ribbons, and an unusual profusion of ornament. "But I suppose it's no good quarrelling with mamma, especially when one thinks of that horrid old Mrs. Lancaster. Here, Rosie and Lettie, let's see what you've been about."

But for a mystical circle of gold upon the third finger of her left hand, and the light colour of her dress, which on this November day

needs some excuse, you would fancy this to be Miss Charlotte Disbrowe; but when you perceive how mamma has permitted her, without a word of reproof, to take off her bonnet here, and leave it on the drawing-room table, and how there is no explanation asked of the undertone in which these last remarks are delivered, you will see at once that this is Mrs. Edward Lancaster, whose card-case lies on the table under her bonnet, and whom mamma has just requested to see what progress the children are making under their new governess. Mrs. Edward thrusts up her bracelets on her arms, very much as Mary down-stairs thrusts up her sleeves when she goes to her daily labours, and, seating herself on the settee, calls before her once more the former subjects of her maiden reign.

"Do you hear, you little ones? What are you doing all day long? That last frill you hemmed for me was shamefully done—shamefully!—not much credit to Miss Francis teaching you."

"Oh, please, Charlotte, we don't let her teach us," cried the frank and indiscreet Rosie.

"She can't!" said Lettie, with a frown. "We were always good with Charlotte—you know we were; but we won't be taught by Miss Francis. She doesn't know so much as I do, nor even as Rosie does—she cannot teach *us*."

"Upon my word!" cried Mrs. Edward Lancaster. "I should like to know then what is the good of having her here?"

"O, please, Charlotte, will you speak to mamma!—we don't want to have her here," cried Lettie—"she is not good enough for *our* governess, and we want so much to go to school!"

"Well, I confess I shall think mamma behaved very shabbily to me if she lets you go to school," said Mrs. Edward,—"you are saucy little things. How should you know about Miss Francis—have you got no lessons to learn? She is not half strict enough with you."

"Please, Lettie told me not to learn any lessons," confessed again Rosie the indiscreet.

"You are sweet children—it is quite a pleasure teaching you," said the married sister, administering to small sour Lettie a sharp tap on the cheek. "I'll tell mamma you are two grumbling little creatures, and ought to be whipt. There, get away—I'll have Tommy and Sissy now."

But while the twins stole off—one of them humble and tearful, the other sulky and full of wrath—Sissy, being interrogated, confessed that she too was rebellious to the rule of Miss Francis, and explained, that "p'ease, I like best to play;" while Tommy, a stout little recusant, snapped his plump thumb and forefinger, and echoed his elder brother's defiance of womankind, 'all and sundry. "She s'ant teach me!—she's only a woman!" cried the valiant Master Tom; whereupon the ready hand of Mrs. Edward visited Tommy's shoulders with another stroke.

"Upon my word! I could never have believed I was so blinded to them before I was married!" cried Mrs. Edward. "Such little rude grumbling things!—such tempers for children! Why, mamma, what do you keep that girl for?—they're not learning anything!"

"They got their lessons so irregularly, Charlotte, for some time before your marriage," said Mrs. Disbrowe with dignity, "it is not wonderful that they should be a little out of discipline."

"Well, I declare, mamma, that is very unkind of you," said Mrs. Edward Lancaster, who, a matron and married lady in her own right, vailed her bonnet to no one under the sun, "when you know what a slave I was among them, and what trouble I had, and how actually Edward had to be put off again and again, till you had got a governess. You will never treat Minnie or any of the rest as you have treated me. You made *me* the governess. I am sure you know it is quite true."

"You got a very good education, Charlotte—better than I can afford to give Minnie," said Mrs. Disbrowe, quietly. Mrs. Edward's reddening cheeks cooled down—it was not quite dignified, after all, to grumble, or to give any one occasion to say she was not the most prosperous woman in the world.

"Yes, indeed; mamma does not

send me to school—mamma has no masters for me!" cried Minnie. "Never mind; I don't care though Charlotte had all the advantages; see if she does any better than I shall do. I can play as well as she can, now!"

"These children are quite unbearable," said Mrs. Edward. "Think of treating *me* like a school-girl! as if *I* cared for playing better than Minnie; but I tell you they are learning nothing. Mamma, what do you keep this girl for?—I am sure she is not teaching *them*."

"It is not very long since she came—she will do better by-and-by," said Mrs. Disbrowe, but with a little hesitation unusual to her firm and assured tones. "They are all self-willed—I must see to the nursery lessons myself for a day or two, and the children must understand that I positively *don't* intend to send them to school. Miss Francis is young and timid—she does not like to punish them as you did, Charlotte, and that is just the disadvantage of that style of teaching. When you begin so, you must continue. There is Harry understands being whipped, I believe, but he cares for nothing less."

"And that is all my fault?" said Mrs. Edward. "Well, I am sure you are not very complimentary, mamma; but I know one thing I should never do—I should never keep a governess for children unless she could teach them; I feel quite convinced of that."

Though Mrs. Edward Lancaster was emphatic, Mrs. Disbrowe was not dismayed; yet a certain shade of disquiet was upon the comely forehead of mamma. She was extremely well pleased when the door opened, and Buttons announced a stream of Maurices, young ladies who had seen the bride's entrance into her mother's house from their own windows opposite, and who seized the opportunity to fall upon Charlotte *en masse*, and hear at greater length than had yet been possible her foreign experiences and all the mishaps of her travel, for Charlotte had been abroad on her wedding tour. From the animated conversation which followed, mamma withdrew. It did not strike her with any wonder to hear Charlotte's voice so loud and so long-continued. It was very natural that the bride should be somewhat dictatorial and authoritative among her former companions, who were only young ladies still; and Charlotte already spoke of young ladies with a friendly contempt—they had no experience—they had nothing but music, and crochet, and such trifles to occupy them; whereas Mrs. Edward Lancaster had for a whole week been supreme in her own house, and made blunders enough to endow with experience a whole colony of brides.

Mamma withdrew into the background; and upon her comely face there was a shadow of annoyance. What did she keep that girl for? There was no denying that the new governess was a failure—that whatever she might be fit for, she was not fit for the management of Mrs. Disbrowe's nursery—that even little Tommy himself could silence Miss Francis; and that she was too young—too timid—too shy—to make authority for herself among these unruly children. "What do you keep her for?" asked Mrs. Edward. Her mother almost blushed as she faltered, and could not tell. Truth to speak, Mrs. Disbrowe carries a heart under that black satin gown of hers, under that brooch, which is five-and-twenty years old—a heart where soft womanly pity and charity have made themselves a stronghold, and will not be dislodged, though they dwell under the same roof with many a worldly principle alien to their nature. It is quite against Mrs. Disbrowe's "principles" to keep a useless person in her household; hitherto it has always been her rule, when her retainers were proved incapable, to dismiss them without more ado. But her womanly heart relents over Zaidee—she cannot thrust this poor forlorn child forth upon the world. Miss Francis cannot teach the children, and the children will not be taught by her; but Mrs. Disbrowe vainly tries to hide this fact from her own acute perceptions, and thinks of expedients and another trial, feeling, at the same time, however this may turn out, that still she cannot refuse the shelter of her roof to this solitary stranger. Many a disturbed thought the matter brings to the mind and spirit of mamma.

Meanwhile Zaidee herself labours under the same consciousness, with

double diligence works at the plain-sewing, and entreats Tommy and Sissy, and the still more formidable elders of these hard-hearted children, to let her teach them. But it will not do—the nursery longs with all its heart to be dispersed into the open air of schools and play-grounds. The governess has no chance against these little conspirators, for they have all made up their minds that she shall not succeed.

CHAPTER XI.—ANOTHER TRIAL.

"Neither Rosie nor Lettie ready with their lessons! Are these children careless of what you say to them, Miss Francis?"

Mamma knows very well that they are more than careless, but puts on a stately unconsciousness to awe the rebels.

Poor Miss Francis!—she has an instinctive trust in Mrs. Disbrowe, but an instinctive terror of the children. Zaidee never found herself at the bar of justice either as culprit or accuser before, and she cannot tell what answer to make to this question. The little recusants see her falter, and grow bolder. Mrs. Disbrowe sees it, and softens into pity; for neither of them know that Zaidee's thoughts are far away wandering, and that she has to call them back over half this realm of England to meet the present need.

"O, please, mamma, Miss Francis does not give us our lessons as Charlotte used to do," says Lettie. "She speaks so low, sometimes we cannot understand her; and she does not mind us at all, but is always thinking of something else; and please, mamma, Rosie and I would much rather go to school."

"I am obliged to you, little girls, for favouring me with your opinion," answers mamma, with awful sarcasm. "But I do not intend that you should go to school, so that question is settled. Now, I have no doubt Miss Francis minds you as much as it is possible to mind such rude children, and I have come to-day to see that you mind her."

Whereupon Lettie looks at Miss Francis, the very type and impersonation of sullen resistance, and Rosie, more susceptible, begins to cry. Rosie, though she has the seniority by a few minutes over her twin sister, is very much under Lettie's sway; and if they had been born a hundred miles or a hundred years apart, there could not have been a more distinct and decided difference than between these two, the children of one hour.

"Give these little girls their tasks, Miss Francis," said mamma, "and we will see how well they can be learned to-day. And now, Harry, take your finger out of your mouth, and put away your whip; Miss Francis is waiting for you."

Nobody dares resist this unquestionable authority. The most docile little pupils in the world stand before the hesitating Zaidee, who trembles with a shy tremor when she tries to put questions to the children in the presence of Mrs. Disbrowe. But even Lettie does not dare adventure a glance aside, or Harry fail of attention. Nurse, behind-backs, with great demonstration of quietness, is laying Sissy's little frocks into the nursery wardrobe; and now Nurse may escape down stairs for a much-prized gossip with the kitchen. She is off duty this morning; and at Nurse's table solemnly sits mamma, with her fine needlework in her hand, her ears all attention, her eyes vigilantly discerning the slight glance or movement. Such orderly, obedient, pretty-behaved children never existed as these small scions of the house of Disbrowe under the inspection of mamma.

But by-and-by intrusive sounds from below break the halcyon calm of this well-ordered schoolroom. Mamma's magisterial quiet is disturbed—she moves on her seat uneasily—looks annoyed—becomes anxious—then finally, lifting one steady glance upon the little company round her, consults her watch, and gathers up her work. "As you seem to be going on so well, I think I may leave you," says Mrs. Disbrowe. "I depend upon you, children, to pay the greatest attention to Miss Francis; and you will let me know, my dear, if you require me to exert my authority again." With

this gracious parting address to the governess, the lady of the house takes her stately course down stairs—far away down stairs to the dining-room on the ground floor, to ask what is the cause of these sounds of insubordination. Alas! the insubordination in the nursery can no longer reach the ear of mamma; and with the last flutter of Mrs. Disbrowe's pink ribbons, the peace of poor Zaidee is once more scattered to the winds.

For Lettie does not scruple to bend her sullen brows upon the governess. Harry snatches his book away, and seizes his whip again; taciturn Jack has a bit of wood in his pocket, and straightway begins to whittle. Alas for poor Zaidee!—if that would do her any good, she could cry heartily; but nothing could do Zaidee less good than crying. Mamma is out of hearing—even Nurse is gone; there is no one to take her part—no one to defend her, and the little tyrants have their way.

"Mrs. Disbrowe said you were to learn your lessons—it is not honourable—it is breaking your word!" cried Zaidee. But the Misses and Masters Disbrowe were not pledged by their honour.

"It isn't breaking my word. I never promised mamma," said Harry, whose top was already spinning merrily. "Mamma doesn't know as we do," said Lettie, emboldened into childish insolence. "You cannot teach *us*,—you know yourself you cannot."

"I am oldr than you are," said Zaidee, driven to the last shift of self-defence, the pale-brown of her complexion reddening into a violent crimson, and her eyes glowing through her tears. "I am a great many years older than you little children. I could surely teach you something. I do not know very much myself; but I know more than you do, and your mother thinks I can teach you. Why will you not listen to me? You are at home, and I am among strangers; why will you not let me try?"

But children who are the most tender-hearted if you take them in one mood, are the hardest of all callous lookers-on if you find them in another. They had a cruel pleasure in observing her distress; there was triumph to them in thus humbling one of the grown-up people; and though Rosie all this time longed to cry with the poor governess, a dread of her sour little sister restrained the gentle-hearted twin. They all maintained a firm front against Zaidee. Mamma, if she had seen it, could scarcely have believed in the changed behaviour of her children.

"We don't want a governess; you s'ould go home," cried little Sissy.

"But I cannot go home! I have no home—no one to care for me!" said Zaidee, with a cry which came from the bottom of her heart.

They were all very silent after that. It was something which the childish understanding could not fathom, and Rosie longed more and more to go to the side of Miss Francis, to comfort her, and to cry with her. They all stood somewhat guilty and sullen, looking on, with a vague sense of being great criminals, and of some one seeing them who was even a mightier observer than mamma; but as nothing occurred to bring this compunction the length of repentance, or to lighten them of its indefinite pain, they threw the burden of this too upon Miss Francis, and were sure it was her fault, one way or another; they disliked her the more for having been cruel to her. They were like all other tyrants and persecutors, they resented their own uneasiness upon their victim.

While Zaidee, retiring from the contest, and swallowing down as she could the hysteric sobs which she could scarcely restrain, felt in her own heart that she was entirely vanquished, and quite succumbed to her adverse fortune. This last half-hour had destroyed all hope of ever succeeding with these children. Zaidee was wise enough, through all her inexperience, to feel that the cry of desolateness which they had forced from her put an end to her superiority—her chance of ruling those rebellious spirits. They had looked on, were looking on, with curious eyes, at the passionate youthful despair which overwhelmed her; and even though they became penitent, and offered a voluntary submission, this attempt was still quite at an end for Zaidee. She could not be Mrs. Disbrowe's governess; she felt in her honest simple

heart, that, hard as she had tried, she could be of no use to Mrs. Disbrowe; therefore Zaidee must go away.

Where, or what to do, she could not tell. Her reading and writing were of very little service to her so far, poor child, and now she must fall back upon her other capability. Once more Zaidee vainly longed for Elizabeth's, or Margaret's, or Sophy's list of accomplishments; not knowing that even flower-painting, or landscapes in water-colours, or the most exquisite embroidery, were but very slender weapons with which to assault the world and fate. As she withdrew with her flushed face, her eyes full of tears, her frame all throbbing with the tremor of excitement, into the corner where she had been labouring at Mrs. Disbrowe's plain-sewing, vague plans and purposes floated before Zaidee's eyes. She knew nothing of distressed needlewomen, and had no experience to convince her that a friendless girl of fourteen was not quite the person to keep her footing among the crowds of London. She only drew a vivid picture to herself of a very poor room, and long days of silent working, full of dreams and thought; and this was how the girl's fancy, forlorn and visionary, decided she should live.

And Lettie and Rosie, and Tommy and Sissy, and Harry and Jack, have returned to their various occupations, but with feelings very far from satisfactory. That figure sitting silent in the corner bears heavily upon the conscience of every little Disbrowe here. They are a great deal more afraid of her now than if she had been struggling with them; and with a vague conviction that she has given up the contest, comes an equally vague penitence for their own share in the matter. Rosie takes up and lays down her spelling-book twenty times in a minute, with anxious glances at Miss Francis; even Lettie is almost moved to ask her pardon. There never was a conquest so thoroughly unsatisfactory, or which impressed the victors so disagreeably with a feeling of defeat.

CHAPTER XII.—AN AUDIENCE.

Mrs. Disbrowe's pink ribbons were newly arranged, and her evening toilette completed, yet there was still a little time to spare. The children knew very well that mamma had usually a leisure half-hour before dinner in her dressing-room, and this was a famous time for hearing complaints and settling disputes. This time, however, it was not any of the children who tapped at the door, but only Nurse, looking very solemn, who craved an audience for Miss Francis. As she granted it, Mrs. Disbrowe saw more than one small shadow hovering about the door of Charlotte's room. The rebellious population in the nursery were greatly concerned to know what Miss Francis had to say to mamma.

Miss Francis entered very noiselessly, with a swift sudden motion, and a dark pale face, full of thoughts and sorrows. There was no dulness in poor Zaidee's great desolation and solitude; her sorrow was no apathy, but the strongest life; and there could not well have been a greater contrast than between the full matronly figure of Mrs. Disbrowe, in her rich thrifty silk-gown and cheerful pink-ribbons, and the slight nervous form of the girl who stood before her, dressed in the plain brown girlish undress she had worn at home, and with such a flood and tumult of thought swelling in her face. So very momentous was this matter to Zaidee, and with such an earnest simplicity did her mind regard it, that Mrs. Disbrowe instinctively felt it must be something much more important than a little *emeute* in the nursery of which her young governess came to apprise her now.

"Something happened again, Miss Francis?—are the children still too much for you? Sit down and tell me about it," said Mrs. Disbrowe kindly.

But Zaidee could not sit down, and scarcely waited to have the invitation; she was too eager in what she had herself to say.

"I will have to go away," said Zaidee. "I only know very little. I cannot teach the children. I would

try again if I could, and I thought I could when I came here; but it is not possible any longer. I will have to go away."

"What is the matter? Have they teased you in the nursery? But you know we must not throw aside our duties because they are hard sometimes," said Mrs. Disbrowe, still very kindly; "they are quite children, you know, and good children too, though they sometimes provoke a stranger; and you are very young, and easily discouraged. You must have a little patience, and begin again."

"I know very little myself," said Zaidee, striking off once more in her strange inconsequent fashion, as if nothing had been said. "I only can read and write—but not very well; and I am not good enough to teach them. I cannot cheat you; you have been so good to me. I am not able to teach the children; I will have to go away."

"My poor child," said Mrs. Disbrowe, taking Zaidee's hand, and leading her kindly to a seat, "why do you speak so very sadly about going away? Do you know you are far too young to go out as a governess, or to be away from home? I think, perhaps, the best thing you can do is to go back again. Why do you start so, child?"

"Because I cannot go home. I never will go home—never!" cried Zaidee. "Oh, you do not know; I would far rather die!"

Mrs. Disbrowe lifted her hand from Zaidee's shoulder. "You are a very strange girl," she said, disapprovingly; "it is a great blessing to have a home, even though everything there is not quite as we wish it. If your friends are not very kind to you, they are still your friends; and you had far better return to them. If you think they will be angry, I can write to them, and explain why it is that you return so soon."

Zaidee dried the little gush of hot tears which had surprised her eyes at the mention of home; she rose again very quietly, and looked up with her simple wistful eyes into Mrs. Disbrowe's face.

"I cannot go home," she said, with a sad steadiness, which reached again to the fountain of tender charity in her protector's heart; "but I will have to go away, because I must never cheat any one. I would like to work at something, and be of use to somebody; but, Mrs. Disbrowe, you are very kind to me, and I am of no use to you."

Something like a tear came to Mrs. Disbrowe's eye. "I do not understand you, but I am very sorry for you," she said compassionately. "Tell me, then, what you propose to do."

Zaidee looked up again, and all those envied accomplishments, those attainments of Elizabeth and Margaret and Sophy, seemed to burst upon her vision once more. "I cannot do anything," burst from Zaidee's lips in a little overflow of regret and self-reproach; "I mean nothing but sewing: but there is only myself,—it is not much matter. I think I would live somewhere, and work. I can do a great deal of work when I try, and I would never wish to do anything else now—neither reading nor—" Her breast heaved, for suddenly she thought of her long walks with Sermo; and Sermo's very name, a household word, overwhelmed her for the moment with such a glimpse of home. "I could work all day long," said Zaidee, turning away abruptly to hide the falling of a great long-gathered cluster of tear-drops—a score run into one.

But Mrs. Disbrowe had heart enough and wisdom enough to perceive that it was not the thought of working all day long, but some other concealed and hidden thought, which brought this heavy dew to Zaidee's eyes. She was so kind as not to question her at the moment, but simply to address herself to the matter in hand.

"This is your plan, is it?" said Mrs. Disbrowe, with a smile which had a great deal of pity in it; "but do you know you are too young for this?—not too young either," she continued, half to herself—"too young for evil and temptation—too young and too simple to be led away. But I will tell you what we will do. I have a great deal of sewing myself, and till that is done you must stay with me and help me. There now, dry your eyes; you shall not go back to the nursery, but

sit in the spare room—Charlotte's room—close to my own, and do your sewing there; and when that is all done, you must consult with me again what you are to do. Will you take my advice, my poor child?"

Zaidee looked up earnestly at the woman whom she herself had woke into a protecting angel. "You are very good to me," said Zaidee; "I will do whatever you tell me; only I cannot go home."

"Well, I will not bid you—now," said Mrs. Disbrowe. "Come, you must dry your eyes and be comforted. No one must be quite miserable in my house. You can sit in the nursery this evening, and to-morrow we will have Charlotte's room made into a workroom, and something will turn up before you have done all my sewing there."

So Zaidee went away, and Mrs. Disbrowe returned to her toilet for a moment, to arrange her pink ribbons once more. Though there was a softening satisfactory sentiment at her heart, this lady could not help feeling that she had acted "against her principles." She was perplexed and disturbed, and felt herself more liable to attack than she had been for many a day. It was not prudent. Her habitual thriftiness would by no means sanction this unwise liberality; but Mrs. Disbrowe's heart was too many for her principles. Nature overcame and triumphed in this woman of the world. Whatever happened, she could not put the orphan child away.

In the mean time Zaidee, very weary and exhausted, stole up-stairs to the high attic. No mystic gems of coloured light, no red cross hung over her now, as she lifted her eyes to the skylight window, half-opened, at which the November fog came in. Oh, home, home, home! She threw herself upon her little bed, and covered her face from this dim damp waning daylight. This day's trial had worn to the heart of Zaidee; but after she had lain there awhile in the gathering darkness, she was fain to steal down, half frozen, to the deserted nursery, and take refuge with the homely representative of domestic government there. Nurse had a great deal to say, as usual, and Zaidee suffered the stream to run on, now and then striking into it, when some of Nurse's maunderings crossed the current of her own thoughts. They were no interruption to each other; for even this drowsy gossip about the Johns and the Bridgets of Nurse's youthful acquaintance had just so much human interest in it that her young companion was never tired listening. Zaidee's heart was still so young that it took in everything that looked like story-telling, and never complained of the minute details of Nurse's narrative. And her simple mind was worn out with much exertion, and sunk in the exhaustion of passion and excitement. She was glad to hear the humdrum cadence of this kindly voice. Its pleasant brogue and homely diction were better to Zaidee than either wit or wisdom of a colder kind. They lulled her weariness to rest, and broke with many a little episode of a still harder and humbler youth than hers the long monologue of the girl's own thoughts. Nurse, after her kind, was a very fitting minister, and did good service. Mistress and servant were kind to the orphan. She had not found this world yet to be a very cold or cruel world.

CHAPTER XIII.—ANOTHER OCCUPATION.

It is now two months since this young exile left the Grange, and Christmas is drawing near. Zaidee is so sincere a visionary, that, enveloped in her thoughts, she thinks little of the festive time approaching, or of the change made in herself since her last merry Christmas at home. She does not think, with dreary self-lamentation, that there is no one to brighten this time for her, as in her circumstances so many would do, but with loving and vivid realisation she thinks of how they will spend the Christmas in Cheshire, and wonders, with a longing curiosity, whether her own absence will make any difference in the family festivities. But it is of no use asking her own heart so often what has happened to them all; it is

of no use wondering and wishing as she sits within this deserted apartment, once the bower and sanctuary of Miss Charlotte Disbrowe, but now only the spare room in Bedford Place. The white hangings begin to grow dingy; the litter of the wedding preparations is long ago over. Near the small bit of smoky fire which the housemaid has condescended to light for Miss Francis, she sits before a great basketful of plain-sewing, exercising her vocation. Her literary attainments, her reading and writing —the latter so painfully perfected before she left the Grange—have proved quite useless to Zaidee; and though there is one little pang of disappointment in the consciousness, she is very content to fall back upon the only other branch of knowledge she possesses. Poor Zaidee, though she speaks the pure English of a gentlewoman, is not great in moods and tenses. Imagination and romance, after all, are fully more favourable to plain-sewing than to accurate grammar; so the girl finds it very possible to be content, and is more in her sphere, working then by herself in the spare bedroom, than struggling to teach Rosie and Lettie and Tommy and Sissy up-stairs.

It is a strange uncommunicative self-contained life which she lives in this quiet back-room, looking out upon the brick parallelograms, and stripe of grass and flowers. Zaidee's brown complexion grows of a darker paleness every day. Her eyes become hollow, and her agile figure, with all its girlish angularities, is thinner and more angular still than when she came here. When Mrs. Disbrowe bids her go out to take exercise, Zaidee always would rather not; poor child, she seeks no intermission, and wishes for no amusement. Her thoughts run on just as well, perhaps indeed somewhat better, for her hands being busy; and no one knows what visions attend the hemming of Mrs. Disbrowe's household linen,—what wild imaginations run through these noiseless days, and keep alive the young life in her heart. Mrs. Disbrowe every day grows more and more perplexed, and sometimes wonders almost in terror what she is to do with this friendless girl, and makes resolutions, a hundred times broken, to insist upon the name of her relations, and to write to them, trying if it may still be possible to awake kindness in their heart; for this good mother can only explain Zaidee's unwillingness to go home by supposing that she has been cruelly treated by her friends, against whom, in consequence, the worthy gentlewoman, whose own tenderer feelings have so completely taken advantage of her, is proportionably indignant. Wherever Mrs. Disbrowe is, it is astonishing how this problem vexes her hitherto placid mind, What is she to do with this girl?

While Leo and Minnie, the only members of the family who yet can venture to criticise mamma, strongly backed by Mrs. Edward Lancaster, who is never done wondering, cannot sufficiently express their astonishment, —What does mamma keep her for? —what is the good of having Miss Francis in the house?—and what has mamma to do with her?—ask these inquiring Disbrowes,—the kitchen is not less interested; and Buttons even ventures, in a quiet way, to play some practical jokes upon Miss Francis, which Miss Francis is so utterly unconscious of as to provoke to positive bile the "fun" of Mrs. Disbrowe's accomplished page. In the nursery, after a few days of very equivocal triumph, broken with many compunctions, the children at last have begun to revel in the delights of a prolonged holiday. Mamma is put to her wits' end. She cannot have a new governess while the former one remains with her. She cannot keep Zaidee and send the children to school. Placid papa, who never interferes with anything, has actually become a terror to Mrs. Disbrowe within these few weeks; since there has been something which she does not wish him to ask about, she is in continual terror lest he should inquire; for what excuse could she give him?—how account for her own conduct?—she who cannot account for it to herself.

Unconscious of all the ferment caused by her presence, Zaidee dreams on day by day in her dim chamber, consuming her heart. But for this visionary world in which she breathes and lives, the young life must have

been spent and wasted long ago; and now it only lives upon its own strength and essence, devouring its resources and itself. She is very harmless and silent in her solitude, her voice is never heard in the house, and no one is reminded, by outward intrusion, that the stranger is here. All unaware of how she embarrasses Mrs. Disbrowe—unsuspicious of Minnie's malicious wondering—of Mrs. Edward's comments—of all the hard inuendoes levelled at mamma on account of her—unsuspicious of the practical jokes of Buttons—the curiosity in the kitchen—the triumph of the nursery—Zaidee sits hour by hour alone, and weaves her life into her dreams. She never feels herself neglected, never is aware of any injury, nor is aware either in her girlish heedlessness that she is out of place and a burden; so much a child's mind is the mind of Zaidee, that it has room for no complication of ideas. With devotion and ardour, which is more than conscientiousness, she labours at her work, and while she does that, thinks no harm to give her thoughts full sway, and deliver up her whole being into them—and this is how she lives.

Malice and embarrassment, wonder and inquiry, would soon be at an end if this continued; for already, when Christmas is come and gone, when the Covent Garden bouquet on the drawing-room table shows its first snowdrop, and the early crocuses just thrust their green spikes through the soil of Aunt Vivian's flower-garden at home, the air grows heavy and stagnant in the scene of Zaidee's toil, It weighs upon her, as the charmed air might have weighed upon the bewitched princess of the fairy tale, ere she sank to her sleep of centuries; and on Zaidee, too, there begins to sink a heavy torpor—a heaviness from which only the touch of love can wake her up.

Where is this touch to come from? Words of kindness are said to her sometimes; she is never ill-treated. As the world goes, she has been strangely fortunate in finding such a home; but love is not near the poor child. Curiosity and wonder all agape, and even a degree of equable interest and kindness, might have come to look at the sleeping beauty, without in the least disturbing *her* lingering slumbers; and Zaidee is too much a child to be roused as she was. From whence is to come *her* waking kiss?

"Minnie, when you go to Charlotte's to-morrow, you must take Miss Francis with you; and let your sister know that I particularly wish her to write to Mrs. Green. Persuade Charlotte to write at once, and bring me the letter home with you, Minnie; we *must* apply to her friends, and have her taken home," says Mrs. Disbrowe; and if you look closely, you will see that Zaidee has brought a permanent wrinkle to the comely forehead of mamma. "It is quite out of the question. We cannot go on in this way; and yet, the poor child!"

"*I* don't call her a poor child. I think she is very well off," said saucy Minnie. "If all the people that do plain-sewing had as much for it"—

"Be silent, Minnie!" cried Mrs. Disbrowe angrily, and with a glow of displeasure on her cheek. Feeling herself guilty, Mrs. Disbrowe was more than usually impatient of criticism.

"And why am I to take her to Charlotte's?" continued the young lady—"in her brown frock and her straw bonnet! She is not fit to go with me."

"She is to go with you notwithstanding," said Mrs. Disbrowe quickly; "and unless you change your manners, Minnie, you will never look so much like a lady as poor Miss Francis does. I wish her to go with you to-morrow. She shall not remain with us, if I can find another shelter for her; but she must not get sick and be laid up in the mean time, if I can help it."

Satisfied that she would carry this as the reason, Minnie hastened to announce her good fortune to Miss Francis. The little fire in the spare room was very smoky—the great work-basket was quite full—the air was heavy and close, yet chilled and full of the foggy haze in the atmosphere without; and beyond these cold white hangings, which looked so smoked and dingy, sat Zaidee, in her half trance of silence, working at her plain-sewing. Minnie Disbrowe, burst-

ing in out of breath, was chilled into composure in a moment.

"Miss Francis! mamma says you are not to get sick, and be laid up. You are to go with me to my sister's to-morrow."

"I would rather not indeed. I like best to be at home," said Zaidee.

"Home! Do you call *this* home?" cried the refined Minnie. "I am sure, if I was you, I would far rather go back to my friends. I would do anything rather than stay here."

A slight shudder was all Zaidee's answer. She had a strange obtuseness in this one particular. Now that she was busily employed, and working for them, it did not occur to her that the Disbrowes, all and sundry, wished her away.

"Well, if mamma likes—" said Minnie, shrugging her shoulders; but even Minnie had not the heart to conclude the sentence in presence of Zaidee's wistful dreamy face, and unfailing industry. "You are to come with me to-morrow," she continued, "to do you good, I suppose. Mamma said so. You had better make your things look as well as possible, and be ready to go."

As it was a command, Zaidee received it quietly as a necessity. She had not been in the open air for days; but Zaidee, fresh from the Cheshire wilds, could scarcely recognise as open air the wintry fog of Bedford Place.

CHAPTER XIV.—A VISIT.

They set out together on the afternoon of the following day, which, as it happened, was a cheerful bracing afternoon, with a red sun, bearing down towards the stack of houses which formed "the west" to Bedford Place, and breaking up the grey haze, after a fantastic fashion, pleasant to see. Zaidee's wandering eyes sought out this stream of ruddy light, which, with a slight fog to aid it, made these streets and squares almost picturesque, and did not perceive the mortification and displeasure of Miss Minnie, who had herself unwillingly assumed a brown frock and bonnet not a very great deal better than Zaidee's, but pronounced by mamma "quite good enough" for a visit to Charlotte. It had been Minnie's intention to mark the difference between her own rank and her companion's to the most cursory observer, by making herself very fine to-day; but, alas, that inexorable mamma! As it happened, however, Minnie's sulkiness was sadly lost on Zaidee, who had not the smallest desire to be enlightened by her conversation; and who, indeed, enveloped in her own magical atmosphere, was not at all aware that there had been nothing said between them till they arrived at Charlotte's door.

The house of Mrs. Edward Lancaster was a fac-simile of her mother's; a tall house, equally commodious, equally genteel, and out of doors equally grim in its respectability; but within, by dint of new carpets, new paper, and new gilding, liberally displayed in the shape of picture-frames, a new maid-servant, in smiles and blue ribbons (Mr. Edward Lancaster having a prejudice against Buttons), and a general newness and brightness of atmosphere, this habitation looked gayer and more cheerful than the original Bedford Place. Charlotte's drawing-room was not drab either; there were no blinds half-way down the windows. The new paper was a bewilderment of roses and myrtles, the new carpet a thicket of flowers; and in the grate burned a riotous fire, such as would have broken Mrs. Disbrowe's rest with visions of blazing chimneys, fire-engines, and fines. By-and-by, when the nursery, which at present is only an unfurnished room up-stairs, comes to be as full as the nursery at home, and when all these gay embellishments are toned down into the grey of years, Mrs. Edward Lancaster will be a thrifty housewife, as careful a manager as mamma; but at present, at its first offset, there is a certain air of lavishness, of profusion—to tell the truth, though Mrs. Edward is Mrs. Disbrowe's daughter—of extravagance about the house. Mrs. Edward spends a poor man's income in gloves and ribbons, there being no overseeing eye to yeto the expenditure; and the ser-

vants in the kitchen scorn to be behind their mistress; while hosts of pretty nick-nackeries find their way, day by day, into the bright new drawing-room, to the much adornment of the same. The young master of the house begins to look with dismay at his cheque-book, and to be rather doubtful of the truth of the often-repeated declaration, that it is "only this once." Take comfort, bridegroom; it *is* only this once: when she has her first fit of glorious independence over, and no longer plays at housekeeping, Mrs. Disbrowe's daughter will prove her parentage, and be the thriftiest wife that ever fell to the lot of man. But so far it must be conceded, there is no thrift in the new establishment, and the house has a great "way" upon it, like the young gay unconcerned mistress of the same.

Charlotte is lying back in her easy-chair, holding up her hands before her as she works at some bit of netting; and the young lady's ample draperies spread out, and her ribbons, constantly in motion, as she moves in her chair in her careless fashion, give what a painter would call "breadth of effect" to this animated picture. Her friend Helen Maurice sits by the table near Mrs. Edward, and the drawing-room door being open, you may hear those loud young ringing voices, what they say, and how they laugh, and how perfectly without restraint they are, when you are still at the foot of the stair. Also, on a showy little couch near the fire sits a very upright lady in widow's weeds, with a large muff on her lap, and an immense boa on her shoulders. Her crape veil, put back from her face, shows you a large pale countenance, with considerable force in its lines, but, it must be confessed, at this present moment, somewhat of a sour aspect. As the young ladies talk, the old lady's blue eye sometimes kindles into grim amusement; but in general it is apparent that she is neglected, and that she feels herself so.

To this scene the two girls enter unannounced—no formal introduction being necessary to Mrs. Edward's sister, even in the punctilious judgment of the waiting-maid, who is a very new broom, and piques herself on doing her duty. As Minnie bursts in at the open door, and Zaidee, like a shadow, follows after, Charlotte raises her head to nod at them, and goes on with her conversation. Minnie, for her part, pausing to look round the room to see who is in it, condescendingly addresses the old lady, "How do you do, Mrs. Lancaster?" in passing, and immediately darts upon a great china jar opposite, without giving Mrs. Lancaster the trouble to answer her question.

"Oh, Charlotte, where did you get this?" cried Minnie loudly. "I don't like it—it's ugly; you always had such bad taste. Why there's beetles on it! I would throw it out of the window if it were mine."

Now Charlotte had already been provoked this morning by finding her latest purchase not at all admired by Edward, and was quite disposed to bestow upon Minnie the full weight of her displeasure towards both.

"Let my china alone, will you?" exclaimed Charlotte. "You provoking little thing, what do you mean poking about into every corner? I don't buy my furniture to please you. Do you hear? You sha'n't do what you like in my house as you do at home."

"I just wish mamma heard you," said Minnie spitefully.

It was a wish in which Mrs. Edward did not concur; for she had not the slightest desire, married lady though she was, to encounter the displeasure of mamma. The elder Mrs. Lancaster looked on very grimly during this loving sisterly salutation. She was not Edward's mother, but only his father's widow—a very kind friend to him, and counting herself to have some motherly rights, in consequence of many years' guardianship—a claim which Edward himself allowed very cordially, but which Mrs. Edward had pleasure in defying. The old lady's eyes and ears were extremely vigilant when she visited her stepson's wife. It was astonishing what a clear perception she had already of all Charlotte's shortcomings, and how she overlooked her good qualities altogether. There was no love lost between these two ladies. Charlotte had a pleasure in making Mrs. Lancaster feel uncomfortable and out of place in her gay new drawing-room

among her young friends; and Mrs. Lancaster had a pleasure in coming to feel herself slighted and injured by the gay, foolish, extravagant wife, whose love of company and dress and careless housekeeping would ruin Edward. So the old lady sat very upright and solemn, an image of silent disapproval, on the pretty little couch made to be lounged on, and listened to their loud laughing discussions of last night's concert, of who was there, and how poor the music always was, and how one and another threatened to give them up, they were so stupid. All this was extremely edifying to old Mrs. Lancaster, whose own dissipation was limited to the May meetings in Exeter Hall; yet she came; for human nature, whose wiles this good lady was skilled in, was as perverse in her own breast as in another's, and her favourite aversion was Edward's wife.

Perhaps it might have been the same, in some degree, whoever Edward's wife had been; but the present possessor of that dignity by no means thought it worth her while to conciliate While old Mrs. Lancaster sat stiffly on the couch, Charlotte reclined in the easy-chair. Charlotte was exuberant in embraces, in "dears," and "loves," to her other visitors; all the while observing the old lady as the old lady observed her.

Zaidee, who had come into the room behind Minnie, stood by the door; nobody yet had taken any notice of her; she was left to find a seat and a welcome for herself; but while she stood there, she had the fortune to catch the eye of Mrs. Lancaster. Now, Zaidee was neither gay nor fair; if, three months ago, you were held in doubt whether this brown girl was to ripen into a famous beauty, or sink into dark-complexioned homeliness, the chances were very much against the former hypothesis now. What Mrs. Lancaster saw in her was a very plain girl, very plainly dressed, and still more visibly dropped by her companions than she herself was. The old lady's countenance brightened immediately; she recognised the poor little governess, of whom she had heard Mrs. Edward speak. Opposition is sometimes a marvellous incentive to benevolence, and no one could doubt that Mrs. Lancaster was benevolent. She beckoned Zaidee to her, gave her a share of her sofa, and then began to question the incommunicative girl. What was curiosity at first rapidly ripened into interest. Zaidee's answers were so very brief, that they suggested question after question. She came from the country—she was an orphan—she did not wish to go home—she was not Mrs. Disbrowe's governess—no, she was not good enough for that—she could only read and write a little herself, and was not able to teach the children—she did Mrs. Disbrowe's sewing now, and Mrs. Disbrowe was very kind to her—that was all. By the time she knew so much, Mrs. Lancaster greatly wished to hear more. The old lady surely did not want Zaidee to *complain* to her; but she would have been very well satisfied to hear a few more details of Mrs. Disbrowe's household, and to ascertain if this dependant was content.

"I don't think you are well, my poor child. Does Mrs. Disbrowe allow you to get out?" asked Mrs. Lancaster.

"I would rather not," said Zaidee. "I do not like to be out. I always ask leave to stay at home."

"Is it Bedford Place you call home?" said the questioner.

Zaidee looked up for an instant into her face. "I have no other home now. I am very glad to be there," said this poor child, whom nobody could persuade into believing herself ill-used. The old lady was melted; she almost forgave Mrs. Disbrowe for being the mother of Edward's wife. But she did more than that—she asked Mrs. Edward to spare Miss Francis, to take an airing with her in that plain handsome brougham of hers which stood at the door. Mrs. Edward opened her eyes, but had no objection. Zaidee obeyed the old lady passively, and followed her, to the consternation of Minnie. But the poor girl herself was not astonished; in her torpor and silent heaviness, it seemed as if she could no longer do anything but obey.

CHAPTER XV.—A FRIEND.

It was not till seated in Mrs. Lancaster's brougham, with Mrs. Lancaster's broad crapes pressing upon her modest brown dress, and Mrs. Lancaster's furs warming the confined atmosphere of the close little carriage, which forthwith began to trundle leisurely toward the Park, that Zaidee awoke from the quiet haze in which she had answered what was asked, and done what was commanded her. It might be the widow's cap which recalled Aunt Vivian—though this tall lady, so far as bulk went, would have made two Aunt Vivians, and was very unlike the fairy godmother; or perhaps the sober opulence of Mrs. Lancaster's equipage and dress reminded Zaidee, more than Bedford Place did, of the exuberant comforts of home. Whatever the cause was, she was roused into warmer life—her thoughts lay dormant for a little, her eyes took unconscious inventory of the things about her—the torpor was shaken for the moment, and Zaidee looked forth again through the mist of her own dreams.

"And so you say Mrs. Disbrowe is kind? I suppose you are very useful to her," said Mrs. Lancaster, with a "humph!" in her own mind over the disinterestedness of Mrs. Disbrowe.

"I thought I might be of use when I came," said Zaidee, "though I know so very little; but I could not teach the children—I was not able—and that was why I got the sewing to do. No; I am not of much use; I can only sew."

"You told me before that you knew very little," said her new friend; "young ladies very seldom say so. Tell me what 'very little' means."

"I can only read, and write—but not very well," said Zaidee. "I cannot play, nor draw, nor do anything."

"Except Mrs. Disbrowe's sewing," said Mrs. Lancaster, with involuntary satire.

The pale brown face beside her lighted up a little. "Yes," said Zaidee, with a sigh of satisfaction, "that is something still; but, after all, it is only *plain* sewing. I cannot do embroidery, nor anything, like what they used to do at home."

"And would you not rather be at home than here, among strangers?" asked Mrs. Lancaster.

Zaidee started with a thrill of terror. "No, no," she said hurriedly, "I cannot go home. I did not mean to speak of it again."

"Tell me where it was and all about it, my poor child," said her questioner persuasively.

It was seldom that Zaidee, whose ideas were always striking off at a tangent, permitted herself to be thus brought to bay. Perceiving it, however, she was too brave to escape; she looked up with open eyes to the old lady's face.

"My father and my mother are dead. My mother was a Greek, and my father was a traveller, far away. I have been alone all my life; I have no home," said Zaidee steadily. "I am glad to be with Mrs. Disbrowe; I have no one to go to but her."

"But do you know they do not wish you to remain with them? What will you do then?" asked Mrs. Lancaster.

"I will ask Mrs. Disbrowe again to let me stay," said Zaidee very simply. She was not to be reached on the side of pride.

"My poor child," said her new friend, whose kindness at the present moment was more in intention than effect, "Mrs. Disbrowe has a great many children: I have heard them speak of you often; they want their mother to send you home to your friends; they think you a burden. You would not like to feel yourself a burden, should you?"

Zaidee's brown face grew very pale—so pale that the well-intentioned lady beside her hastily drew her smelling-bottle from the depths of her muff. "It is not what I *like*," said Zaidee; "I would like if God would please to let me die—but He never has heard me yet; and I am afraid it would not be right to do it of myself."

"To do what, child?" cried Mrs. Lancaster, with a little scream.

But Zaidee made no answer. She was pondering sadly in her own heart —pondering of necessity and providence, and how different what she would, was from what she *must*.

"They are very unkind, these foolish young people, for I am sure their mother has a cheap assistant in you," said Mrs. Lancaster, her dislike to the Disbrowes insensibly prevailing over her prudence. "You are a poor artless child, I can see; you would be far better away from that woman of the world."

"Must I go away?" said Zaidee, catching the one word which chimed into her thoughts; "and if I go away, will you give me something to work at?" she continued, looking up with honest simplicity in Mrs. Lancaster's face.

This good lady was somewhat taken aback by the downright sincerity of her young companion. "I—I can scarcely tell," said Mrs. Lancaster; "but that was not what I meant; you ought to go home to your friends."

"I thought I ought to go away at first, when I found I could not teach the children," said Zaidee, either not hearing or not heeding. "I thought I could live in a little room somewhere, and work at sewing, if any one would give it me; but Mrs. Disbrowe was kind, and said I should rather stay. Do they grudge that I am there? I have no right to be there—perhaps, indeed, I had better go away."

And Zaidee's eyes, brightened with a new thought, travelled over the high range of buildings they were passing. Nay, these are all great houses, poor child! ranges of lofty windows, drawing-rooms, and bedchambers, of better fashion and higher rank than Bedford Place—not one single little nook among them where you could bring your needle, your sole capability, your forlorn young life and sincere heart. The old lady's eyes followed this gaze of futile longing; her own mind was built with lofty regularity, something like those blank fine houses which gave forth no answer to Zaidee's mute inquiry. She loved to dispense her liberality in the legitimate channels, to ascertain that they were "deserving objects" who had alms of her abundance, to inquire all about them, if it was improvidence or evil behaviour which brought them within the range of her benefactions, if they had seen better days, or if their poverty was native to them, or if their need was desperate enough to warrant charity. All the minutiæ of their circumstances carefully inquired into, no one could be more bountiful than this well-endowed and childless widow; but so much fortified with custom and regulation was she, that it perplexed her greatly when a "case" came before her which could not be dealt with according to rule. At present she found herself in a dilemma—of her own creating, too, which made it the more vexatious. Acting on a whim, which a woman of prudence never ought to do—acting, moreover, on other motives still farther removed from Christian charity than whims are—but these Mrs. Lancaster did not specify to herself—she had brought this child away with her, had partially enlightened her as to her own circumstances, had conceived a strong interest in her—what was to be done with her now? Mrs. Lancaster retired into the depths of her sables to consider. Zaidee, with her wistful eyes, looked out upon these great ranges of houses. The air was warm and soft in this luxurious enclosure, tinged with a faint perfume, and very different from that brown hazy sunny winter air without. The little carriage moved on at a drowsy pleasant pace. Wayfarers walking fast to keep themselves warm, children cased in furs and hosiery, little groups of juvenile vagabonds with feet and faces red and blue with cold, disappeared from the window as they drove on. Mrs. Lancaster, much vexed with her own indiscretion, and Zaidee, brightly realising that impossible independence of hers, working alone in a little chamber for some one else than Mrs. Disbrowe, saw nothing of the bare trees and sodden grass—young and old, they had other things to look at than this wintry park.

The old lady has not spoken again, neither has Zaidee: but the well-accustomed coachman has turned homewards. Now the lights are beginning to shine in the windows, and the last red ray of sunset has disap-

peared from the brown haze of air which gives tone and colour to these streets. They are not going to Bedford Place, but turning at this easy speed to another quarter. The chill in the air gives animation to all those passers-by upon the way; such visions of home and fireside waiting for one and another—of the cheerful household meal ready for their coming, and the news of the great world which they carry with them to brighten the quiet, crowd about all those comfortable figures, briskly pressing forward. One has a newspaper, another a parcel of books, another only a toy swinging "at the cold finger's end," or a paper-bag of cakes and sweetmeats for the children. You may call them City men as you pass by in your superb idleness—never mind; they have done their good day's work in the City or elsewhere; and in this pleasant darkening they see already the firelight shine in their own windows as every one goes home. Schoolboys with satchels making the road echo, tall school-girls swinging by in confidential couples with music-books, and an infinite quantity of secrets to tell. Here and there a shop holding out the light of its homely traffic upon the way—so many pleasant sounds in the air, voices, and footsteps—so many peaceful people on their way home.

The little carriage trundles on, and never pauses for a moment. Its rich mistress has a home, but no child to make it glad; and as for poor Zaidee, searching the darkness with her wistful eyes, she believes there is no home for her in all this plentiful and prosperous world.

CHAPTER XVI.—PERPLEXITY.

Zaidee has not considered the question whether she is going home to Mrs. Disbrowe's, or elsewhere. So full of fancies is she, nothing that happened to-night would much surprise Zaidee; and when the little carriage turns into a gate, and rounds the small curve of a semicircular plot planted thick with evergreens, to pause before a quickly-opened door, she observes vividly, but can scarcely be called curious. Mrs. Lancaster, warm in her furs, alights slowly. The girl behind her feels a slight chill of cold as she glances up into a clear frosty sky, all bright with stars, before she enters Mrs. Lancaster's door. Many a time that glimpse of the friendly heavens will return upon her, when she is pursuing her course among strangers; but now it has disappeared, and there is nothing loftier visible than the ceiling of Mrs. Lancaster's hall, and the staircase, on which a sober-coloured maid waits for her mistress. Without a word, Zaidee follows Mrs. Lancaster up-stairs. The stairs are softly carpeted; there is a noiseless warmth and wealth in the house, still, and regular, and orderly—no nursery to awaken the echoes, nor "young people" to disturb this calm with intrusive activity. When Mrs. Lancaster reaches the door of her own room, she commits Zaidee to the charge of her maid, who conveys her forthwith into a small humdrum comfortable apartment, where there is a fire, and tea on the table. The maid desires the young lady to seat herself till she comes back, and Zaidee is left alone to look into the cavern of the fire, and round the unfamiliar furniture, and wonder what she herself is doing here.

It is not quite dark, and the sky has not deepened into the intense blue of a winter night, but is pale and silvery all over with its young moon and early stars. Zaidee sits before the fire, wondering—almost roused into romance once more—the house is so quiet, the atmosphere so warm, the tone of wealth and comfort so apparent—quite another world from the thrifty plenty of Bedford Place, and its constant stir of young unruly life. But it is no romance after all; for this is only a kind of housekeeper's room, where Mrs. Lancaster's own maid has her sanctuary; and the sober-coloured woman who re-enters anon, and tells Zaidee she is to take tea here, and that Mrs. Lancaster will send for her presently, is the trusted factotum of the lady of the house.

There is not much said between these two strangers. Mrs. Lancaster's maid by no means resembles Mrs. Disbrowe's Irish nurse. She too, like her mistress, requires a certificate of merit before she bestows her acquaintance; so Zaidee's thoughts are little disturbed by conversation. It is a full hour before the summons comes for her audience, and then with gradually increasing wonder and interest she follows her conductor down stairs.

Mrs. Lancaster has just dined, and there is a faint odour of the good things of the table in this large ruddy apartment, which is Mrs. Lancaster's usual sitting-room. The fire burns warm with a subdued glow; the lamp throws a tempered light upon two large easy chairs, one on either side, where, leaning back upon easy cushions, sits Mrs. Lancaster and Mrs. Lancaster's guest. They are both looking with some expectation towards the door, and both bend forward a little to see Zaidee as she enters, in her quick and silent fashion, with her bonnet off, and her dark hair shed back from her forehead. Mrs. Lancaster, with her deep draperies of crape, and spotless widow's cap, looks somewhat imposing in her great chair; but the old lady opposite, who has been a widow for twenty years, and is gay in flowers, and ribbons, and stiff little curls of grey hair, with a coloured gown of rich texture, with jewels and ornaments past counting, is anything but imposing, and with her bright cheery face makes a very good foil to Mrs. Lancaster. Poor Zaidee, being but a child, and friendless, feels her heart warm a little when she glances to the opposite side of the fireplace. Mrs. Lancaster is by far the most proper and dignified, but her friend might not be flattered if she knew that Zaidee found encouragement in the smile, because it was like that of Irish Nurse, poor Zaidee's most familiar friend.

"This is Miss Francis," says Mrs. Lancaster, as Zaidee enters. And "Poor dear!" says Mrs. Lancaster's friend.

"I hear Edward's wife speak of her constantly," pursued the lady of the house, motioning Zaidee to sit down beside her. "It appears she came up from the country to be nursery governess to these rude little children, and did not succeed—no wonder!—so they have made a sewing-maid of the poor child. I have no doubt Mrs. Disbrowe finds her very useful, but the young people think her in the way. She would like some one to give her sewing to do; but she is much too young to live alone, so I wish very much to persuade her to go home to her friends."

"Has she any friends, then? How thin she is, poor dear!" said Mrs. Burtonshaw, Mrs. Lancaster's guest, touching Zaidee's angular arm and stooping shoulders, by way of investigation.

"Well, she has neither father nor mother, but some friends, of course. I feel quite responsible," said Mrs. Lancaster uneasily. "I brought her from Mrs. Edward's to give her a drive, but we got into conversation by the way. I was interested, and she came here with me. Now I really am at a loss. I cannot tell what to do. The child seems somehow thrown on my hands."

To all this Zaidee listened, as they seemed to intend she should listen, as quietly as if they had been talking of a piece of furniture, and not of a piece of sensitive human nature, warm with girlish susceptibility. At this point, however, Zaidee's dormant pride was roused. She turned round.

"Mrs. Disbrowe never said I was to leave her," said Zaidee. "She did not tell me she found me a burden. I am of no use to any one but her. If you please I will go home."

"Should you like to go abroad, my dear?" asked Mrs. Burtonshaw, striking in rapidly before her weightier friend, astonished by the sudden movement of the "subject" under her hands, could find words to answer.

A glow of colour rose upon Zaidee's face. "Yes," she said very eagerly. The question filled her with such a flush of sudden excitement that she could answer no more.

"Should you like to be companion to a good little girl of your own age? A dear little girl, my love," cried Mrs. Burtonshaw, warming rapidly; "one who will never take any airs upon her, but love you like a sister, if you are good—to be educated with her, and have everything the same as she has

—a dear pretty little angel, the sweetest child that ever was born! Will you go and be a companion to her, and make her a happier child, my love?"

The old lady spoke so warmly and quickly, that "therewithal the water stood in her eyes." To all this Zaidee answered by a long wistful look. "If any one would take me abroad, I should be very, very glad," she said, when she turned her eyes from Mrs. Burtonshaw; but she did not know how to reply to this, about being a companion, and making happy—it was not in Zaidee's way.

"She is the very person," cried Mrs. Lancaster, in a voice of great relief. Once put in the way of mortifying the Disbrowes, and especially "Edward's wife," by the exaltation of Zaidee, Mrs. Lancaster was quite herself again. "She will do admirably; that is, if we can be satisfied about her friends."

"My dear," said Mrs. Burtonshaw, "are you sure you would like to go with me? It is a long way off—a place where there are scarcely any English, and the family travel about a great deal; but Mary is the sweetest little love. My darling child, she will make you so happy!"

Zaidee looked up with sudden wonder. She thought of Mrs. Wyburgh and of Nurse, who alone had called her "darling" before; but it was all to be put to the account of the unknown Mary, this burst of affection for the girl who might be her companion. Her wistful dark eyes began to smile upon the old lady; it was almost the first time they had been moved with this gentle relaxation since she came from home. Involuntarily Zaidee, who had learned the lessons of respect and humility becoming a dependant only very slightly, and who underneath had all the simple trustfulness of a child, came to Mrs. Burtonshaw's footstool, and sat down there. "Will you tell me about Mary?" said Zaidee, looking up with all her old eagerness for a story. She did not hear that Mrs. Lancaster suggested "Miss Cumberland." Zaidee knew nothing of Miss Cumberland; she wanted to hear of this unknown girl, who was held in so much love.

And thus it was that Zaidee's heart awoke to the clear light of common life again.

POETRY OF THE WAR.

REVIEWED BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

FANCY, reader, the son of Peleus, the white-haired Nestor, and the sage Ulysses, reading, towards the close of the first year of their sojourn before Troy, the first book of the *Iliad*, to be continued in parts as a serial. Poetry, whose high office is to select and combine in order to exalt, would do for them the refining work of time. The squalid scenes of the camp and the work-a-day operations of the siege would vanish from their mental picture; they would become heroes to themselves; each would begin to believe he had seen the gods of Olympus mingling in the fray, and every Greek who had experienced a touch of cholera, would be ready to swear by the Styx that he had heard the twanging of the silver bow, and felt the sharp arrow of the vengeful archer-god.

Such is the fortune of the besiegers of our modern Ilium. The parallel in men does not altogether hold good. Nestors we have, unfortunately, rather too many of. Ulysses is, perhaps, less numerously represented in the Allied camp; while Pelides, Diomed, and the greater Ajax, would meet their match in the first trio of guardsmen whom you happened to see cooking their salt pork. Penelope may now silence too pressing suitors by pointing to the gazette, which shows that Ithaca has still a king and she a lord. But men and women are much the same now as in those dim days, and we who sit before Sebastopol may form some idea of the feelings of those ancient warriors, could they have seen their own deeds chronicled in the immortal verse of the blind old man. Scenes of the campaign glow and expand in the pictures of an imaginative "own correspondent" writing up to the requirements of an excited public. The poet, catching the enthusiasm, burns to sing of the war. Fancy and invention he need not call on for aid, as those elements of poetry have already done their utmost in the columns of the newspaper he subscribes to. Nothing is wanting but verse; and his eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, glances from the *Times* to a quire of foolscap, which he presently covers with ballads, sonnets, or some other form of lay, plaintive as the odes of Sappho, or sanguinary as the songs of Tyrtæus. Thus it happens that (notwithstanding the Post-office authorities have made arrangements for the suppression of newspapers and small parcels) we receive, with tolerable speed and regularity, commentaries from home upon our doings; and not only does the council of chiefs find its deliberations aided by the ever unerring *vox populi*, but the Crimean Achilles reads the inspiring stanzas which tell of his own deeds in the last battle, before the blood has rusted on his bayonet; while (alas that it should be often so!) the British Laodamia hears her wail for the lost Protesilaus echoed with bewildering iteration in musical verse.

It is both amusing and satisfactory to find our young versifiers taking this line. When last Maga took occasion to notice the work of a rising poet, he was steering a widely different course. Maudlin imitations of passion, such as a tragedian at a minor theatre might utter, when the effects of the overdose of gin with which he had refreshed himself after the laborious representation of the Amorous Tyrant were beginning to wear off, and retributive seediness was overshadowing him—suicide defended in the case of a dumb poet, big with magnificent ideas, but unable to express them, the latter fact being probably his very best title to a prolonged existence—formed part of the episodes; while the great yearning of the poet himself was to set this age to music—the age, not, as it appears now, with its armour on, "mailed and horsed with lance and sword," but a drab-colored, broad-brimmed era, whose fitting poet would be a gentleman having an eye at once to the beauties of nature and to commercial

pursuits, celebrating the glories of steam and cotton to the accompaniment of an oaten pipe—a kind of union of Corydon and Cobden, whose religious creed was, that he got nearer to heaven as the distance by rail was shortened between London and Manchester.

War, long shuddered at as chief of evils, which has brought desolation to so many homes, and still fills with rending anxiety so many hearts, has not been without its benefits. At the sound of the trumpet England is aroused, and knows she has been dreaming, while the nightmares that oppressed her shrink gibbering away. Long-forgotten words are on her lips; but her voice sounds more natural now than when her talk was all of progress and peace; long-dormant feelings, lending colour to her cheek and fire to her eye, tell us that she is still the England of history. And, seeing this, we feel less indignant at him whose ambition caused the war, and forbear to dwell on the idea of the thousands of ghosts dabbled in blood who may well be supposed to flit avengingly round him as he enters the dark Monarchy.

Not in the days of the Crusades was the warlike spirit more apparent than now. Peter the Hermit would be far more indulgently listened to by an English audience than Mr. Bright. Beauties in English ball-rooms turn impatiently from essenced exquisites, neglecting the soft nothings whispered in their ears, to think of ragged, hairy, and not particularly clean-looking individuals three thousand miles off, less respectable in appearance than many mendicants they have thrown a sixpence to. Our bards, no longer waiting the advent of the supernatural genius who is to detect the elements of poetry in the mechanical discoveries of the age and in the art of money-making, have become veritable troubadours, and find in those decried qualities, fortitude and valour, the materials of song. To say the truth, the lays of these minstrels smack somewhat of the age we have been living in—the native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er rather too biliously with the pale cast of thought. The philosophy and pathos of the horrors of war are dwelt on somewhat to the exclusion of the martial spirit which should ring through the subject like the sound of a trumpet. In the "*Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*," and the "*Lays of Ancient Rome*," models which the poets of the war would do well to study, there is far more ardour than philosophy. Small meditative power is visible in Dibdin; but when Jack thought of the saucy Arethusa, the flag of that Frenchman upon whom he was bearing down was as good as struck.

The lines which ring the truest among those we have seen are some purporting to be written by Corporal John Brown on the battle of the Alma, whose verses have become popular in a song. Among the many good pieces which have appeared in newspapers, mostly less effusive than meditative, was one in blank verse in the *Illustrated News*, called "Looking Death in the Face," which showed remarkable power. Only two of the many books of verse on the war have reached our hut — *Alma and other Poems*, by R. C. Trench—and *Sonnets on the War*, by Alexander Smith and the author of *Balder*. We have read them with the accompaniment of the frequent guns which have "lent to the rhyme of the poet the beauty of their voice," and, considering their subject, it would be ungracious to review them in other than a kindly spirit.

The lines to the river Alma, by Mr. Trench, are very good, and have a fine roll about them. If the translation into Greek on the next page was made for the benefit of military readers, we must suggest to Mr. Trench that the slenderness of a war-kit forbids us to carry lexicons, and we must continue to avail ourselves of the vernacular. "Sunday, November the Fifth," is very well done, and the contrast between the English Sabbath and the long day of desperate battle throws each into stronger relief. If our efforts on that day have called forth such feelings as the close of the poem intimates, the reward is indeed worth fighting for. "The Unforgotten" is a graceful tribute to the memory of those who, though they died not with "the light of battle shining on their brows,"

died none the less for duty and their country. Altogether, Mr. *Trench* is the pleasantest *excavation* we have met with for many months past.

Among the jointly-produced sonnets are some which we don't understand, and therefore cannot conscientiously speak of. There are others which we only think we understand, and, therefore, will also leave unnoticed, for fear of going off on a wrong tack. Of the rest, there are some we like and some we don't like. To say the truth, spite of the great examples of Petrarch, Milton, and Wordsworth, we have never learned to like the sonnet, to which ideas generally seem to us to be adapted by a process somewhat Procrustean. A sonorous commencement sometimes leads to a feeble close, the thought having been improvidently expended in the first half-dozen lines, while the remainder throng in as impertinently as the ragged little boys who close the procession of some great man's funeral; or, again, after beating about the bush for thirteen lines, the poet, in the fourteenth, plunges desperately in and starts the game while we are all looking another way. It is as if a man had but one carpet-bag for all his occasions, and at one time crammed it to overflowing, heels of boots and corners of parcels sticking out on each side of the strained lock, and stitches giving way in all directions; while, at another, its collapsed recesses contain only a false collar and a tooth-brush.

A line in the prefatory sonnet first arrested our attention, and made us feel as giddy as when the clown in a pantomime crosses the stage in one unbroken string of summersets—

> "A whirlwind whirled across the whirling land."

After this we closed our eyes for a minute or two, under the impression that the centrifugal force had suddenly got it all its own way, and we had gone blundering off into space among the planets. On recovering our accustomed steadiness of brain, we got on as far as "The Crystal Palace." After describing the "hall of glass," the very headquarters and house of representatives of our brief millennium, the sonnetteer asks—

> "Why did no one teach
> That that fallacious future, smiling fair,
> Hid watchfires burning on a hostile beach?"

Why indeed? unless the teachers had money in the Funds, and wanted to sell out before they sunk. Or, another reason may be, that nobody (unless it be Mr. Thomas Carlyle) likes to make his appearance in the character of Cassandra, when he may gain so much more credit as a soothsayer by adapting his prophesies to the taste of the public. Our own individual better judgment was so far overpowered by the prevailing current of opinion, that, before the war broke out, we had been for some time in the habit of secretly attending meetings of the Peace Society (in plain clothes, of course, as we didn't wish to provoke ill-treatment), and were actually in treaty with a Jew for the sale of our sword and epaulets, intending to set up a small retail shop for ginger-beer at Sydenham. The result of that enterprise would probably have been that we should now be receiving parish relief, while the man who stood next us on the Army-List was revelling in flannels and muffetees, sent him by charitable ladies who looked on us as a mere uninteresting civilian ruined by speculation.

We think the simile of the raw brood of birds thrusting up their heads, in "The Army Surgeon," is to be found in Dante; and we don't like the sonnets on "The Wounded"—the line in French closing the second is burlesque. "Home" embodies, somewhat fantastically, an idea full of pathos. The conclusion is very pretty, except for the epithet "carrion," which is altogether vile:—

> "Then she touches a sweet string
> Of soft recall, and towards the Eastern hill
> Smiles all her soul—for him who cannot hear
> The raven croaking at his carrion ear."

The same idea has been forcibly expressed in a stanza of Tennyson's *In Memoriam*—

> "O mother! praying God to save
> Thy sailor—while thy head is bow'd,
> His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud
> Drops in his vast and wandering grave."

The sonnet to Miss Nightingale is, as the subject requires, altogether graceful and good, and winds up with a beautiful image:—

"How must the soldier's startled heart expand
When from a [illegible]
If [illegible]
Where by thy beauty [illegible]
When this great house [illegible]
When all those fallen Englishmen of ours,
Have [illegible]
Thy perfect charity unveiled shall stand
Some pitying student of a nobler age,
Lingering o'er this year's half-forgotten page,
Shall see its beauty smiling even there:
Surprised to tears, his bearing heart he stills,
Like one who finds among Athenian hills
A temple, like a lily, white and fair."

So, of late, we saw in the great hospital of Scutari, amidst rows of sick and wounded, her of the "healing face and dewy hand."

In blustering contrast with the quiet grace of the foregoing is "Sebastopol," which a Yankee would describe as resembling an "earthquake tipt with thunder and lightning." It begins with sound and fury—

"Blaze gun to gun along the roaring steep!
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(Our poet must have been born under Aries.)

"Knee-deep in living mire."

Why living?

"Run like cold demons thro' the hell of fire,
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"We have burned sleep
And night!"

Most extraordinary combustibles, and never issued to the army as fuel that we know of.

"The sodden sun is in the deep!
Fire on! this hour shall end them, son and sire."

A most sanguinary sentiment! — a most unchristian sonnetteer! — but his bark is, we are persuaded, worse than his bite, and he would give quarter.

"Fire on! the scorching city is a heap!
The bastions reel, the toppling turrets leap!"

Hard times for the garrison, who would certainly be justified in evacuating works guilty of such unaccountable gambols.

"Advance! The boiling waters rage and rave,
And the white foam flouts heaven. High, higher! See
The drowning streets. High, higher! Who can save?
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"Before us, to the unseen close,
The future stretches without bound or mark,
And England, fearless, sails across the dark,
Leaving a trail of splendour as she goes."

"Childless," like "Home," conveys a touching image, and is, like it, a little injured by fantastic expression. Nevertheless it is very pretty, pathetic, and true, and would, we think, be found by many a bereaved "grey pale dame" not unconsoling;

but we must not pick any more plums out of the pudding by extracting it.

Here we will say good-by to Mr. Smith and the author of *Balder*, whom we expect to see shortly in the Crimea, as we hear they are among the most diligent officers in the militia in their study of the manual exercise. We hope they may distinguish themselves in the war, so as to become in their turn the subjects of a sonnet, ode, epic, or any kind of poem except an elegy. Meantime, we thank these and all other poets who have sought to do honour to the troops, by celebrating their achievements and hardships. We wish we could be sure that the regard of the country, now so warm and sincere, for the army, would long outlast the first bloom of peace. Perhaps the reader has erewhile been by when a gentleman, in corduroy breeches and highlows, who added to his other accomplishments a taste for dog-fighting, has called up, with many blandishments, his dog Towzer, whom he has backed, for a pot of beer, against Tiger. Towzer, long habituated to kicks from the highlows, comes skulking up, and, as his master puts forth his hand to pat him, slinks out of reach of the suspicious caress. But there, in front, is Tiger, with all his teeth displayed, churning between them a horrid snarl; and Towzer, converting his legs into four pegs, stilts forward, with every bristle horrent on his back. "At him, good dog!" says he of the highlows, and rearing up the combatants close in a confused mass of teeth, growls, and chokings. As they stand apart again, breathless, after the first round, Towzer glances askance through his remaining eye at his master—the pot of beer has invested him with unusual interest—and the gentleman in corduroys looks with strange tenderness at his hurts. "Hi, Towzer!" and, encouraged by that parting clap on the back, the faithful animal shakes his bleeding ears and rushes in. Ultimately, Tiger, utterly prostrated, is carried off to the next pump, while the victorious Towzer, elate with conquest and encouragement, keeps close to the highlows, wagging incessantly the stump of his tail. But this favour vanishes with the last drops of the pot of beer; and, saluted by a sudden kick on the ribs, he awakes to a sense of his proper position in society in the piping time of peace, and retires to an obscure corner to lick his wounds. The reader will draw the moral.

Fortunately, the soldier puts not his trust in prince, poet, nor people, but looks elsewhere for encouragement and reward. As it was in the days of chivalry, so it is now, and ever shall be. Husband and bachelor value the gazette only because *she*, whoever she be, will read his name in it; or, he may have neither wife nor sweetheart, only his ideal sculptured with infinite pains in that inner studio of his where none can penetrate; or, again, he may cherish such a number of idols (your military man being sometimes a little of a Lothario) that individuality is lost in the crowd of charms and sweet remembrances; but still the feeling is the same. He sees not, like his ally the Turk, amidst the smoke of the battery, the gates of paradise, with houris beckoning through; but he knows that eyes, bright with an intelligence and feeling such as no houri ever possessed, are looking towards the East, that they will beam on his return, if he do return,—and that, if not, they will, in thinking of him, grow dim with tears, whose source lies in the warmest and tenderest hearts in the world.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,
12*th March* 1855.

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CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,
12*th March* 1855.

"How must the soldier's tearful heart expand,
Who from a long and obscure dream of pain—
His foeman's frown imprinted in his brain—
Wakes to thy healing face and dewy hand!
When this great noise hath roll'd from off the land,
When all those fallen Englishmen of ours,
Have bloomed and faded in Crimean flowers,
Thy perfect charity unsoiled shall stand.
Some pitying student of a nobler age,
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So, of late, we saw in the great hospital of Scutari, amidst rows of sick and wounded, her of the "healing face and dewy hand."

In blustering contrast with the quiet grace of the foregoing is "Sebastopol," which a Yankee would describe as resembling an "earthquake tipt with thunder and lightning." It begins with sound and fury—

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(Our poet must have been born under Aries.)

"Knee-deep in living mire."

Why living?

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And feed the gulfs of flame."

All our most cherished ideas of demons are upset by the epithet. A printer's devil shivering, in January, on the inhospitable doorstep of a tardy author, waiting for copy, while an east wind shrivels him to the marrow, may in some sort, by a kind of paraphrase, be called a cold demon; but we see not the affinity he bears to the British soldier in battle. We have always been given to understand that the inhabitants of those ultra-tropical regions, the gulfs of flame, were of particularly warm temperaments. We would not enter on our list of friends the man who conceived the idea of a cold demon, because he would be capable of asking us to breakfast, and giving us cold grill.

"We have burned sleep
And night!"

Most extraordinary combustibles, and never issued to the army as fuel that we know of.

"The useless sun is in the deep!
Fire on! this hour shall end them, son and sire."

A most sanguinary sentiment! — a most unchristian sonnetteer! — but his bark is, we are persuaded, worse than his bite, and he would give quarter.

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Hard times for the garrison, who would certainly be justified in evacuating works guilty of such unaccountable gambols.

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THE CAMPAIGNS OF A FRENCH HUSSAR.

THE latter campaigns of the greatest conqueror of modern times, although less successful than his previous ones, and terminated by his total discomfiture, yet were scarcely less glorious to the gallant and devoted armies that fought and fell in vain to extend his power and sustain his throne. The men who combated under the French eagles from 1812 to 1814 may justly feel as proud of the laurels they won — although these were unentwined with the solid fruits of victory—as the participators in the more brilliant and profitable campaigns of Austerlitz, Jena, and Wagram. More decisive victories have been gained, but none where greater valour was displayed, than that of Borodino; at Lutzen and Bautzen the flower of Germany's youth, stimulated by their sovereign's earnest appeal, and by the impassioned songs of Körner—fighting, too, for their hearths and altars, and for all that makes life precious—were defeated by an army of French recruits. If Leipzic was a terrible reverse, account must be taken of the desertion of the Saxons, and of the overwhelming numbers opposed to Napoleon's army, which had, for the greater part of its cavalry, conscripts whose first drill had been upon the line of march to Germany. And the campaign of France in 1814 was a succession of brilliant actions, honourable alike to the valour of the troops and the genius of the general, although it postponed but for a brief space the submission of the former, and the latter's abdication.

At a moment when England and France are arrayed, for the first time, side by side against a common foe, the memoirs of a valiant and adventurous French officer, who passed through the horrors of the Russian campaign, was present in a multitude of well-fought actions, and reached the end of the war with life, but not without several wounds, much suffering, and some captivity, can hardly be devoid of interest. General de Fer-enzac has already given us the history of a French infantry regiment during the Russian expedition; Colonel Combe's narrative is one of personal adventure, extending over several years, but in its course we naturally hear not a little of the exploits of the dashing regiment of light horse—chasseurs-a-cheval—in whose ranks he served during the most active portion of his military career. Published in an unpretending form, at one of the military libraries of Paris, his pleasant and spirited volume did not reach our hands until more than a year after its appearance. It has perhaps a stronger interest now, owing to the English and French alliance, and to the war in which we are engaged, than it had then, and has probably been read but by few in England. Married to an English lady, and having many English friends, Colonel Combe nowhere, throughout his book, betrays even a spark of that irritable dislike to our country and nation so often found in old Buonopartists, and which might be expected in one of those devoted adherents of the Emperor, whose staunchness to his cause, when all hope was indeed gone, earned for them no better rewards than the nickname of the *Brigands de la Loire*, persecution, and even death; whilst it in many instances, as in that of the Colonel, proved a bar to their advancement even under the *soi-disant* liberal reign of Louis Philippe.

Colonel Combe dwells upon his boyhood only enough to show that his nature was pugnacious, and his vocation decidedly military. "I have always been fond of noise," he remarks, with much *naïveté*, when relating the warlike games, the mock combats, and rattle of drums, which in 1807 were the favourite amusements of French schoolboys. He was of too impatient a disposition to grapple with the long and severe studies which are the necessary preparation for admission to the Polytechnic School, and notwithstanding his mo-

Mémoires du Colonel Combe, sur les campagnes de Russie 1812, *de Saxe* 1813, *de France* 1814 *et* 1815. *Paris*, 1853.

ther's tears and entreaties, he declared his firm resolution to enter the military school of Fontainebleau, which sent out officers of cavalry and infantry, and was a more rapid avenue to the army. With characteristic tenacity of purpose he carried his point, and at Fontainebleau his bellicose disposition displayed itself in numerous duels. In July 1808 the school was transferred to St. Cyr, where the Emperor often visited it. These visits, his gay and affable manners, the confidence he showed the cadets, the attention he paid to the smallest details concerning them, made him adored by them. He frequently himself passed them in review, made them manœuvre, and asked them all manner of questions. It is not surprising that he became their idol. Young Combe was not the least enthusiastic in his attachment to the extraordinary man, who certainly possessed, as much as any potentate we read of, the power of fascinating those he chose to please. Shortly before the campaign of Wagram, a battalion of five hundred youths, the best instructed in the school, marched, by the Emperor's order, from St. Cyr to Paris, to be present at a great review. Napoleon, who was proud of the school he had created, chose a number of the cadets to act during the review, as officers and non-commissioned officers in the ranks of the Old Guard, and one to command in chief. They acquitted themselves of their respective duties with a perfection that delighted the Emperor, who invited the whole battalion to dine at Véry's, and sent Duroc to preside. He would also have at once given commissions to the whole five hundred, but, on the representation of General Bellavene, who commanded at St. Cyr, that he should then have no instructors left for his recruits, he agreed to leave him two hundred. M. Combe was of the three hundred, who within a short time were appointed to regiments. The 8th Chasseurs, to which he was sent, was then quartered in Italy. At Brescia he passed two delightful years. If Napoleon's brilliant soldiers were ever ready to abandon their pleasures for the battle-field, on the other hand, in the brief intervals of leisure his ambition allowed them, they made ample amends to themselves for toils and hardships past and to come. The Emperor was then at the pinnacle of his power and fame; a series of the most extraordinary triumphs had surrounded him with a halo of glory; to the eyes of the dazzled world he seemed a demigod, and the least of his soldiers a hero. The able lieutenants who had aided him to attain that almost fabulous elevation, were kings, viceroys, and princes, rolled in wealth, and denied themselves no luxury. In 1811, Eugène Beauharnais arrived at Brescia, with the Princess Amelia, and all his court, to review the troops of the army of Italy, assembled in camp at Monte Chiaro, four leagues from the town. There were twenty thousand men, and the manœuvres took place twice a-week. The other days were devoted to magnificent entertainments—splendid balls, and grand performances at the new theatre, then just completed. The fitting-up of the viceroy's box alone had cost 25,000 francs. In the old theatre the officers of the garrison performed French vaudevilles, to the great delectation of the Brescian dames, and advantage of the poor of the town, to whom the proceeds of the performances were devoted. It was a Capuan existence, although subsequent events amply proved that it in no way enervated those who shared it. Towards the end of 1811, rumours arose that war was at hand, and on the 20th January 1812, the 8th Chasseurs got the route. Rejoicing at the prospect of a campaign, and of its concomitant laurels and promotion, the officers—and especially those who, like M. Combe, had not yet fleshed their sabres—confidently and cheerfully abandoned their delightful Italian quarters, and turned their faces northwards, little foreseeing what changes one short twelvemonth was to bring about in their numerous and well-equipped ranks, and how few of those who then so gaily went forth to battle, were ever again to behold their native land. When a servant was nailing down one of M. Combe's boxes, on the eve of his departure from Paris, his mother, who heard the blows from an adjoining room, felt her heart sink, and fainted away. It seemed to her, she said, as though it were his coffin,

they were closing. And truly, says the cool chasseur, considering the large consumption of officers at that period, there was some analogy. Great though it might be, however, the mortality of any previous campaign seems trifling when compared to that of the terrible expedition upon which M. Combe and his comrades now joyously started.

The 8th Chasseurs were fortunate in their colonel. Count de Perigord, since become Duke de Talleyrand, was twenty-five years old when he assumed the command, brave, generous, and rich. All through Germany, wherever the regiment halted for a day, he issued invitations for a ball and supper. Thus merrily were Bavaria, Prussia, and Saxony traversed; and then M. Combe's corps went into cantonments in Silesia, where it remained six weeks whilst the army was concentrated, preparatory to entering Poland. Once in this country, hard work began. Marching and counter-marching were incessant until the passage of the Niemen. On the farther bank of that stream was assembled the whole French cavalry, 80,000 strong, whose bivouac occupied three leagues of ground. The next day this magnificent body of horsemen was distributed amongst the different *corps de armée*, never again to be united. The 8th Chasseurs, with three other French regiments, one of Saxon, and one of Bavarian light horse, formed General Chastel's division of Grouchy's cavalry corps. After the siege of Smolensko the greater part of the two German regiments disbanded, the men betaking themselves to their homes with arms and baggage. The officers did their utmost to prevent the desertion, and many of them were killed in the attempt, but in vain; when they reached Moscow there remained barely four squadrons of the Germans, who had started for Russia 2400 strong.

As early as at Wilna privations were felt. A loaf of bread was a great treat. The immense mass of men concentrated at one point ate up the country. The night-marches were very painful and fatiguing. Towards dawn, M. Combe could not resist slumber. He used to place himself between two of his men, thrust his feet far into his stirrups, put his valise on the front of his saddle, and his arms and head on his valise, and sleep soundly enough for refreshment. But this he could not always venture to do. As a light-cavalry man, his duty took him frequently to the outposts, and the Cossacks began to swarm. The well-trained French dragoons cared but little for them, experience having taught them that by keeping in a body they might defy their irregular skirmishing attacks. In a reconnoissance, at the head of twenty-five men, M. Combe kept off a hundred of those dirty savages, who had got between him and the army, and might have annihilated his little band had they charged in a body. But that is not their way of fighting, and did not occur to them. On this occasion M. Combe received his first wound—a slight one in the hand, from a Cossack lance. This was near the Beresina, on whose left bank, not far from Mohiloff, the division halted, and built itself huts of branches. The river was fordable at about a quarter of a league from the camp; and at about three leagues to the front was the town of Liady, where, according to report, a number of Russian staff-officers and a body of irregular Cossacks then were. The general-in-chief asked Colonel de Perigord for an officer and fifty men, volunteers, and well mounted, for a dangerous reconnoissance, to be pushed as far as Liady. It was the turn for duty of a lieutenant named Monneret, a brave and experienced officer.

"He forded the river," says Colonel Combe, "and had scarcely ridden a league beyond it when he was surrounded, and escorted by a mob of Cossacks to the town itself. There a panic terror had seized everybody to such an extent that they had forgotten to shut the gates. Monneret, sabring all he met, dashed into the principal street, rode right through it, went out by the opposite gate, turned the town, and came back by the same road by which he had gone, after losing a third of his men. But, strange as it may appear, when he made his report to the general-in-chief, Grouchy refused to believe him. Monneret, cruelly offended by this doubt, declared to the general that he

would immediately return to Liady, with fresh men, and that, as a proof of his having been there, he would mark the gate of the town with two sabre-cuts, in the form of a cross. He made the same vow to all his comrades, entreating us to have justice done to his memory, for he considered his death certain, his first reconnoissance having put the enemy on his guard, so that he was sure to meet with superior forces. When his party was formed up, he embraced us, sprang upon his horse, and soon we saw him again upon the road, after he had forded the river for the third time. Then took place one of those brilliant exploits that are worthy to be handed down to posterity, and which, nevertheless, remain almost forgotten. Monneret, surrounded by a throng of Cossacks, forced his way, bravely supported by his dragoons. This time the gate of Liady was shut; he struck it twice with his sabre, and, retracing his steps, was so fortunate as to reach the camp, but pierced, as well as his horse, with innumerable lance wounds, and bringing with him only fifteen of his men. Three days later we entered Liady at the head of the column forming the advanced guard, and every officer of the 8th Chasseurs, as well as of the division, had an opportunity of satisfying himself of the truth. I will not permit myself to blame General Grouchy's conduct in this affair, because, as I was not present when Monneret made his first report, I cannot positively affirm that that officer did not take offence too easily. Whilst setting them an example of courage, I have always known General Grouchy to be sparing of the blood of his soldiers. I relate what I saw without commentary. One of the chasseurs who were under the orders of Monneret, Bouthelié, now a captain, is still alive, and inhabits Paris. I appeal to his testimony."

Gallant feats of this kind were plentiful during the Russian campaign, as they always have been, and doubtless always will be, where French troops are engaged. The campaign was now fairly opened. The French had come up with the Russian army, whose rear-guard resisted vigorously. On the march to Orcha, Grouchy's division, emerging from a defile, suddenly found itself opposed to the whole Russian rearguard, less Prince Bagration's *corps de armée*, which was to join it by way of Mohiloff. The Russians formed squares of battalions on the farther side of the high-road, which was bordered by a double row of poplars. The position was a good one; for, when crossing the road, the cavalry were compelled to open their ranks, and their charge was consequently not sufficiently compact to break the squares, into the centre of one of which M. Combe was near being precipitated. "Through a hail of bullets and a cloud of smoke," he says, "I reached the front rank of the Russian infantry, and I did not see the enemy distinctly until the moment when my horse, going full gallop, stopped short before the bayonets. I ought to have been thrown over his head; fortunately my grip was sufficiently strong to enable me to regain my seat, and I had time to deal a sabre-cut on the head of the Russian soldier nearest to me. But I was obliged to follow the movement of my squadron, and we went to re-form in rear of the column, after losing a great many men." Grouchy, convinced of the inutility of cavalry charges under such circumstances, at last discontinued them, and employed his artillery to harass the retreat of the Russians, which was continued steadily, and in good order, parallel with the Smolensko road and its protecting line of poplars. But the French light horse soon revenged its repulse. That same night Davoust received orders from the Emperor to march upon Mohiloff, to prevent the junction of Bagration's corps with the Russian army. Taking 10,000 men, including eight squadrons, of which M. Combe's was one, the marshal set out before daybreak, and at eight o'clock reached a wooden bridge across the river Borysthenes, over which Bagration was to pass. The bridge was cut, intrenchments were thrown up, cannon planted, and the work was not complete when Bagration's corps made its appearance, debouching from a thick forest. The river just there is not very broad, but swampy, and with high banks. The Russians opposed some pieces of artillery to the

French fire, and their grenadiers courageously entered the stream, with water to their breasts, and mud so deep that many of them, M. Combe assures us, mortally wounded by the musketry, remained standing, although dead. Bagration had not expected to find the passage by Mohiloff occupied by the French, but he and his troops behaved most gallantly, renewing their attacks until evening, when they retired with a loss of several thousand men. Just before sunset they disappeared in the forest. Then the French, with their usual activity and dexterity, rapidly reconstructed the bridge, and it was not yet quite dark when the cavalry dashed across it in pursuit of the foe. Tracing his route by the corpses he left, they soon reached his rearguard, and charged by squadrons; and as, this time, the Russians had not time to form square, M. Combe and his comrades could sabre to their heart's content. The slaughter was considerable, and several hundred prisoners were made. M. Combe relates the circumstances of the combat of Mohiloff—which, as he truly remarks, might in our days be styled a battle—at considerable length, because he is of opinion that it has not been sufficiently dwelt upon by any historian of the Russian campaign. As a general rule, he confines himself to his own adventures, or at least to those of his regiment or squadron, and this gives to that part of his book which relates to 1812 a freshness and novelty that could hardly have been expected in a work treating of a campaign that has been so much written about.

M. Combe had entered Russia well provided with horses, but the Russian bullets soon reduced his stud. On the eve of Borodino his regiment was manœuvring under fire of the enemy's batteries, when a round shot, after killing a sergeant, knocked off his charger's front leg at a few inches from the rider's knee. That the horse was a favourite there can be no doubt, for, at the bivouac its master always attended to its provender before thinking of his own; and we find him on one occasion swimming in full uniform across a river in order to relieve the animal of his weight. But it was all over with poor *Bon-Homme*—his campaigns were at an end. He managed to get on his feet almost as soon as his master, his leg dangling by a shred of flesh, and he neighing piteously as if for help. M. Combe led him away from the column, lest he should be again overthrown, and in a few moments his German servant Bastian came up with his led horses. "He rode the bay mare I had bought from Major Cabanes; and when the poor wounded beast recognised her, he hobbled to meet her, as well as his strength would allow, neighing mournfully. At this sight my servant cried like a child, and I also had tears in my eyes. I immediately mounted my led horse, ordering Bastian to kill *Bon-Homme* to save him longer suffering; but he afterwards confessed to me that he had not had the courage, and that a dismounted corporal of the 6th Hussars had rendered him that service. Two days later, at the battle of Borodino, M. Combe lost a second horse, and himself narrowly escaped a wound similar to that which had compelled him to destroy the first. His *corps de armée* of cavalry was on the extreme left of the line, charged to protect five-and-twenty guns, and to watch the Moscow road and the village of Borodino. The Russian artillery on that part of the line divided its attentions between the twenty-five guns and the cavalry. For six hours the latter sat upon their horses motionless, and with sabres drawn, whilst the round shot ricocheted through their ranks. A vexatious and terrible position. M. Combe was mounted on a beautiful grey, bred in the King of Bavaria's stables, and which he had purchased at Munich. He was restless under fire, and during the early part of the day his rider could not prevent him from shying at every bullet he saw coming, until at last, thoroughly fatigued, and reeking with sweat, he consented to stand still. It seemed as if the animal had had a presentiment of his fate, and had endeavoured to avoid it, for he had hardly become calm when a terrible shock overthrew horse and man. A cannon-ball had struck the former in the breast, passing out through his right flank. M. Combe rose, giddy with the fall, and feeling a numbness in the right leg

which prevented his putting that foot to the ground. He at first thought his leg was off, knowing, from numerous examples, that at first that is the sensation experienced. With military *brusquerie* one of his comrades reassured him on that score. "Your foot is at the end of your leg," he said; "but you may flatter yourself that you have been let off easy." The ball had broken the great toe of his right foot, as he discovered when, with great difficulty and suffering, he managed to get off his boot. A foot-bath in an adjacent stream, his handkerchief for a bandage, and his boot cut, and he was able, with assistance, to mount his last remaining charger and join his regiment, whose ranks were by this time terribly thinned. It was about eleven o'clock, and the cavalry of that division had been under fire and inactive since sunrise. Joyful, indeed, were they when at last an aide-de-camp of Grouchy's took them the order to charge. The 6th Hussars led the way, and their vigorous onset shook the serried array of the Russian cuirassiers, whose disorder was completed by M. Combe's regiment. The Russians ran; the French closely pursued them, sabring "*avec rage*" to make up for lost time. As the cuirasses of the Russians covered the breast only, "we were able," says M. Combe, "to thrust at them advantageously in their flight; and we were so furious that many of us pursued them long after the trumpets had sounded the rally, and to rejoin our division we had to make our way through a cloud of Cossacks. The cuirassiers, rallied at last, returned to the charge. At about one hundred paces in our front they paused. Firm in the stirrups, and sabre in hand, we awaited them, prepared to receive them well. The Cossacks, according to their custom, had drawn off on either side to leave the field clear. The enemy, beholding our steady attitude, hesitated, dared not charge, and went about by half troops, at a walk, with as much regularity as if they had been on the parade-ground. Like a band of furious wolves, and with as little order, the Cossacks galloped into the interval. We sent out a great number of skirmishers to hold them in check, but as the battle was not yet entirely won, and we had orders not to advance, the rest of the day passed thus, and we established our bivouac in front of Borodino." The day which followed that memorable battle was a murderous one for the 8th Chasseurs. At daybreak the outposts were attacked, and they moved forward to support them. They were met by a strong Russian rearguard, a countless crowd of Cossacks, and thirty guns, which waited till they were within short range, and welcomed them with a volley of grape. A great many of M. Combe's comrades were killed, but he himself, he tells us, "was so fortunate as to escape, and to *point* a few Cossacks." He is fond of the thrust, as more efficacious than the cut, and being a first-rate swordsman (as is evident from certain incidents which he unaffectedly and unboastingly relates), the savages of the Don, with their long lances, had no chance against him; and during the Russian campaign, and his subsequent renewal of acquaintance with them in Germany and France, he must have sent a whole hecatomb to their last account. Occasionally he got a taste of their steel, but was never severely wounded. Few men got through the campaign of 1812 so fortunately as he did in all respects; and, indeed, he must have had an iron constitution, for, during the coldest part of the retreat, he had nothing on his body but his shirt and uniform. But to that we shall come presently.

After the passage of the Dnieper, M. Combe and his friend Lieutenant Monneret had frequently remarked, amongst the enemy's skirmishers, a young Cossack officer mounted on a magnificent Ukraine horse. Several times, when within earshot, he abused them in very good French. The two chasseurs, exasperated at this, challenged him to single combat. He was to choose his adversary, the other pledging his honour not to interfere, and to keep the French dragoons at a distance. The Cossack was to use sabre or lance; pistols were forbidden. "The first time," says M. Combe, "that we made him this friendly offer, I yielded the *pas* to Monneret, who was my senior: I withdrew our chasseurs, and my comrade, putting his horse into a canter, his sabre

firmly secured to his wrist by the sword-knot, advanced bravely against his adversary. Just then I saw a score of Cossacks manœuvring on either side, with the evident intention of cutting off Monneret's retreat, and I spurred after him to warn him. The Cossack officer, seeing his treachery baffled, galloped off, pursued by our contemptuous shouts and by the epithets of coward and braggart, and we made our way through the Cossacks, who dispersed on seeing our chasseurs coming up. The second time, our slippery friend swore so positively that he would wait for whichever of us chose to advance, that I believed him, and rode out to meet him, followed only by Monneret at a distance. I was but a few paces from my man, when he drew a pistol from his holster and fired at me, fortunately with such precipitation that he missed. I trusted to make him feel my sabre-point, but he did not wait for me, and being, as I have already said, admirably mounted, I had nothing for it but to return to my men. But Monneret and I swore that we would treat him Cossack fashion at the first opportunity, and would not again behave so chivalrously towards him. Some days after the battle of the Moskwa, we were, as usual, on the line of outposts. There was a thick fog, through which we saw an officer, whose figure and horse resembled that of our braggadocio, ride into the plain, a little in front of the Cossacks. 'Try to amuse him, and to fix his attention,' said Monneret to me, 'and under cover of the fog I will get in his rear. We shall see if he escapes this time.' I accordingly advanced at an easy trot, not as if I were about to attack, and raising my sabre, as though making a signal. Meanwhile Monneret made a circuit, and came down upon his rear like thunder. But, too brave and generous to profit by his advantage, he shouted out, 'Cowardly dog, we have got you at last! Defend yourself, or I kill you.' And his sabre-point was within two inches of his adversary's breast. I had regulated my horse's speed so as to come up just at the same moment as Monneret, and I had my pistol cocked, ready to fire if, as was probable, our prey again sought to escape. The horseman did not even draw his sabre. He stopped short, and looked coolly at us. We had him between us, and were about to take him away prisoner, when, recovering from his surprise, he asked us if we were mad, and if we had not enough enemies to fight, since we attacked our comrades. The sun was dispersing the fog, and it got lighter every moment. Great was our confusion when we recognised the uniform of the King of Naples' aide-de-camp. It was the brave General Déry, who had come, as an amateur, and with a sort of forage cap on his head, to see what was passing in our lines." Poor Déry was killed on the 18th October, the first day of the retreat, during a sharp action, in which M. Combe distinguished himself so much as to win high praise from Murat and a promise of the cross of the Legion of Honour, then the dearest object of ambition to every French soldier. At the head of a small body of cavalry, the young lieutenant was making gallant fight against an overpowering force of Cossacks by which the outposts had been unexpectedly attacked, when he saw Déry riding towards him. He was but four paces off, when a ball struck him in the breast; he dropped the bridle, fell forward on his horse's neck, his sabre dangling by the knot and his hands striving to clutch the mane. For a few seconds he remained thus, and then fell upon his back. The French skirmishers were slowly retiring, mingled with the Cossacks, and some of the latter, as they passed the body of the general, who was writhing in the death agony, were so barbarous as to strike their lances into him. Russians, it appears, were the same in 1812 as in 1854. Furious at the sight, M. Combe and his men dashed at the group, and killed half a score of them — finishing them with their own lances when they fell wounded to the ground.

M. Combe could not accustom himself to horse-flesh, which he found so fibrous that he thought it very like eating hemp. Before the end of the campaign he was often obliged to eat it, but he frequently fasted for days, or lived upon a few potatoes, before making up his mind to the repulsive repast. He had a capital servant,

who spoke Russian, and foraged very successfully, and it was a sad loss to him when Bastian was captured by the Cossacks. They would have let him go again, for he was in civilian's dress, but he was so imprudent as to speak Polish, whereupon he was severely thrashed with the lance-poles and carried off prisoner—no assurances sufficing to convince the Cossacks that he was not a Pole. After that unfortunate event, M. Combe often had to live on grilled horse for a week together, there being rarely anything else obtainable. On the retreat, when passing near Moscow, one of his soldiers brought him a loaf of sugar, which he hung to the pommel of his saddle, and lived upon for four or five days. And once, at Winkowo, beyond Moscow, the furthest point attained by the French, he received a timely supply and a joyful surprise. It was just after the severe combat in which Déry was killed. M. Combe was seated by the bivouac fire, sad enough, receiving an account of the heavy loss his regiment had suffered, and of the severe wounds that had fallen to the share of some of his dearest comrades. It was a moment of great despondency. In the night of the 5th October, General Lauriston had taken propositions of peace to the Emperor Alexander. There was a suspension of hostilities for a fortnight. The French, heartily sick of the campaign, were in high spirits, trusting that peace would be concluded. Some young Russian dragoon officers had been to visit those of the 8th Chasseurs, and with the frankness of youth, had warned their enemies—become temporarily their friends—not to be too confident. "They are deceiving you," said one of these young men to M. Combe; "they amuse you with negotiations and with hopes of peace, but it will not be made. We daily receive reinforcements from every part of the empire, and, to attack you, we wait but the arrival of our great auxiliary, *the cold.* How will you be able to resist, without provisions, and forced to retreat through an entirely devastated country?" Dismal predictions, too soon to be realised. The affair of the 18th October destroyed all hopes of peace, and cruelly undeceived those who had reckoned upon it. The shock was too much for some. A captain of M. Combe's regiment, who, during the brief suspension of hostilities, had built the most brilliant castles in the air, completely lost his head in consequence of the disappointment. The privations and sufferings they had already gone through had impaired the moral vigour of many of those brave men. Some of them went quite mad. When seventy-five men—all that remained of the dashing 8th Chasseurs, which had marched into Poland nearly 800 strong—assembled at the cantonment allotted to them at Glogau in Silesia, there came with some of them the brave Captain Periola, of whom M. Combe often makes mention. His head, which was bald, had not been strong enough to resist thirty degrees of cold, and he was almost mad. When he returned to France he entirely lost his reason, and would go about from door to door, asking for bread or for hospitality, inquiring about the Cossacks, and exciting the sympathy and pity of all by his gentleness, as well as by the cause of his insanity. But, to return to M. Combe, whom we left just now seated mournfully by the bivouac fire at Winkowo, grilling upon the embers a piece of horse-flesh, wherewith to satisfy his hunger, which was extreme. A non-commissioned officer came up to him, carrying under his arm a small box of white wood, which had originally contained bottles of eau-de-cologne. This he presented to M. Combe, whose heart beat violently on recognising his mother's handwriting in the address. News from Paris, from family and friends! What joy for the weary disheartened soldier in the smoke of the bivouac on the icy plains north of Moscow! The box contained a letter, and under that a small but most welcome supply of chocolate and portable soup. The director-general of the imperial *estafettes* was a connection of M. Combe's family, and a courier had brought the box, slung upon his back, in eleven days from Paris to Moscow.

M. Combe was one of the first of the French who entered the ancient capital of Russia. On the 14th September, the army halted for the night in sight of the city. M. Combe and

a comrade named Pascal, too impatient to wait until the next day, mounted fresh horses and galloped in, notwithstanding the warnings and prudent advice of older officers. Reconnoissances had been pushed close up to the walls, but although the gate was open, the French had not ventured in. It was not yet known with certainty that the town was evacuated. When the two chasseurs rode through the gate, they were struck by the absence of all life. Presently they met a battery of artillery which had preceded them in the town. They asked the major commanding if he had not remarked an inn, a restaurant, or even a wine-shop, where they might get refreshment. The officer laughed, and assured them he had not seen a living creature, but told them that his artillerymen had broken open a door a little further off, and recommended them to go and see what they had found. The artillerymen were in the spacious cellars of a handsome house, and had illuminated them with torches, placed against the wall or between the casks; they were already elevated by their libations, and were singing right joyously. The two young officers walked through the cellars, which were very extensive, and well stored with the good wines of France and Spain. Passing from one cellar into another, they came suddenly upon a Russian soldier dead drunk, and lying in a pool of wine which had flowed from an adjacent cask. "Farther on, leaning against the wall, wrapped in sheepskins, their hats slouched over their eyes, their arms crossed, their aspect savage, their figures motionless, we saw two tall men, whose countenances, on beholding us, expressed astonishment, but no fear. Perhaps their right hands held daggers, and I daresay that two men alone would have been in danger from them; but as they were apparently unarmed, they did not excite our mistrust, although I was puzzled to explain their presence. Whilst filling one little barrel with Bordeaux, and another with Malaga, I asked Pascal how it was that these men, instead of following the general emigration of their countrymen, had remained hidden in cellars. Were they deserters from the army or fugitive serf?" The next day the French made their solemn entrance into Moscow, and the question was answered by the flames that burst out at innumerable points. The prisons had been thrown open, and the malefactors they contained received orders to fire the town. They obeyed only too well; but their release profited them little, for they were nearly all killed by the French. It may seem surprising that the Russians should have left in Moscow, to be sacked by the enemy, or destroyed by the flames, so great an amount of wealth as was still there when the *Grand Armée* already grievously diminished, entered its gates. Probably they reckoned on victory at Borodinoa: national tradition pretended that on the plain of Mojaisk a Russian army could never be beaten; and when the contrary proved to be the case, time and means of conveyance were doubtless wanting to transport the contents of the great bazaar, full of Indian, Chinese, and European merchandise, vast stores of tea, colonial produce, rich furs, French silks, Parisian toys. The soldiers loaded themselves with booty; for once—perhaps for the only time in that long campaign—there was abundance, and even waste, at the bivouac fires—roast joints, hot wine, and savoury ragouts. For eighty francs M. Combe bought a most magnificent pelisse and hood, lined throughout with blue Siberian fox, a very rare fur even in Russia. It was worth more than a hundred guineas, but in the Russian campaign its value was inestimable, for there warmth was life. As long as M. Combe had it, he felt no cold by day or by night; but in the surprise of Winkowo he lost the precious garment. On his way to the last-named place, M. Combe's division halted at Woronowo, where had stood the castle of Rostopschin, governor of Moscow, who had ordered the city to be evacuated, and incendiaries to be posted. He himself set the example of destruction. "On a block of stone," says Colonel Combe, "a relic of his burned mansion, I read the following words, written in French with charcoal: 'I myself have set fire to my castle, to prevent the French dogs (*chiens de Français*) from becoming masters of it.' Everything that had not been carried away was burned or

spoiled; casks of beer, wine, and brandy were staved; heaps of black ashes, surrounded by broken walls, showed where the hay and straw barns had stood. For want of forage M. Combe was obliged to abandon, early in the retreat, two excellent chargers. All that remained to him was a Polish horse, which had a way of scratching the snow with his fore-feet, and so sustained life with moss and small scraps of grass. In the French army discipline was at an end, and the disorganisation daily increased. Officers and men marched as they liked. One night M. Combe and five of his comrades left the main road, to seek shelter in a forest at some distance on their right. The next day, when they awoke, they were buried in snow, which had fallen in great quantities during the night. The traces of their horses' feet had disappeared, and when they would have rejoined the army, they did but wander farther into the wood. Marching almost at random, at nightfall they reached a poor hamlet, inhabited by women, children, and old men. Here they found hospitality, but at the first glimpse of dawn, their hostess rushed into the cabin they occupied, with cries of *Kosaki! Kosaki!* They were quickly on horseback and out of the village; a score of Cossacks espied and followed them, but they evaded their pursuit. For three days and two nights they wandered about in grievous anxiety and constant alarm, until, after many narrow escapes, they met a Jew. Fearing that he would betray them if allowed to continue his road, they resolved to make him their guide. He spoke German; they put a pistol to his breast, and a handful of paper rubles under his nose. The latter were to be his if he conducted them safely to the French army; he was promised the contents of the former, on the first sign or suspicion of treachery. The Jew earned his money fairly: that evening they were within sound of the cannon of the French, and soon after dark they were at the bivouac of the 8th Chasseurs, or rather of its skeleton. It was near a little town called Tolotzin. Here M. Combe had the happiness of finding his brother, who was married to a niece of the well-known Sieyès, and was an auditor of the Council of State. He had just come to the army on business of the Emperor's, and had brought his brother boots and other necessaries — welcome indeed to the weary and war-worn soldier. But they could remain together but for one day, for M. Combe would not abandon the remnant of his regiment, and his brother was ordered to accompany the headquarters of Count Daru, intendant-general of the army. Before reaching Smolensko his last horse broke down, and was made into meagre beef-steaks by the infantry ere his rider had left him many yards behind. Unaccustomed to walk, M. Combe soon got fatigued. His pluck was still good, but his legs failed him. The attacks of the Cossacks revived him more than anything else. He then took a musket and fought in one of the swoops made by these savages upon the broken and retreating columns of the French. M. Angles, the inspector-general of *estaffettes*, who, at Winkowo, had sent M. Combe his mother's letter, and the chocolate and soup, fell into their hands. They left him upon the snow, stripped stark-naked, with the exception of a pair of gold-mounted spectacles, which they probably took for his eyes, since they did not attempt to remove them. The spectacles were poor protection against the cold, and he was half-frozen when, thus lightly attired, he rejoined head-quarters.

We will not follow M. Combe step by step out of Russia. More fortunate than most of his comrades, he got a cast in a light carriage belonging to a friend of his brother's; and afterwards two Polish officers, nearly frostbitten, took him with them in a good sledge, with four stout horses, on condition of his driving. He drove them to Wilna, although he himself had a slight beginning of frostbite, which, however, came to nothing. Two days more took him to Königsberg. For six months he had slept on the bare earth, often in water, mud, snow. He now got into a good bed and could not sleep, owing to the violence with which his blood circulated, and the joy and excitement he experienced at his return to civilised life. He, his brother, Desaix, the Emperor's orderly officer, and one or

two others, were a good deal in advance of the rest of the broken army. Prussia, although deeply agitated, had not yet ventured to throw off the French yoke, and the party of officers were unmolested. In about a fortnight the first straggling soldiers of Napoleon's doomed legions made their appearance, like spectres risen from the grave, and dragging with them the fragments of their winding-sheet. They were in a state that might have inspired the most unfeeling with pity, but it did not save them from ill treatment. "From the window of my hotel, I saw an unfortunate French cuirassier, covered with a wretched horse-blanket, in the centre of which was a hole through which passed his head, bound with soiled and bloody rags, and who tottered painfully along with the aid of a stick —I saw him, I say, brutally overthrown by a Prussian cavalry soldier, driving a sledge loaded with hay, and who not only drove against him intentionally, without warning, but even gave him a cut of his whip in passing." Any one who has read M. Combe's memoirs, or even a few chapters of them, will understand that it was not in his nature passively to behold such a brutal aggression on a wounded and defenceless man. Sword in hand, he pursued the Prussian, dragged him from his sledge, and thrashed him soundly with the flat of his weapon. The cries of the culprit brought his comrades to his help, and before the affray was put an end to by the arrival of M. Combe's friends, and by the interference of some German civilians who had witnessed the soldier's misconduct, the impetuous and indignant chasseur had been obliged, in self-defence, to use the edge instead of the flat of his sword, and several wounds had been the result. The local authorities had great difficulty in restraining the Prussian regiment, which was confined to barracks, and M. Combe expected a message from some of its officers, but none came. A few days afterward he left for Silesia. Thence his colonel sent him to Berlin on regimental business, and there he had opportunity of witnessing many an outburst of the spirit of animosity to the French. Carts of sick and wounded men were overturned by the populace, and their unfortunate occupants brutally ill-treated. The very schoolboys testified their spite, and a party of them pushed rudely against M. Combe in the street; as he could not use his sabre against children, and was not disposed to have recourse to his fists, he was fain to pocket the affront. He thought it prudent to quit such volcanic ground as soon as possible, and started for France, in a light Viennese carriage, in company with the Count de Cambyse. They resolved to stop nowhere until they were out of Prussia, for the public irritation was such that their lives were not safe. At the little town of Belitz, near Wittenberg, whilst changing horses, the burgomaster sent for them. It was fair-day, and he was surrounded by several of his colleagues from neighbouring villages. He demanded the travellers' passports. M. Combe had none, but the Count had an authorisation to go to France with his servant. Nevertheless the Prussian authority declared they should not proceed,—a step to which he was especially urged by a burly farmer, who seemed furious against everything French, was for arresting the two officers, and loaded them with abuse. M. Combe warned the burgomaster that he served in the regiment commanded by Count de Perigord, who was married to a Courland princess, and who had sufficient influence, even in Prussia, to have him punished for his conduct. He at last suffered them to depart, whereupon the irate farmer, whose little cart was at the door, shook his fist furiously at them, and promised that if they went through his village their journey should end there, and he would put it out of their power to complain. He got into his cart and departed in haste. His meaning was plain; and as the road to France ran through his village, it was essential to pass him on the road before he reached home. At the post-house the travellers found fresh horses already harnessed to their carriage; they promised the postilion double pay if he drove them at a gallop, and, at about a league from the town, they were so fortunate as to overtake the farmer, who was going his hardest. Foreseeing that they would soon leave

him behind, he tried to prevent their passing, by crossing before their horses, driving zigzag, and other similar manœuvres. To put an end to this, M. de Cambyse handed to his servant, who was on the box, a pistol, and a heavy whip with which the travellers had provided themselves to stimulate the easy-going German cattle. The servant stood up and threatened to shoot the farmer if he did not get out of the way. The argument had its effect, and the Prussian took the left of the road, but continued to urge his horse to its utmost speed. "It was very important not only to precede him, but also to prevent his following us too closely, lest, by his cries, he should raise his village against us. M. de Cambyse, therefore, ordered his servant to cut him across the face with the whip as we drove past him. This order was so vigorously and adroitly executed, that the furious peasant, giddy with the blow and seeking to avoid a second, mechanically pulled the left rein, and was upset with his cart in the ditch that bordered the road. I never saw a man in a more violent passion; he foamed at the mouth, and vomited a thousand imprecations; his face, scarred by the whip, was red and covered with sweat; his eyes flashed fire. I am persuaded that, if he could have overtaken us, he would not have hesitated to attack us by himself; and as he was an extremely powerful man, we should have had to kill him in order to get rid of him." The travellers relaxed not their speed until they had got through the dangerous village, nor, indeed, until they crossed the Rhine at Mayence, and found themselves on French territory; and even there they did but stop for a night's repose, and set off again at the same headlong pace — so eager were they to reach Paris—with food in their carriage, and lavish guerdon to the postilions. It was nine at night when M. Combe drove into the court of his father's house in the Rue de Choiseul, and a joyful moment was it for him—one of those moments that effaced years of suffering—when he once more was clasped in his mother's arms. From Königsberg he had written to her, but previously to that she had almost believed him dead—although still hoping against hope—for a false report had been spread that he had fallen on the 18th of October, when indeed he had escaped almost miraculously from the Russian grape that swept away three-fourths of his command; and although his family tried to keep the report from his mother, she read it only too plainly on their anxious countenances. Those families might truly deem themselves especially favoured by Heaven, to whose firesides was restored a son or brother who had been in that terrible campaign, after which Napoleon wrote, "ordinary men have sunk; the men of iron have been made prisoners; only the men of bronze returned with me."

A short but joyous season was passed by M. Combe in France. His departure from Paris to join his regiment, then at Gray, in Franche-Comté, was slightly accelerated by a duel, in which he killed his man. It must be admitted that, in his younger days, our French hussar was rather prompt to appeal to sword or pistol, although in this instance, he could hardly be blamed, the victim having swindled him at play, and insisted, when found out, on satisfaction, which, as he was a man of good family, and there was none but moral proof of his guilt, could not, according to the usages of the time, be refused. Those were violent and headlong days. France was a great camp, a garrison, where the army was everything, and its customs, morals, and ideas more or less pervaded all classes. In the brief intervals between their campaigns, Napoleon's officers abandoned themselves to enjoyments that were not always of the most refined class, and seemed to find compensation in excess for past privations. At Gray, where lay the 6th and 8th regiments of chasseurs, both of whose colonels were young, wealthy, and lavish, there were frequent banquets, which sometimes assumed the aspect of orgies. A certain Count R. de la T., who had a fine estate in the neighbourhood, and was intimate with most of the officers, asked them to take punch with him in a large apartment of the principal hotel. The evening began quietly; but, after a time, the Count, who had been urging

his guests to drink, and setting them the example, exclaimed, "How now, gentlemen! have I got together a party of dragoon officers, or a party of women? There is nothing broken yet!" At that period the absurd fashion prevailed of universal smash after every military dinner or merry-making. "M. de la T. had no sooner spoken than he dashed his glass upon the table. This was the signal for an infernal riot. Vermot took a glass and hurled it against a large mirror, which it shivered. Two porcelain jars, with their shades, met the same fate; the table was upset by a violent kick, and glasses, punch-bowl, candlesticks, and plates of pastry, were dashed to pieces on the floor; the lights went out, and the row was at its height. The good people of Gray thought that a mortal combat was going on, and assembled in the street under the windows, which we opened to throw out everything that came to hand. In less than a quarter of an hour, nothing remained in the room but the four walls, and those were damaged. Two beds, with curtains and canopy, chairs, tables, chest of drawers, &c., formed a vast heap of ruins, which rose almost to the first floor. When nothing remained, M. de La T. called for silence. 'Well done!' he said; 'but since there is nothing left to throw out, we must throw ourselves out.' He had his foot on the window-sill, to set the example, when we forcibly held him back. He then got furious, and declared that all were cowards who did not go down into the street with him." As it was clear that nothing else would satisfy this mad Amphytrion, a cord was procured, by which he descended, followed by all his guests. They then made a sort of litter of part of the broken beds, placed him upon it, and carried him in triumph through the town, to the sound of rough music, played upon all the pots and kettles in the hotel whilst the Count harangued the mob in the most burlesque manner. Next day came the bill to pay. It amounted to more than a hundred napoleons. The authorities of Gray thought it not right that public tranquillity should be disturbed in this manner, and made a circumstantial report to the Emperor. But no harm had been done to any one; the sole sufferer was the Count's purse, and the Emperor only laughed at the peace pastimes of his trusty followers. Doubtless he did not care to snub them in quarters, for he knew he should soon want their best exertions in the field. The hour of action was at hand. The officers of the 8th Chasseurs moved off, one after the other, to Germany, with detachments of recruits. M. Combe, who was now captain and adjutant-major, marched with his colonel to join the regiment in its cantonments in Saxony.

The six weeks that followed the battles of Lützen and Bautzen (infantry actions, in which the French cavalry, not yet reorganised, was hardly employed) were passed by M. Combe at Dresden, whither Napoleon had transported the principal actors of the *Théatre Français*, for the amusement of his ally, the King of Saxony. Colonel de Périgord, M. Combe, the brave and unfortunate Labédoyère, and some other officers, organised a picnic at a delightful country-house that had been lent to them, about three leagues from Dresden, and invited Mesdemoiselles Mars, Bourgoing, Mézerai, and some other French actresses. When returning into town at night, the carriage of Mlle. Mars was upset, and the great actress received so violent a blow on one of her beautiful eyes, that it was as completely blacked as if by a prize-fighter's fist. This was a dreadful business, for she had to perform the next day, and there the excuses which would have passed muster at Paris could not be hazarded. Napoleon, considering perhaps that his company of actors came under the denomination of camp-followers, and were, therefore, amenable to martial law, tolerated no disobedience. They must perform, or go to prison. So the first of French actresses was fain to do what is at the present day sometimes done by rollicking 'prentices, who fear to exhibit to their master the discoloured optic, betraying a midnight brawl. *She painted her eye.* The white was laid on thick; she distributed her rouge so skilfully, and so carefully traced the blue veins of her temple, that, when she came on the

stage, none could detect the disfigurement of her charming face, and those who had seen her in the morning disbelieved their eyes. The Emperor heard of the fall and its consequences, and was greatly pleased by the zeal and willingness of Mademoiselle Mars. During the stay of the imperial headquarters at Dresden, another celebrated actress passed through that capital. One night a carriage-and-four drove into the yard of the hotel where M. Combe and some of his comrades were assembled. A remarkably beautiful woman, wrapped in the richest furs, alighted from it, and soon it was known that this was Mademoiselle Georges, returning from Russia, laden with the gifts of the Emperor Alexander. Colonel de Périgord knew her, and went to call upon her, and she showed him the treasures for which she was indebted to the prodigality of the Muscovite. The Count, although accustomed to wealth and to luxury of all kinds, was quite astonished. He spoke of a scent-bottle, amongst other things, formed of a hollowed diamond, and worth more than 300,000 francs.

In the gardens by Dresden, in the memorable action in which that great soldier, Moreau, met his death, M. Combe had a fine opportunity of resuming his favourite occupation of sabre-thrusting. The Austrians did their best, but the heavy rains prevented their obeying the great military commandment to keep their powder dry, and their fire was consequently weak, when, at three in the afternoon, General Chastel's division of cavalry, which had left Dresden, and was now brought back there by a forced march of fifteen leagues, reached the field as wet as if they had passed through a river. The horses sank deep into the heavy ground, and their speed was not all that could be desired; but nevertheless the squares were broken, remaining partly formed, M. Combe says—so great was the carnage—by the bodies of the slain. The Austrian army retired in the direction of Bohemia; the French retrograded towards Gorlitz, and, at the combat of Goldberg, M. Combe received a bayonet wound in the thigh, which did not, however, prevent his remaining in the saddle, and being present at the affair of Gorlitz, which was the converse of that of Mohiloff in the Russian campaign. The Prussians, in force on the left bank of a branch of the Elbe, cut the bridge, and displayed a numerous artillery, which swept off the French by platoons. Murat, several of whose staff were killed around him, sent word to General Chastel to charge and take the guns. But this was impossible, unless with winged horses, for the wide stream ran deep between high steep banks, and, after suffering greatly, the French army had to retreat. It was the commencement of its disasters. After the artillery action of Zittau, in one of the gorges of the Riesengebirge — where more than a hundred and twenty pieces of artillery thundered at each other from opposite heights, the bullets crossing and clashing in the air above the heads of the French cavalry, drawn up in the depths of the ravine—three regiments of light dragoons, including the 8th Chasseurs, were thrown forward to the neighbourhood of the pretty little town of Milberg, on the banks of the Elbe. Here this brigade was six leagues from the French army; behind it was a plain about three leagues long, bounded by a dense forest, in the centre of which was a vast swamp, traversed by a narrow bridge, built upon piles. The position was manifestly perilous in the extreme, and did small honour to the judgment of Murat, who had sent the cavalry there, and who seemed to have forgotten them, for, during six days, they heard nothing of him. Then occurred what might have been expected. A Prussian division, composed of infantry and artillery, and having a strong body of Cossacks attached to it, manœuvred so as to cut off the retreat of the French, occupying the defile in their rear, and surrounding them in such a way that, in order to front the enemy, they had their backs towards the Elbe. At daybreak on the 16th of September, they were vigorously attacked, During the whole of the morning they made head against the foe, retiring in perfect order by an echelon movement, in the midst of an innumerable crowd of Cossacks. M. Combe was well mounted, but he

fought as a skirmisher, and fatigued his charger uselessly. He had a rifle pistol in his holster, which he had brought from Paris, and, being an excellent shot, he made very pretty practice on the Cossacks. But the raw soldiers that had replaced the veterans who had fallen in Russia, were not accustomed to fight Cossacks. The hideous countenances and ferocious cries of those savage warriors were not without their effect upon the nerves of young recruits whom there had been no time to train properly, and who consequently lacked confidence in their arms and horses. Just as one of the regiments was going about, to continue its retreat, the boldest of the Cossacks dashed into the intervals and spread confusion in its ranks. The route was instantaneous and complete, and the plain was covered with unresisting fugitives, whom the Cossacks lanced at their leisure. M. Combe was riding towards the forest, in company with General Chastel, when a sergeant of his regiment told him that Colonel de Périgord was dismounted and a prisoner. At this terrible news he instantly turned his horse and rode across the plain, to rescue his chief or share his fate. But his horse was exhausted, and no spurring could get him to speed. Captain Combe was quickly surrounded by Cossacks. He parried a lance-thrust, and threw himself on one side to avoid another, but in so doing his whole weight was on one stirrup, his saddle turned, and he fell under his horse. In an instant he was on his feet, defending himself with his sabre. The Cossacks offered him quarter, but he refused, and fought desperately. Suddenly they dispersed and left him; the cause being the sudden onset of a sergeant of the 8th Chasseurs, who, admirably mounted, and using his sword with incredible strength and skill, offered M. Combe the little black horse of a Cossack he had just killed. "Mount this horse, Captain," he said, "it will save you." M. Combe should have done as he was told, but he could not make up his mind to abandon his favourite charger; and, whilst Sergeant Alexander kept turning about him like a shepherd's dog round the sheep he protects, he hastily tightened his girths and remounted. The two Frenchmen then rode off together, the Cossacks not daring to attack them. Unfortunately, M. Combe sent the sergeant to look for his colonel; and as soon as the Cossacks saw him alone, they fell upon him, and hurled him from his horse with a lance-thrust in the left shoulder. On foot, with sword and pistol, he continued his obstinate defence. The Cossacks might easily have shot him, but (as he afterwards learned) they had positive orders to make prisoners when possible, and they could have no doubt of capturing a dismounted man in the open plain. They were destined, however, to pay dear for their prize. The brave sergeant, returning from a fruitless search for Count de Périgord, again attacked them, killed three or four with thrusts of his sabre, and attacked the others with such audacity that they all fled before him. "Take hold of my horse's tail, captain," he then said, "and I will drag you to the forest, where the Cossacks cannot catch you." The forest was so near, that it seemed possible enough to escape in this way. His sabre hanging from his wrist, M. Combe seized, with both hands, the horse's long tail; whereupon the horse, with the instinct of self-defence, kicked him in the breast and laid him senseless in the dust. When he recovered his senses he was a prisoner. The Cossacks plundered him of his watch and money, but left him his epaulettes and cross, which he had offered to them, rather than have them torn from his shoulders and breast. They gave him to understand by signs that they were forbidden to take those insignia. One of them could not resist the temptation of appropriating the captain's boots, but as these would not admit of the insertion of his Calmuck hoof, he threw them away, amidst the laughter of his companions, and M. Combe got them back again. The Cossacks caught a horse for their prisoner, who was suffering from the wound in his shoulder, and still more from the kick in his chest, and the party moved in the direction of Milberg. On the way they were joined by other Cossacks; and one of these

on beholding the French officer, got into a terrible passion, and would have struck him with his fist, but for the interference of the escort. An animated discussion then began, evidently relating to the prisoner; and the gestures of the new-comer explained to M. Combe the cause of his fury. He understood that the savage recognised him as having that morning killed with his pistol several of their comrades; and he insisted so vehemently on vengeance that the escort at last yielded, and allowed him to take the bridle of the prisoner's horse, and lead him towards the forest. Wounded, disarmed, and incapable of defence, M. Combe gave himself up for lost. It was clear that he was about to be massacred in cold blood by this wild beast. But if, as Colonel Combe complains, he has not been fortunate in respect of promotion since the peace, he was certainly very lucky during the war in his escapes from death. He was presently met by a Cossack officer, who spoke German, and who, on learning his rank, rescued him from his intended murderer, and sent him into Milberg, where, at the quarters of the general commanding, he found his colonel and ten officers of his regiment, almost all wounded.

The next day the prisoners were marched off to Berlin, the wounded in carts, the others on foot. At night they were shut up in a church or barn, like a flock of sheep, their ration being a piece of black bread and a mess of boiled potatoes. Everywhere they were assailed by the invectives and threats of the populace, from whose violence their escort had often difficulty in protecting them. On entering Berlin they were pelted with mud and stones. They were the first French prisoners, and the Prussian government exhibited them with pride. Meanwhile Colonel de Périgord had written to Bernadotte, whom he knew, and an order came that he should be allowed to remain at Berlin. The other prisoners, after a day's halt in the capital of Prussia, were sent north. They had got as far as Marienwerder, suffering many vexatious privations and fatigues, when M. Combe and the other adjutant-major of the regiment, Pascal, were sent back to Berlin, in consequence of the exertions of Count de Périgord in their behalf. After the battle of Leipzic, Bernadotte went to Lubeck, and invited M. de Périgord to go and see him. There the colonel obtained permission, for himself and his two subordinates, to return to France on parole. As far as Rheims they journeyed without impediment, but there were the advanced posts of a Russian *corps d'armée*, commanded by General Winzingerode, who refused to allow them to proceed, alleging strategical operations and his responsibility as reasons for not allowing French prisoners to traverse his lines. It was just then that the French army turned upon its pursuers, and drove them some way back, taking possession of Rheims. But the two prisoners (Pascal had left them) had already been sent to Laon, before which place the French troops soon arrived. Hoping that they would quickly enter it, Captain Combe and his colonel concealed themselves in the house of a friendly and courageous notary, in order to avoid being again sent to the Russian rear. But Laon, strongly situated on a hill, and highly defensible, proved an insurmountable obstacle to the French, who had not time for a regular investment. Their attempted *coup-de-main* failed, and they again retired, unpursued by the garrison, which dared not risk a sortie. Then the two prisoners on parole were missed: search was made for them at the hotel, in whose stable still stood the colonel's travelling-carriage, and then they were sought for in the houses of the inhabitants. In an attic of the notary's house, used as a store-room, was a row of huge casks, containing flour, corn, dried vegetables, and other provisions. To two of these casks false bottoms were put, above which were piled empty sacks, and there the French officers lay perfectly concealed when a party of soldiers came the next day to search for them. They visited this granary, and the notary's daughter, with admirable coolness and command of countenance, accompanied them, and uncovered the casks, one after the other, to show their contents. A second search took place during the fortnight the fugitives passed in that house, but it was much less minute than the first. Meanwhile the French army was being concentrated on Paris,

the gates of Laon were opened for the admission of provisions, and the two officers succeeded in escaping from the town, disguised as charcoal-burners. After some romantic adventures, the narrative of which imparts a strong interest to Colonel Combe's thirty-sixth chapter, they arrived at Soissons, still occupied by a French garrison, but invested, although not very closely, by the Allies. Thence they had no difficulty in reaching Paris.

The French capital was in great agitation, and even fear. A few days before M. Combe's arrival, his father had thought it prudent to bury in his cellar nearly all his plate and jewellery, and a sum of 800,000 francs in gold. A large stone was removed, an excavation made beneath it, the precious store deposited, and the block replaced. But M. Combe, senior, carried his precautions rather far, and left the money buried for three years, at heavy loss of interest.

When the Allies, after a cautious advance, often impeded by the gallant resistance of the French, arrived close to Paris, and the cannon was heard thundering below Montmartre, Captain Combe got on horseback, and rode out by the barrier of Clichy. He did not intend to fight, being on parole, but, considering, he says that the agreement had not been executed as regarded him, since he had been refused a passage at the Russian advanced posts, and that he might therefore consider himself as an escaped prisoner—tempted also by the sight of his old enemies, and furious at beholding them at the threshold of his home,—he drew sabre and charged with the Polish lancers. Returning to Paris for a fresh horse, he went out again, and remained fighting until nightfall, escaping wounds, although his charger received a lance-thrust. "During the whole of that day, a great crowd of curious persons repaired to the plains of Montmartre and Clichy, exactly as to a theatre. Elegant women in carriages, and young men on horseback, drove and rode about as if in the Bois de Boulogne, notwithstanding the danger from the shells, which already reached the houses of the faubourg. . . . . In the army the enthusiasm was general, and there can be no doubt that if, instead of capitulating, they had known how to take advantage of that enthusiasm, had armed the faubourgs of Paris, and assumed the offensive, a certain victory would have driven back the enemy, who would have found his grave in France." This, it must be remembered, is the opinion of a sanguine soldier and an ardent Buonapartist.

On the return of the Bourbons, M. Combe, in common with the rest of the army, mounted the white cockade. He was charged with the formation of the 1st Chasseurs, known as Chasseurs du Roi, and was afterwards aide-de-camp to his former colonel, then General de Périgord. He passed a happy year in Paris, his happiness being disturbed only by the presence of the Allies. He and his friend Pascal could not forget the humiliations they had undergone during their captivity; the sight of men whom they had so long been accustomed to treat as enemies, acted upon them as does a red rag on a Spanish bull, producing an irritation which generally led to bloodshed. Captains Combe and Pascal had duels nearly every week, and escaped with some slight wounds. The sabre was invariably the weapon used. M. Combe gives a description of two of these encounters, in one of which he killed an officer of the Red Cossacks of the guard. More creditable conflicts were in store for the fiery hussar. "The return of the emperor, in 1815, put us in a cruel alternative between our affection for him and our duty to our new sovereign." It was at Essonne that General de Périgord's hussar brigade received news of the flight of the Bourbons. A courier from Paris passed through the place, a tricoloured cockade in his hat, and shouting "*Vive l'Empereur!*" The soldiers soon showed that, if their officers hesitated between their old and their new allegiance, they did not. They got tumultuously to horse, under command of their sergeants, the very videttes going to the right about, so that, instead of facing the direction from which Napoleon was expected, they faced their own troops, and seemed watching for the Emperor's safety. As soon as his approach was announced, the whole brigade, sabre

in hand, galloped to meet him, and joined his escort.

After some hesitation, M. Combe, carried away by his feelings of devotion to the Emperor, and persuaded by his friends, offered his services to Davoust, then minister-of-war, was promoted to the rank of major, and sent to assist in raising and organising a body of partisans in Burgundy, under the orders of General Lecourbe. On the Swiss frontier he had numerous encounters with the Austrians, but the news of Waterloo put an end to the campaign, and to the exploits of the free corps of the Côte d'Or, for whose dissolution an order came from Marshal Jourdan. Before executing it, Major Combe and some other officers had an interview with the Austrians commanding at the outposts, who had received, only the night before, the order to cross the frontier and enter France. They told the French that they could never have opposed them so long at that point, had not the Austrians, who were much superior in force, had positive orders to keep on the frontier, and on the defensive, until they had official news of a battle having been won by the Allies. M. Combe was at the same time assured that, if the Emperor had won the battle, the Austrians were to assume a friendly attitude, or at least to have retired. The policy of the Cabinet of Vienna was just then of a temporising character—almost necessarily, it may be said, owing to the family connection with Napoleon.

The peace that followed Waterloo did not quite terminate Colonel Combe's adventures, although with it must close our notice of his interesting book. He did not despair of the imperial cause, and when the army was disbanded, and his services were dispensed with, instead of returning to Paris, he hid himself at a friend's house in Franche-Comté, to wait, as he says, for a favourable opportunity. Not long after his arrival there, he learned the persecutions that were then directed against those who had shared in the campaign of 1815. For some time he and a brother officer lived in a charcoal-burner's hut, in the depths of a forest; but at last, weary of uncertainty and inaction, he took the tricolour from his schako, and made his way to Paris. He had a uniform which was not that of any French hussar regiment, and by speaking bad French, he passed himself off as an English officer, aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington. Arrested at his father's house, his presence of mind again saved him. He put the gendarmes off their guard, locked them into a room, and escaped by a back door. Three days afterwards he left Paris disguised as a livery servant. An English physician, Dr. Tupper, who was about to proceed to Brussels by diligence, and who had a passport for himself and servant, had agreed, at the request of M. Combe's former general—then the Duke de Dino-Périgord—to travel post, and to take with him the person who should present himself at his hotel in the Rue de la Paix, on the morning appointed for his departure. As long as they were on French territory, the Englishman, with perfect sang-froid, allowed his travelling companion to perform the duties of a servant; but as soon as they had passed the frontier, he held out his hand, and expressed his gratification at having been able to save him from persecution. At Brussels they found a large assemblage of political refugees: the Abbé Sieyès, David the painter, Marshal (then General) Gerard, Colonel Dessaix, M. Teste—since notorious as minister of public works under Louis Philippe—the editors of the *Nain Jaune*, and many others. And at Brussels M. Combe made acquaintance with the English Colonel Halcott, whose daughter he afterwards married. For his subsequent history, for an account of his imprisonment as a Buonopartist conspirator, and for the narrative of the various misfortunes that befell him, we refer our readers to the *Mémoires* themselves. These, we learn, were originally written only for Colonel Combe's family, but the solicitations of his friends at last induced him to publish them. The reader of the present article will probably agree with us, that his friends were quite justified in persuading him not to confine to a narrow circle the gratification that is to be derived from the perusal of his very interesting autobiography.

MODERN NOVELISTS—GREAT AND SMALL.

GREATNESS is always comparative: there are few things so hard to adjust as the sliding-scale of fame. We remember once looking over a book of autographs, which impressed us with an acute perception of this principle. As we turned over the fair and precious leaves, we lighted upon name after name, unknown to us as to a savage. What were these? They were famous names — scraps of notes and hoarded signatures from the great Professor this, and the great Mr. that, gentlemen who wrote F.R.S., and a score of other initial letters against their names, and were ranked among the remarkable people of their generation. Yet we—we say it with humiliation—knew them not, and we flatter ourselves that we were not inferior in this particular to the mass of the literature-loving public. They were great, but only in their own sphere. How many spheres are there entertaining each its own company of magnates? How few who attain the universal recognition, and are great in the sight of all men! There is not a parish or a county in the three kingdoms without its eminent person —not an art or a science but has its established oligarchy; and the great philosopher, who maps the sky like any familiar ocean, is not more emphatically distinguished among his fellows than is some individual workman in the manufactory from which came his great telescope—so true is it, in spite of the infinite diversity of individual constitution, that we have but a series of endless repetitions in the social economy of human nature. Nor is it much easier to define greatness than to limit the number of those for whom it is claimed. In the generation which has just passed, are there not two or three grand names of unquestionable magnitude and influence, the secret of whose power we cannot discover in anything they have left behind them? In fact, all that we can do when we descend from that highest platform whose occupants are visible to the whole world, and universally acknowledged, is to reconcile the claims of the lesser and narrower eminences, by permitting every individual of them to be great "in his way."

And there is no sphere in which it is so necessary to exercise this toleration as among the great army of novelists who minister to our pleasures. In no other department of literature is the field so crowded; in few others do success and failure depend so entirely upon the gifts of the artist. A biography, however indifferently executed, must always have something real in it. History may be intolerably heavy—may be partial, or disingenuous, or flippant, but still it is impossible to remove fact and significance altogether from its pages. Fiction, on the other hand, has no such foundation to build upon, and it depends entirely on the individual powers of its professors, whether it is merely a lying legend of impossible people, or a broad and noble picture of real things and real men. To balance this, it is also true that few people are without their bit of insight, of whatever kind it may be, and that the greater portion of those who have the power of speech, the trick of composition, have really seen or known something which their neighbours would be the better for hearing. So far as it professes to represent this great crowded world, and the broad lights and shadows of universal life, with all its depths and heights, its wonders and mysteries, there are but few successful artists in fiction, and these few are of universal fame; but there remains many a byway and corner, many a nook of secret seclusion, and homes of kindly charity, which genius which is not the highest, and minds of a lower range and scantier experience, may well be content to embellish and illustrate. Nor does it seldom happen that a story-teller of this second rank finds a straight road and a speedy entrance to the natural heart which has but admired and wondered at the master minstrel's loftier tale.

Place aux dames! how does it happen that the cowardice of womankind is a fact so clearly established,

and that so little notice is ever taken of the desperate temerity of this half of the creation? It is in vain that we call to the amazon, as the lookers-on at that famous tourney at Ashby-de-la-Zouch called to the disinherited knight, "Strike the Hospitaller's shield—he is weak in his saddle." While we are speaking, the feminine knight-errant rushes past us to thunder upon the buckler of Bois Guilbert, the champion of champions. Where philosophic magnates fear to tread, and bodies of divinity approach with trembling, the fair novelist flies at a gallop. Her warfare, it is true, is after the manner of women: there is a rush, a flash, a shriek, and the combatant comes forth from the melée trembling with delight and terror; but the sudden daring of her attack puts bravery to shame. This, which is the age of so many things—of enlightenment, of science, of progress—is quite as distinctly the age of female novelists; and women, who rarely or never find their way to the loftiest class, have a natural right and claim to rank foremost in the second. The vexed questions of social morality, the grand problems of human experience, are seldom so summarily discussed and settled as in the novels of this day which are written by women; and, though we have little reason to complain of the first group of experienced novelists who lead our lists, we tremble to encounter the sweeping judgments and wonderful theories of the very strange world revealed to us in the books of many of the younger sisterhood.

No; Mrs. Gore with her shining, chilly sketches—Mrs. Trollope with her rough wit and intense cleverness—Mrs. Marsh with her exemplary and most didactive narratives—are orthodox and proper beyond criticism. To have remained so long in possession of the popular ear is no small tribute to their powers; and we must join, to these long-established and well-known names, the name of a writer more genial and kindly than any of them, and one who has wisely rested long upon her modest laurels, without entering into competitions with the young and restless powers of to-day—Mrs. S. C. Hall. The *Irish Sketches* of this lady resemble considerably Miss Mitford's beautiful *English* sketches in *Our Village;* but they are more vigorous and picturesque, and bright with an animated and warm nationality, apologetic and defensive, which Miss Mitford, writing of one class of English to another, had no occasion to use.

The novel of conventional and artificial life belongs to no one so much as to Mrs. Gore. Who does not know the ring of her regular sentences?—the dialogue which chimes in exactly the same measure, whether the speakers speak in a club, or in the dowager duchess's sombre and pious boudoir? *Mammon* is a good representation of her average productions; and so is *Transmutation*, an anonymous novel recently published, in which, if it is not Mrs. Gore's, we are wonderfully deceived. Even in works of the highest genius it is seldom difficult to trace a family resemblance between the different creations of the same hand; and it is impossible to imagine that any mortal fancy could retain originality through the long period which this lady has spent in the composition of novels; so it is not wonderful that we need to pay especial attention to the names, to make ourselves quite sure that it is a new and not an old novel of Mrs. Gore's which we have in our hand. There is the same country house—the same meek lady and morose gentleman—the same "nice young man" for hero—and the same young ladies, good and naughty, in the same white muslin and blue ribbons. There is the same chorus kept up through the book, of conversation at clubs upon other people's business, which the parties interested either overhear or do not overhear, as is best for the story. And so the tale glides on smoothly and easily, its sorrows disturbing our placidity as little as its joys, and everybody concerned having the most composed and tranquil certainty as to how it is to end. Nevertheless, Mrs. Gore's novels have a host of readers, and Mrs. Gore's readers are interested. People will be interested, we suspect, till the end of the world, in the old, old story, how Edwin and Angelina fell in love with each other; how they were separated, persecuted, and tempted; and how their virtue and constancy triumphed over all their

misfortunes. And there is much vivacity and liveliness, and a good deal of shrewd observation in these books. They are amusing, pleasant beguilers of a stray hour; and, after all our grand pretensions, how valuable a property is this in the genus novel, which proclaims itself an ephemeron in its very name!

Mrs. Trollope is a different person. It pleases this lady to put her fortune to the touch, whether she will delight or disgust us, and according to her auditors is her success. The bold, buxom, daring, yet very foolish Mrs. Barnaby, seems to have been a work entirely after this author's heart, and at which she laboured *con amore;* but we cannot profess to have the smallest scrap of admiration for Mrs. Barnaby, though there is no doubt that the coarse tricks, the coarse rouge, the transparent devices, which were too bare-faced to deceive anybody, are perfectly kept up throughout the book. We are afraid it is a fundamental error in a book to seek, not our admiration and interest, but our disgust and reprobation for its principal character. We do not choose to leave the hero or the heroine, whose fate we have followed through three volumes, in the hands of Nemesis; we would much rather that it could be possible for her to "take a thought and mend;" and though we can resign to poetic justice a secondary villain, we revolt against entering upon a history which is only to end in confusion and overthrow to its principal actor. That Mrs. Barnaby is a real kind of woman, it is impossible to deny; and the success of her representation is but another proof of how strangely people are attracted in fiction by characters from which they cannot keep themselves sufficiently far away in real life; but we do not think the creation of this redoubtable adventurer, nor of her companion portrait, the Vicar of Wrexhill, are things which bring the author nearer to any heart. Mrs. Trollope has the same broad coarse humour, which, with such an odd, unlooked-for contrast, breaks into those mincing genteel histories of *Cecilia and Evelina*, which Johnson and Burke set up all night to read; and though she deals lovingly with Mrs. Barnaby, there is a venom and bitterness in her picture of the Low Church Vicar, which is not very edifying. She is perhaps a cleverer woman, but we miss the silken rustle and ladylike pace of her contemporary, and find Mrs. Trollope a less agreeable companion than Mrs. Gore.

The author of *Emilia Wyndham* is of an entirely distinct character. This lady, whatever else she is, must always be exemplary. We have a distinct impression of a little circle of young ladies, emancipated from the schoolroom, but scarcely entered upon the world, sitting in one of her own pretty orderly morning rooms, clustered about the kind but precise story-teller, when we open one of her novels. *They* dare never be so much engrossed in the tale as to forget the "deportment" which their instructress is so careful of; and she has leisure to pause now and then to bid some forgetful little one hold up her head or throw back her shoulders. Yet there is real goodness, some dramatic power, and the natural instinct of telling a story in Mrs. Marsh. Her first and most ambitious work is not addressed to her audience of young ladies, nor would it be very suitable for them; but we prefer the good Emilia to the high-souled and sinful Lucy, and feel that the author is more in her element with one of her own pleasant groups of girls—the good one with her innocent wisdoms, and the other who is not quite good, with her almost equally innocent naughtinesses—or with her two lovers, the wild, gay, handsome, young gallant, and the grave, quiet, passionate man—than with those mysteries of sin and misery, which in very abhorrence and pity a good woman is sometimes fascinated to look into, wondering whether something may not be found there to account for the tremendous fall. But the author of *Emilia Wyndham* has lost some ground during these last few years. She has taken to making books rather than to telling stories, and has perceptibly had the printing-press and certain editorial censors before her, instead of the dove's eyes of her sweet young audience. Yet there is something pleasant always in her anxious care

to point an example;—"My dear children, here is the good and here is the evil, and you see what they lead to; and here again you perceive how the evil is overcome by the good," is the burden of her tale; and the world has not been slow to acknowledge the goodness that lies in her old-fashioned moral, nor the many indications of power and purpose which her works contain.

When we leave these respectable elder sisters of the literary corporation, we immediately find ourselves on very ticklish ground. Ten years ago we professed an orthodox system of novel making. Our lovers were humble and devoted—our ladies were beautiful, and might be capricious if it pleased them; and we held it a very proper and most laudable arrangement that Jacob should serve seven years for Rachel, and recorded it as one of the articles of our creed; and that the only true-love worth having was that reverent, knightly, chivalrous true-love which consecrated all womankind, and served one with fervour and enthusiasm. Such was our ideal, and such our system, in the old halcyon days of novel-writing; when suddenly there stole upon the scene, without either flourish of trumpets or public proclamation, a little fierce incendiary, doomed to turn the world of fancy upside down. She stole upon the scene—pale, small, by no means beautiful—something of a genius, something of a vixen—a dangerous little person, inimical to the peace of society. After we became acquainted with herself, we were introduced to her lover. Such a lover!—a vast, burly, sensual Englishman, one of those Hogarth men, whose power consists in some singular animal force of life and character, which it is impossible to describe or analyse. Such a wooing!—the lover is rude, brutal, cruel. The little woman fights against him with courage and spirit—begins to find the excitement and relish of a new life in this struggle—begins to think of her antagonist all day long—falls into fierce love and jealousy—betrays herself—is tantalised and slighted, to prove her devotion—and then suddenly seized upon and taken possession of, with love several degrees fiercer than her own. Then comes the catastrophe which prevents this extraordinary love from running smooth. Our heroine runs away to save herself—falls in with another man almost as singular as her first love—and very nearly suffers herself to be reduced to marry this unloved and unloving wooer; but, escaping that risk, finally discovers that the obstacle is removed which stood between her and her former tyrant, and rushes back straightway to be graciously accepted by the blind and weakened Rochester. Such was the impetuous little spirit which dashed into our well-ordered world, broke its boundaries, and defied its principles—and the most alarming revolution of modern times has followed the invasion of *Jane Eyre*.

It is not to be wondered at that speculation should run wild about this remarkable production. Sober people, with a sober respect for womankind, and not sufficient penetration to perceive that the grossness of the book was such grossness as only could be perpetrated by a woman, contested indignantly the sex of the writer. The established authorities brought forth proofs in the form of incorrect costume, and errors in dress. Nobody perceived that it was the new generation nailing its colours to its mast. No one would understand that this furious love-making was but a wild declaration of the "Rights of Woman" in a new aspect. The old-fashioned deference and respect—the old-fashioned wooing—what were they but so many proofs of the inferior position of the woman, to whom the man condescended with the gracious courtliness of his loftier elevation! The honours paid to her in society—the pretty fictions of politeness, they were all degrading tokens of her subjection, if she were but sufficiently enlightened to see their true meaning. The man who presumed to treat her with reverence was one who insulted her pretensions; while the lover who struggled with her, as he would have struggled with another man, only adding a certain amount of contemptuous brutality, which no man would tolerate, was the only one who truly recognized her claims of equality. "A fair field and no favour," screams the representative of womanhood. "Let him take me captive, seize upon me, overpower me

if he is the better man—let us fight it out, my weapons against his weapons, and see which is the strongest. You poor fellow, do you not see how you are insulting and humiliating that Rachel, for whom you serve seven years? Let her feel she is your equal—make her your lawful spoil by your bow and by your spear. The cause of the strong hand for ever—and let us fight it out!" Whereupon our heroine rushes into the field, makes desperate sorties out of her Sebastopol, blazes abroad her ammunition into the skies, commits herself beyond redemption, and finally permits herself to be ignominiously captured, and seized upon with a ferocious appropriation which is very much unlike the noble and grand sentiment which we used to call love.

Yes, it is but a mere vulgar boiling over of the political cauldron, which tosses your French monarch into chaos, and makes a new one in his stead. Here is your true revolution. France is but one of the Western Powers; woman is the half of the world. Talk of a balance of power which may be adjusted by taking a Crimea, or fighting a dozen battles—here is a battle which must always be going forward—a balance of power only to be decided by single combat, deadly and uncompromising, where the combatants, so far from being guided by the old punctilios of the duello, make no secret of their ferocity, but throw sly javelins at each other, instead of shaking hands before they begin. Do you think that young lady is an angelic being, young gentleman? Do you compare her to roses and lilies, and stars and sunbeams, in your deluded imagination? Do you think you would like to "deck and crown your head with bays," like Moutron, all for the greater glory to her, when she found you "serve her evermore"? Unhappy youth! She is a fair gladiator—she is not an angel. In her secret heart she longs to rush upon you, and try a grapple with you, to prove her strength and her equality. She has no patience with your flowery emblems. Why should *she* be like a rose or a lily any more than yourself? Are these beautiful weaklings the only types you can find of *her?* And this new Bellona steps forth in armour, throws down her glove, and defies you to conquer her if you can. Do you like it, gentle lover?—would you rather break her head and win, or leave her alone and love her? The alternative is quite distinct and unmistakable—only do not insult her with your respect and humility, for this is something more than she can bear.

These are the doctrines, startling and original, propounded by Jane Eyre; and they are not Jane Eyre's opinions only, as we may guess from the host of followers or imitators who have copied them. There is a degree of refined indelicacy possible to a woman, which no man can reach. Her very ignorance of evil seems to give a certain piquancy and relish to her attempts to realise it. She gives a runaway, far-off glimpse—a strange improper situation, and whenever she has succeeded in raising a sufficient amount of excitement to make it possible that something very wrong might follow, she prevents the wrong by a bold *coup*, and runs off in delight. There are some conversations between Rochester and Jane Eyre which no *man* could have dared to give—which only could have been given by the overboldness of innocence and ignorance trying to imagine what it never could understand, and which are as womanish as they are unwomanly.

When all this is said, *Jane Eyre* remains one of the most remarkable works of modern times—as remarkable as *Villette*, and more perfect. We know no one else who has such a grasp of persons and places, and a perfect command of the changes of the atmosphere, and the looks of a country under rain or wind. There is no fiction in these wonderful scenes of hers. The Yorkshire dales, the north-country moor, the streets of Brussels, are illusions equally complete. Who does not know Madame Beck's house, white and square and lofty, with its level rows of windows, its green shutters, and the sun that beams upon its blinds, and on the sultry pavement before the door? How French is Paul Emmanuel and all his accessories! How English is Lucy Snowe! We feel no art in these remarkable books. What we feel is a force which makes everything real—a motion which is irresistible. We are

swept on in the current, and never draw breath till the tale is ended. Afterwards we may disapprove at our leisure, but it is certain that we have not a moment's pause to be critical till we come to the end.

The effect of a great literary success, especially in fiction, is a strange thing to observe,—the direct influence it has on some one or two similar minds, and the indirect bias which it gives to a great many others. There is at least one other writer of considerable gifts, whose books are all so many reflections of *Jane Eyre*. We mean no disparagement to Miss Kavanagh; but, from *Nathalie* to *Grace Lee*, she has done little else than repeat the attractive story of this conflict and combat of love or war — for either name will do. *Nathalie*, which is very sunny and very French, is, for these its characteristic features, to be endured and forgiven, closely though it approaches to its model; but *Daisy Burns*, which is not French, has much less claim upon our forbearance, and the last novel of this author exaggerates the repetition beyond all toleration. The story of *Grace Lee* is a story of mutual "aggravation," in which the lady first persecutes the gentleman with attentions, kindnesses, scorn, and love; and the gentleman afterwards persecutes the lady in the self-same way. When John Owen is worried into falling in love with her, it becomes Grace Lee's turn to exasperate and tantalise, which she does with devotion; and it is not till after a separation of many years, and when they are at least middle-aged people, that this perverse couple are fairly settled at last. The lady is a pure heroine of romance throughout, and has no probability in her; but that is a lesser matter; and the hero, without a single amiable quality, so far as appears in the story, has only to recommend him this same bitter *strength*, which we must conclude to be the sole heroic attribute worth mentioning, in the judgment of the author. We might perhaps trace the origin of this passion for *strength* further back than *Jane Eyre*; as far back, perhaps, as Mr. Carlyle's idolatry of the "Canning"—the king, man, and hero. But it is a sad thing, with all our cultivation and refinement, to be thrown back upon sheer blind force as our universal conqueror. Mr. Carlyle's Thor, too, is a sweet-hearted giant, and bears no comparison to Mr. Rochester and Mr. John Owen. We suspect, indeed, that Thor would be even sheepish in love, and worship the very footsteps of his princess; whereas it is principally in love, and in vanquishing a woman, that the strength of the other gentleman seems to lie. No, it is no Thor, no Berserker, no mighty Goth or Northman. One could fancy how such a genuine and real personage might eclipse the "manly beauty" of the bland Greek Apollo, to certain forms and moods of mind. These ladies, however, are not so solicitous to have some one who can conquer war or fortune, as to find some one who can subdue, and rule with a hand of iron—themselves. Nor is the *indirect* influence of this new light in literature less remarkable.

Mrs. Gaskell, a sensible and considerate woman, and herself ranking high in her sphere, has just fallen subject to the same delusion. *North and South* is extremely clever, as a story; and, without taking any secondary qualification to build its merits upon, it is perhaps better and livelier than any of Mrs. Gaskell's previous works; yet here are still the wide circles in the water, showing that not far off is the identical spot where Jane Eyre and Lucy Snowe, in their wild sport, have been casting stones; here is again the desperate, bitter quarrel out of which love is to come; here is love itself, always in a fury, often looking exceedingly like hatred, and by no means distinguished for its good manners, or its graces of speech. Mrs. Gaskell is perfect in all the "proprieties" of her scene, and all her secondary people are well drawn; but though her superb and stately Margaret is by no means a perfect character, she does not seem to us a likely person to fall in love with the churlish and ill-natured Thornton, whose "strong" qualities are not more amiable than are the dispositions of the other members of his class whom we have before mentioned. Mrs. Gaskell lingers much upon the personal gifts of her grand beauty. Margaret has glorious black hair, in which the pomegranate blossoms glow like a

flame; she has exquisite full lips, pouted with the breath of wonder, or disdain, or resentment, as the case may be; she has beautiful rounded arms, hanging with a languid grace; she is altogether a splendid and princely personage; and when, in addition to all this, Margaret becomes an heiress, it is somewhat hard to see her delivered over to the impoverished Manchester man, who is as ready to devour her as ever was an ogre in a fairy tale. The sober-minded who are readers of novels will feel Mrs. Gaskell's desertion a serious blow. Shall all our love-stories be squabbles after this? Shall we have nothing but encounters of arms between the knight and the lady—bitter personal altercations, and mutual defiance? It is a doleful prospect; and not one of these imperilled heroines has the good gift of an irate brother to exchange civilities with the love-making monster. There is one consolation: Have we not in these favoured realms a Peace Society? And where could these most respectable and influential brethren find a fairer field?

There is one feature of resemblance between Mrs. Gaskell's last work and Mr. Dickens' *Hard Times*. We are prepared in both for the discussion of an important social question; and in both, the story gradually slides off the public topic to pursue a course of its own. *North and South* has, of necessity, some good sketches of the "hands" and their homes; but it is Mr. Thornton's fierce and rugged course of true love to which the author is most anxious to direct our attention; and we have little time to think of Higgins or his trades-union in presence of this intermitting, but always lively, warfare going on beside them. Mrs. Gaskell has made herself an important reputation. The popular mind seems to have accepted *Mary Barton* as a true and worthy picture of the class it aims to represent; and *Ruth*, though a great blunder in art, does not seem to have lessened the estimation in which her audience hold her. *Ruth* is the story of a young girl betrayed and fallen while little more than a child—innocent in heart, but with her life shipwrecked at its very earliest outset; and Ruth is the sole heroine and subject of the book. The vain attempts of her friends to conceal the irrecoverable downfall of this poor child — the discovery that comes after many years — her humility and devotion and death—are, of course, the only circumstances in which the author can place her unfortunate heroine; the mistake lies in choosing such a heroine at all. Every pure feminine mind, we suppose, holds the faith of Desdemona—"I do not believe there is any such woman;" and the strong revulsion of dismay and horror with which they find themselves compelled to admit, in some individual case, that their rule is not infallible, produces at once the intense resentment with which every other woman regards the one who has stained her name and fame; and that pitying, wondering fascination which so often seems to impel female writers to dwell upon these wretched stories, by way of finding out what strange chain of causes there was, and what excuse there might be.

We will only instance one other young writer touched by the spirit of Jane Eyre, the author of the *Head of the Family;* but the long and most tantalising courtship of Ninian Græme, the hero of this book, with its "many a slip between the cup and the lip," is redeemed by the fact that it is the lover here who is humble, patient, and devoted, and not the lady. There is a great deal of talent in this lady's works, and a great deal of love. Alas! for this hard world, with all its rubs and pinches! how soon it teaches us the secret of harder struggles than those of love-making. In the last work of this writer, *Agatha's Husband*, we have plenty of quarrelling; but these are legitimate quarrels between married people, lawful sport with which we have no right to interfere, and which the author describes with genuine relish, and with no small truth.

We suppose it is a natural consequence of the immense increase of novels that the old material should begin to fail. It is hard to be original in either plot or character when there are such myriads of "examples" treading in the same path as yourself, and prior to you; and many a shift is the unfortunate fictitionist compelled

to, if he would put some novelty into his novel. We have before us at this moment two different books, which we are constrained to class together as novels of disease. *The House of Raby* is a tale of a family afflicted with insanity. We have first some legendary information about a "wicked earl," whose madness is furious and vicious, but scarcely known as madness to the world. Then comes his son, an amiable and worthy gentleman, who falls in love, and is refused by a virtuous Margaret Hastings, who is deeply attached to him, but thinks it a sin that he should marry. In this view the gentleman coincides for a while; but ultimately gets rid of his conscientious scruples, and marries his cousin. Then comes a second generation, the twin sons of this couple, of whom one inherits the family malady in periodical fits, but in his sane intervals shows the greatest genius, takes an important place in society, and has no *weakness* about him. This is the hero; and *he* falls in love with a second Margaret Hastings, the niece of the former one, whom, however, more self-denying than his father, he never wishes to marry, but is content to have a very fervid and loving friendship with. Margaret is a clergyman's daughter, and, being left with no great provision, accepts an appointment as housekeeper at Carleton Castle, the ancestral house of the family, where she has always been a friend and favourite, and lives there, taking care of her lover in his dark hours, and enjoying his society when he is in his proper mind, — all with the fullest sanction of his elder brother the earl, and Margaret's friend the countess; and so the story ends. With less incident, and also with less interest, Miss Jewsbury follows in the train of the anonymous author of *The House of Raby*. The hereditary malady is the most shadowy possibility in the world in the family of *Constance Herbert;* but her mother, in whose blood there is no such disease by descent, becomes suddenly mad, and settles into a hopeless idiot. Constance, too, has an Aunt Margaret—Aunt Margarets are fashionable in novels—and when she is in all the joyful excitement produced by her young lover's first declaration, she is carried away for the first time to see her mother, and is told how the case stands with her, and how she is bound not to marry, lest she should transmit to others this dreadful inheritance. Such is the argument of these books; and they form one of the many modern instances of super-refinement and improvement upon the infallible laws of nature and revelation. That there could be anything which possibly might make up to the unfortunate supposed children — for whose sake Arundel Raby will not marry Margaret, nor Constance Philip—for the great calamity of being born, our authors do not seem to suppose; but Miss Jewsbury's heroine, when she feels herself very miserable, takes refuge in abusing Providence and God for her dreadful privations, and for the cruel injustice of creating her under such circumstances. Indeed, Miss Jewsbury's opinion seems to be, that the only business which God has to do with at all is to make His creatures happy, and prevent those discourteous ills and misfortunes from laying hands upon them; and when grief does come, the unfortunate afflicted person has full permission to upbraid the great Author of his misery, who ought to have paid attention to it, and taken means to stay the evil; nay, is quite justified in refusing altogether to believe in the existence of the careless Deity, who will not exert himself to keep troubles away. This, indeed, seems a very fashionable doctrine in these days, when we have all become so very much kinder and more charitable than the God who preserves the life in these ungrateful hearts. Now, we cannot help thinking it a great error to make any affliction, like that of hereditary insanity, the main subject of a story. It is permissible as a secondary theme; but a thing out of which no satisfactory result (according to our carnal and mundane ideas of happiness) *can* come—is not a fit central point for fiction. The position of the lady housekeeper and her lover patient, alternately a madman and a genius, is in the highest degree uncomfortable, and we cannot reconcile ourselves to it in any shape; and we have seen few books so perfectly unsatisfactory as *Constance Herbert*. The

anonymous author has the advantage of Miss Jewsbury—there is always interest, at least, in the *House of Raby*.

There is one other class of books, written "on principle," and in which some very pleasant results have been attained—books which we will not call "religious," but rather "Church" novels. The *Heir of Redclyffe* and *Heartsease* are important individuals in this family. There is no accounting for the wonderful rise of the "bubble reputation" in many instances; but though we cannot admit that these books deserve *all* the applause they have got, they are still very good books, and worthy of a high place. The best thing in the *Heir of Redclyffe*, to our judgment—though not the pleasantest—is the wonderful impersonation of a "prig" in Philip Morville. This intolerable coxcomb, solemn and faultless, does—with the best intentions—the villain's work in the book; and we have no patience with the cruel murder of the good young Guy, to make room for this disagreeable cousin. *Heartease*, too, is very clever and lively, and has a great deal of character in it. And there are other unobtrusive books of the class, which, putting aside their High-Churchisms, and all the little martyrdoms their heroines suffer in the cause of district-visiting and Dorcas societies, have much shrewd appreciation of common life, and a quiet eye for a piece of oddity. Such books as *Katherine Ashton*, in spite of their occasional tedium, are by no means bad fare for the young ladies of the party they represent; and any little bit of fanciful harm that may be in their mild Puseyism is more than counterbalanced, in our opinion, by a great deal of substantial merit.

We cannot deny that, in this second rank of eminence, the magnitude and variety of the female professors of our art do somewhat pale the glory of our literary craftsmen of the nobler sex, though it is true that the Broad Church, in the stalwarth person of the Rev. Charles Kingsley, is rather more than a match even for the *Heir of Redclyffe*, the most notable of the High Church novelists. Yet Mr. Kingsley himself will scarcely hold his own by he side of some of the lady-writers whom we have already mentioned. We do not intend to discuss the merits, as a novelist, of this stout and boisterous champion of popular rights, and of the unspeakable latitudes of doctrine to which a man may reach, while still he sits under the shadow of the Prayer-book and the Thirty-nine Articles, as under his own vine and his own fig-tree. Mr. Kingsley is a speculatist, and not a born story-teller, and we leave him for the present.

Nor are we sure that we are quite justified in placing the name of an American in the foremost rank of our own secondary eminences. If "the American language" has gained a certain right, by its own peculiar elegances, to be distinguished from the mother tongue, American novels are still more individually characteristic. Our good neighbours and cousins are too smart not to exhaust rapidly all the ordinary "sensations" of every-day existence. Adventure with them is exhausted in the humorous slang stories of the backwoods; they have little history to fall back upon; their art is still either elementary or borrowed; and their fashion—alas the day!—is a wonderful development of what human foolishness may come to if it is but sufficiently pertinacious. In these circumstances, it is not wonderful that a morbid investigation into great secret passions and crimes—that a tinted and half-perceptible horror—and that the new science which is called "anatomy of character," should be in great request among them. For ourselves, we have small admiration of the spiritual dissecting-knife, however skilfully handled, and very little tolerance for the "study of character," which has been quite a fashionable pursuit for some time past. We would prefer, for our own individual choice, to be "taken to pieces" in a neighbourly way, and with legitimate gossip of all our antecedents and circumstances, than to have a small committee "sit upon" our character and idiosyncrasies in every intellectual family with which we had the misfortune to be upon visiting terms. The books of Mr. Hawthorne are singular books: they introduce to us not only an individual mind, but a peculiar audience; they are not stories into which you enter and sympathise,

but dramas of extraordinary dumb show, before which, in darkness and breathless silence, you sit and look on, never sure for a moment that the dimly-lighted stage before you is not to be visited by the dioramic thunders of an earthquake, falling houses, moaning victims, dismay and horror and gloom. Had the reputation of this gentleman been confined to his own country, it would have been out of our sphere of comment; but he has had great popularity on this side of the Atlantic, where we understand he is now resident, and his books have perhaps excited the public curiosity almost as much as the books of Miss Bronte. *The Scarlet Letter* glows with the fire of a suppressed, secret, feverish excitement; it is not the glow of natural life, but the hectic of disease which burns upon the cheeks of its actors. The proud woman, the fantastic and elfish child, the weak and criminal genius, and the injured friend, the husband of Hester, are exhibited to us rather as a surgeon might exhibit his pet "cases," than as a poet shows his men and women, brothers and sisters to the universal heart. In this book the imagination of the writer has been taxed to supply a world and a society in accordance with the principal actors in his feverish drama. The whole sky and air are tropical; and instead of the gentle monotony of ordinary existence, its long, wearing, languid sorrows, its vulgar weariness and sleep, we have a perpetual strain of excitement—a fire that neither wanes nor lessens, but keeps at its original scorching heat for years. The landscape is parched and scathed; the breeze is a furnace-blast; the volcano is muttering and growling in the depths of the earth; there is an ominous stillness, like the pause before a great peal of thunder. Nor is the air once clear, nor the fever dissipated, till, with a sigh of relief, we escape from the unwholesome fascination of this romance, and find ourselves in a world which is not always tending towards some catastrophe—a world where tears and showers fall to refresh the soil, and where calamities do not come from the blind and mocking hands of fate, but mixed with blessings and charities from the very gates of heaven.

The House of Seven Gables is not less remarkable nor less unwholesome than its predecessor. The affectation of extreme homeliness and commonplace in the external circumstances, and the mystery and secret of the family with which these circumstances are interwoven, is very effective in its way; and if it were not that its horrors and its wonders are protracted into tedious long-windedness, we would be disposed to admire the power with which these figures were posed and these situations made. But we are never contented with manufactured stories. If they do not grow with a sweet progression of nature, they may please our eye, or flatter, with a sense of superiority to the multitude, our critical faculties; but we cannot take such productions into our heart. Hephzibah Pyncheon is, perhaps, the most touching picture Mr. Hawthorne has made, and her first attempt at shopkeeping, with all its little humiliations and trials, is a pitiful picture, true enough to reach the heart. We can understand how the poor old gentlewoman cries over the scattered sweetmeats which roll over the floor when she lets them fall. We can comprehend her nervousness, her pride, her self-humiliation. There is a spark of human kindness in her, as there is a touch of delicate art in the canker-eaten roses in the old desolate garden; and her devotion to her brother, uncouth and awkward as its demonstrations are, has something pathetic in it. The brother himself is one of those peculiar individuals who owe their existence to the spiritual anatomist whose business it is to "study" his neighbours. Clifford's perfect selfishness is only an intense development of love for the beautiful, says his biographer. Hephzibah's shy and awkward tenderness disgusts and irritates rather than delights him, because it is his natural instinct to seek beauty, and there is nothing lovely in the withered ancient lady, in spite of the deep love at her heart. If we are not mistaken, Mr. Hawthorne calls this "poetic," this heartlessness of his hero, and certainly endeavours to elevate it into something higher than the common hard selfishness which we are accustomed to, both in the world and in novels. Whatever it may

be in America, we should be greatly disappointed to find the poetic temperament resolved into this vulgar sensualism in our own more sober world. A nice eye for external beauty, and a heart closed to all perception of the beauty of other hearts, may make a voluptuary, but will never, with any amount of talent added thereto, make a poet. The character is fit enough for Harold Skimpole, and comes in admirably to make up that capital sham; but we entirely reject and disbelieve it in any personage of more serious pretensions. It has just originality enough to strike a casual observer, or a rapid reader, as "something new;" but we know of nothing more repellant or obnoxious to common humanity, than a man who rejects, and is disgusted by, honest affections and tenderness of which he is entirely unworthy, because, forsooth, they are not lovely in their outward manifestations, and he has an "eye for beauty," and a fastidious taste, which cannot endure anything that is not attractive to the eye.

In the death-scene of Judge Pyncheon, we are wearied and worried out of all the horror and impressiveness which might have been in it, had its author only known when to stop. Perhaps there is scarcely such another piece of over-description in the language. The situation is fairly worn to pieces. Throughout the book this is the leading error. Everything is dwelt upon with a tedious minuteness. The motion is slow and heavy. The story-teller holds our buttons and pours out his sentences all in the same cadence. We feel ourselves compelled to submit and listen to the long story. But even the power and fascination it undoubtedly possesses, does not impel us to forgive the author for this interminable strain upon our patience. Like the wedding guest in the *Ancient Mariner*, we sit reluctantly to hear it out; and when it is done, and no adequate reward is forthcoming of either wisdom or pleasure, we are injured and indignant, and do not understand why we have been detained so long to so little purpose. For it is no particular gratification to us to know how Mr. Hawthorne studies his subjects—how he sets them in different lights, like a child with a new toy, and gets new glimpses of their character and capabilities—we want the result, and not the process—the story completed, but not the photographs from which it is to be made.

In the *Blythedale Romance* we have still less of natural character, and more of a diseased and morbid conventional life. American patriots ought to have no quarrel with our saucy tourists and wandering notabilities, in comparison with the due and just quarrel they have with writers of their own. What extraordinary specimens of womankind are Zenobia and Priscilla, the heroines of this tale! What a meddling, curious, impertinent rogue, a psychological Paul Pry, is Miles Coverdale, the teller of the story! How thoroughly worn out and *blasé* must that young world be, which gets up excitements in its languid life, only by means of veiled ladies, mysterious clairvoyants, rapping spirits, or, in a milder fashion, by sherry-cobler and something cocktails for the men, and lectures on the rights of women for the ladies. We enter this strange existence with a sort of wondering inquiry whether any *events* ever take place there, or if, instead, there is nothing to be done but for everybody to observe everybody else, and for all society to act on the universal impulse of getting up a tragedy somewhere, for the pleasure of looking at it; or if that may not be, of setting up supernatural intercourse one way or another, and warming up with occult and forbidden influences the cold and waveless tide of life. We do not believe in Zenobia drowning herself. It is a piece of sham entirely, and never impresses us with the slightest idea of reality. Nor are we moved with any single emotion throughout the entire course of the tale. There is nothing touching in the mystery of old Moodie; nothing attractive in the pale clairvoyant Priscilla—the victim, as we are led to suppose, of Mesmerism and its handsome diabolical professor. We are equally indifferent to the imperious and splendid Zenobia, and to the weak sketchy outline of Hollingsworth, whose "stern" features are washed in with the faintest water-colours, and who does not seem capable of anything but of making these two women fall in love with him.

The sole thing that looks true, and seems to have blood in its veins, is Silas Foster, the farmer and manager of practical matters for the Utopian community, which proposes to reform the world by making ploughmen of themselves. Could they have done it honestly, we cannot fancy any better plan for the visionary inhabitants of the farm and the romance of Blythedale. Honest work might do a great deal for these languid philosophers; and Mr. Hawthorne himself, we should suppose, could scarcely be in great condition for dissecting his neighbours and their "inner nature" after a day's ploughing or reaping; but mystery, Mesmerism, love, and jealousy, are too many for the placid angel of agriculture, and young America by no means makes a success in its experiment, either by reforming others or itself.

After all, we are not ethereal people. We are neither fairies nor angels. Even to make our conversation—and, still more to make our life—we want more than thoughts and fancies—we want *things*. You may sneer at the commonplace necessity, yet it *is* one; and it is precisely your Zenobias and Hollingsworths, your middle-aged people, who have broken loose from family and kindred and have no *events* in their life, who do all the mischief, and make all the sentimentalisms and false philosophies in the world. When we come to have no duties, except those we "owe to ourselves" or "to society," woe to us! Wise were the novelists of old, who ended their story with the youthful marriage, which left the hero and the heroine on the threshold of the maturer dangers of life, when fiction would not greatly aid them, but when the battle-ground, the real conflict, enemies not to be chased away, and sorrows unforgetable, remained. The trials of youth are safe ground; and so, to a considerable extent, are the trials of husbands and wives, when they struggle with the world, and not with each other; but the solitary maturer men and women, who have nothing happening to them, who are limited by no particular duties, and have not even the blessed necessity of working for their daily bread—these are the problem of the world; and the novelist had need to be wary who tries to deal with it.

We believe no one will deny great talent to Mr. Hawthorne; and if he would but be brief, we would admit, with greater satisfaction, the power of his situations, and the effectiveness of his scenery. Though it is strange to us to contemplate the old Puritan exiles under their new circumstances, vexed with sumptuary laws and social economics—doing their best in their rigid yet lofty optimism to make a perfect commonwealth, and only making a strait and narrow society instead—yet we believe there is truth, as there is force, in the sketch of them given in the *Scarlet Letter*. We do not recollect to have seen any historical picture of the Pilgrim Fathers, by an American hand, giving a very favourable view of these pioneers of the new empire, or showing anything of that affectionate prejudice which we ourselves are subject to in favour of our especial ancestors. How is this? Is it the progress of enlightenment which puts an end to human partialities? Or is it the power of truth and candour in our clever cousins, which will not be deceived either by an appearance of goodness, or by a hereditary claim to their respect?

Mr. Hawthorne, we are afraid, is one of those writers who aim at an intellectual audience, and address themselves mainly to such. We are greatly of opinion that this is a mistake and a delusion, and that nothing good comes of it. The novelist's true audience is the common people—the people of ordinary comprehension and everyday sympathies, whatever their rank may be.

Our renewed acquaintance with war, and the universal interest we have in everything which illustrates to us the life of our gallant representatives in the field, will no doubt renew, to a considerable degree, the first freshness of approbation with which the public hailed the works of Mr. Lever. Though these brisk and lively narratives are considerably like each other, we do not desire to see a more animated and interesting story than *Charles O'Malley*—a book which bears a second reading; and they all show, more or less, its characteristic

qualities. It is not Mr. Lever's forte perhaps, to dive into the secret heart of things, or analyse his heroes and his heroines; but who can take a standing leap like the author of *Harry Lorrequer?* Who can witch the world with such noble horsemanship? He has the true spring of Irish humour and Irish shrewdness in him. Mickey Free is as merry and honest a rogue as ever happy fancy invented; and all the secondary bits of life and character in the home-country are admirrable. We have a very undue propensity to underrate these stories of adventure; but we think it remains to be proved that our books of emotion and sentiment are really of a higher class, as they certainly are not of a healthier. It is good to be the favourite of youth—good to awake the eager interest, the laugh which rings from the heart; and now that the trumpet sounds in our ears once more, it is time to throw off our supercilious contempt for those manly feats of strength and daring which delight a boy. After all, life as it goes on in the world is sometimes quite as elevated, and occasionally a more important matter for our observation than that life in the heart which we love so much to dwell upon and disclose. A campaign against the national enemy, agitating a thousand brave souls and widening its influence to embrace a thousand homes, and to touch every rank of the community, is a greater thing than the campaign of a king or queen of hearts, even though it be a quite successful one, and result in a few blighted lives, and long-winded miseries. There is no dulness in Mr. Lever's dashing, daring, rapid books. Of their kind they are capital—almost as exciting still as even these letters from the Crimea which we seize so eagerly. A strange change has passed upon the thoughts of this peace-loving nation. What piece of abstract literature, though its writer were laureated poet or throned philosopher, would not be put aside to-day for the simple letter of some poor private from the fated seat of war?

Something new! Happy people of Athens, who had it in their power to say or to hear every day some new thing! In our times we know no such felicity, and far and wide are our researches for the prized and precious novelty which it is so hard to lay hands upon. The "sensation" which it is the design of Mr. Wilkie Collins to raise in our monotonous bosom, is —horror. This novelist would be content to do for our sakes what the redoubtable *Firmilian* does for his own; and, to secure a shock for his readers, would not hesitate to place his hero in any frightful situation. *Antonina* is one of those formidable novels, which are so *correct* that there is neither error nor life left in them. We dare not impugn a fold of the faultless drapery. We feel perfectly convinced that the author has "authority" for every piece of marble in his landscape, and that the luckless critic would be drowned under a deluge of "examples" did he venture to question any bit of costume in the whole elaborate book. Mr. Collins, we do not doubt, has studied his age with the most conscientious diligence; but he certainly has not studied how to keep the marks of the chisel from this production, which works out its story with a laborious solemnity not pleasant to see. All the points of this tale are points of horror—the frightful feast in famine-stricken Rome, with its ghastly introduction of the old dead woman, who turns out to be the mother of one of the guests, and the still more frightful catastrophe of Goisvintha, are quite unequalled in their peculiar quality. Nor is *Basil*, the tale of modern life, for which its author is careful to inform us he has studied as diligently as he studied the antique, less remarkable in this respect. If the wretched disfigured Marmion, the villain of the story, does not haunt our slumbers, it is not Mr. Collins' fault; and as all this tale progresses artfully towards its concluding horrors, and is nothing without them, we conclude that the object of the author is simply to excite those feelings of abhorrence and loathing with which we are compelled to regard his catastrophe. Modern life, no doubt, like every other, has great crimes, calamities, and miseries hidden in its bosom; but we are afraid that the man who judges by *Basil* of the ordinary existence either of our shopkeeping Sherwins, or of the aris-

tocratic families who are plagued with such "young sons ordained their fathers' soul to cross," as the hero of this tale, will form a very inadequate opinion of the life which, even in London, is made up of everydays and small events, and is by no means a series of catastrophes.

We suppose a Scotsman's national pride ought to be gratified by *Christie Johnstone;* but Scotsmen, like other people, are apt to be perverse, and we are afraid we do not quite appreciate the compliment paid by a "Southron" who can only handle it imperfectly, to our native Doric. There is a certain sweet and subtle charm in a language which only those to the manner born can express or understand. The Scotch of Mr. Reade, and, in a less degree, the Scotch of Mr. Kingsley, is *too* Scotch to be genuine. We can fancy that the manuscript of *Moredun*, this wonderful treasure-trove which we hear so much of, may be extremely like the handwriting of Sir Walter, only "rather more so," as the Cockneys say; for the fictitious writer, of course, is bound to be characteristic in every turn of his pen, while upon our simple and genuine giant there lay no such compulsion. The Scotch of Sir Walter is vernacular—there is no effort in it; neither Cuddie Headrigg nor Jeanie Deans step a strawbreadth out of their way to secure a Scotticism; and some of the more delicate sketches among the collections of Mr. Galt depend on the idiom and construction of their language a great deal more than on their *words* for the effect they produce. In *Christie Johnstone* this principle is entirely reversed. The *words* are broadly, coarsely, elaborately Scotch, but the idiom and construction are purely English, and the bloom is gone from this uncouth dialect, which loses the fragrance of its own spirit without gaining the inspiration of the other. Mr. Reade has never observed so closely as Wordsworth did, nor found out what the language is which the poet refers to—"Such as grave livers do in Scotland use;" and one can almost suppose that the modern recipe for "making Scotch" is to cut off all the y's—to be careful always to write "awa" instead of "away;" and to pepper this prepared foundation with the most *outré* words which can be collected out of an ancient or modern glossary. We confess there are Scotsmen of the present day who profess this system as much as our English friends. Let anybody compare one of Burns's songs with some of the pretty verses of our modern Scottish ballad-makers, and they will immediately perceive the difference between the Scotch which is unconscious and natural, and the constrained and elaborate manufacture of the same.

Christie Johnstone, nevertheless, is a clever book; and though we cannot see how the interests of art, or of the heroine, or of the public, are served by making the Newhaven fisherwoman an artist's wife in London, there is a great deal that is very good in the conception of Christie (alas! it ought to have been *Kirsty*, a harsher sound), who would have been much more fitly mated with some bold fisher lad, than with the poor aimless wishling, who has not courage either to have her or want her, and who, we are afraid, will give Christie a great deal of trouble yet, now that she has married him. We prefer *Peg Woffington*, however, to her Scottish sister. The artist has no difficulty here with his tools, and is at liberty to put all his strength upon his subject; and he has produced a very animated, bright, good picture—though here again, strangely enough, it is the women of the book who are worth anything. The hero is of the poorest class of heroes, more like the pet rascal of some misanthropical lady novelist than the production of a man.

We dare not venture to touch upon the voluminous glories of Mr. G. P. R. James, nor the horrors of Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, nor those dreadful perfect little girls who come over from the other side of the Atlantic to do good to the Britishers, like the heroines of *Queechy* and the *Wide Wide World;* and there are a host of nameless novelists of our own country, all worthy commendation in their way, whom Maga, did she give all her space for the purpose, could scarcely enclose—so great a crowd are they—in her Temple of Fame. There are many who, deserting the dangerous paths of terror and mystery, are content to

paint in good Dutch colours the quiet life and quiet homes which they see every day. There are not a few photographists who put down everything, attractive and repulsive alike, with a minute fidelity which is remarkable; and there is a very good flying squadron of merely pleasant story-tellers, who do us service unobtrusively, without a great deal of either thanks or reward. Of the Dutch painting we have many considerable professors. In a book lately published, *Matthew Paxton*, we find a very curious daguerreotype of a peculiar phase of manners; and there is excellent story-telling in Major Hamley's *Lady Lee*, with its three capital heroines; but this has graced the columns of Maga too recently to gain longer comment at our hands; for when could our modesty pause if we dwelt upon the novelists of Maga?

One would suppose that the mass of novel-readers must have greatly increased in these days; but no novel exercises such a universal fascination as fell to the lot of those wonderful books which came to the eager public out of a mysterious cloud, when the author of *Waverley* was the Great Unknown. And to think of little imposing Miss Burney, and Burke sitting up all night with *Evelina!* Those were the days! Who would not have been the happy instrument of cheating Edmund Burke out of a night's rest?

Since writing the above, we have heard of an event which will give to some of its comments an air of harsh and untimely criticism. The author of *Jane Eyre*, the most distinguished female writer of her time, has ended her labours, and exchanged these fretting shows of things for the realities which last for ever. To associate bodily weakness or waning life with the name of this remarkable woman, did not occur to us; nor can we think of cancelling now what we have said; but we repeat again over her grave, the great admiration with which we have always regarded her wonderful powers. No one in her time has grasped with such extraordinary force the scenes and circumstances through which her story moved; no one has thrown as strong an individual life into place and locality. Her passionate and fearless nature, her wild, warm heart, are transfused into the magic world she has created—a world which no one can enter without yielding to the irresistible fascination of her personal influence. Perhaps no other writer of her time has impressed her mark so clearly on contemporary literature, or drawn so many followers into her own peculiar path; and she leaves no one behind worthy to take the pre-eminent and leading place of the author of *Jane Eyre*.

NOTES ON CANADA AND THE NORTH-WEST STATES OF AMERICA.

PART II.

It was upon a lovely morning of last July that "two strangers might have been observed" perambulating the little pier that juts into the lake upon the shores of which the picturesque backwood village of Orilla is situated. From the impatient manner in which they every now and then stopped, in the course of their short walk, to cast anxious glances across the lake, it was evident that they were eagerly anticipating an arrival from the opposite shore, about five miles distant; while a little pile of luggage upon the pier-steps was a fair warrant for supposing that they were prepared to quit the village aforesaid, and were only waiting for the means of doing so. At last two black specks became visible, rounding the point of a low wooded island; and these, as they approached gradually, assumed the shape of birch-bark canoes, each containing two Indians. Meanwhile a third person joined the other two; and as it is to be hoped that the reader will accompany the trio upon the fishing expedition they were about to undertake down the river Severn, I will introduce him to my two friends, Captains A. and B., leaving it to his imagination to supply the third individual with any initial he pleases.

The Severn is a fine river, which flows through a district in Upper Canada entirely uncleared as yet. It falls, after a course of fifty or sixty miles, into Georgian Bay, connecting Lakes Couchiching and Simcoe with that arm of Lake Huron. On account, however, of its numerous falls and rapids, it is only navigable for bark canoes; and, except upon fishing expeditions, such as ours, it is rarely traversed even by them. In our eyes, its solitary character and the romantic scenery on its banks were its principal attractions. Having reduced our luggage to the smallest possible dimensions, and put our fishing-tackle into good order, it only remained for us to make ourselves comfortable by spreading a quantity of plucked fern and juniper branches at the bottom of our canoes. B. and I reclined sumptuously in one, with about as much accommodation as a ship's hammock would afford to two moderately stout individuals. However, as we were less likely to upset by being so closely jammed together that we could scarcely move, we became reconciled to our position between Bonaquum ("Thunderbolt"), who knelt at the bows and paddled, and his brother Kabeshquum ("Triumphant"), who steered. The other canoe contained Captain A.—whose experience in such expeditions and knowledge of the Indian character and language were most valuable—and Babehwum ("Snow-storm"), whose son, as an exemplification of the effect of civilisation over the elements, called himself simply John Storm. As the wind was fair, we rigged our blankets upon sticks cut for the purpose; and, with all sail set, we glided rapidly on, sometimes threading our way through narrow channels, past low wooded islands, until in about two hours we found ourselves upon the green waters of the Severn.

Lake Simcoe is the highest of the Canadian lakes, having an elevation of seven hundred feet above the level of the sea. The scenery at the point of *debouchure* was very beautiful. Masses of richly variegated foliage clothed the banks, and bent over until the river rippled among the leaves. Often dark shadows reached across it, or were chequered by sunbeams glancing through the branches upon the clear and singularly light-coloured water. As we proceeded, we exchanged for the calm surface of the lake, and the islands which seemed to rest on its bosom, rock and rapid, until at last the torrent became too tumultuous for our frail canoes. Meantime we had not been engaged only in enjoying the beauties of nature, we had adopted the usual mode of trolling in this part of the world with copper spoons, which, twisting rapidly through the water, formed a bright and attractive bait; so that, upon arriving at the first portage, we congratulated ourselves upon the prospect of lunching off half-a-dozen black bass, weighing from two to five pounds each; while the Indians were

engaged, under the able superintendence of Captain A., in culinary operations.

B. and I appropriated one of the empty canoes, and explored a deep bend in the river, in which we discovered a tempting rapid, and we took advantage of its seclusion to make the experiment of shooting the canoe down the foaming waters; the excitement which in all cases attends this proceeding being materially enhanced by the circumstance that we were novices in the art, and, having been expressly warned of its difficulty, felt our honour involved in the success of the enterprise.

There are few occasions where coolness and presence of mind are more necessary than in steering a canoe amid hidden rocks, while it is whirled towards them with inconceivable velocity by the impetuous current. There is no hope left of regaining the bank, no possibility of turning the canoe, no alternative remaining but to keep her head straight at it and trust to Providence, a strong arm, and a steady eye, to float you at last safely upon the calm waters beyond. We placed ourselves, one at the bows and the other at the stern; and as the canoe rocked violently about, and the white waves dashed into her, we found it so difficult to maintain our equilibrium that it was impossible to keep our attention fixed upon the important duty of steering; and, indeed, as we were hurried and tossed along, the disagreeable conviction soon forced itself upon us, that we exercised very little influence over our own fate. However, it seemed inclined to favour us upon this occasion, in spite of our having so rashly tempted it; and we were just beginning to breathe again when we struck upon a projecting ledge of rock, with a crash that nearly jerked us out of the canoe. Swinging round stern foremost, she dropped into the deep water, and began to fill rapidly through a gaping rent in her bows. Fortunately we were close to the bank, and a few vigorous strokes of the paddle brought us to shore without further damage to ourselves than being wet through; and, leaving our shattered bark high and dry, we returned with doleful and penitent countenances to our Indians to inform them of the results of our rashness, and to grumble over the delay it was likely to occasion. However, it was some satisfaction to hear that the rapid was one which the Indians themselves never attempted; and if any further consolation was needed, we found it in some excellent fried bass.

When we had dried our clothes and chosen a grassy sward, under the shade of a wide-spreading beech, upon which we could luxuriously recline, and, exhaling fragrant tobacco, gaze listlessly upon the lovely scene, we sank into the full enjoyment of that sensation which those who have lived much in the East are more thoroughly able to appreciate, and which is so well expressed there by the single word "Kief."

Meantime the Indians were actively employed patching up the canoe with strips of birch bark, which they ripped for that purpose off the trees, sewing them firmly across the rent, and then gumming all tight in a most scientific and waterproof manner. When the process was finished, the Indians carried the empty canoes across the rocky portage—fortunately a short one of about three hundred yards—while we followed with the luggage and comestibles.

The sun was sinking behind the tops of the highest trees when we were again afloat, and, as evening closed in, the effects were often very beautiful. Our good-humour was, moreover, thoroughly restored by great success with our copper spoons; and it was with some regret that, after making about ten miles more, we found it was time to think of camping for the night.

There is always plenty of employment for everybody on these occasions. Some make the fire and collect wood; others clear away the underwood, and spread fern and leafy branches to serve as a bed; others cut tent-poles, and the rest bring up the contents of the canoes. B. and I used to consider it a duty to plunge into the river morning and evening, besides indulging in an occasional swim throughout the day, when a hot sun and a clear deep pool formed an irresistible combination.

In less than an hour the bath is over, and we are dressed for dinner in the flannel costume in which we pass the night. The various components of that meal are hissing and bubbling, and manifesting other signs of impatience to be taken off the fire; the tent is pitched in the levellest place, which is abundantly strewed with leaves; and all that we possess with us is scattered about in grotesque confusion. Wet clothes are hung on branches above the fire to dry; and, with our legs tucked under us, and our plates in our laps, we look complacently round, and consider ourselves the most enviable of mortals.

The Indians had drawn up the canoes and tilted them on their sides, and, spreading a tarpaulin over all, they managed thus to hut themselves very comfortably. Dinner finished, we became excessively social and joky over large tin pannikins full of strong green tea. The Captain and Bonaquum were evidently the wits of the party, and I have no doubt made excellent puns in Chippeway, as their conversation created great merriment, in which, of course, we both joined, upon the principle recognised in civilised society, of seeming to enjoy a joke whether you take it or not. Meantime I amused myself sketching the group. B., who always became highly sentimental and poetic under the influence of the potent beverage he was imbibing, lapsed gradually into a dreamy semi-conscious state, from which, to the astonishment of everybody, he suddenly awoke, and expressed his sentiments upon the proceedings of the day in the following glowing stanza :—

Now the light bark o'er pool and rapid shoots,
Now glances where the angry waters boil,
'Neath tall old trees, whose giant gnarled roots
Eat deep into the soft alluvial soil.
Now over rocky portage paths we toil,
Our freight in some still lake to launch again;
And as we go, the sombre forest aisle
Re-echoes back a plaintive Indian strain—
Some wild old legend of this lovely land,
Ere yet 'twas wrested from the red man's hand.

The only part of this effusion which was altogether a poetical license was about the wild old legend, which we had certainly not been favoured with. However, it suggested the idea; and Kabeshquum, who was reputed the musical genius of the party, was forthwith called upon for "a plaintive Indian strain." After a little modest coyness, and having secured a second from Bonaquum, and a chorus from the rest of the party, he lifted up his clear sweet voice, slightly tremulous from previous potations, and, with a comical accent, he informed the amazed company that he was about

"To hang his harp on a willow tree,
And off to the wars again."

It would have been impossible for Kabeshquum to have given a more sudden and violent shock to B.'s whole sentimental system, than when he expressed his regret in the words of that tender ditty—

"That he had not loved with a boyish love."

The whole effect was so exquisitely ludicrous, and, at the same time, so significant of the change which had passed over the land and its original inhabitants since it "had been wrested from the red man's hand," that I could not resist giving B.'s poem a termination which should accord more nearly with our experience of their actual condition as contrasted with that of a former period :—

Then painted warriors the forest ranged,
Then smoked in council calumets of peace;
But now they till the land, and have exchanged,
For peaceful calumets, a clay a-piece.
The shooting-coat conceals the coat of grease;
They torture nobody but their papooses;
They tread no war-path, live at home at ease;
Instead of taking scalps, give bloody noses;
Get no good from Palefaces, but much evil;
And float on streams of brandy to the devil.

It was indeed enough to look at our companions, to be disenchanted of all those associations which in moments of romantic credulity we had attached to Red Indians, from the novels of Washington Irving or Cooper. It was difficult to recognise an "Uncas" in the mild besotted features and homely Saxon costume of John Storm, who, having been very well educated, having lived in the immediate neighbourhood of a large town, spoke English perfectly, and embellished it with sundry genuine

Yankee expressions, which he delivered with a strong nasal twang. He wore an old shooting-coat, a red flannel shirt, canvass trousers, and a straw hat. He had a light copper complexion; a flat, ugly face, and powerful limbs. He was extremely talkative, and utterly destitute of that grace and dignity which, as a warrior of the "Bear Band," it was to be expected that he should possess. As is the custom with Indian warriors, however, he narrated his deeds of valour in fight; which, out of respect for the ashes of his great ancestor, Nainegeshkung, I shall retail in the hyperbolical language which would have been used by that celebrated chief himself, side by side with the actual expressions of his descendant, so that the white men may perceive the effect of civilisation upon the young men of his once powerful tribe:—

AN INDIAN WARRIOR'S STORY AS HE TOLD IT.

Me and Bonaquum was a-loafing about the bar of a tavern at Kingston one day, when in comes one of them Mohawk critturs, and we got to liquoring up one another, and come pretty friendly (pointing to his grog with his short pipe). Bonaquum said to the Mohawk if he minded of the old fights of our forefathers, and took to scaling him about it, and said in those days we could fight considerable well, and was allers more than a match for them varmin; and he stood up for it that we was the most gwine a-head roudy set of chaps yet; and one way and another got to rilin' of him so smart, that he squared up and asked Bonaquum if he was a man, and he said yes; so he told him to come on, and began to rip and snort so trejmenjus, that Bonaquum thought tarnation, and said he didnt believe in fighting, and wasn't a-gwine to. But I looked pretty ugly, and said I would give him a turn with fists if he would come on, and we went at it regular rough and tumble, you never seen the like. At last I takes him fair between the eyes, and blinded him amost; and afore he knew where he was, I punches him in the wind, and that settles him, and we went home pretty spry, I guess. The boys took the change out of Bonaquum, though he was afraid to show his nose in the village for a week and more. But them Mohawks are on sartin devils—that's fact.

AN INDIAN WARRIOR'S STORY AS IT OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN TOLD.

The Chippeway met the Mohawk in the lodge of the Palefaces, and the young warrior Bonaquum, standing proudly erect with conscious dignity, pointed to the sky and said, "Many suns have passed, and many warriors have lived and died, since my fathers led their people to the battle. Then the red men brightened their tomahawks, and sharpened their scalping knives against each other; but the hearts of the Mohawks were like water; their men were squaws, and their women owls; and now, though the Palefaces are thicker than swallows in summer, the race of the Chippeway upholds the earth: it is the grandfather of nations." The Mohawk uttered an expressive *ugh*. "The Chippeway is a dog. His tongue is loud in the village, but in battle it is still. His enemy knows the shape of his back, but not the colour of his eyes. The Mohawk will show that he has spoken the truth; let the Chippeway prove that he lies." And the warrior flung his arm wildly over his head, as his boson heaved and his eyes flashed fire. But the Chippeway remained unmoved. Silently puffing forth a cloud of fragrant kinnick-kinnick, he cast a contemptuous and withering glance at the Mohawk. "The Chippeway is a trader. He lives with the Palefaces. He drinks fire-water, and enjoys his squaws. He wears no longer the scalp-lock of the savage. Let the sanguinary Mohawk sharpen his tomahawk for barbarians, and retire to the prairies of the buffalo." Then the son of Babehwum, whom the Palefaces called John Storm, stepped loftily forward, and, lifting his voice to a pitch of terrific energy, exclaimed—"A warrior of the band of the Bear cannot listen longer to the yelp of a Mohawk hound. The blood of the bear has been in many chiefs, and what shall be said to the old men of the tribe if we bear this? The women will point their fingers at us. There is a dark spot on the names of the Chippeways, and it must be hid in blood." His voice was no longer audible in the

burst of rage; and rushing furiously upon the Mohawk, he hurled him to the ground, which was deluged in blood. There was rejoicing that night in the lodge of Babehwum, and his squaws sang songs of triumph; but as for the caitif Bonaquum, his name is never mentioned by the young men—it is already forgotten.

We were up before daylight on the following morning, and, after a good fish breakfast, were again on our way. I had scarcely thrown in my trolling-line, when it was nearly jerked out of my hand by a most unexpected and violent tug. A bark canoe is not the most convenient place from which to play a large fish; and in my inexperienced eagerness I hauled away pretty steadily, bringing to the surface with some difficulty a fine maskelonge, weighing at least twenty-five pounds. He came splashing and plunging up to the side of the canoe, and I had lifted him out of the water when the hook gave way, and I lost as fine a fish as I ever had at the end of a line. However, I was consoled soon after by taking some fine pickerel, weighing from five to eight pounds each; and before luncheon hooked another maskelonge, when B., profiting by experience, was ready with his gaff-hook, and jerked him most scientifically into the canoe, much to the delight of the Indians. Though not nearly so large as the first, he was a respectable fish, weighing about eighteen pounds. The scenery in the place was bold and rocky, the banks often lofty and precipitous, and the current always strong, with an occasional rapid. We lunched at a portage, which we were obliged to make in order to avoid the falls of the Severn, which are about twenty-five feet in height, and surrounded by fine scenery. There are rapids above and below the falls, so that the difference of level between the upper and lower banks of the portage is not less than fifty feet.

While the produce of our morning's industry were impaled upon sticks in various attitudes, or being otherwise scientifically treated in methods known to the Indians, I amused myself fishing for bass with a light trout-rod and a bait, having in vain thrown a fly in many tempting pools. I found pork most efficacious, if it was not very sportsmanlike, and in half an hour I had caught between thirty and forty pounds of bass, some of them so large as to give me some trouble with such light tackle. In the afternoon we landed on a rocky island famous for rattlesnakes, by way of varying the excitement. Though we beat about the bushes for some time, we were destined not to be gratified by hearing the warning rattle; and having killed five other snakes of various descriptions, we glided quietly on our way, without further incident beyond killing two more fine maskelonge and getting a shot at a wild duck. I was much disappointed with the great scarcity of all kinds of game upon the banks of the river, which, from their solitary character and the excellent cover they afford, in any other country would have been abundant. A thick mist, followed by a steady rain, induced us to think of camping early, and under the most dismal circumstances. The musquitoes literally hived upon us; and being wet through at any rate, we took to the river in despair, and sat up to our noses in water, thus exposing as little of our persons as possible to their depredations. Two or three large fires threw them off from the camp to some extent; and by eating our dinners in the midst of the smoke, we gained a little peace at the expense of a temporary loss of eyesight. To add to our miseries, the rain was incessant, and the ground, upon which we were obliged to stretch our already damp limbs, soaking. Even tobacco failed to reconcile one altogether to his lot. The Indians cowered wretchedly under the miserable shelter of the canoe, and we lay upon our backs and watched the rain trickle through the canvass of our tent, and tried in vain not to lie in the puddles it formed. However, a considerable training to discomfort has rendered my powers of sleep proof against everything but absolute pain, and I was soon unconscious of existence; more fortunate

than my companion, who had remained awake to his miseries almost until morning, and then was disturbed by finding that an enormous toad had taken up a permanent lodgment upon his forehead.

I was not tempted by *la douce chaleur de mon lit* to linger in it a moment longer than was necessary next morning, and daylight found us stimulating the circulation by vigorous strokes of the paddle as we rapidly pursued our voyage. We preferred breakfasting at a fashionable hour, instead of making that meal before starting, as upon the previous morning. We were somewhat disappointed in our sport. The tug of the maskelonge did not send its exciting thrill through one's veins. We caught quantities of voracious pike instead, which we threw back into the river, contenting ourselves with occasional bass and pickerel. Even these we were obliged to leave at the portages, taking over only sufficient for our next meal, and trusting to our good luck to catch enough for all succeeding ones. We passed some more falls, and through scenery of much the same character as on the preceding day. To judge from the appearance of the timber, the land did not seem to be of a fine quality. On account, however, of the magnificent water-power which the river affords, and the quantity of pine upon its banks, there is every probability that mills will be erected before long at every eligible site. There is a very thriving one already built near the mouth; and the construction of a railway to Penetanquishene, a town upon Georgian Bay, will help to open up this almost unexplored tract of country. The wood sawn at these mills is at present chiefly sent to places upon the American shore of Lake Huron. The towns, which are rapidly springing up both on the Canadian and American sides of this lake, are increasing the demand for lumber to a great extent. It is about six miles from the mouth of the Severn to Sturgeon Bay, a wretched place, consisting of a cabin, dignified with the name of an inn, which was kept by a slovenly Irish couple, who allowed us a few square feet of room in which to place our effects, with a considerable risk of their being stolen unless we mounted guard over them alternately. A number of those rough "loafers" who prowl about the outskirts of civilisation for the purpose of preying upon inexperienced settlers, filled the bar, and were anything but agreeable companions. Fortunately we had not long to wait before we were enabled to place our luggage in safety on board the steamboat, and then taxed our invention to discover some mode of amusing ourselves until the stages should arive from Orilla, which place, while it is sixty miles distant by the route we had traversed, may be reached in twenty by a cross country road. The steamer only touches here for the sake of passengers arriving by this road, as the country in the immediate neighbourhood wears a most desolate aspect, and is entirely uncleared.

The shores are low and marshy, the water shallow and muddy, so that, in order to get a comfortable bath, B. and T. took the canoe some distance from shore, and jumped out of her; but then, to our dismay, arose a difficulty which, from our inexperience of this sort of craft, we had never calculated upon. It is a very easy matter to jump out of a birch bark canoe, but it is a very different thing getting into her again. The slightest pressure from without tilts her right over; and, apart from the inconvenience which such a catastrophe must have entailed of depriving us of our clothes, we were so far from shore that the prospect of a voyage thither in an undressed condition, astride upon the bottom of a canoe, was anything but agreeable. In vain did we endeavour, one after the other, to slip nimbly in, first over the bows, then at the side, then at the stern; we only succeeded in letting enough water over the side to wet our clothes at the bottom, and we were beginning to swim round and round in despair, when we thought that a united effort might possibly be successful. Swimming to opposite sides of the canoe, we each carefully seized it at the same moment, and bringing first an arm, then a leg over, made the final spring. Alas! it was not simultaneous, and we fell sprawling back, just in time to save the canoe from upsetting altogether. It was evident, in order to get the other leg in, the utmost precision in our movements was

requisite, and it was therefore arranged that I should give the time—*one, two, three,* accordingly; and having arrived without difficulty at the same stage of affairs as before, we brought our chins over the gunwale, and I had got as far as *two*, when the intensely grave and anxious expression of B.'s countenance appearing above his naked leg and arm, the absurdity of his whole attitude, and the consciousness that my own corresponded exactly to it, presented to my imagination a tableau so exquisitely ludicrous, that, instead of uttering *three*, I rolled off the canoe in such a fit of laughter, that I was almost incapacitated from ever trying to get into it again, from the quantity of water I swallowed. By this time we had both become so exhausted, that it was no laughing matter, and I never felt more disposed to be serious in my life than when, once more in similar graceful attitude, I gave the word *three*. It was followed by a well-timed spring; and although the canoe was half full of water, we put on our dripping clothes with the greatest possible satisfaction.

Towards evening the stages arrived with a large and nondescript cargo of passengers—emigrants from Europe, speculators from the States, tourists from all parts of the world, rough backwoodsmen, and mysterious characters, journeying towards the limits of civilisation, for reasons best known to themselves. All joined in the scramble for the berths which lined the saloon of the steamer. Our early appearance had obtained for us the first choice; and having paid our late host his charge—or rather having charged ourselves a sum which seemed reasonable, as he was too drunk to be able to make a demand—we turned in. Drawing our curtains, we were only reminded of the presence of the slumbering population which surrounded us, by a chorus of snores, which soon lulled us into a like condition. To a person who has never made a voyage upon the American lakes in the steamboats which traverse them, the first effect is very singular. The whole passenger accommodation is upon deck. Sometimes there are cabins opening off the saloons; but in the boat we were in, the berths were screened off simply by curtains suspended to bars, which projected a little beyond the berth, so that there was just room enough allowed for the process of dressing. Few persons, however, thought it necessary to make use of these, and the great majority of toilets, therefore, took place in the saloon. Morning found us entering a large bay, with undulating, well-wooded shores. At the further end lay the prettily situated town of Penetanquishene, which, being interpreted into English, means "moving sand." It is now chiefly inhabited by pensioners, French Canadians, and half-breeds. The fort, about three miles distant, was formerly garrisoned, as its position is such as to cause it to be considered the key to Upper Canada. There is no country in the neighbourhood to render it a place of any mercantile importance; and although one of the oldest settlements in this part of Canada, other towns upon the same coast are destined soon to surpass it both in wealth and population. We did not stay long at Penetanquishene; though I should have been glad to linger awhile amid the lovely scenery which surrounds the town. Threading our way through narrow channels, we passed the Christian Island, now uninhabited, but so called, because 200 years ago the first missionaries established themselves there. Then crossing the extensive bay of Wottawasaga, at the head of which is situated the newly-formed town of Collingwood, we reached Owen Sound in the afternoon—a deep inlet, the natural advantages of which have given birth to Sydenham, a thriving place, containing 1500 inhabitants, and adjoining the Indian village of Nawash.

Nothing can exceed the avidity with which the land in the immediate neighbourhood is being taken up by settlers. I crossed over the narrow peninsula which divides Georgian Bay from Lake Huron, and on every side met with evidences of an enterprising and rapidly augmenting population. It was interesting to pass through this district in the very first stage of its development. The road had quite recently been opened. It was nothing more than a trace through the wood, of regulation width. Many of the fallen trees still lay rotting in the mud; or, in the form of huge charred logs, blocked up the way. Not a stump

day when they were brought from the studios of Raphael, Titian, Vandyck, Rembrandt, or Velasquez, and for which crowned heads were competitors. And not in vain, nor for the mere sake of private vanity, were such purchases made; since the introduction of these renowned works of art into this country, and the liberality with which they were displayed, has tended, on the one hand, to improve, elevate, and refine the general taste; while, on the other, it has furnished the practical students of art with the finest and most valuable models. For painting does not come by intuition — on the contrary, we know of no other art in which such severe, close, and unremitting study is requisite to insure perfection. We are aware that there is, at the present time, in certain quarters, a tendency to decry the study of models and of masterpieces, as an unnecessary and dangerous cramping of the natural powers. Not long ago, a young poet who had committed sundry intelligibilities to print, informed us in confidence that he had left off reading Shakespeare, as he feared that he might otherwise injure the originality of his style! We suspect that not a few young artists are partakers in this apprehension, and think that, by a study too minute and prolonged, their native gifts may be deteriorated. If so, it is a great pity that they do not apply themselves to the history of their own noble profession, as they might learn from it how much Raphael owed to Perugino, and Giulio Romano to Raphael. They might also become aware of the fact that Rubens, that wonderful and unrivalled colourist, studied under Otho Venius, until his master dismissed him because he could teach him nothing further; and that Vandyck served his apprenticeship to art under the eye of Rubens. In reading the lives of the illustrious painters, there are no features which strike us so forcibly as the extreme deference which they paid in early life to the precepts and opinions of men of established reputation—the eagerness with which they embraced every opportunity of studying, for their own direction, the great works of their predecessors—and the diligence and patience which they displayed in the course of their artistic education. They did not, like many moderns, seek to anticipate their time, or rush before the public as candidates for fame and favour, until they had well exercised themselves in the schools, until they had formed their theories of art from observation and comparison, and until they had attained that practical skill without which theories are worthless.

It is to the accumulation of works of art of undoubted excellence in this country, whether in private or in public galleries, that we must trace the impetus and encouragement which, of late years, have undoubtedly been given to design. It is no longer necessary for artist students, who often cannot command the means, to visit Italy, as Reynolds and Richard Wilson did, for the purposes of study. No doubt, that is still a pilgrimage of love which every one hopes to perform; and, indeed, we can hardly say that a painter's life has been complete, unless at one time or another he has entered the shrines, and stood entranced before the masterpieces of his art. But in this country, and accessible to all, there are now sufficient materials for instruction; and artists are now reaping the benefit of that expenditure which, in times past, was regarded as the evidence of an unnational taste.

Here we shall, no doubt, be met with the assertion that we are proceeding upon false premises, and that no such encouragement as we have assumed has as yet been given to artists. Instances may be cited, and with perfect truth, of men of real ability and talent who cannot, by the sale of their works, maintain themselves and their families, but who have daily to encounter those frightful embarrassments and demands which first check genius, and then destroy it altogether. We cannot deny that cases of this kind are by far too common; but let the complainers also reflect that there is no kind of profession or calling which a man can enter with an immunity from the chance of failure. Infinitely widened as the circle of readers has become, literature is still as precarious as ever. It has its prizes, and these are almost always fairly accorded; but it has its blanks also, and these, unfortu-

wife sat rocking a cradle near the fire, and whose cantankerous dog snarled at the unusual visitors. However, an old traveller makes himself at home anywhere, and never allows an enemy to remain one long. These rules are easy to follow in the backwoods, how difficult soever may be their application in more civilised life; and we all sat down to tea round a table of our host's own manufacture, in an easy, social way, and listened to the pelting rain as if there had never been a possibility of our being exposed to it during the whole night. When our kind entertainers found that I had but recently come from Scotland, and actually knew their former laird, their hospitality knew no bounds. Buttered toast immediately suggested itself to the fertile imagination of the good lady, as a worthy delicacy to so distinguished a personage. Her husband was positively cruel to the child if it dared to cry; the dog was summarily ejected, much to his astonishment; the cow was equally taken aback at being called upon for an unexpected supply of milk; all sorts of hidden dainties were produced from a large chest, which principally contained wearing apparel,—in fact, nothing was omitted to do us honour; and so confidential and comfortable did we become over our pipes, that it was late when we thought of going to bed. There was a little difficulty here, as the log-hut consisted of only one room, and boasted only one bed. It was useless our insisting upon being allowed to stretch ourselves upon the floor,—neither the gudeman nor the gudewife would hear of a gentleman that knew their laird sleeping on the floor, and they in the bed. Fortunately, there was a sort of half loft filled with potatoes, &c., and approached by a ladder, and up this the worthy couple clambered, hauling up baby, cradle, and all, in spite of our remonstrances; though, perhaps, as the baby was of very tender years, or rather months, we were undertaking a responsibility for which we were scarcely qualified, in begging that it might be left below.

We were on horseback again soon after daylight, and, in spite of the remonstrances of our kind hosts, bade adieu to them during a pitiless storm, which drenched us through long before we arrived at the remote settlement of Saugeen, which was for the present our destination. The town only contains a few hundred inhabitants, and is quite in its infancy. It is situated at the mouth of a river of the same name, and derives its advantage of position from the harbour which is thus afforded upon a coast where harbours of any sort are scarce. Its value in this respect is materially reduced, from the difficulty of running into the river, and the shallowness of the water over the bar. It is, however, susceptible of improvement, and the rapid increase of population in the neighbourhood will insure this.

There is scarcely an acre of government land left throughout the counties of Grey and Bruce, in which the towns of Sydenham and Saugeen are situated; and we found the bars at the road-side taverns filled with squatters or speculators, inveighing loudly against the alleged dishonesty of the government land-agents, organised into gangs, bound upon the charitable mission of forcibly ejecting peaceable unprotected settlers, and appropriating their premises. All sorts of chiselling goes forward upon these occasions; and there is plenty of scope for it, according to the present system pursued by government. The most satisfactory way to all parties is to allow them to buy their land by auction, and not to acquire it by establishing pre-emptive claims to it by previous squatting. Almost the whole of the peninsula to the north of Saugeen, containing about 500,000 acres, has recently been surrendered by the Indians resident at Saugeen and Owen Sound to the Crown for sale; and it is of such a quality as to insure the speedy occupation of the whole tract. Considerable rivalry exists between the towns of Saugeen, Sydenham, and Collingwood, since the prosperity of each is in some degree contingent upon its becoming the principal emporium of the traffic to and from Lake Superior and the North-west. A railway is already finished from Toronto to Collingwood; but the soil of the adjoining country is not nearly equal to that of the neighbourhood of the other towns, while it is questionable whether, in spite of the efforts that are being made

day when they were brought from the studios of Raphael, Titian, Vandyck, Rembrandt, or Velasquez, and for which crowned heads were competitors. And not in vain, nor for the mere sake of private vanity, were such purchases made; since the introduction of these renowned works of art into this country, and the liberality with which they were displayed, has tended, on the one hand, to improve, elevate, and refine the general taste; while, on the other, it has furnished the practical students of art with the finest and most valuable models. For painting does not come by intuition — on the contrary, we know of no other art in which such severe, close, and unremitting study is requisite to insure perfection. We are aware that there is, at the present time, in certain quarters, a tendency to decry the study of models and of masterpieces, as an unnecessary and dangerous cramping of the natural powers. Not long ago, a young poet who had committed sundry intelligibilities to print, informed us in confidence that he had left off reading Shakespeare, as he feared that he might otherwise injure the originality of his style! We suspect that not a few young artists are partakers in this apprehension, and think that, by a study too minute and prolonged, their native gifts may be deteriorated. If so, it is a great pity that they do not apply themselves to the history of their own noble profession, as they might learn from it how much Raphael owed to Perugino, and Giulio Romano to Raphael. They might also become aware of the fact that Rubens, that wonderful and unrivalled colourist, studied under Otho Venius, until his master dismissed him because he could teach him nothing further; and that Vandyck served his apprenticeship to art under the eye of Rubens. In reading the lives of the illustrious painters, there are no features which strike us so forcibly as the extreme deference which they paid in early life to the precepts and opinions of men of established reputation—the eagerness with which they embraced every opportunity of studying, for their own direction, the great works of their predecessors—and the diligence and patience which they displayed in the course of their artistic education. They did not, like many moderns, seek to anticipate their time, or rush before the public as candidates for fame and favour, until they had well exercised themselves in the schools, until they had formed their theories of art from observation and comparison, and until they had attained that practical skill without which theories are worthless.

It is to the accumulation of works of art of undoubted excellence in this country, whether in private or in public galleries, that we must trace the impetus and encouragement which, of late years, have undoubtedly been given to design. It is no longer necessary for artist students, who often cannot command the means, to visit Italy, as Reynolds and Richard Wilson did, for the purposes of study. No doubt, that is still a pilgrimage of love which every one hopes to perform; and, indeed, we can hardly say that a painter's life has been complete, unless at one time or another he has entered the shrines, and stood entranced before the masterpieces of his art. But in this country, and accessible to all, there are now sufficient materials for instruction; and artists are now reaping the benefit of that expenditure which, in times past, was regarded as the evidence of an unnational taste.

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man or beast which the place afforded. The lateness of the hour, however, did not admit of any very lengthened stay with our good-natured entertainers. They directed us to follow the blaze until we reached the trail, and we started again with some hopes of reaching our journey's end. Nobody, however, who has had much experience of back-woods, ever thinks of hallooing until he is out of them; and as the night drew on, there did not seem any immediate prospect of our having thus to exert our lungs. It soon got so dark that we were obliged to feel for the blaze, and there is a hopelessness attending this operation which induces one very soon to give it up. We were just beginning to feel anxiously in our pockets for matches, in anticipation of camping it out, when one of our party joyfully announced that he had struck the trail, and we soon after came upon all the Indians resting themselves at a log bridge. It was now pitch dark. For hours we plodded on. After this, our horses were so done up that we were obliged to lead them. Sometimes the mud and water reached to our waists, and we narrowly escaped being bogged. It was with intense delight that, at about ten o'clock at night, we saw the lights of Sydenham, having scarcely tasted anything since the morning. We were thoroughly exhausted by our day's work. For a week past I had undergone considerable fatigue; and it was but a melancholy satisfaction to find that I stood it better than my horse; the poor beast could scarcely stagger into his stable, and died there from his exertions a day or two afterwards. A great proportion of the population of Sydenham seemed composed of land-hunters. Parties were continually exploring the neighbourhood; some returning after an unsuccessful search; some, having hit upon a location, and made a beginning, came into town for supplies, leaving it again immediately for their shanties in the woods, fearing lest they should find them appropriated on their return if they remained too long absent; others there were who had long since passed through this stage of squatting, and, secure in their possession of a well-stocked thriving farm, or prosperous saw-mills, had come to spend their hard-gotten earnings sociably, by lounging for a week at tavern-bars, where they discoursed upon their prospects, congratulated one another upon towns which were springing up upon their respective farm-lots, and searched old novels, or taxed their powers of invention for "neat and appropriate" names to bestow upon these embryo cities.

Steaming out of Owen Sound, we found ourselves once more in Georgian Bay, and the following day entered a deep harbour, at the further end of which was situated the Indian village of Manitowaning. All the islands in Georgian Bay, which Captain Bayfield, who surveyed them, numbers at 2700, belong to the Indians. Of these the most important is Manitoulin, which is more than 100 miles in length, and is said to be the largest fresh-water island in the world. It contains a population of about 2000 inhabitants; the principal settlement in it is Manitowaning. At the period of our visit, it was also the resort of some thousands of Indians from all parts of Canada, and even some from the Hudson's Bay territory, who flock hither to receive the supply of presents annually granted to them by Government. An admirable opportunity was thus afforded of seeing these people in a somewhat more unsophisticated condition than was our friend John Storm and his companions. In their wildest and most savage, and therefore, in some respects, in their most interesting state, however, they were miserable, poverty-stricken creatures, wretchedly clad in rags and skins; as they crawled in and out of their birch-bark wigwams, looking as lean and mangy as the curs that shared with them their grilled fish-heads, which seemed to form the staple of their food. Both men and women had that peculiar besotted look, which is an invariable characteristic of the Mongolian type of countenance; indeed, it is an interesting physiological fact, that people with very long straight black hair, long half-closed eyes, flat noses, and high cheek-bones, never look respectable. I put my head into some of their dwellings, but was nearly choked with smoke and stench. Sometimes these wigwams are very close together, the interme-

diate space being filled up with stinking fish, snarling curs, and papooses—*Anglicè* infants—lashed to flat boards, and strewn about promiscuously with the other rubbish. The poor little wretches looked contented enough. Probably the first lesson they learn in life is, that there is not the least use in squalling, and they thus early put a restraint upon their natural instincts, which may account for the taciturnity of the race. However that may be, as they were propped up in a slanting position against a canoe, or anything else that was convenient, and rolled their almost invisible eyes, they looked very much as if they were in training for mummies.

Some of the tribes that visit Manitowaning have, however, very good tents, and are comparatively well off, while the Indian residents at that station itself have been long subject to a civilising process. There are only a few acres of the island under cultivation. The schools are well attended, and the Church of England and Roman Catholic missionaries are active and energetic in their respective stations. The original intention of Sir Francis Head in collecting a number of Indians upon Manitoulin, was to carry out the view that he had formed with respect to the best mode of civilising them. It was thought this isolation, combined with proper treatment, would produce beneficial results, inasmuch as they would thus be removed from the evil influences which the white population has always exerted upon them, while they would have the advantage of education. The experiment has, however, not proved successful. The Indians, always apathetic, find themselves here without that stimulus to exertion which the proximity of an enterprising white population must create to a greater or less extent; and, completely shut out from the world, they acquire few new ideas, and vegetate, if not in a state of positive barbarism, at least of negative civilisation.

The great proportion, however, of those Indians who come annually to Manitoulin live entirely by hunting or fishing, and receive, in the shape of presents, blankets and other luxuries, which we are accustomed to think necessaries in civilised life. Government has recently determined upon discontinuing these yearly distributions; and it is possible that, having for so long felt the comfort of possessing them, some of the Indians may be stimulated into habits of industry by the desire to purchase them for themselves. There can be little doubt that one great cause of the rapid diminution of the race is to be found in their present mode of life, as compared to that which they led formerly. While they retain their old love for the chase, those who are well enough off indulge in all the comforts of civilised life. For a great part of the year they live in warm, comfortable houses, take little exercise, and are well clothed. During the hunting season, they lead the life and follow the habits of their forefathers; and having been enervated by ease and idleness, the hardships and exposure they are thus obliged to undergo, give rise to pulmonary and other complaints.

We touched at a spot called Petit Courant, on the same island, where it is divided from some other islands by a narrow channel. Here there is a small village inhabited by Indians, who gain their livelihood by supplying the steamers with wood. It was a lovely Sunday afternoon, and we landed with the missionary to attend a service which he held in one of their log-houses. The congregation consisted almost entirely of women, as the men were engaged loading the steamer. Some of these were nice-looking, but none really pretty. They nearly all had babies, whose incessant squalling spoiled the effect of their singing. The squaws almost invariably possess clear, melodious voices, and sing with great feeling. Indeed their demeanour throughout was most devout, and I have seldom been present at a more touching service than I witnessed in that log hut. It was perched upon a bank at least one hundred feet above the level of the lake, and I sat near the little window, which commanded an extensive and lovely prospect. The view was bounded by a range of blue hills, upwards of a thousand feet high, running along the shore of the mainland. The intervening channel was studded with numerous islands, some thickly

wooded; in others the scenery was park-like, and green meadows stretched to the water's edge. Sometimes clumps of trees tufted a long narrow promontory, or lined the shores of a deep bay, where the blue smoke curling above them, and the row of upturned canoes, are evidence that they conceal the conical bark wigwam of the Indian, on his way, perhaps, from some still more distant lake, to claim his share at the issue of presents; probably a wild untutored savage, who had never heard the sounds to which I was even then listening, who would wonder at the kneeling attitudes and earnest countenances of these few women of his own nation, and to whom the singularly musical words of his own language, so interesting to them, would be strange and unmeaning.

On the following morning we coasted along the shore of the mainland, and reached the Indian village of Chebonaning, composed of wigwams, and containing about four hundred inhabitants. It is situated upon a narrow channel, about a mile long, and scarcely two hundred yards in width, which divides a group of rocky and picturesque islands from the mainland, here rising to a height of about twelve hundred feet above the lake. As we entered this channel, with the Indian village in the foreground, the effect was very striking; and as we steamed away from it, it became a matter of much curiosity to me how we were ever to find our way out of these intricate waters.

Perhaps the most beautiful part of the whole voyage is among the islands of La Cloche; but the views are so varied and ever-changing, as we wind our way among them, that any attempt to describe them would be alike tedious and unsuccessful.

If people in England had any idea of the lovely scenery and delightful climate of the American lakes, they would not confine their yachting to European waters. There are two thousand miles of lake navigation, affording fishing and scenery unsurpassed by any in the world; while the numerous cities on the shores would serve as pleasant resting-places, from which excursions might be made into the interior in bark canoes, or shooting expeditions organised. Now that the canal at the Sault Ste. Marie is finished, which connects Lake Superior with Lakes Michigan and Huron, there is nothing to prevent a yacht sailing from Liverpool to Fond Du Lac, the last two thousand miles from the mouth of the St. Lawrence being entirely inland navigation. Lake Huron is so abundantly studded with islands that one might cruise in it for months and always find fresh points of interest, and sail through new channels, each more beautiful than the last; while the immense advantage of always being able to land in rough weather, is one which yachtsmen are for the most part not slow to avail themselves of.

The Bruce copper-mines are situated upon the northern shore of Lake Huron, about fifty miles from the Sault Ste. Marie. They were begun about six years ago, and the population, which consists entirely of miners, now amounts to about three hundred. We descended one of the shafts, which was about sixteen fathoms deep. The vein, which was then being worked, was rich, and the ore of good quality. The quartz is hauled up by horse-power; it is then broken, and submitted to the ziggers to be crushed. When it is reduced to sand and washed, it is packed in casks and sent to England to be smelted. Since this method was adopted, the mines have been worked more profitably than when the smelting took place on the spot. The shares are now at par, and are likely to rise. Opposite to the Bruce mines is the large island of St. Joseph, where the land is good. As yet, however, it is uninhabited, although it is available to settlers at a very low rate per acre. The islands after this begin to change their character, and, from being low and woody, become rocky and barren.

We steamed a little way up Garden river to a thriving Indian settlement, prettily situated at a little distance from a range of well-wooded hills, in which the stream takes its rise. It is only navigable for a few miles, and beyond this is celebrated for its trout-fishing, which I was strongly tempted to experimentalise upon, more particularly when I perceived from the mountainous char-

acter of the country, that its merits would be enhanced by fine scenery. However we were too anxious to go still farther west to linger on our journey, and after paying a visit to a celebrated Indian chief, who occupied a neat house in the village, we pursued our interesting voyage, in the course of which, for four hundred miles, we had been threading our way between islands, in a manner more agreeable, perhaps, to the passengers than to the captain, who, in spite of a long experience, was obliged to use the utmost caution amid such intricate navigation. Indeed, the strongest objection to the position of the ports of Collingwood and Sydenham arises from the difficulty of approaching them from Lake Superior, a difficulty which is considerably increased by the absence of lighthouses at the entrances of the various channels. The Americans are far before us in this respect. As we approached the Sault, we at once perceived, from the numerous lighthouses on the more prominent points, that we were in Yankee waters. The sun was shining brightly upon the broad bosom of the Ste. Marie, as, with spyglass in hand, I looked anxiously upon the emporium of commerce in these regions. The American town presents quite an imposing aspect. Substantial-looking houses line the water's edge; and as the site upon which the city is built is almost perfectly level, it has the appearance of indefinite extent. There were flags flying to denote hotels, and upon the only rising ground in the neighbourhood the stars and stripes were floating also to denote Yankee supremacy, for it was crowned by a neat whitewashed stockaded fort. Upon our side there was little to boast of. One of the Hudson's Bay Company forts stands *vis-à-vis* to the opposition establishments, and a large hotel and some straggling houses near it are the habitations of Her Majesty's subjects in these remote regions. They looked so cheerless that we determined to sacrifice our patriotism to our comfort; and though the steamer landed us on British ground, in half an hour afterwards we had crossed the river, and were craving admission at the door of the Chippeway House, a rambling wooden hotel, in which we hoped to find accommodation until an opportunity offered of enabling us to pursue our voyage to the western extremity of Lake Superior.

THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

We are becoming rather sick of the tirades which from time to time we encounter regarding the mechanical tendencies of the age in which we live. Young sons of genius, who have perpetrated bad novels and worse poems, declare that the public taste has become so degenerate that they cannot command an audience, which, they are modest enough to insinuate, would not have been the case had they been contemporaries of Scott and Byron. Play-wrights, who favour us with fustian in the shape of tragedy, or second-hand indecencies from Farquhar or Vanburgh by way of comedy, mourn over the decline of the drama, and aver that Shakespeare, had he lived in our days, would not have excited more attention than the estimable gentleman who vamps up the Crimean exploits for Astley's. Sculptors, who model colossal figures as bare as the palm of your hand, and adorned with hips and thighs that would have struck terror into the soul of Goliah, rail at the false delicacy which revolts from the exhibition of exaggerated nudity. Artists who disdain to paint upon a canvass short of some twenty feet, and who depict thereon spasmodic and distorted Anakim, curse the effeminacy and cruel parsimony of an age which refuses them an order, and contrast it with the era of the Medicis. Sum up and strike the average of their complaints, and you will find them resolved into a desperate denunciation of this hard, tasteless, uncongenial, base, money-getting age of ours, than which the world has never known a period more worthless and utterly to be despised.

Now, although we have never lent

our voice to join the jubilant shouts which arise from the frequenters of philosophical associations and mechanics' institutes, when some incorrigible prig rolls out his platitudes in glorification of "the march of progress"—deeming it the wiser course to be humble, and not to challenge, at least on the score of intellectual greatness, comparison with the times which have gone by—we must needs confess that we have no kind of sympathy whatever with the complaints to which we have just alluded. It is an utter figment, and a most gross delusion to suppose that there is any want of encouragement for talent—let alone genius—in the departments of literature or of art. A really good work of fiction will now, as ever, command an extensive sale; and we are not aware that either Bulwer, or Thackeray, or Dickens, is pining for want of readers. Whatever may be the case with poetasters, poets have nothing to complain of; indeed, minstrelsy seems now in higher favour than ever, except that the supply of good material is not adequate to the demand. If the drama has declined, and if the theatres are deserted, let the blame rest on the shoulders of the miserable Cockneys who have monopolised that species of composition. They have gone on from bad to worse—from pilfering French vaudevilles to the lowest style of burletta; propounding their own idiotical jokes as a substitute for wit, until they become nauseous even to a Whitechapel auditory—and then, forsooth, they must fall back upon the age of Charles the Second, exalt harlots into heroines, and lacquer licentiousness with false sentiment, just as a Wapping confectioner plasters his unwholesome gingerbread with deleterious sugar. We need not refer more particularly to the decay of histrionic power, further than to remark that it is not surprising if there should be few first-rate actors and not one perfect *corps dramatique* in the United Kingdom, in an age when we cannot point to the production of a single tragedy or comedy worthy to be placed alongside of the masterpieces of the Elizabethan era. We are, in respect of the drama, a Shakesperean people—as much at least as the Romans were a "populus Ennianus;" and though we do not expect from modern dramatists that they shall rival the sweet singer of Avon, we cannot accept their garbage and gintwist in lieu of ambrosia and nectar.

Then, as to the artists—we mean those of the dissatisfied and discontented class—we would ask them to listen to reason, were reason accessible to their souls. We would say to the sculptors—Why, in the name of all that is preposterous, should you mould statues of some twenty feet high, and expose them, without a stitch of covering, to the nipping northern blasts? Nymphs and fawns of proper proportion look well, we grant you, in an Italian garden, when half-veiled by the flowering orange-trees, to whose dark foliage the white of the marble affords a refreshing contrast in the season of the summer heat; but is that any reason why you should wish to set up a huge naked colossus in a country where the sun can exercise but little practical power for half the year, and where, for the other six months, the mere sight of an undraped statue makes a man's teeth chatter in his head, from simple sympathetic association? Barry Cornwall wrote an absurd poem on the subject of a Provençal girl who fell in love with the Apollo Belvidere: if one of our young lunatics were to be possessed with a similar craze for a naked Venus, exhibited in some highway or market-place, the least he could do, in the snowy month of December, would be to divest himself of his pea-coat, and to hang the same round the limbs of the Cyprian goddess. Our objections, however, go a great deal further. The Greeks, and the Romans also, were accustomed, from the system of their public games and gladiatorial shows, and from the necessity of their climate, to view the naked human figure, and of course became critical thereon. We have not that advantage, except during the bathing-season, when any individual who is too curious with his telescope, runs an imminent risk of being kicked on the breech for his pains. So little do we relish exhibitions of that sort, that the acrobats, who sometimes appear in the streets more than half undressed, are objects of universal disgust; and it says a great deal for

modern liberality—though we are not sure that modern liberality is right—that the police do not take cognisance of these offensive satyrs. The loathsomeness of the exhibition is probably its best antidote; for, so far as we have seen, no other street-show is rewarded by so parsimonious a contribution of copper.

Let the dilettanti jabber as they please, we maintain that the public taste and proper feeling of the nation are opposed to the production and parade of naked figures. We object very decidedly to *poses plastiques*, whether they are exhibited in marble, stucco, or real life; and it does strike us as incongruous that footmen should be expected to wear liveries in houses where statues of unclad heathen are exposed on the vestibule. In saying this, we by no means intend to recommend that Messrs. Moses and Son should be employed to clothe the Apollo Belvidere. We admire, as zealously as any can do, the masterpieces of ancient art, but we do not want to be deluged with inferior modern imitations. That, however, is matter for the consideration of the sculptors themselves. If they are determined to dispense with drapery, they are at perfect liberty to do so, only do not let them blame the public if they meet with but little encouragement. Sculpture may never be in this country a highly remunerative walk of art, or at least one in which many competitors can thrive; for its higher products are very costly, and beyond the reach of men of moderate income. Still it is receiving encouragement. In almost every town of any importance we meet with statues of eminent public characters; and of late years the demand for those has prodigiously increased. So with busts, which, like portraits, have greatly multiplied, to the pecuniary advantage of the sculptors. Of course, if men despise those branches of their profession which alone are lucrative, and addict themselves entirely to the production of what they call works of "high art," which find no favour in the eyes of the public, they must expect disappointment, and they need not look for sympathy. It may be very pretty and inspiring pastime to model from the figure of a prize-fighter or a life-guardsman, and to call the product "Achilles defying Apollo," or "Ajax defying the Lightning," or "Hector defying the Greeks;" but what is the practical result? Out of a thousand such efforts—some of them doubtless of considerable merit—we venture to say that not more than one will be embodied in marble, simply because people have neither the money nor the inclination to purchase such works; and because, if purchased, they are wholly unsuited to our domestic architecture and arrangements.

In like manner, painters who despise moderate compass, and require an enormous breadth of canvass for the development of their ideas, have no just reason to be angry if they do not receive that encouragement which their genius possibly may deserve. Of this Haydon was a remarkable instance. He could not complain of want of notoriety, for the name of no other painter of his day was so much in the mouth of the public. But he framed his pictures on such a scale that nobody could buy them; and before he could be made sensible of his mistake, he was plunged in irretrievable embarrassment, and his right hand had lost its cunning. Some painters indulge in crotchets either of drawing or colour, and, being unfortunate enough to attract around them a small clique of silly persons who mistake eccentricity for talent, they become obstinately wedded to their theories, and will not consent to a divorce, even in spite of the baleful experience of years. It is an undoubted fact that artists, taken as a class, are of all men the least liable to be improved by, though remarkably sensitive to, criticism. Possibly they think that they are much better judges of what is good or bad than are their critics, the great majority of whom have never handled a brush; and in this opinion we doubt not that they are joined by various versifiers, who protest against any censure that does not emanate from one of their craft. What kind of criticism would they have? If one artist were deliberately to sit down, and, with the best, fairest, and kindest intentions, to criticise the works of his living brethren, he would, with a vengeance, bring a nest of hornets about his ears.

The object of his expressed raptures would accuse him of coldness, of indifference, or of having purposely omitted mention of some peculiar excellence upon which the said object especially piques himself. Artists and authors are more insatiable than the daughters of the horse-leech. However much you may stretch your conscience to give them praise, they still clamour for more, and complain that they are defrauded of their due. On the other hand, if the criticising artist were to venture, however mildly or delicately, to hint at a fault or to suggest an improvement, he would be immediately denounced as a monster of envy and jealousy, whose sole desire was to advance himself by degrading the reputation of others. For our part, we have a profound respect for the value of popular criticism, regarding it, when fairly given, as the criterion of public taste. No doubt there may be differences of opinion, just as there are in juries; but against public opinion, when manifested by a decided majority, neither authors nor artists are safe to strive. Circumstances may undoubtedly occur to prevent a candidate for public favour from coming prominently forward until the better part of his life has been expended, and, in some such instances, the favourable posthumous verdict has been assumed, most improperly, as an admission of the public indifference or neglect. The poor public! it is always blamed as the slayer or starver of genius. But why should it be blamed, unless it can be shown that each case has been fairly brought before it? We believe that the public is both prompt and generous in its appreciation of talent; and, if it errs at all, the error is on the side of over-appreciation. But when the works of any man, literary or artistic, have been brought prominently for years before the notice of the public, and have failed to command attention, or have attracted attention only to be condemned, it does seem to us the height of impertinence and conceit to maintain that the fault lies with the public, and not with the exhibitioner. Is the public an exclusive body? Does it not consist of men of all classes, occupations, degrees of education, and intellect? And are we to be told that the general average criticism or judgment of these is less valuable and more likely to be unsound than the opinion which each artist or author entertains of his own productions? Fudge! But for conceit of this kind we fear there is no purgative drug. The real martyrs of genius are few; the great majority immolate themselves; and however much we may deplore their fate, we cannot consent to add the responsibility to the burden which that long-enduring Issacher, the public, is expected to bear.

In fact, these are most hopeful times for the artists, who are, beyond all others, the most dependent upon the progressive civilisation of the age. The great increase of commercial and manufacturing wealth has brought into the market a new class of purchasers—men who are not imbued with the pernicious idea that everything which is modern must needs be of an inferior quality—who buy pictures, not because they are old, or because they are said, often most falsely, to be the productions of eminent Italian or Flemish masters, but on account of the pleasure which they derive from the contemplation of the works themselves. It is to the increase of wealth, and to the development of a liberal spirit, in the best sense of the term, among the middle classes of this country, that the artists must attribute their present increased prosperity. How often, in reading memoirs and biographies of artists published more than twenty or thirty years ago, do we meet with complaints, sometimes loud, sometimes covert, but always bitter, of the apathy manifested by the nobility and great merchants towards the fostering and encouragment of a British school of painters! The expression of such feelings, engendered by neglect, was quite natural; but the censure was not altogether deserved. Those whose fortunes enabled them to attempt the forming of such a collection as could be termed a gallery of art, were ever on the watch for the acquisition of works of undoubted merit and celebrity. Their agents purchased for them at Continental sales, often for extravagant prices, pictures which had been hereditary heirlooms since the

day when they were brought from the studios of Raphael, Titian, Vandyck, Rembrandt, or Velasquez, and for which crowned heads were competitors. And not in vain, nor for the mere sake of private vanity, were such purchases made; since the introduction of these renowned works of art into this country, and the liberality with which they were displayed, has tended, on the one hand, to improve, elevate, and refine the general taste; while, on the other, it has furnished the practical students of art with the finest and most valuable models. For painting does not come by intuition — on the contrary, we know of no other art in which such severe, close, and unremitting study is requisite to insure perfection. We are aware that there is, at the present time, in certain quarters, a tendency to decry the study of models and of masterpieces, as an unnecessary and dangerous cramping of the natural powers. Not long ago, a young poet who had committed sundry intelligibilities to print, informed us in confidence that he had left off reading Shakespeare, as he feared that he might otherwise injure the originality of his style! We suspect that not a few young artists are partakers in this apprehension, and think that, by a study too minute and prolonged, their native gifts may be deteriorated. If so, it is a great pity that they do not apply themselves to the history of their own noble profession, as they might learn from it how much Raphael owed to Perugino, and Giulio Romano to Raphael. They might also become aware of the fact that Rubens, that wonderful and unrivalled colourist, studied under Otho Venius, until his master dismissed him because he could teach him nothing further; and that Vandyck served his apprenticeship to art under the eye of Rubens. In reading the lives of the illustrious painters, there are no features which strike us so forcibly as the extreme deference which they paid in early life to the precepts and opinions of men of established reputation—the eagerness with which they embraced every opportunity of studying, for their own direction, the great works of their predecessors—and the diligence and patience which they displayed in the course of their artistic education. They did not, like many moderns, seek to anticipate their time, or rush before the public as candidates for fame and favour, until they had well exercised themselves in the schools, until they had formed their theories of art from observation and comparison, and until they had attained that practical skill without which theories are worthless.

It is to the accumulation of works of art of undoubted excellence in this country, whether in private or in public galleries, that we must trace the impetus and encouragement which, of late years, have undoubtedly been given to design. It is no longer necessary for artist students, who often cannot command the means, to visit Italy, as Reynolds and Richard Wilson did, for the purposes of study. No doubt, that is still a pilgrimage of love which every one hopes to perform; and, indeed, we can hardly say that a painter's life has been complete, unless at one time or another he has entered the shrines, and stood entranced before the masterpieces of his art. But in this country, and accessible to all, there are now sufficient materials for instruction; and artists are now reaping the benefit of that expenditure which, in times past, was regarded as the evidence of an unnational taste.

Here we shall, no doubt, be met with the assertion that we are proceeding upon false premises, and that no such encouragement as we have assumed has as yet been given to artists. Instances may be cited, and with perfect truth, of men of real ability and talent who cannot, by the sale of their works, maintain themselves and their families, but who have daily to encounter those frightful embarrassments and demands which first cheek genius, and then destroy it altogether. We cannot deny that cases of this kind are by far too common; but let the complainers also reflect that there is no kind of profession or calling which a man can enter with an immunity from the chance of failure. Infinitely widened as the circle of readers has become, literature is still as precarious as ever. It has its prizes, and these are almost always fairly accorded; but it has its blanks also, and these, unfortu-

nately, are far more numerous than the prizes. As the circle of readers extends, so does the number of candidates for public favour increase. They cannot all succeed. The strong in intellect, like the strong in body, make their way to the foremost rank, and keep their precedence; and the weak, wounded, and desponding, fall into the rear, and are forgotten. Or, take the instance of the bar. Scarce one man out of ten, on arriving at middle life, finds himself in the receipt of a really respectable income; for the legal profession, like all others, is overstocked—the prizes go to the few, the blanks remain with the many. Men who, within the space of the last fifteen years, indulged in sanguine expectations of the woolsack or the ermine, are at this moment polishing boots or serving a tap in Australia. So with the medical profession; though that, of all professions, is the most universally available. It is pitiable to reflect how many men of decided acquirements and skill have been trodden down into the mud of adversity, without perhaps even a chance being afforded them of displaying their real powers. We might go on through the long list of professions or callings with a similar result. But upon the whole, in balancing the chances, we think that artists are better situated in respect of their opportunities of displaying merit, which is just an appeal to the public, than any other class in the community. The literary man may not be able to find a publisher, or his publisher may not do him justice. The lawyer, stored with learning, and having a command of eloquence, may never have the opportunity afforded him of making his accomplishments known. The medical man may wait for years, or for a whole lifetime, without a single chance of exhibiting his skill. Not so with the artist. If he can paint at all, his pictures are sure of admission to the annual exhibition of the academies. Once there, they are before the eye of the public; and the most obscure limner is placed upon the same footing with the highest living celebrities. Pictures, undoubtedly, may be hung so as to command more or less attention; but, after a careful survey for several years of the exhibitions of the academies, both of London and Edinburgh, we have come to the conclusion, that the utmost fairness, and no favouritism, is used in the disposition of the pictures. The works of academicians may sometimes be placed more prominently than those of others who have not attained to the same rank; but that is a distinction to which the former are fairly entitled. We have never been able to detect any flagrant instance in which "the hanging committee" has resorted to the Tyburn practice of stifling meritorious competition: indeed, the gentlemen upon whom that most unpleasant and thankless duty devolves, are perfectly well aware that any palpable blunder they may commit will immediately be made the subject of comment by a vigilant press. It is, of course, impossible to satisfy every one. Young Carmine, who is an exhibitor for the first time, may be disgusted to find that his splendid picture of "Effects of Sunset," which resembles nothing so nearly as the opening of an iron smelting-work, should be hung up on high, like a portentous comet, instead of being placed side by side with a pastoral scene by Ward, or a breezy sea-piece by Stanfield. But Carmine must bide his time. His picture is, at all events, in the Exhibition, flaring most conspicuously "in the forehead of the morning sky;" and there is, in reality, very little probability of its being overlooked. If extreme rabidity of colour can secure attention, none of our artistical youth has a better chance than Carmine.

These remarks may not be inappropriate at the time when the Royal Scottish Academy has just obtained possession of its new gallery in Edinburgh, and has inaugurated that event by the finest exhibition of modern art that has ever been displayed in the northern metropolis. The Scottish Academy is still in its youth, for this is but its twenty-ninth annual exhibition; and we are therefore entitled to expect that there shall be, from year to year, a marked improvement in the quality of the works exhibited. But it would almost seem as if each artist had resolved, in honour of this occasion, to put forth the whole of his strength; and the result of the united exertion has been a decided triumph.

This is undoubtedly the best and most satisfactory return that can be made to those public-spirited individuals, through whose exertions we possess the accommodation of a gallery worthy of the city of Edinburgh, and of the school of Scottish art: and if, in other matters, the British Government would show the like consideration and liberality towards the just claims of public institutions in Scotland, any feeling of irritation which at present exists would almost immediately disappear. The appointment of a single officer of state to superintend and direct the affairs of Scotland, would, if early made, save the Government, hereafter, a vast deal of trouble and anxiety. But this is a subject upon which we are not entitled, in an article of this kind, to touch, further than by remarking that wise concessions, timeously made, prevent the possibility of Sybilline demands; and that, where gratitude is really felt and exhibited for the recognition of a small part of what is considered a national right, there can be no room for apprehending extravagance in the nature of the claims.

To those who remember what Scottish art was not much more than thirty years ago, the present exhibition of the Academy must seem especially wonderful. To those who are more intimately acquainted with the history of social manners, and with the state of the fine arts in this country just a century ago, it presents a spectacle of advancement, refinement, and progress, within a limited time, under adverse circumstances, and without the ordinary appliances, which we really believe to be without a parallel. That England should very early have laid the foundation of its national school is no wonder, when we reflect that, at a now distant period, foreign painters of eminence were attracted to the English court. Holbein was a stipendiary of Henry VIII., having been recommended to him by no less a personage than the Chancellor, Sir Thomas More; and whatever may be our opinion of the character of the hasty and selfish Tudor, we cannot help admiring the appreciation of art conveyed in his answer to the complaint of a peer whom Holbein had offended—"Remember that I can, whenever I please, make seven lords of seven ploughmen, but I cannot make one Holbein out of seven lords." At a somewhat later period, Rubens and Vandyck—for we do not wish to multiply examples—were painters at the English court, and on both of them the honour of knighthood was conferred. They were succeeded by Lely and Kneller, both Germans, who amassed large fortunes and received the chivalric title; and from them the succession of the great English painters can easily be traced. Portrait-painting, being really an adjunct of history, held long the principal place; but gradually the other branches of the art began to grow and prosper, and we recognise, not the germ but the development of power, in the works of Hogarth, Wilson, Gainsborough, and Reynolds.

During this time Scotland was almost destitute of pictorial art. Architecture, as the ruined abbeys still sufficiently testify, had been carried, at a remote period, to a high point of excellence; but early painting is a blank. The country was too poor to attract foreign artists, and too convulsed to send out students to the Continent. Our earliest Scottish artist of celebrity was George Jamesone, a native of Aberdeen, who studied under Rubens along with Vandyck, and who, as his admirable portraits still show, was worthy of his master and companion. Jamesone is little known as a painter in England, because his efforts, after his period of probation, were exclusively confined to the North; but, in the roll of British artists, he deserves not only an honourable but a very high place, from the delicacy of his colouring, his skill in disposition, and the singular vivacity of his portraits. Most appropriately is he still distinguished among us by the title of the "Scottish Vandyck."

But he left no followers—at least no immediate followers worthy of special mention. Here and there, at later periods, we find occasional artists, of more than common merit, appearing—as, for example, Allan Ramsay, the son of the pastoral poet—David Allan, who had something of the power and humour of Hogarth—Runciman, who really exhibited genius, but whose early artistic education had been ne-

glected—Alexander Nasmyth, who first attempted to illustrate Scottish landscape; and one or two others, who were tolerable, as distinguished from intolerable painters, but who really exercised no influence whatever over the state of art in this country.

With Raeburn, the school of Scottish art properly begins. Scarcely, if at all, inferior to those of Sir Thomas Lawrence, the portraits of this eminent painter are remarkable for their ease, grace, refinement, and depth and harmony of colouring—qualities in which he has not been surpassed by any of his successors. Sir Henry Raeburn died in 1823; and, in little more than thirty years, the school which he may be said to have founded, has become an important academy.

It is with pride that we can point to such names as those of Sir William Allan, John Thomson, and other eminent men who have passed from among us. Nor can we forget that Sir David Wilkie received the groundwork of his education here, though his fame was earned in England. But the obituary, as yet, is limited; nor, although some artists of considerable promise have been cut off in their prime, have we been called upon to mourn the premature loss of more than one man of pre-eminent talent. We allude to the late Thomas Duncan, who was rapidly making his way to the foremost rank of his profession, and whose historical pictures, beautiful as they are, seem but an earnest of what he might have accomplished in the full maturity of years.

It is of the living artists that we would speak, but not in way of dogmatism, nor affecting that minute critical analysis to which many of them are periodically subjected. Sooth to say, our inclination is to forego criticism altogether, and to indulge in universal laudation; for we are really proud of this Exhibition, of our artists, of our new gallery, and, last not least, of our countrymen, for the intense enthusiasm they have shown. We do not refer so much to the morning hours of exhibition, though the Gallery is then by far the most favourite place of resort in Edinburgh. We of the Fogie Club go there for the purpose of peering at the pictures, and interchanging imbecile but perfectly harmless remarks on the subject of high and low art, pre-Raphaelism, chiaroscuro, and suchlike—but what can be the attraction which brings there day after day so many pretty ladies, and so many interesting youths? And how is it that we have encountered, over and over again, the same groups, male and female, before the same picture, apparently criticising it with an energy and assiduity undiminished by repetition? And yet why should we ask any such silly questions? Wherever the Muses are, there should the Graces be; and could we but shake from our shoulders the burden of certain supernumerary winters, and restore our locks, now, alas! grizzled, to their former raven hue, we would ask no better luck than the opportunity of a forenoon's criticism in the company of either Aglaia, Thalia, or Euphrosynē. But pshaw—away with such weakness, unworthy of the stoicism of a Fogie! Go to the Exhibition at night, when the usual charge for admission is reduced, and you will then have an opportunity of judging how far the appreciation of art extends. Linger near any picture which you have studied, and regarding the merits of which you may be in doubt; and in the course of half an hour you will hear more intelligent criticism from the lips of mechanics who know nothing of the technical terms of art, than you could gather from the weak talk of dilettanti, who, to their misfortune, have got a smattering of technicality. And—what is more—if you consider that criticism, you will find it to be very profound. For men of that stamp fall back intuitively upon first principles. They are the best audience for poets, and not the worst critics for painters. They recognise at once a palpable appeal to the feelings which lie uppermost in our nature; and what inspires them with admiration, and excites their emotion, cannot by possibility be bad. The longer we live, the more we defer to what is really the popular taste and impression. Who doubts now that Burns was one of the greatest poets that this country ever produced? No one; and it would be held a heresy

to maintain the contrary. And yet Burns was looked upon by the dilettanti of his time simply as a clever improvable creature, who might possibly be drilled by cultivation into a poet of that school of which Dr. Blacklock was nearly the last specimen. Where—had he addicted himself to the Chloe and Strephon platitudes, from which indeed he made rather a narrow escape—would have been his fame? The secret of his success was this; that he addressed himself to the natural feelings, emotions, and thoughts which are common to the peer and the peasant—to all who are not brutalised by utter ignorance and debauchery—to all who are emphatically men, and who have not abandoned their humanity. Avoiding alike dark allegories and sparkling conceits, he strove to follow nature in thought and in expression; and in consequence he has achieved a popularity almost unexampled for the wideness of its range.

But—say the dilettanti—education, and artistic education too, is required in order to appreciate art. Indeed! Let us select the instance of a Highland landscape, not as transferred to canvass, but as any one may see it, starting from Edinburgh or Glasgow, for little more than the charge of a pound sterling to cover the whole expenses of the trip. You stand upon a bridge spanning a burn which leaps down through the rocks in a hundred waterfalls to the loch, under a canopy of the bursting sycamore and weeping birch fresh with the first green gladsomeness of the spring. Before you lies the loch, not dead as the days of summer, but rippled by the breath of the morning breeze, which fills the sail of yon little boat steering towards the Ladye's Isle, and sends it through the water dancing like a maiden in her glee. There are the islands—four, five, perhaps twenty in view, for they so overlap each other that the eye can hardly distinguish where one ends and where another begins; but each, be sure, has its own especial beauty, and is recognisable by its own features, just as you will find in a human sisterhood, where it is difficult to award the palm. One island is overspread by a grove of stately beech-trees, under which the sward is blue with the thick blossoms of the hyacinth; another is dark with pines, which all through the winter have maintained their solemn hue, and are only now relenting from their gloom under the influence of the warm and the wooing wind; a third is grown over with oak coppice, and hazels kindling into bloom, with frequent tufts of primroses sheltering below; a fourth is green as emerald, but bears no tree, for the sheep are nibbling over its pasture, and down among the rocks, and in the dried bent grass, the seagulls are brooding upon their nests. Pardon us for our impatience in taking you to the islands—which, indeed, we only ask you just now to contemplate from afar. You see how they blend together, harmonious from their very variety; and yonder, on the opposite side, are the curved bays, and the cottage smokes, and the climbing woods, and, above them all, the stupendous Cruachan, upon whose forehead rests a film of cloud. Mark that landscape—mark it well—and then ask yourselves whether artistic education is required in order to comprehend its beauty? There can be but one answer. Well, then, let that scene be transferred as carefully and truthfully as may be to canvass—let us suppose that as perfect a transcript as colouring can effect is made—and will it not give as much delight to the uneducated spectator as the real scene which he has gazed upon, allowing for the necessary difference between reality and verisimilitude? We apprehend that to be indisputable. So with figures and grouping—what pleases the eye and rivets the attention in life, must produce the same effect when faithfully represented. The first question which every man—be his accomplishments or acquirements what they may—asks himself, when he contemplates a picture bearing to be a representation of scenery or life, is this—Is that picture natural? If unnatural, he is justified in passing away from it at once. If, in his judgment, natural, then there is much scope for criticism, and means of testing the amount of genius and talent of the painter. Because a painter may be quite natural, and still fail to please. For example, he may select subjects which are in themselves disgusting or intensely vulgar, and may portray them accurately enough—but the ordinary taste

of mankind revolts from the copy, as it would revolt from the original. Vulgar painting is very hideous and detestable, not only to the higher and richer classes, but to those in humbler circumstances, who have a singularly acute discrimination in such matters, and know, almost instinctively, when the line of propriety is transgressed. Or the painter may, through want of skill or genuine feeling, choose to depict his subject in a disagreeable or unfavourable point of view. Often and often, at home and abroad, have we contemplated a sunset amongst scenery, which, could we have transferred it adequately to canvass, would have made our fortune in art. Conscious of our own deficiency in representative power, we have been fain to linger at the casement, and breathe out the last puffs of our cigar, in admiration of the apparition of the ascending moon. But on the next morning what saw we? The mountain opposite, the lake between, the fir-sprinkled or glacier-streaked mountain, had all disappeared; and down the valley drove a thick volume of fog, enough to have broken the heart of Macintosh, ere he had secured his patent. That over, came a drizzle; and then a clear rain, accompanied by the gabbling of hundreds of exulting ducks; and, looking from the same window which we occupied the night before, it was impossible to recognise the identity of the spot. That is the case all the world over. We like what is bright and sunny—we detest what is damp and lugubrious. There is undoubtedly a grandeur and awe in the conflict of the elements; and, in painting, storm-scenes may be brought in with overpowering effect, if strictly suited to the nature of the scenery selected for the purpose. There lies a great deal in association. For example, we remember that a good many years ago, there was exhibited in our Scottish Academy a picture by Horatio MacCulloch, an artist who requires no compliment beyond the mention of his name. The subject was Glencoe. You looked up the valley in the lazy light of a summer afternoon, the clouds appearing to rest upon the distant summits in pure listlessness, and red-deer gazing in the front. We speak of it simply from recollection, and we admired it greatly; but in the same Exhibition, if we recollect aright, there was another picture of Glencoe by John C. Brown, an associate of the Academy, in which the valley was depicted in the grey of a winter morning, with the fog clearing from the snow-besprinkled hills, and lit up with the conflagration of the houses of the Macdonalds, the victims of that foul and perfidious conspiracy. In giving a story to his picture or landscape, Brown did what very often Claude Lorraine and even Poussin failed in doing; for these great artists, after having made their landscape, sought about for a historical subject through which they might give it a name; whereas Mr. Brown, in the higher and finer spirit of art, gave the poetry of association to the object which he selected, in its peculiar phase of light and shadow, to depict. The first criterion of excellence we take to be verisimilitude; that is, accurate correspondence to nature. The second lies in the associations which the painter is able to excite in the minds of the beholders. Many good painters reach the first stage; but it requires genius and thought and inspiration in order to compass the other. In the present exhibition of the Scottish Academy there is a picture by John Faed, which strongly illustrates our meaning. It is called "Reason and Faith," and is said to be an allegory; but, with all our admiration for the beauty of the design and colouring, we cannot accept it as such. It is simply an exquisitely-drawn and elaborately-finished picture of a youth and maiden—the former apparently unconscious that he is within reach of the fangs of an enormous speckled serpent—the latter blind, and groping her way. It conveys no sort of ideal impression to the mind, any more than does the absurd paragraph from the *Edinburgh Review*, which seems to have suggested the work. We are free to confess that allegory is not a form of composition for which we have any especial liking—still there are allegories, ancient and modern, which have deservedly commanded the admiration of the world. But then the allegory must be a just one, and its application evident; which we venture to think, with deference, is not the case in the present instance. It is rather a new thing to tell us that

Reason, when personified, should be represented as deaf, and that Faith should be deprived of eyesight! Hitherto we have understood that it was emphatically the function of Reason to hear, because, without hearing, there can be no reply; and that Faith would cease to be faith, if it lost sight of the glittering of the eternal Day-star. Also we cannot clearly comprehend why Faith should have become all of a sudden peripatetic, and adopted this strange freak of wandering about the world in company with Reason, whose unfortunate infirmity precludes the possibility of conversation. Spenser, the greatest allegorist of our country, represents Faith as an inmate of the House of Holinesse:—

"Thus as they gan of sundrie things devise,
Loe, two most goodly virgins came in place,
Ylinked arme in arme, in lovely wise;
With countenance demure and modest grace
They numbred even steps and equall pace;
Of which the eldest that FIDELIA bright,
Like sunny beams threw from her christall face
That would have dax'd the rash beholder's sight,
And round about her head did shine like heaven's light."
"She was arayed all in lilly white,
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
With wine and water fild up to the hight,
To which a serpent did himself enfold,
That horrour made to all that did behold,
But she no whit did chaunge her constant mood;
And in her other hand she fast did hold
A booke, that was both signd and seald with blood,
Wherein darke things were writt, hard to be understood."

Such was the conception of the poet; and we certainly think that Mr. Faed would have done better by adhering to it, than in attempting to embody the vague crudities of the reviewer.

At the risk of being set down as partisans and promoters of what is contemptuously termed "low art," we assert our position and profess our belief that artistic education is not necessary for the due appreciation of a picture. As a corollary, we add that a picture which fails to interest the great mass of spectators cannot be one of a high class, nor can it possess real merit. We are not ignorant of the extraordinary effects which can be produced by colour, nor of the tricks—for they are little more—which sometimes are resorted to by clever artists for the sake of attracting notice. In poetry and in music we are accustomed to the same *capriccios*, and deal with them good-humouredly, because we know that their effect can only be ephemeral. Pre-Raphaelitism was simply a delusion of this kind, calculated to astonish, and, from its novelty, to excite for a time a good deal of attention; but it is now, if not extinct, at least greatly on the decline. The truth is, that the pre-Raphaelites, as they called themselves, were very far from being discoverers of any new principle. All that was good in their system was already known and practised—the absurdities, exaggerations, and ridiculous parade of *minutiæ*, we admit to have been their own. So long as the novelty lasted, the pictures of Messrs. Millais and Hunt were gazed at by crowds of curious spectators; for, like the ancient Athenians, the Londoners "and strangers which were there spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing;" but the charm departed with the gloss. Let it not be supposed that we are insensible to the merits of either of the gentlemen mentioned above, or that we deny them the possession of accomplishment and powers greatly above the average. We admit their genius, but we maintain it to have been misdirected. Remarkable they must be, whatever theories of art they may adopt; but they cannot expect, by persevering in a false style, to gain a favourable verdict from the public.

Genius is a term much abused and much misunderstood. In poetry it has been preferred as an apology for every kind of extravagance and eccentricity; and the language of the apologists is as decided and peremptory as if no rules of criticism were applicable to the productions of genius. So is it in the other arts; and in consequence of this silly and preposterous adulation, many men who might have risen to real eminence have been seduced into expending their whole energies in vague and unsatisfactory efforts. Pegasus, say the indiscriminate worshippers of genius, will not submit to the yoke. They got this notion out of one of Schiller's ballads, and have ever since been harping upon it; but the fact is that they know no more about Pegasus than

they do about the pedigree of Eclipse. Let them revert to the classics, and they will find that Pegasus was in reality a most tractable creature—that he was trained in the ring by Minerva — was used as a cavalry charger by Bellerophon—and finally became the pet of the Muses. And yet some wiseacres would have us regard him in the light of a celestial mustang! Metaphors are dangerous things for the unpractised. Genius may be not inaptly typified by a steed; but who is the rider or the charioteer? Certainly the poet himself, who, if he cannot control the motions of his charger, is in infinite danger of sharing the fate of Phæton. Not the horses of the Sun, nor those of Achilles, could be trusted without the bit and rein; for the more fiery the animal is, the stronger should be the hand, and the steadier the judgment of the master.

And now for our application of this preamble. Pre-eminent among modern artists for richness of fancy, a delicacy of colouring almost ethereal, and deep poetic feeling, stands Joseph Noel Paton; and never, perhaps, was there a reputation more honourably won, or more cheerfully or cordially acknowledged than his. His two magnificent pictures of the "Quarrel" and the "Reconciliation" of Oberon and Titania, are less the reflex of the genius of Shakespeare as exhibited in the delicious *Midsummer Night's Dream*, than new and exquisite creations of the fancy of the painter. Indeed, the amount of fancy, both rich and varied, which Mr. Paton has thrown into these works, is quite extraordinary; and notwithstanding the number of the figures, the quaintness of the details, and the multiplicity of the grouping, such has been the skill of the artist that these pictures have not suffered in general effect. Mr. Paton is free of fairy land; nor, were he to sleep ever so long in the Athenian forest or beneath the Eildon tree, could he present us with more beautiful revelations than those which he has already received and depicted.

Some critics we remember, who had a predilection for impasto, rather objected to the extreme delicacy of Mr. Paton's tinting, which, though admirably suited to such subjects as the above, would, they hinted, be entirely out of place in subjects of a graver nature. That was, in fact, no criticism at all; for criticism could not begin until Mr. Paton had tried his hand on a new class of subjects. They admitted that his style of colouring was appropriate to the subject he had selected—and what more could they have desired? Others insinuated an opinion that Mr. Paton, with all his command of fancy, would not be able to produce a picture of a higher and more emotional class—arguing, we presume, that, because the painter was rich in fancy, he must necessarily be deficient in pathetic expression. Such men are utter sceptics in the universality of genius; and it is they who attempt to yoke Pegasus to one pair of harrows. It would be quite as sensible to argue, after a perusal of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, that Shakespeare could not, by possibility, have written *Hamlet* or *Macbeth*.

Mr. Paton, however, very soon gave a practical answer to both classes of critics. His "Vision of Dante," and not less his picture of the dead maiden, of which we cannot at this moment recall the specific name, proved that he was master in sombre and subdued, as well as in varied colouring; and proved, moreover, that the measure of his imaginative and pathetic powers was not inferior to that of his fancy. Indeed, we are disposed to think that the "Vision of Dante" is, upon the whole, the finest and most powerful work which he has yet executed.

But now we feel ourselves compelled to take the critical field, and, in all honesty, good faith, and love, to warn Mr. Paton against launching into mysticism, and attempting to express, through the more sensuous art of painting, ideas which even poetry, with all its superior subtlety, is inadequate to convey. He, too, has fallen into the snare of allegory; and he must forgive us if we state our deliberate opinion—by no means quickly or rashly formed — that the picture which he has now exhibited, and which he terms "The Pursuit of Pleasure—a Vision of Human Life," is quite unworthy of his genius. Were Mr. Paton other than he is, we might use gentler terms; but we esteem him too highly to be over-scrupulous when we think him in a position of danger. Whatever may be the amount of ad-

miration which an artist of his eminence is sure to receive from friends, whose partiality may sometimes, not unnaturally, give a bias to their judgment, we trust that he will at least listen patiently to what we have to say, and give us credit for sincerity, if he cannot acquiesce in our views. It may be a hard thing to be told, and a harder task to convince oneself, that the labour of more than a year has been misapplied; still, there never lived the artist yet—and the same remark applies to literature—who, in the course of his career, was not tempted to enter some path, which, if pursued, would have ended in disappointment; and Mr. Paton can have no right to suppose himself the solitary exception.

We have already indicated our opinion, that allegory is the most dangerous thing which a painter can attempt to deal with. Rubens tried it, and utterly failed; indeed, we could wish, for the reputation of Rubens, that all his allegories were defaced and obliterated henceforward from the view of the world; for they only exist to give a false and debasing idea of his really wonderful powers. Observe, that allegorical painting and painting from an allegory are by no means necessarily to be confounded. Some allegories, such as Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, have become as much poems, or tales invested with the elements of poetical belief, as the *Iliad*, the *Æneid*, or the *Orlando* of Ariosto; and these afford fair scope for the talents of the painter. In fact, we have, in this Exhibition, a picture of extraordinary merit, by an artist, Mr. Alexander Green, who as yet is little known to the public, entitled "Christian and Faithful at Vanity Fair." We may be allowed to remark, in passing, our surprise that neither of the Art Associations in Edinburgh and Glasgow have purchased that picture; and we hope that their expenditure this year may not have been so large as to preclude the possibility of considering whether it would not be creditable to the country to include this really fine work of art, upon which an immensity of pains has been bestowed, among the number which they choose for distribution. An engraving from this picture would, we are sure, be immensely popular. This, however, by the way; though it would have been but justice to Mr. Green had we referred to his picture separately.

The allegory, in such cases, ceases to be an allegory at all—it becomes the representation of a work of acknowledged and recognised fiction; which, in the second, if not the first stage of poetical belief, is tantamount to a reality. But allegory has many shades. Take the first canto of Spenser, and there is no difficulty, nor want of interest, epically derived, in portraying Una and the Red-Cross Knight on their pilgrimage or adventure. In the beginning, you have the human interest, albeit there is an allegory underneath. But the moment you come to special allegory, where are you? Let any man deliberately read the fourth canto of the first book of the *Faery Queen*—we allude to the description of the House of Pride—and, despite the admiration which Spenser's extraordinary melody, graphic power, and great genius must command, he can hardly reconcile himself to the phantasmagoria exhibited in the procession and parade of the abstract vices; and if that be the case in poetry, how is it possible to suppose that such ideas can be adequately represented in painting? Poetry and painting ought to go hand-in-hand. We have already expressed our opinion as to the genius and powers of Mr. Paton—would he venture to embody Spenser's procession from the "House of Pride?" How would he contrive to delineate such a figure as this?

"And by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,
Deformed creature, on a filthie swyne;
His belly was up-blown with luxury,
And eke with fatnesse swollen were his eyne;
And like a crane his neck was long and fyne;
With which he swallowed up excessive feast,
For want whereof poore people oft did pyne;
And all the way, most like a brutish beast
He spued up his gorge, that all did him detest."

Or how would he deal with this other portrait?

"And next to him malicious Envy rode
Upon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chaw
Between his cankred teeth a venomous toad,
That all the poison ran about his jaw;
But inwardly he chawed his own maw
At neibor's welth that made him ever sad;
And death it was when any good he saw,
And wept, that cause of weeping none he had;
But when he heards of harme, he waxed wondrous glad."

The fact is, that the artists have long ago recognised the difficulty, and have abandoned the attempt to transfer these special allegories to canvass. When they do paint from Spenser, they confine themselves to subjects selected from the more epical part of the poem, in which the general allegory is least conspicuous, and multiply Florimels and Unas. On the other hand, it would be quite possible to paint every scene from the beginning to the end of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. The reason of this is, that Bunyan transformed his abstractions into realities, and saw them, with his mental eye, moving and living as distinctly as though they had passed under the ken of his visual organ. Even the child rejects the allegory, and has implicit faith in the reality of Christian. No wonder that, with such a guide, it should be an easy task to follow.

Mr. Paton has attempted to produce a special allegory. There was in reality no occasion to print in the catalogue an elaborate explanation of the artist's idea, for the design of the picture is evident enough. Floating in the air towards an abyss, in which lurid fires are seen to smoulder, is a female figure of great beauty, but rather scantily draped, with long yellow hair and wings of the death's-head moth. She is preceded and attended by two imps blowing bubbles. Behind her, and in pursuit, is a confused crowd, male and female, of all ages and nations—priests, statesmen, voluptuaries, men of genius, warriors, Bacchantes, misers, and fools—all pressing after the phantom. Above, dim in the sky, is the Angel of Doom with his sword.

The general conception does not strike us as felicitous—nay, there is a positive incongruity, which, after a moment's consideration, becomes painfully apparent. All the group are following Pleasure, and Pleasure appears to them all in the guise which the artist has depicted. We cannot destroy the painted allegory by supposing that the form of Pleasure appears different in the eyes of each one who is following it. Mr. Paton attaches a large significance to the word Pleasure, comprehending therein every pursuit in which mankind can engage for the sake of self-indulgence or gratification. We cannot accept his principal figure as a proper embodiment of that view. Whether he meant it or not, that figure suggests the idea merely of sensual desire, and that in a restricted form. Such might not be his intention, but such is clearly the effect; and, therefore, we cannot recognise any propriety in the arrangement of the miscellaneous mob of followers. The churchman is in pursuit of power, the statesman of office, the poet of fame, the miser of wealth, the warrior of glory, and so on; but the object of pursuit in the picture does not in any way represent the attributes of Ambition, Fame, Wealth, or Glory. Mr. Paton has painted his figure of Pleasure—and very exquisitely painted it is—far too distinctly for that. Had he shrouded it in mystery, and exhibited only a dim outline, which in the eye of imagination might be supposed to take a variety of shapes, the case might have been different. But as the picture stands, the allegory is manifestly defective and incoherent. The "Lust of the eye, the Lust of the flesh, and the Pride of life," are symbolically different and *apart* from each other, and must be so treated in representation. Thus there is a radical fault in the conception, which no dexterity of detail can remove.

Neither can we say of this picture, as of Mr. Paton's previous works, that the grouping is executed with skill. It is exceedingly, and even painfully confused. The figures are huddled together in an area too small for standing-room, and consequently we are perpetually at a loss to know whether arms, legs, and drapery belong to the statesman, the man of genius, or the fool. We half suspect that Mr. Paton found, after a time, that he had crowded his canvass too much, and that he was obliged, in consequence, to have recourse to brilliant colouring and vivid tints to an almost prodigal extent. By doing so, he has injured, in our opinion, the tone of the picture, which, viewed from a little distance, is anything but harmonious, and displays rather an abuse than an artistic application of colour. We lack also, in the expression of the countenances of some of

the figures, that ideality for which Mr. Paton has hitherto been distinguished;—for example, the warrior is a very coarse and vulgar specimen of humanity, and we cannot say much in favour of the grace of the elevated damsel.

In short, we hope that Mr. Paton will make up his mind, once for all, to have done with allegory; and that he will not again expend his rare powers upon impracticable subjects. We have spoken our opinion quite freely, and if any should think that we have erred in judgment, we can only say that the error has not arisen from any want of respect for the genius of the artist.

We have left ourselves but little space to speak of other pictures, though many are crowding reproachfully on our memory. Let us, in the department of historical painting, congratulate Mr. Drummond on his capital and characteristic picture of the "Porteous Mab," one of the very best pieces of colouring in the whole Exhibition, albeit that here and there, in the front-ground, there are some brilliant points that might have been toned down with advantage. Let us thank Mr. Gavin for his sweet little picture, "Going to School," which is a perfect gem; and let us congratulate Messrs. Herdman and Ross on the evident improvement which they display. As for old-established favourites—Lauder, Christie, Johnstone, Archer, and others who shine in the historical and cabinet departments—our space will not admit of our doing more than stating that their respective pictures are worthy of this occasion.

Our landscape-painters have this year exerted themselves greatly, and we are grateful to observe that the public has not been contented with a mere verbal recognition of their merits, but that the purchases have been very numerous. And most deservedly so, for in this department the Scottish Academy is acquiring a high name. The "Sunset," and "Edinburgh from Dalmeny Park," by Horatio MacCulloch, are most admirable pictures. So also are Edmund Crawford's scenes near "Dort" and "Rotterdam," Hill's "Dunsinane," Harvey's Night-Mail," and Fraser's "View on the Eden." Here we stop, not for want of material, but for want of space.

Then as to the portraits. We shall not begin with the works of our excellent president, Sir John Watson Gordon—for this reason, that another distinguished academician, Mr. Graham Gilbert, has secured a special advantage, and acquired a right to priority of notice, on account of his admirable and life-like picture of the President. This, we are pleased to see, has been presented to the Academy, and it will remain in all time coming as a perfect portrait of the best portrait-painter of his day. Sir John Watson Gordon has not won that distinction—acknowledged in London as well as here—without a struggle, for Calvin Smith, Graham Gilbert, and Daniel Macnee have been most formidable competitors.

Last—for we must come to an end as imps, of a very different kind from those who wait upon Pleasure, are clamorous without—we shall take a glance at the sculpture-room. Our attention is first attracted by Brodie's statue of Corinna, in marble—a most chaste, refined, and beautiful work, which certainly is not obnoxious to any of the remarks which we have hazarded at the commencement of this article. Among the busts, those by Patrick Park are undoubtedly the finest. That of Mrs. Houldsworth is one of the most graceful and engaging specimens of statuary that we have ever seen, and may challenge comparison with the antique. That of the Emperor Louis Napoleon is remarkably bold and powerful. Our annual exhibitions would be imperfect without specimens from the studios of Steel and Calder Marshall; and both of them are well maintaining their established reputation.

And now, one word, by way of conclusion, as to the future prospects of art in this country. We have said already that we consider these hopeful times for the artists, and we are not at all disposed to depart from that opinion. We find, on going over the Exhibition a day or two ago, that, irrespective of the portraits, which always constitute a large portion, sixty-seven works of art have been sold, and forty-six have been exhibited as property. There are undoubtedly some pictures of merit which have not found purchasers; but, on the whole, the best works exhibited have been

purchased; and we must say, more especially for the private buyers, that they have shown much taste in their selection. The number of these amounts to thirty—add to them the number of purchases before exhibition, and the result is seventy-six private purchases of pictures which are not portraits. In addition to this, the Edinburgh Association has bought twenty-three works of high merit, and the Glasgow Art-Union fourteen; in all, about one hundred and thirteen. This is no despicable market, considering that some of these works of art have been bought at high prices, and we hail it as a good augury for the future. What we wish especially to impress upon the public, is the duty, if we are really to maintain a great school of art in this country, of strengthening the hands of the existing Art Associations, and, if possible, of creating new ones. We are not yet wealthy enough to depend upon private patronage. Pictures which are well worth £150, £200, or £300, would not find purchasers if the associations were given up; but of that there is very little fear, since each guinea subscriber, though he may fail to draw a prize, has full value supplied to him in the shape of engravings. We wish, however, that the system could be extended, so as to reach a class who cannot afford their annual guinea. Why should there not be five-shilling associations? Many of the works unpurchased are of a superior order of merit, and we cannot help thinking that their dissemination would be of essential use—irrespective of the interests of the artists—in creating a pure and wholesome taste in many a humble household. We hold in utter scorn the idea that associations tend to the production of an inferior class of artists. Artists are not made in a day. They have to advance from the rudiments to perfection; and it would indeed be a death-warrant to art to announce that, until a painter had reached perfection, none of his works ought to be purchased. No one expects that the young advocate, employed for the first time, will do the same justice to his brief as an old and experienced counsellor; and yet, if the young advocate never gets a brief, how can he possibly progress? So say we of the artists. The men who have won their fame can look after themselves; but we want you to look after the men who have yet their fame to win, and to encourage them in the career which they have been prompted from instinctive impulse to enter. This much must be recollected, that there is a wide difference, in point of emolument, between several branches, or rather departments of art. Very few years have elapsed since Robert Thorburn, a pupil in the Scottish Academy, who was educated under the eye of Sir William Allan, left this for London, and he has now taken his place as the first miniature-painter of the day. But those who cultivate art in other styles, cannot expect the like success. We do not wish by any means to see bad painting encouraged—indeed, we should set our face resolutely against any scheme which could lead to such degradation,—but we desire to see rising talent encouraged, and the upward path made easier for those who give decided indications of the talent which requires nothing more than practice and application to produce notable results. This, we think, might be accomplished by the means of extended art associations; and, at all events, the hint is worthy of consideration.

And now we make our bow to the artists of our country, with a deep feeling of pride and gratitude for what they have done, and with a confident expectation that they will yet accomplish more. Nationally speaking, they form the youngest academy in Europe, and yet they have sent forth men who, in other academies, have taken the most conspicuous place. We can hardly expect it to be otherwise. In foreign fields Scotland has won much of her renown; but we ought at least to take care that full scope and due encouragement is given to the development, in every department, of the talent which we possess; and if that is afforded, we have little fear of the result. The land in which the national poetic influence and national associations survive, cannot possibly fail in corresponding art, if due attention is paid to its exigencies and requirements. J.

THE COLD SHADE.

A DIALOGUE.

EVERYBODY knows that our friend Irenæus always was, or has become lately, a man of taste. Since he has been churchwarden, he has spent his money in a most public-spirited manner in adorning his parish church. His term of office has been a boon to the parish. He has revived all the antiquities, and given an antiquarian respectability to the novelist. He has done away with the barrel-organ, and put up a real organ. In addition to this organic change, by the help of the curate, the Rev. Celsus Cope, and the two Misses I., whose assistance is not the less readily given that the curate is five-and-twenty, interestingly pale, and good-looking, and has taken a vow of celibacy, he has also organised a choir of singing-boys or charity cherubims, with brown holland pinafores turned into surplices. The ladies say they will wash white. These have superseded the beery bass-viol, flageolet, and violoncello, and chaunt the Gregorians on Sundays and holidays,—on the latter with a certain degree of levity, having been used to connect them with playing rather than with singing. He has knocked down the old rickety pews, which, with their stolid agricultural occupants, used to suggest the pens in a cattle-market—not sparing his own squirearchical one—and substituted pretty open sittings, airy in summer but chilly in winter; and his example has had its effect all over the church, except with one recalcitrant swain, who has never read *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*, and is in consequence an unenlightened character, and whose family pew stands alone, enfilading the reading-desk, taking the pulpit at point blank, and dominating the aisle with an effrontery worthy of a better cause; but then honest Giles Steers doubtless looks upon it as a sort of palladium of civil and religious liberty, and you might as easily get him to disturb the bones of his grandfather who sleeps below.

Nay, more, Irenæus has put up to his non-conforming ancestors memorial windows, with coats of arms on them enough to raise their ghosts. The stained glass was got from Belgium, and the figures on it were drawn out by the stainless fingers of the young ladies above mentioned; and a dim religious light comes slanting through one of these windows when the evening sun is on the church, tattooing with the said figures the interesting face of the curate in the desk, throwing a blush on his pallid cheek which becomes it more than the tattoo, and painting his surplice with rainbow colours, bright as those which fall from the electric light on the great fountain at the Panopticon in Leicester Square. The rainbow hues of hope suggest to the fair craftswomen that a dispensation might possibly be obtained from the vow of celibacy.

Nay, more, he has pulled down all the ugly stucco from the screen and roof, and revealed the ancient glories of the stifled oak; he has opened a great hole at the side of the screen, which the ladies call a Hagioscope,* which they say used to be there in the fifth century, but through which, in the nineteenth, it is quite certain that the curate can be seen in the chancel. He has illustrated the walls with inscriptions of quaint forms and divers colours; an excellent plan for keeping his little spoilt boy good in church, until such time as he shall have become of age to follow the service. Nor has he forgotten the poor—he never does—but has put an alms-box at the door, with a slit at the top, broad enough both for pence and sixpences, avoiding Sir Isaac Newton's mistake, who had a large hole in the door made for the cat and a small one for the kitten.

It is bound and decorated with iron

* A word which Irenæus tells them comes from two Greek words meaning "a saint," and "to observe."

clasps, and fastened with a curious medieval lock, tangled and twisted and gnarled, and it looks strong enough to contain the diamonds of the crown, though, when it is opened, it somehow or other generally contains ninepence.

Besides what he has done for the church, Irenæus has decorated his dwelling-house and garden, which is not a great way off, in an ecclesiastical manner. Everywhere are Roman crosses and Greek crosses to be seen, so that the most devout Roman or Greek might be saved the trouble of crossing himself, so abundantly would he be crossed at every turn; and we should recommend lovers to avoid those tempting meandering walks, or before they had gone ten steps their affection would certainly be crossed. For as you go in and out, and all about this garden to look at the panoramic view, or sit down to gaze on the silver reaches of the little river which winds below, you pass under arches of rustic work, you sit down on seats of rustic work, each arch and each seat surmounted by a cross, and climbed over with rose, honeysuckle, clematis, and all other pretty plants of a loving, clinging, womanly nature. The seats are at intervals wherever a new point of view presents itself, and over each is a moral inscription, either borrowed from the page of a sage, or composed by friend Irenæus himself. Nor do we blame the *ci-devant* member of the Peace Society, if he has built his soul a temple of peace. In the least suspected nook of the garden, and stolen from the utilitarian area of the kitchen-garden, though well screened from a view of the cabbages, is a long grotto or arcade of rough stones, covered with climbing roses and other pretty parasites, ending in a fantastic bower through which the sunset lights or the rays of the moon produce effects which bring to mind some of Woolmer's pictures in illustration of Spenser and the Arabian Nights. Irenæus loves this bower after dinner, especially in warm weather, for it is airy, and the breeze helps his nap.

"ἐν θέρει δ' ὑπνῶν
δι' ἀμφιτρήτου αὐλίου πέμπει πνοή."

But he has another bower in the opposite part of the garden, where he has put a table to entertain his friends. It is roofed by two shadowy yews. Here he loves to sit with a friend or two, in that weather so rare in our country, but much more frequent than is generally supposed, when it is pleasanter to sit out of doors than in the house, which will be found true whenever the wind is from the west in the summer months, bringing with its breathings a fragrance and a freshness which it is a thousand pities to lose. It is near the end of April, and the birds are singing against each other in Irenæus' garden. I walk in by the garden gate, and make for the yew bower. But as I come near it a fragrance salutes my nose, which seems to come not from blossoms, but from the dead leaves of that plant sacred to the excise, which none but doctors are allowed to grow. There must be some one besides Irenæus. I go in. There is Irenæus and a fair youth with an aspiring mustache and distinctive cap, smoking one of those deep china pipes which are so attractive in the shop-windows of Germany, making each place where they are sold a miniature picture-exhibition.

TLEPOLEMUS. Hail, Irenæus; how long have you taken to smoking?

IRENÆUS. I have just taken a cigar in self-defence,—do the same. My nephew Hyperbolus, the son of my brother Trygæus, of the university of Dummerjungenberg. He has a long pipe in his mouth, as you perceive, and a scratch on his nose from a duelling-sword, to which I call your attention. He is a gentleman who will not be taken alive. My old friend Tlepolemus.

TLEPOLEMUS. Happy to make his acquaintance. Having a respect for my proboscis, I shall take care to keep on good terms with him. Is it not rather early in the season to be sitting out of doors? It is warm enough in the sun, but the shade is cold, especially the shade of those great black horse-poisoning yew-trees.

HYPERBOLUS (striking his fist on a number of the *Times*). You have hit it, sir, exactly.

TLEPOLEMUS. You have, sir, at all events. Don't your knuckles tingle?

HYPERBOLUS. I allude, sir, to your mention of the cold shade. Have

you read that masterly leader in the *Times*?

TLEPOLEMUS. I read most of the articles in the *Times;* but whether they are leaders or not to me, depends in some measure on my willingness to follow them.

IRENÆUS. I must tell you, before you begin, that my nephew, if not a red republican, is "*couleur de rose*,"—a pardonable error, for the world is so at his time of life—was so to us also. You must grow into orthodoxy. His great martyr is Robert Blum, so that he is a sort of small Bloomer.

HYPERBOLUS. But have you read that article about the cold shade, which I was just reading to Irenæus?

TLEPOLEMUS. Let me have a look at it——So; you may light your next pipe with it. It throws all the blame of the Crimean disasters on what it calls the aristocracy. Fudge!

HYPERBOLUS. It says, truly enough, "The cold shade of the aristocracy is over all, and nothing can grow under it but the offshoots of the tree itself."

TLEPOLEMUS. It says also, truly enough, "We have been ready to allow place and patronage to be monopolised by a *few* great families." A few great families are not aristocracy. What is an aristocracy?

HYPERBOLUS. A government of nobles, or notables.

TLEPOLEMUS. In its popular sense; but in its true sense, a government of the best men, and therefore the best government. Have you got the Politics of Aristotle?

IRENÆUS. Run, and fetch them from my bookcase.

TLEPOLEMUS. I am afraid they do not pay enough attention to Aristotle at Dummerjungenberg.

HYPERBOLUS. You see by my pencil-marks that I have read this book.

TLEPOLEMUS. But not digested it; when you have, you will be a sounder politician. Pray, young gentleman, what is said about governments there? Does Aristotle say there is only one good form of government?

HYPERBOLUS. Aristotle says there are three; but Professor Nebel says there is but one,—a republic.

TLEPOLEMUS. Never mind Professor Nebel; what says Aristotle?

HYPERBOLUS. He says there are three forms that are good,—a royalty, an aristocracy, and a polity or commonwealth.

TLEPOLEMUS. By which, I suppose, he means a sensible republic,—one existing for the common weal of all. What says he about bad forms of government?

HYPERBOLUS. That there are also three,—a tyranny, an oligarchy, and a democracy. In all of these the evil that is in man rules the good,—the evil is uppermost, the good is undermost. But Professor Nebel says that there is only one good form of government—that which promotes the greatest happiness of the greatest number; one where all men are free and equal, and, of course, agree together.

TLEPOLEMUS. When Professor Nebel's theory is possible, he will have small attendance at his lectures. Liberty and Equality are possible, but not Fraternity with them. You have mistaken the name of the third Grace. It is not Fraternity, but Solitude. People can only live free and equal where there is plenty of elbow-room, as in Norway, or the backwoods of America. You must plant out your beds of free and equal citizens, as Irenæus plants out his big cauliflowers, but in the former case leave intervals of twenty miles between them. They will choke each other else. I am a socialist, Hyperbolus, although I have superannuated notions of the dependence of one man on another, and of all on the Almighty. I hate Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, because I am a socialist, and dearly love to live in society. You know Germany. You have been in a public German pleasure-garden. You have seen a grand-duke, with his family, sitting at one table listening to the grand-ducal military band, and the man who made the grand-ducal liveries, with his family, at another, with eyes turned the same way, and ears drinking in the same music, as his lips sip similar coffee. Both are quite at their ease, think the thing quite natural, and there is no unpleasant consciousness of each other's presence. I suspect I am speaking of a state of things rather of the past than of the present. I like this. But such sociality can only be where people know their own places. With us, people

are mightily afraid of each other. The refined are obliged to put on a kind of Ἀΐδος κυνέη, or skull-cap of Hades, as the Homeric Pallas did, to make themselves invisible to the unrefined. They live in a constant fear of vulgarity intruding itself, in order to assert its equality. This comes of the tyranny of democracy. Quality lives in a constant fear of equality, as a Russian lives in constant fear of the Czar; but the Russian knows pretty well where the Czar is, whereas your aristocratic trembler does not know under what disguise his tyrant may lurk. The very valet who brushes his coat may be the man for all he knows; for once on a time he found a Radical paper in his dress-coat pocket, proving that said valet had worn it to a ball or dinner-party when he himself was on the moors, and that he was beginning to act on the dictum of "*propriété c'est le vol*," making an application of his communism. For my part, I prefer mixing with my fellow-men on easy terms to mixing with them on equal terms. Ease and equality, or rather the unrealisable attempt at it, cannot coexist.

Hyperbolus. But is it not true that aristocracy is at the bottom of all our national troubles?

Tlepolemus. Not aristocracy, but democracy, and a degradation of aristocracy at its side, which is more rightly named oligarchy. We are not so much aristocratical and republican (I use the word in a good sense) as oligarchical and democratical. Aristocracy makes rank its standard,—rank of a certain kind, which we will discuss hereafter, if you like; oligarchy makes wealth its standard. True republicanism cares much more for liberty than for equality; false republicanism or democracy cares much more for equality than for liberty. I took the third Grace, Fraternity, from the other two; I must now dissolve the embrace of the remaining sisters. Liberty and Equality cannot exist together. We are a most conceited people about our mixed government. It may work pretty well, but I question if the elements mix much more closely than the oil and vinegar in a salad. Not that I care so much for that, if the salad is good. The elements rather check each other, as the clerks in a bank check each other; and that is as it should be, considering that mankind, as some wise man has said, is unquestionably a scoundrel. But I fear that, when we ought to have good elements, we have bad ones. True, we have monarchy still, not tyranny. Democracy is not strong enough yet, thank God, to change our monarchy for a tyranny. Tyranny is nothing but the democratical imposthume come to a head. Excuse the homeliness of the simile; it is as pleasant as its subject. If I read rightly, the Stagyrite defines oligarchy to be the monopoly of power by a few rich families who keep horses: is it not so?

Irenæus. I am very fond of horses, and should not so much object to this kind of oligarchy. Those who ride are naturally elevated above those who do not. Here we have the passage. Translate it, Hyperbolus.

Hyperbolus. "In the ancient times there were oligarchies in all those cities whose power lay in their horses."

Irenæus. Horses were the standard of wealth among the Greeks, as gold is with us, and silver elsewhere. The very ancients considered oxen current coin, and, when a man had been bribed to silence, talked of an ox walking over his tongue. So the Caffres of the present day will give fifty oxen for a wife that they like a great deal, and ten for one they like moderately. But horses with the Athenians stood for wealth, and denoted respectability, as gigs have denoted it with us. They are called by Æschylus ἄγαλμα τῆς ὑπερπλούτου χλιδῆς, or "the delight of over-rich luxury." Now, only fancy a low-crowned, broad-brimmed, tight-breeched oligarchy of horse-dealers; a top-booted, pink-coated oligarchy of horse-owners. The horse-dealers would have the best of it, if they took their positions, like cathedral dignitaries, by their stalls. As in Athens you had the men of five hundred bushels, and the men of fifty; as in Guernsey you have much the same, the sixties and the forties; so you would have with us the great men of fifty stalls and the little of five. Next to an oligarchy of horsemen would be one of horses. Gulliver's dream would be true when you had arrived at a hippocracy.

Tlepolemus. Irenæus is pleased

to be pleasant upon our serious controversy. But I say that a hippocracy is better than a hypocrisy. A government of horses is better than an onocracy, or government of asses, which is something like what we are obliged to submit to. It is not the cold shade of the aristocracy which chills us; it is the poisonous air of democracy which oppresses us, and the dominion of a monied oligarchy. I must limit aristocracy to its strict original meaning of the government of the best, a common ground for all honest politicians. And who are the best, wholly or generally?—that is the question. All cannot be the best, and therefore you must put universal suffrage out of the question. Do you agree with me in thinking the best government a government of the best?

HYPERBOLUS. Yes.

TLEPOLEMUS. In the first place, I will say how far I agree with the *Times*. I do think this, that a few aristocratic families have got the lead of the democratical party on false pretences, and by help of the deluded people, are making a snug family concern of the government; but I do not call them an aristocracy, but an oligarchy. It is the cold shade of this oligarchy that I should like to see abated; but I should wish to see aristocracy at the head of affairs, animated by its own natural spirit of manhood and nobility, not by the spirit of a pelf-seeking atheistic democracy.

HYPERBOLUS. The *Times* said it was the recovery of power by the anti-popular party that got us into the mess.

TLEPOLEMUS. Yet the men who repealed the Corn Laws were still at the helm when this mess occurred—are now, some of them. The *Times* made a mistake, perhaps purposely.

HYPERBOLUS. But have not the nobility recovered much of their power since the time of the Reform Act?

TLEPOLEMUS. The monied classes have, and those of the nobility who belong to them. That most pernicious measure never gave an inch of power to the people—that is, the independent freemen of the State. It merely substituted an oligarchy for an aristocracy; it made wealth the only standard of fitness for government—exactly realising Aristotle's oligarchy; deposing birth and virtue and intellect—ay, intellect, from the high places which they held in the days of Burke, Pitt, Fox—and forensic eloquence. Since 1832, our Government has not been growing more popular, but more democratical; and democracy, as we have seen before, cares not for freedom. Freedom can only be where the best men rule and keep watch over it. We have lost the criterion of political worthiness by imagining that we were liberalising our constitution. We all groan now under a tyranny of Mammon, and as "Convention" was the name of the "dwarfish demon" who, as Byron says, "foiled the knights in Marialva's dome," so was Mammon the gigantic fiend who has brought to the dust the heads that wore the laurels of Alma and of Inkermann. The hardest case is, that the oligarchy of Mammon is confounded in the abuse of the democratical party with the true aristocracy, which I must be excused if I pronounce only in a lower sense than the church—the very salt of the earth in these unsanitary and unsatisfactory times.

HYPERBOLUS. I should like to know what you mean by the true aristocracy?

TLEPOLEMUS. The government of the best.

HYPERBOLUS. Get Diogenes's lantern, then, and find them out; they are few and far between in these days.

TLEPOLEMUS. But even among the bad some are best.

HYPERBOLUS. Who are the best then?

TLEPOLEMUS. Generally speaking, the people of the country; the landed, and not the monied. These seemingly popular measures—the Reform Act and the repeal of the Corn Laws—only took away power from the country to give it to the towns. It certainly does happen for all this that some of the old aristocratic families, having the condition of the possession of coin, together with their own prestige, have, by professing popular principles, got power into their hands, and according to all appearances intend to hold it for some time to come yet. The standard is, after all, only one—money. Just think over the matter. Is the press more free than it was before the Re-

form Act? Mention any one circumstance in which that measure has increased the freedom of action or freedom of thought of any individual. Now, it seems to me that all good governments have precisely the same objects,—freedom for the good, and restraint for the bad, and improvement for all. I should like to know how any of these changes have improved matters in this direction. And I should like to know of what use any measures of reform are that have not one or the other of these objects in view? It has been simply a robbing of Peter to pay Paul. You have taken political power from the country, which God made, to give it to the towns, which man made. Do you now begin to see things in the same light as I do—viz. that the monopoly of power by the commercial class was the cause of our disasters?

HYPERBOLUS. Not quite yet.

TLEPOLEMUS. Now, let me ask you, to what fault are possessors of money usually most prone, especially those who have gained it by their own exertions?

HYPERBOLUS. To parsimony.

TLEPOLEMUS. Good. From what cause have our poor soldiers chiefly suffered in the East?—I do not care about particular causes, but from what general cause?

HYPERBOLUS. From mismanagement of the different departments, and want of a common supervision and responsibility.

TLEPOLEMUS. From want of a brain, in fact, our war system being a mere ganglionic system, or collection of unconnected systems, like that of certain animals, from which if you pull a leg, the leg moves, but there is no life in it, because there is no brain. Well, and from what does this mismanagement arise?

HYPERBOLUS. Chiefly, doubtless, from making appointments by favour, and not by merit; the whole thing being kept snug amongst a few powerful families.

TLEPOLEMUS. And how have the few powerful families been enabled to keep the whole thing snug, except by the indifference of the nation? You said just now that parsimony was the fault to which possessors of money made by themselves were most prone. What kind of parsimony?—in what departments do they generally pare and pinch and screw? In their luxuries?

HYPERBOLUS. No, not most of them.

TLEPOLEMUS. In those departments by which they increase their wealth—viz. in speculation or investments?

HYPERBOLUS. I reckon not.

TLEPOLEMUS. In what then? You are silent. I will tell you—in the department of their duties, in the department of the duties they owe themselves, their country, and mankind: this is where Mammon pinches and screws. Now, the keeping up of a war establishment sufficient for the defence of the country is a sacred duty to every people respecting itself.* We have starved this war department, and we expect the old miracles to be done by it. We expected of our soldiers what the Egyptians expected of the Jews, that they should give in the same tale of bricks, and find straw for themselves. And it is this miserable economy in the beginning that has led to this frightful extravagance in the end. We have dishonoured war, and war has dishonoured us in return. Our grand canker has been the passage of power, since the last great war, out of the hands of a military into those of a non-military class, as are the urban population of every country. When Rome was great how was her name kept up? Not by levies from manufacturing towns, but from her rural districts.

> "Rusticorum mascula militum
> Proles, Sabellis docta ligonibus
> Versare glebas."

And when Rome fell, why was it? It was that the country had all the blood

* During the last forty years, while we have been abolishing the Corn Laws, reducing our standing armies, and cultivating the arts of peace, our French neighbours have bestowed a very large share of attention on the perfection of their military establishments, and they had certainly attained a great measure of success.—*Evidence before the Sebastopol Committee of the House of Commons.*

sucked out of it by the vampires of free trade and foreign commerce; and having nothing but an urban population to oppose to invasion, she fell an easy prey to the manly barbarians of the north.

HYPERBOLUS. What is Rome to us? We live on an island. If free trade and commercial intercourse starve the army, they feed the navy.

TLEPOLEMUS. The repeal of the Navigation Laws, to wit; yes, they do feed the navy tolerably, as yet—they may feed it—with offal.

HYPERBOLUS. At all events, our navy was never in so fine a state as it is at this day, or so efficient.

TLEPOLEMUS. I hope that it is; but it has hardly been proved yet—we shall see.

HYPERBOLUS. Well, supposing our navy to be in a thoroughly efficient state, and to command every creek of the sea, what do we want with an army at all? The colonies can take care of themselves, or if they cannot, they are not worth keeping, and policemen are by far the best force to quell civic disturbances. We are, as Napoleon says, by nature a nation of shopkeepers, and never can be a great military nation.

TLEPOLEMUS. Certainly we cannot, if we are a nation of shopkeepers; but I repudiate the soft impeachment; I only allow it so far, that I believe the shopkeepers have got the whip hand of the nation. To go to the outworn similitude of the State ship, we have got a landlubber of a Cockney at the helm, and he is making her miss stays, and doing all kinds of unseamanlike things; and if we do not mind what we are about, we shall not get out of the bay, and we shall get on the breakers. As for depending on our navy, what does this mean but depending on others, and not on ourselves? This mean notion of resigning ourselves to female unprotectedness has arisen from the mistake of having a mercenary army (I do not use the term in a disparaging sense) instead of a civic one. Men forget that to be soldiers is as much the duty of a citizen as to pay taxes, and it is a great mistake of governments to allow people to perform this duty by proxy. Do not start, Irenæus; I am not proposing to send you to do garrison-duty in the Bermudas, or to fight naked Caffres in the bush. I am only proposing to make you by obligation what you are by free-will, a militiaman. And as for Hyperbolus there, who, for all his rodomontade, has plenty of pluck, I would send him as a volunteer to do the distant work. I would exempt from militia-service no man capable of bearing arms. Two things should be voluntary—what the French call mobilisation at home, and foreign service. A man's leave should be asked for moving him from his work to the other end of the kingdom, and again for sending him to the Levant or the West Indies. In case of invasion, of course, it would be the duty of every Briton to turn out. Persons possessing peculiar aptitudes, like fox-hunters, poachers, and gamekeepers, I would organize into crack light corps, who would be unspeakably efficient in a hedge and ditch country. I would tax the enjoyment of hunting by registering in some way every horse used for following hounds, so that he should be available in emergencies as a mounted rifle horse. I would reduce the duty on game-certificates, which is high at present, and in consequence often evaded, and oblige every one pursuing game to serve in a crack rifle corps, of whom much more time and practice should be demanded than of the regular militia. And as the pursuit of game generally denotes idle time, this would be no great hardship. Supposing this plan carried out, I do not think that there is any country in Europe so impregnable as ours. But if we would depend on our navy, as Hyperbolus would have us, besides the disgrace of the thing, our navy must be omnipresent; or while they are asleep at Plymouth, Portsmouth, Chatham, or the back of the Wight, or in the thick of the Orkneys, one single dissipated steam-frigate, with jaunty back-lying masts, may be shotting the "caller herrings" of Leith; introducing foreign metal into Dublin custom-house, without paying the duty; shelling in the Brighton lodging-house keepers in just retribution for making their visitors shell out; frightening the bathers at Margate out of their impropriety, and, worst of all, playing bowls without

leave on the sacred lawn of Osborne. This is just what a Yankee frigate would do if we were at war with them, and she managed to give our cruisers and crews the slip; she would delight in doing such things, not for the sake of the damage, but from the sheer innate impudence of Yankee frigates; and unless we have, as we ought to have, a fringe of artillery-militia all round the two big and the many small islands, there is nothing to prevent such insults. Not that Britannia's back would be broken by such treatment, but her nose would be pulled, and that is not a very pleasant idea for her dutiful children. But, as is the case with most over-statements, I concede to you a certain amount of truth. If you mean, by saying that we are a non-military nation, simply this, that by ourselves we are not numerous enough to meet on the Continent the whole of France, Russia, or Germany in arms, I quite agree with you, for it is a mere question of available numbers; but I maintain that we might, without distressing ourselves, send fifty thousand splendid soldiers to any point of Europe, who would be an immense help to any power we were allied with, and give a great momentum to war. We know what Great Britain did even in alliance with the desultory Spaniards. She did not, it is true, confront the whole power of Napoleon, but she bore the brunt of most of it when the rest of Europe was prostrate; and when he failed in Russia, and there was more equality in numbers, we all know the style in which she overleapt the Pyrenees. Napoleon told John Bull he was an old woman, till he began to think seriously that he was so himself. He thought, I suppose, because Hercules once wore Omphale's petticoats, that he might without loss of strength; but then Hercules was beaten by beauty, and not by a captive enemy's cajolery. No, Hyperbolus, we are not a nation of shopkeepers, and I trust never will be, though the shopkeepers have the upper hand at present.

HYPERBOLUS. Your arguments seem to tend to this,—you wish England to be a purely agricultural country, without trade, commerce, or manufactures, just as it was when the Danes and the Normans used to leave their cards on our coasts, and we had no navy to receive them.

TLEPOLEMUS. I wish no such thing. I only wish to balance one power in the State with the other. We must have a navy, if we would be respected abroad; so long live the shopkeepers! We must have an army, if we would be safe at home and respect ourselves; even so God speed the plough, and preserve to us the landed aristocracy!

HYPERBOLUS. I think it is rather an assumption on your part to consider the aristocracy as composed entirely of the landed classes.

TLEPOLEMUS. I assume no such thing; I merely maintain that the landed classes must be the nucleus of every aristocracy, that there can be no aristocracy without them; that the aristocracies of Venice and Carthage were therefore falsely so called: and I maintain, moreover, that if this country is to be well governed, it ought to be governed in a great part by such an aristocracy, because they are the only class who have a real vital interest in the prosperity of the country; for the land does not belong to them so much as they belong to the land, and are bound by duties to the land.

HYPERBOLUS. But aristocracy means a government of the best. Why should you deem the possessors of land the best men? A man is not stronger, cleverer, more honest than others, because he possesses land. Perhaps he may be a little stronger or healthier, but he is certainly not more intellectual; and as it is head, and not arms and legs, that governs mankind, I do not see why a country should be ruled by its muscular sturdiness.

TLEPOLEMUS. A man who possesses land is stronger than others—at least it is his own fault if he is not—both in muscles, head, and heart; he is, perhaps, not what you call cleverer, but we shall come to that presently: he is more honest, or it is again his own fault if he is not; for his occupations present fewer temptations to dishonesty, and therefore he is the fittest man to govern.

HYPERBOLUS. But I say that the cleverest men ought to govern: give

me an aristocracy of intellect, if you must have an aristocracy.

TLEPOLEMUS. You are—a very young gentleman. Never mind; you will get older quite soon enough. You want to be governed by an aristocracy of intellect? Do you mean newspaper editors?

HYPERBOLUS. I mean clever men generally.

TLEPOLEMUS. By which you mean not particularly clever men. But do you mean great scholars, or great scientific men, or great poets or historians?

HYPERBOLUS. Why not? It were far better to be governed by them than by fox-hunters, grangers, and plough-boys. I was struck with the remark of a popular writer, who said, with much more against our present system, that we ought to make kings of king-like men, and that such men as Burns ought to be put to govern mankind, instead of gauging barrels.

TLEPOLEMUS. Burns was a splendid fellow—one of nature's most glorious aristocrats, a man of men—but he would not have been a good governor, by reason of his being a genius: rather, I should say, his genius would have been in the way of his governing others, because it was in the way of his governing himself. It is the gift or the misfortune of genius to be absorbed in the feeling of the moment, to be filled with the vision of the moment; hence its miraculous conceptions and productions. And reverence for law and order is necessary to a statesman, though not to a genius; and how do we suppose that a man would care for Church and State, who politely desired those two authorities to go—no matter where, but well out of the way—while he went to his Anna? No, sir; Burns was a splendid fellow, but he would have repealed the malt-tax, the beer-tax, the tax on foreign wines, and all spirit duties, before he had been ten hours in office, without much consideration for the budget. You must give up Burns and poets in general, I think. Lamartine tried it; he let off one fine speech like a shower of rockets, and then he lapsed into impracticable schemes and obscurity. Poets are certainly not the men for our purpose.

HYPERBOLUS. But surely you would give great scientific men and philosophers more share in the government than they have at present?

TLEPOLEMUS. Perhaps to counterbalance the money interest—anything for that. But if I were obliged to look out for a dictator, I should not fix on a great philosopher. Why, it is related of one of the greatest, that finding the fire burning him one day, he rung the bell for the smith to be sent for to move the grate; and when his servant suggested that moving his chair would do as well, was surprised by the novelty of the suggestion; the philosopher's mind being absorbed at the time in some immortal discovery. All philosophers, being special men, like your poets, are absorbed in their own special pursuits; therefore they do not make the best governors. There should, no doubt, be an element of the kind in an aristocracy.

HYPERBOLUS. What do you say to the artists?

TLEPOLEMUS. There you have touched me on a weak point. There should, doubtless, be a strong artistic element in an aristocracy; but an aristocracy of artists would not do of itself: artists being ambitious men, and all ambitious men being selfish, they would be all quarrelling among themselves, and would want a strong hand to keep them in order. You might as well talk of an aristocracy of fair women; one no doubt very nice to live under for the governed, but how would the governors, or rather governesses, agree? Artists are not endued with woman's tenderness for nothing; they have other feminine qualities, which, although they fit them to rule in the realm of soul, disqualify them, to a certain extent, for the world of action. An aristocracy of artists will not do, though it is the nature and tendency of all real aristocracies to be artistic, as it is their nature to be military; and we find, as a matter of fact, that all the gentlemen delight to honour artists; and, however they may be above them in worldly station, bow low before their intellectual eminence. It is the low style of a monetary oligarchy to treat artists as house-painters; and in states where a democracy and a monetary oligarchy divide all the power, as in America,

art is hardly able to keep itself alive at all. The reason of this is, that Mammon has no fine semi-sensual, semi-intellectual tastes; his enjoyments are all gross, like his religion, which is a carnal and slavish one of rewards and punishments only. He hates all that is not useful—that is, which does not help wealth and mere animal comfort; so artists do not thrive under his wing. I never was more convinced I was right in my disapprobation of Mr. Gladstone's rough-and-ready system of direct taxation, than when an advocate of it said to me, "Why, the rich must give up a few of their luxuries; they must buy fewer pictures;"—as if, forsooth, the poor artists who painted the pictures had no right to live at all. Nothing is more false than saying that direct taxation is only a burden on the rich; the truth of the matter is, that the rich themselves do not feel it so much as some poor dependants on them, with whose services direct taxation obliges them to dispense; whereas indirect taxation is a burden on each man according to his means, and is fairly, and, what is a great thing, unconsciously paid by all; direct taxation relieving some classes of a burden they ought, as good citizens, to take their share of, but entirely ruining other classes,—these not the richest, but those whom, like artists, Mammon pronounces to be useless to society. Give me an artistic aristocracy, but not an aristocracy of artists. Art needs shelter, and aristocracy or royalty is its appropriate protector; save it from democracy.

Hyperbolus. I think you would rather have art than political freedom.

Tlepolemus. Men's ideas of freedom and tyranny are relative rather than absolute. Some feel it a tyranny when, by the independent spirit of their neighbours, sights of ugliness and sounds of discord are intruded on them, not to mention that which offends other senses equally delicate. The other day I went to see a man, stigmatised by some people as a tyrant, make his triumphal entrance into the city of London. I stood in Trafalgar Square, but I could see nothing, for the view of the road he passed through was shut up by a hedge of overflowing omnibuses, cabs, tables, and stands of different sorts, crowned by the heads of the people. If by a police regulation the people had all been obliged to stand on the ground, from the inclination of the square all would have seen well; as it was, only the foremost saw. It struck me the people who prevented me from seeing him were more tyrannical than the man I wanted to see as well as they. They got in my way; he did not. Now I know that Irenæus would be as much offended by an unsightly meeting-house opposite his church door, or the distant sounds of music proceeding, not even from the barrel, but from the nasal organ, as he would by a bone-burning establishment under his dining-room window, would he not? When he was a Friend, he thought the decorous silence, the *εὐφημία*, so seldom broken, the least part of the service, and thought to himself that if "speech was silvern, silence was golden," when any enthusiastic member rose to unburden his heart. Did you not, Irenæus?

Irenæus. Yes! We cannot have liberty of the press and all that without paying for it, and we pay for it by being obliged to put up with some nuisance or other, which, in its small way, is a tyranny. Everything of that sort has two sides. I have observed this in travelling in Switzerland, where some cantons are Protestant, others Catholic. The Protestants are certainly cleaner in their habits, but they are less polite and kind. The innkeepers of both cheat you: one class cheats by overcharging, the other by reckoning the change wrong; the selfishness of one is concealed, of the other open. The Catholic or the Lutheran Protestant takes his rifle down on a Sunday, and goes to a shooting-match; the Calvinist Protestant wears a long visage, and casts up his weekly accounts between the services. Both are equally worldly, but the worldliness takes a different complexion in each. In coming back from Switzerland, I passed by the Wirtemberg railway. I saw some most excellent third-class carriages glazed in and made into handsome rooms. I wondered at their being glazed in. People told me that the company wished to have them open, but the King, being a paternal governor, did not choose

that his subjects should get catarrhs or consumptions, and so ordered the company to cover and glaze their third-class carriages. Here we are not subject to the tyranny of kings, but we are to that of companies, who, as Lord Thurlow said of corporations, "have neither souls to be d——d, nor bodies to be kicked:" nor are they even like the government of Russia, "un despotisme temperé par l'assassinat." I have sometimes been struck by the affectionate regard of despotic governments for men's lives. You have often seen in Germany the notice of a fine for those who can read, and the picture of a wheel-drag for those who can only run, at the tops of hills; threatening pains and penalties for not dragging the wheel. In England the railway companies certainly punish people for trespassing on the line, but I suspect this is rather because they might impede traffic than out of consideration for their carcasses. All is not gold that glitters, and all is not freedom in a free country.

TLEPOLEMUS. Well done, Irenæus; I did not expect this from you. But we were talking about an aristocracy of intellect. Your specially clever men, as we have seen, will not do, at least those we have enumerated.

HYPERBOLUS. But certainly you would have your governors the cleverest men of the nation—the men of most political talent.

TLEPOLEMUS. Unless you could insure political probity as well, you would soon degenerate into a bureaucracy of the worst kind. You know the whole sad history of Bacon, Lord Verulam; or if you do not, read Macaulay's Essays. The fact is, we are in danger of being tyrannised over by clever men. I am not going to say anything against education. Every man, woman, and child ought to be educated, and the State ought to insist upon it under pains and penalties,—and the right that people have with us to bring up their children through a course of ignorance, as pests to society, is one of the tyrannies of our liberty; but this education ought to be for the sake of the heart more than of the head. I would rather teach the people religion than metaphysics; rather teach them music and drawing than algebra or the use of the globes. We especially want more music (in the Greek sense) in our British life; we want semi-intellectual pleasures for natures which are but semi-intellectual, to keep them from gross and debasing joys. Clever people have no right to monopolise everything; God did not make the world for clever people only. As He made His sun to shine and His showers to fall on the evil and the good, so did He intend His blessings to be shared by the learned and the ignorant, the bright and the dull. The sheep and the cows are less clever than the dullest of mankind, and yet they are allowed to graze and chew the cud, and are pronounced by the Divine fiat "very good," without the fear of some intellectual tyranny on four legs butting them out of their pastures. My great practical objection to be governed by what you call an aristocracy of intellect, or a committee of clever men, is, that they will never let well alone; and, thinking they can improvise improvement, they will never let improvement grow of itself, as it does in the course of nature, as moss grows round a stone which is left quietly in its place.

HYPERBOLUS. But if you move an old mossy stone from its place, it is all very well at the top, but look at the disclosures at its bottom; see what hideous insects instantly start into life, some with six legs, some with a hundred legs, some with no legs at all, and run about scared and furious in every direction. Surely if the stone had been "kept moving" by some reforming policeman they would never have collected there.

TLEPOLEMUS. They would only have been loose on society; that is all the difference. On earth, alas! we must have hideous things. They are best at the bottom of the stone, kept in quiet and darkness, with a good weight on them. It was remarked by the French papers at the Revolution of 1848 what frightful ruffians turned up, whose existence had never been suspected till they were seen rioting in the halls of the Tuileries. These are the sort of effects that clever men produce by their restless mania for perpetually stirring up society. All beauty grows in calm,

not in disturbance; and all order, which is the same thing in the Divine economy as beauty, obeys the law of crystallisation, and requires time and rest to arrange itself.

HYPERBOLUS. But if you have no clever men to reform, these institutions will get corrupt, just as stagnant water will, or a sea without a tide or currents.

TLEPOLEMUS. There you are jumping to a conclusion. Clever men you must have, or rather wise men—men who should be, as it were, the gardeners of our institutions, pruning them at the right time, watering them, shutting them from the frost and droughts, tending them as if they loved them; for may not the State as well as the Church be brought under the consecrated similitude of a vine? As for you and your clever men, they would pull the plants up by the roots to clean the dirt away, and give them small chance of growing. I found out this mistake when a little boy, for I was given a garden of my own: in boyish impatience I was always taking up the seeds to see how they grew, while little sister, with feminine gentleness, only watered hers, and let them be. Little sister's seed-leaves were out first. I will willingly grant that a certain number of clever men must be in every good government, for in another view they are the very guano of the exhausted State; but you know that you would not get much of a crop if you smother your field in guano. Even so the air that we breathe is very good for us, because it is a mixture of oxygen and azote, with some other things. Make it all oxygen, and we could not breathe it at all; for even make it laughing-gas, with a double dose of oxygen, and it is somewhat too intoxicating; or if we did breathe it, it would, I reckon, make us into such fast men that we should live through our seventy years in as many minutes. Defend me from living in an atmosphere of cleverness, for I value my span of life and my quota of happiness. It would fatigue me as much as three balls of a night fatigue the chaperon of an indefatigable belle in her first season.

HYPERBOLUS. Well, then, it comes to this: our aristocracy, or government of the best, not being composed of clever men principally, of whom is it principally to be composed—of rich men?

TLEPOLEMUS. We agreed about that before. That would make it an oligarchy.

HYPERBOLUS. Of titled men, then?

TLEPOLEMUS. What are titles? names given by governments, as universities confer degrees: the degrees are supposed to denote proficiency; the titles are supposed to denote something else—either good birth, or honourable distinction, or money. They are nothing in themselves; their only value is in what they denote. John Bull has an overweening respect for titles; he would even sympathise with the sailor in Captain Marryat's novel, who stood in great awe of his wife because she was "a lady's lady's maid." And why so? Is it because they denote virtue, or honour, or valour, or wealth? I suspect it is because he thinks they denote the last. A barony or a baronetcy is a bank-note payable at sight, and good for so much. This is why John respects handles to names, and seems to think that handles confer the same usefulness on men that they do on knives and forks, which would manifestly be unavailable without them, so that no railway board, or anything else of the kind, is complete that has not one or more hilted names on it. John Bull would have little sympathy with the pride of the Breton Rohans, the representative of which family used to say,

> "Roy ne puis, prince ne daigne,
> Rohan je suis;"

indicating that he had blood and land, and did not care for a title, which might denote something else as easily. Titles mean something else, but are in themselves nothing; and their value depends on what they mean. I will admit both intellect and money, both journalists and shopkeepers, into our aristocracy, or rather the commonwealth connected with it; besides, we know the human heart, and we know that without a constitutional opposition men cannot be kept in order. A clergyman, a friend of mine, a strong Churchman, even so, knowing that he was human, said, "I rejoice in Dissenters, and would not be without

them in my parish; they keep me up to the mark."

HYPERBOLUS. Come, it is time to come to some conclusion. Of what would you have your aristocracy principally to consist?

TLEPOLEMUS. The country is the land, and I would have the land governed by the country. I would have the land governed by those who possess the land (by possession I mean not absolute ownership, but possession in the Roman sense), by those who live from the land, and by those who till the land.

HYPERBOLUS. Before I object to what you say, I want to know what you mean by possession of the land?

TLEPOLEMUS. I mean to say that possession has changed its meaning of late. It meant, under the Roman republic, the right to hold state land for the purpose of grazing, or otherwise, before it was enclosed; and this privilege was always a bone of contention between patricians and plebeians. I would not make the tenure so loose as this; but I would not have men suppose that they can own land as they own their hats or their coats, to have them passed on to "Old Clo!" after they and their servants have worn them out. God made the country as God made man, and the land is a sacred thing. My dear boy, we cannot very well hold the land, our grasp is too small; but somewhat less *perhaps* than six feet of land will hold us some day; and looking to that, we must look on the land as a thing to be respected and venerated. The fact is, that what is called landed property is a trust which a man receives not only from God, but from the State, and for which he owes duty not only to God but to the State in return. It is so long ago that our landlords received their allotments from the State, that they have forgotten the terms on which they were given. Their lands were won by conquest; they were won by that law of nature which gives to all stronger and fairer races the power, and, it may be, the right, to rule over the weaker and less beautiful—they were, like Jacob's, won by the sword and by the bow. The State conferred them as a reward for military prowess, and in return they ought to be made in perpetuity available for the military service of the State. Every landholder, whether on a large or small scale—every country gentleman, farmer, peasant-proprietor—every labourer, ought to be a soldier, as a matter of course, liable to be called upon, not necessarily for foreign service, but certainly for the defence of his country.

It is the extravagance and covetousness of some of the landed classes which have caused the real nature of landed property to be ignored. They have sold, bought, borrowed, and lent land in the spirit of hucksters, and some few of them have thus richly deserved to be superseded by the huckstering classes. I think, for instance, and some may think I am going too far, that a landlord is never justified in cutting off, by consent of his heir, the entail of ancestral land to pay his debts. The land does not belong to him or to the heir-at-law. His family belongs to the land. In abdicating the duties he is born to, he commits a sort of suicide. Suppose an instance of the kind; such instances have happened in our time. The possessor of half a county gets deeply in debt; he feels the weight of debt unpleasant; he thinks land belongs to him as his hat and coat do; and just as if, being a poor mechanic, he would take them to the pawn-shop, he pawns his land; and not being able to redeem the pledge, by consent of the next heir, forfeits it. They both imagine they are doing a most honourable and conscientious thing, just as Cato did when he would not survive the republic, and fell on his sword. We will not speak of their heritage divided and frittered away, their old name extinguished, their beautiful collections of pictures and works of art, which are an honour to their country, dispersed to the four winds; but we will speak of the poor who flourished in freedom and happiness under the scions of the great house, and who are now given over from the indulgent tutelage of a gentleman, the son of a gentleman, to the tender mercies of Hebrew moneylenders and speculating agents. How much happiness is blasted by such an act of mistaken conscientiousness! The money obtained by the sale of ancestral land is ill bestowed even when paying just debts, if debts may

be called just which are most of them forced by a speculating creditor on an easy and open-handed debtor; but if this excuse does not exist, and it ministers to mere selfishness, a law of nature is violated, and conscience, when "land is gone and money spent," instead of dwelling on the excellence of learning, will more probably upbraid in words like those of Wordsworth,—

"The fields that with covetous spirit we sold,
Those beautiful fields, the delight of our day,
Would have brought us more good than a burden of gold,
Could we but have lived as contented as they."

But the reason why the law of entail and the right of primogeniture have acquired such a bad name is, that the men to whom they apply have forgotten the duties bound up with them. They do not make such a great difference in the distribution of privilege after all. One has property, the other has not its responsibilities. The possessor of an estate ought to be bound to lie on the bed of debt that he has made for himself, not being able to do anything to the prejudice of the estate which is not his, but to which his family belong. He ought either to live upon it, or to overlook it, and to care as much for it as if he lived on it. The eldest son ought to consider himself a fixture on the land, which, to "young men of a roving disposition," as recruiting sergeants say, must often be a severe trial; and it is his duty to see that every member of his family which belongs to the land, is supported by the land as far as his resources will go, either directly or indirectly. As for the younger Lacklands, they are chartered cosmopolites, and, instead of the onerous duties of landlordism, are free to serve in the standing armies of the State, to see the manners and cities of many men, and to pick out for themselves, if they are minded to cast anchor, the very fairest spot of a very fair earth as a residence. It is through younger sons, and all the landlacking population who are as younger sons, and ought to be as affectionately considered by the State, that all our relations with foreign lands should be kept up. The first-born is limited and land-locked, the latter-born are chainless as the sea, and free as the winds that blow over it. In their hands is given, as into the hands of the more seemingly favoured brother, the mission to replenish the earth, but not so much at home as abroad. They may say with the German poet,—

Behold my soul's inheritance—how spacious, how sublime!
My tenement is boundless Earth, my field is boundless Time."

I am one of Britannia's younger sons, but I must tell you I do not envy Irenæus, or any other of my elder brothers.

HYPERBOLUS. So am I one of Britannia's younger sons—waiting for a commission. It is the aristocracy who keep me out of it.

TLEPOLEMUS. It is not the aristocracy; it is the abominable mercantile spirit which buys and sells commissions as if they were ticketed lots, with a sort of political simony. Commissions ought to be given to merit, and won by valour—not bought like a yard of calico. Gentlemen ought to go and serve in the ranks, and the ranks ought to be made honourable. But the aristocracy are not in fault here; it is the spirit of commerce which is in fault, degrading soldiers into hirelings, and dishonouring military service in general. Under the present system, I know of few more unsatisfactory sights than that of a poor boy waiting for a commission. His mind is running to seed, and he spends time which ought to be spent in a conscientious preparation for a noble calling, in aimless dissipation and the idleness for which some one finds work. Even so does the spirit of commerce enter into the most sacred relations of life and degrade them. No wonder that commissions are bought and sold, where almost every social offence, excepting murder, may be condoned for money. Meet Mr. Bull in the street, and kick him; a five-pound note makes all straight. Make a conquest of Mrs. Bull, and carry her across to Boulogne; a cheque for a thousand makes all straight. Break Miss Bull's heart; she lives to bring her action, and her affections are valued at a more moderate figure. If a nation will make a

plaything of wars, and consider military commissions as toys, and the Horse-Guards as a toy-shop, we must not blame the aristocracy for dealing there when they have the means; but we must blame the spirit of the nation which treats with such levity some of its most solemn duties.

HYPERBOLUS. I said a little while ago, that when you had explained what you meant by possession of the land, I had an objection or two to bring against your theory of an aristocracy. It seems to me that it makes no difference whether a man farms or mines, whether he makes wheat or buttons, as far as his political dignity is concerned. What is the farmer but a manufacturer of food? What is a collier but an underground farmer? It is only the difference between horizontal and perpendicular, between tilling the surface of the earth and tilling its interior.

TLEPOLEMUS. Which sort of cultivation does your fair person like best —that of the artist who cuts your hair, of the other artist who cuts your coat, of the still rarer artist who imagines you a French dinner, or such sort of cultivation as a surgeon might make with a dissecting-knife among your viscera? The farmer tills the land, and the land pays him; but he gives more than he receives, and the land is all the better for his tilling. The manufacturer, who may be included with the miner, bores and spoils the earth like a mole, and ought, if he gets his deserts, to be treated as moles are treated. He takes all out of the earth, and puts nothing in. He is all for himself, for what is to become of his posterity when the coal-fields are exhausted, as they of course must be in time?

HYPERBOLUS. Why, then, the agricultural classes will have it all their own way.

TLEPOLEMUS. And the land will revert to its proper owners, or some of their class, as the Jewish lands reverted at the year of jubilee. By the way, you take very little account of the provisions made in the Mosaic dispensation for preventing the alienation of land.

HYPERBOLUS. We are not living under the Mosaic law.

TLEPOLEMUS. But under a law which at least should be more humane. What would your high farmer say to leaving a few grapes for the thirsty wayfarer, a few stray wheat-ears for the hungry gleaner; to leaving the working ox unmuzzled? "Slovenly farming," they would say; but such precepts were given by the Highest Wisdom, though easily set aside, no doubt, by men who would style themselves manufacturers of food, as being farmers.

HYPERBOLUS. And what else are farmers?

TLEPOLEMUS. Nothing else, if they manufacture seed, seed-leaves, flowers and fruit. I have learned out of some very old book, when a child, that these things were not made by men at all. It is an atheistic term. Man may make with his hands razors, reaping-hooks, calicoes, even steam-engines; but more delicate manipulation than his is wanted for the manufacture of food. The farmer is not a manufacturer, and never will be if he is true to himself. He has too much respect for nature. He helps nature, and nature helps him; the other man is, as far as he can, destroying her inside and disfiguring her outside. One spends the interest which nature yields; the other eats into her capital, killing the goose that lays the golden eggs. I esteem the farmer the nobler, and for many reasons I think that the country belongs to him more than to the other.

HYPERBOLUS. You would not, then, have a bureaucracy, but a boorocracy; you would make Roger Chawbacon a king. Roger Chawbacon, when a boy, was once asked what he would do if he were a king. "Swing on a gate and eat fat bacon all day," was his intelligent reply, in the provincial dialect.

TLEPOLEMUS. If the landed are mere boors in these times, they must take the consequences, and let political power go into shrewder hands. There are two antidotes to that rusticity which is apt to grow on all classes, whether high or low, that are purely agricultural; and these are, the drilling-ground and the school—military organisation and intellectual culture. If the country would hold up its head and broad shoulders above the town, it must attend to this. Above all must the nobility be the precursors of civi-

lisation, as many of them are. They must store their minds with knowledge in boyhood and youth, or they will be left in the wake of an advancing age. As for those manly amusements so decried by the utilitarian party—hunting, shooting, and the like—they must keep them up, not only for their health and pleasure, but as a duty; because of all preparations for soldiering they are perhaps the best, for they demand the exercise, in a greater or less degree, of all military qualities. And with due respect for the preservation of game, they must not be too hard even on the poor poachers; and they might fitly punish these uncovenanted sportsmen for their irregularities by forming them into Bashi-Bazouks, or irregular cavalry, whose work should be somewhat harder than that of the rest. Many a spirited youth has turned poacher from the mere *ennui* of rustic society as at present constituted. I have answered you. But why are you waiting, not preparing, for a commission?

HYPERBOLUS. I know I am very idle, but I hope to work up some interest, and then I shall set to work in earnest when I see the commission is to be had.

TLEPOLEMUS. As if a soldier could be made in a day. If it takes two years to make a good soldier, it takes four to make a good officer, fighting being the smallest part of his duties. But the levity with which the aristocracy, and those classes who take their cue from them, regard the preparation for the army, is not to be charged on them so much as on a nation which considers war only fit for the ornamental part of the population, and by no means an earnest business like that of the clergyman or the magistrate. Here is the root of the whole evil. I do not exculpate the aristocracy in this sad Crimean business, but they did their part of the work well—they did at least the fighting well; where they failed was, seemingly, in entertaining the same contempt for war as a business which our men of business have always entertained. It is the Peace party, as has been truly observed many times of late, who have done it all, directly or indirectly; their principles have more or less contaminated society, even that part of it which professed no sympathy with them. It was the party who repealed the Corn Laws to make bread cheap, who sent out soldiers and then starved them, for the sake of clinging to a ready-money principle in war; reminding one of the economical gentleman who tried to make his horse live without hay and oats, and then was exceedingly provoked at his dying when he was just beginning to learn the way.

IRENÆUS. I have finished my cigar some time ago; you have thrown yours away in the heat of discussion. Hyperbolus still keeps his pipe alight, and is fallen into a brown study, as if to make it appear that his interior is as profound, while his exterior isas showy, as that deep Dresden bowl. Excuse my summing up, for I suppose you have constituted me judge. Our aristocracy have been to blame lately, though not so much as the *Times* would have it. But they have been to blame, through the desertion of their ancestral principles; at least, this seems to be the drift of Tlepolemus's argument: and we poor men of peace—for I am still not anti-pacific, though I have left the Society—must bear the blame on our broad backs.

TLEPOLEMUS. In fact, it is not the cold shade of our genealogical tree that has stunted and blighted our army; it is the cold shade of the upas of commerce—yet best symbolised not by a tree, but by a ghastly Manchester chimney, vomiting nitric acid, muriatic acid, and a thousand putrid abominations, shutting out the sunbeams from the face of once fair Britain with its o'ershadowing smoke, and making the earth, where grass and wild-flowers grew in the memory of our fathers, into a blackened and blasted wilderness, like the sites of the cities of the plain.

THE STORY OF THE CAMPAIGN.—PART VI.

CHAPTER XVIII. (*continued*)—PROGRESS OF THE SIEGE.

It was rumoured and expected for some days afterwards, that the French would make another effort to take the hill. The Russians placed riflemen behind the work they had thrown up, and in a small enclosure of loose stones near it, who exchanged a brisk fire with the French tirailleurs in the advanced trench, but without much damage to either side. The attack was not renewed by the French, and the enemy proceeded to complete the work unmolested. The French, however, sallied from their lines on two or three successive nights upon the rifle-pits occupied by the Russians towards Inkermann, and on one occasion drove out the occupants of the pits and repulsed the troops supporting them; but neglecting to destroy or occupy the pits themselves, the Russians returned to them when the French withdrew.

At the beginning of March the winter seemed to have departed, leaving only a few cold days lingering in scattered order, in its rear. The health of the troops was steadily improving; they were in comparative comfort, and their labours were lightened. New batteries, admirably constructed, were in course of completion, far in advance of those used in the first attack, and connected with them by long lines of trenches. Guns for arming them were in our siege depots, those damaged by the long-continued fire were replaced by others, and we had lent a number to the French. Inkermann was not only defended against a second assault like that of the 5th of November, but was now the most strongly intrenched point of our position. Finally, the supply of ammunition necessary for reopening a general and sustained cannonade was being fast accumulated, while the fire of the enemy, who but lately had returned ten shots for one, was materially slackened.

A Russian steamer, armed with two heavy guns, had for a long time been anchored near the head of the harbour, at a point from whence she could fire towards Inkermann, and had frequently annoyed our working parties there. On the night of the 6th, the embrasures of three guns in our battery facing Inkermann Lights, 1800 yards from the ship, were unmasked, and shot heated. At daybreak the guns opened; the first shot passed over the vessel, and did not attract the notice of the sentry who was pacing the deck—the second struck the water near, when he jumped on the paddle-box and alarmed the crew. Seven or eight shot struck her, and damaged her machinery so much that, though the steam was got up, the paddles did not revolve, and she was warped round into the shelter of a neighbouring point. Her crew immediately left her, and she was careened over for repair. A deserter told us that three men were killed and three wounded on board.

On the 9th a telegraphic despatch was received at the British headquarters, stating that the Emperor of Russia had died on the 2d, with the words appended, "This may be relied on as authentic." The news spread rapidly through the camp, and, notwithstanding its surprising nature, it was at once believed. Next day the French General received a despatch to the same effect from a different source.

By the construction of the lines and batteries at Inkermann the Allies had to a great extent effected the object of enclosing the defensive works south of the Great Harbour. In front of the Round Tower (called by the Russians Malakoff), and to the right of our right attack, was a hill of the form of a truncated cone, nearly as elevated as that on which the Round Tower stands, known by us as Gordon's Hill, and by the French as the Mammelon. It had been intended that the French should obtain possession of this hill under cover of a cross-fire, from our right attack and the left Inkermann batteries, upon the ground behind it; and that works should be

constructed on it, which, at about five hundred yards, would bear on the works of Malakoff and the Redan. This design was anticipated by the enemy, who, on the morning of the 11th, were found to have seized on the hill during the night, and commenced a battery there. A fire of shells from our right attack drove their working parties out, and prevented them from making much progress by day; but though the fire was continued at night, its effect was too uncertain to prevent the enemy from working there during the darkness.

At seven o'clock on the evening of the 14th, Captain Craigie, R. E., was returning up a ravine from the trenches with a party of sappers, and was already at a great distance, when a stray missile came through the air towards them. He remarked, "here comes a shell," and at the moment it burst above them. All put up their arms to shield their heads from falling splinters; when they looked round, Craigie was lying dead,—a piece of the shell had gone through his side into his heart. The sappers bore him to his tent, many of them strongly affected, for he was a great favourite with his men.

In the middle of March the French connected their lines at Inkermann with those of our right attack by parallels, the advanced one passing in front of the Mammelon at less than five hundred yards from it; thus rendering the line of intrenchment continuous (except where the great ravine interrupted it) from the battery opposite Inkermann Lights, on our extreme right, to the French works on the left, which enclose the salients defending the town. Facing the advanced parallel between it and the Mammelon was a row of Russian rifle-pits, distant from the French less than a hundred yards, which caused great annoyance to the guards of the trench. At the request of our allies, a 24-pounder in our right attack was directed on the pits, and the second shot piercing a small work erected to shelter several riflemen, called by the French a *gabionade*, its occupants, to the number of eight, ran away, escaping uninjured through the fire of musketry poured on them from the French parallel; but they came back in the night. Next day I was in a new mortar-battery we had erected in front of the light division, watching the practice from our right attack against the Mammelon, when the colonel of the 5th regiment of French infantry, leaving his horse in the battery, walked down to the trenches, not by the ordinary path of the ravine, which affords shelter all the way, but over the hill; as he approached the lines he was shot dead by a rifleman from the pits. On the night of the 17th, about nine o'clock, it being very dark, a furious fire of musketry was opened from the French lines, and for upwards of an hour incessant volleys showed several thousand men to be engaged. The whole camp was on the alert, and the staff-officers despatched from the French and English headquarters to ascertain the cause, brought word that it was a renewed attack by the French on the Russian rifle-pits; and in the morning we heard that the French had taken them—nevertheless, at daylight the Russian sharpshooters were at their old post. The French were said to have lost upwards of a hundred men, and next night they bombarded the town from eight o'clock till midnight, inflicting great loss on the garrison, according to the report of a deserter.

On the 19th, a deserter brought intelligence that Menschikoff was dead. Next day another corroborated the intelligence, and added that Admiral Istamin had been killed in the Mammelon by a shell. He also told us that the Russian batteries had been forbidden to fire, and, in fact, they did not fire for two days.

On the 20th, Sir John Burgoyne, who had hitherto been charged with the chief conduct of the siege-works, left the army, for the purpose of resuming his duties in England as Inspector-general of Fortifications. His successor, General Jones, had arrived some time before. On this day we received the English papers up to the 5th, containing the original despatches announcing the Czar's death, the remarks thereon in Parliament, and the leading articles speculating on the new aspect which the war and the pending negotiations might assume when so important an actor had been suddenly removed.

CHAP. XIX.—THE BURIAL TRUCE.

The advanced trenches of our right attack met the advanced parallel of the French in front of the Mammelon in the ravine, which at this point is broken by the numerous small quarries, or rather commencements of quarries. The ravine, passing on through the intrenchment, sweeps round to the left between our attacks and Malakoff, and runs into the great ravine of Sebastopol.

A night-attack in great force was made by the Russians on the 22d, caused, as was afterwards reported, by the return of the Grand-duke Michael to the fortress. The principal body of the assailants advanced up the ravine aforesaid, and along the ground in front of the Mammelon, occupied during the day by their riflemen, while others, crossing the ravine, entered the advanced trenches of our right and left attacks. An Albanian, who had frequently headed sorties from the garrison, led the enemy assailing our right. The night was extremely dark, with a strong southerly wind blowing towards the enemy, and assisting to conceal their approach. Leaping into the trench, they were at first taken for Frenchmen, and greeted as such; but the nearest man of ours being bayoneted, the working party occupying the trench perceived their error, and, seizing their arms, at once met the assailants. The Greek leader of the Russians shot Captain Browne, of the 7th Fusiliers, with his pistol, and was immediately killed himself. Captain Vicars, 97th, forming his men, called on them to charge, and they leaped over the parapet, drove back the enemy, and pursued them down the slope, where Vicars fell mortally wounded. The Russians took with them our men's intrenching tools and fifteen prisoners, among whom were Lieutenant-Colonel Kelly, 34th, and Captain Montague, R. E. The latter was captured on our left attack, where also the enemy was repelled at once. Major Gordon, R. E., who had been charged throughout the siege with the conduct of the right attack, and who was always conspicuously careless in exposing himself to fire, received, while standing on the outside of the trench, two bullets, one in his hand, the other in his arm.

Meantime the attack on the French had been, after an obstinate resistance from a party of Zouaves, partially successful, and the guards of the trenches were driven out of the advanced parallels into one of the boyaux communicating with it, while the enemy occupied, and began to destroy, an advanced boyau which the French were pushing towards the most troublesome rifle-pits, as well as a part of the parapet of the parallel. The struggle, in which several thousand men were engaged on each side, was very close and desperate. Eventually the Russians retired, leaving a great number of dead, and having inflicted severe loss on their opponents, whose killed and wounded were reported to amount to four hundred and fifty.

A truce was agreed on for the purpose of burying the dead, to commence at half an hour after noon on the 24th. At that time a number of officers had collected at different points commanding a view of the Russian works, awaiting the concerted signal of the pause in hostilities. At noon the firing had almost ceased, and, at the appointed hour, a white flag was elevated over the Mammelon, while one appeared simultaneously in each of the French and English works, when those who had been watching for it at once streamed down the hill to the scene of contest. The spectacle that followed was one of the strangest that had occurred during the campaign.

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vanced trench meets ours, the ravine is, as I have before said, very rugged and broken, and those who had ridden down left their horses there. The first object I saw there was the body of the Albanian leader, who had fallen in our trenches, borne by four of our men on a stretcher to the outside of the parapet, where it was received by Russian soldiers. It had been partially stript, and covered again with his white kilt and other drapery, leaving his feet bare, as also his breast, on which, as on Count Lara's, appeared the scars of several old wounds. In a deep gully, below the verge of our slope of the hill, lay a Russian on his back. He had been wounded in the neck, and had lain there since the night before last, suffering and alone, on a bed of loose stones, with his head, which he had pillowed on his forage-cap, lower than his body. Judging from his aspect, his case was by no means desperate. His comrades, at the call of our men, who discovered him, flocked round and carried him off. I crossed the broken ground, which was sprinkled with dead, to the opposite side of the ravine, in front of the French parallel, where a crowd of Russian and French officers and soldiers were intermixed, with a good many English officers as spectators. The French had drawn all the Russian bodies outside their lines, where they were collected in one heap, in a spot between the French trenches and the Russian rifle-pits. Some of these latter were semicircular trenches, five or six yards in extent, with the earth thrown up in front, surmounted by a row of sandbags, and capable of holding nine or ten men;—some of them small screens of stone, or of a couple of gabions filled with earth, behind which a single rifleman was hid. The nearest French and Russian sharpshooters were about seventy yards asunder. The French seemed to think it necessary to guard against surprise or breach of faith on the part of the Russians, and kept their trenches strongly manned, while armed parties were drawn up outside.

The Russian officers not employed in the burial duty, mixed with the French, chatting, and exchanging cigars. The soldiers of the enemy looked dirty and shabby, but healthy and well fed. Most of them were of larger frame than the French, while the English surpassed both in size and stature; the countenances of the Russians, short and broad, with thick projecting lips, pug-noses, and small eyes, betokened a low order of intellect, cunning and obstinate. Many, both officers and men, wore orders and medals. Between these groups passed and repassed the burial-parties, lifting each grim gory figure from its face or back, placing it on a stretcher, and bearing it, with the dead legs swinging and dragging, and the arms vibrating stiffly to the steps of the bearers, to be added to the dreadful assembly. Not one of those looking on could feel secure that in the next twenty-four hours he would not be as one of these. About half-way between the Mammelon and the French lines was a large rifle-pit like a small field work, and near this lay another heap of bodies, probably collected by the Russians during the night. Behind, at 450 yards distant from us, rose the Mammelon, its battery surmounted by the white flag, and the parapet lined with spectators. Next, on the left, as we looked, separated by a level space of 500 yards across, stood the Malakoff hill, with its ruined tower, surrounded by earthen batteries; and to our left of that, between it and the Redan, appeared the best built portion of the city, jutting out into the harbour. These were seen so close that the main features of the streets and buildings were distinguishable—large barracks and other public buildings, with their long regular rows of windows, arched or square; the green cupola of a large church; and, on a high point, amidst well built houses, a handsome edifice surrounded by a colonnade like a Greek temple. In front of the large barrack was a dark line, seen through a glass to be a body of troops, and the telescope also revealed people walking about the streets, the arrangement of the gardens, and the effect of our fire upon the town, the roofs of the houses being broken through, and the walls thickly dotted with marks of shot. The masts of the inner line of ships sunk across the large harbour were plainly visible—one or two small boats were sailing about inside the obstacle.

Crossing the ravine to the front of

CHAP. XIX.—THE BURIAL TRUCE.

The advanced trenches of our right attack met the advanced parallel of the French in front of the Mammelon in the ravine, which at this point is broken by the numerous small quarries, or rather commencements of quarries. The ravine, passing on through the intrenchment, sweeps round to the left between our attacks and Malakoff, and runs into the great ravine of Sebastopol.

A night-attack in great force was made by the Russians on the 22d, caused, as was afterwards reported, by the return of the Grand-duke Michael to the fortress. The principal body of the assailants advanced up the ravine aforesaid, and along the ground in front of the Mammelon, occupied during the day by their riflemen, while others, crossing the ravine, entered the advanced trenches of our right and left attacks. An Albanian, who had frequently headed sorties from the garrison, led the enemy assailing our right. The night was extremely dark, with a strong southerly wind blowing towards the enemy, and assisting to conceal their approach. Leaping into the trench, they were at first taken for Frenchmen, and greeted as such; but the nearest man of ours being bayoneted, the working party occupying the trench perceived their error, and, seizing their arms, at once met the assailants. The Greek leader of the Russians shot Captain Browne, of the 7th Fusiliers, with his pistol, and was immediately killed himself. Captain Vicars, 97th, forming his men, called on them to charge, and they leaped over the parapet, drove back the enemy, and pursued them down the slope, where Vicars fell mortally wounded. The Russians took with them our men's intrenching tools and fifteen prisoners, among whom were Lieutenant-Colonel Kelly, 34th, and Captain Montague, R. E. The latter was captured on our left attack, where also the enemy was repelled at once. Major Gordon, R. E., who had been charged throughout the siege with the conduct of the right attack, and who was always conspicuously careless in exposing himself to fire, received, while standing on the outside of the trench, two bullets, one in his hand, the other in his arm.

Meantime the attack on the French had been, after an obstinate resistance from a party of Zouaves, partially successful, and the guards of the trenches were driven out of the advanced parallels into one of the boyaux communicating with it, while the enemy occupied, and began to destroy, an advanced boyau which the French were pushing towards the most troublesome rifle-pits, as well as a part of the parapet of the parallel. The struggle, in which several thousand men were engaged on each side, was very close and desperate. Eventually the Russians retired, leaving a great number of dead, and having inflicted severe loss on their opponents, whose killed and wounded were reported to amount to four hundred and fifty.

A truce was agreed on for the purpose of burying the dead, to commence at half an hour after noon on the 24th. At that time a number of officers had collected at different points commanding a view of the Russian works, awaiting the concerted signal of the pause in hostilities. At noon the firing had almost ceased, and, at the appointed hour, a white flag was elevated over the Mammelon, while one appeared simultaneously in each of the French and English works, when those who had been watching for it at once streamed down the hill to the scene of contest. The spectacle that followed was one of the strangest that had occurred during the campaign.

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Crossing the ravine to the front of

our right attack, I found the Russian dead, to the number (as one of the men employed in conveying them told me) of about forty, already removed. Altogether, judging from those who had fallen in our lines, and the bodies I had seen in front of the French, the Russians must have had four hundred killed in this attack. As soon as the bodies were all conveyed within the Russian line of rifle-pits, cordons of sentries were drawn across the space between; nevertheless several Russian soldiers remained for some time amongst our men, who seemed to regard them with a sort of good-humoured patronage, calling them "Rooskies," and presenting them with pipes and tobacco. One of them, who, besides tobacco, got a brass tobacco-box, absolutely grinned with delight. From this point of view (the ground in front of the advanced batteries of our right attack) the whole plain undulated in every direction into bluffs and knolls; everywhere it was bare and covered with short grass, plentifully dotted with grey stones. In front was the Redan, and nearer to us a line of screens, of grey stone, like rude sentry-boxes, each holding a rifleman.

According to arrangement, the white flag was to be kept flying in our batteries till that in the Mammelon was lowered. At a quarter past three, the bodies being all removed, and the Russians having withdrawn within their defences, it disappeared, and presently the puffs from the Russian rifle-pits and French lines showed that the ground lately crowded with soldiers of both armies working in unison was again the scene of strife. A gun and mortar from Gordon's battery threw shells into the work on the Mammelon; the nearest French battery at Inkermann did the same; the guns on the Mammelon, opposed to the latter, replied; the Malakoff guns fired on the French lines and on our right battery; and two nine-pounders in our right advanced work sent their shot bounding among the Russian rifle-pits.

In the night the Russians connected the pits by a trench, which they extended to the verge of the ravine. Thus an intrenched line was formed and occupied within eighty yards of the French, supported by, while it covered, the Mammelon.

During March, the railway advanced steadily towards the heights. Since Admiral Boxer had taken charge of the port of Balaklava, convenient wharves had been built on both sides of the harbour. On the side opposite the town, at the Diamond Wharf, great quantities of stores were landed; a branch of the railway ran to the wharf on each side, where an artillery officer superintended the transmission of the guns and ammunition towards the camp. About the middle of the month the railway had advanced three-quarters of a mile up the hill beyond Kadukoi, where an engine was set up, and trains began to run; and a week later all the powder landed at Balaklava was conveyed to a depot still nearer the camp. At the end of the month the rails reached the top of the plateau, and conveyed seventy tons of stores per day. An electric telegraph was also established at headquarters, communicating with Balaklava, with different parts of the camp, and with the right and left attacks.

We had now been half-a-year before Sebastopol. Coming in the middle of autumn, we had seen the season fade while we expected to enter the city. At that time there had been no thought of wintering on the heights; our speculations were directed to the chances of occupying the place, or returning to Constantinople, and to our own possessions in the Mediterranean, to await the next campaign. Rumour had already named the divisions which were respectively to occupy Scutary, Corfu, and Malta. Then, unawares, came the dreary winter, and the daily struggle to maintain ourselves, amid snow, choked roads, filth, and death. The warm days of March had begun to dissipate the impressions of that time of misery, and it was now looked back on as a dismal dream filled with gloom, carcasses, and a nameless horror. Our present prospects, though much brighter, were no less dubious. Negociations for peace were pending, while we were preparing for another attack with increased means, but with confidence diminished by former disappointment. A few days would see commenced, either the armistice as the preliminary of peace, or a bloody struggle with doubt beyond. Before our eyes was the great If, Sebastopol

—that once taken, we could venture to look forward either to a glorious return, or to a brilliant campaign.

Though the English public, and many in the army, were inclined to take a gloomy view of affairs, yet to the Russians they must have worn a far less promising aspect than to us. The great provoker and conductor of the war was gone—he who alone knew the intricacies of Russian policy, and could set in motion the cumbrous machinery of his monarchy. There was no great name now for the Russian soldiers to invoke, no great reputation to look to for shelter. The garrison of Sebastopol had resisted thus far successfully, it is true, though their constancy had never been proved by an assault, and the north side was still open. But the force at Eupatoria was now increased to 45,000, with 5000 cavalry, and might soon threaten their communications with Simferopol. Day and night our guns broke the silence, and our shot whistled among them; in the Malakoff and Mammelon alone they were said to lose a hundred men a day. Each day saw our works advancing, and they knew that we were accumulating the means for a second attack, which, successful or not, must cause them terrible loss. A great part of their large fleet had been sunk; a war steamer, French or English, watched the harbour incessantly; and our vessels passed to and fro, at all hours, in full view of the place, bringing supplies, troops, and regular intelligence, from England and France.

The remarkable event of the month was the death of the Czar. Happening, as it did, beyond all calculation, it seemed at first to cut the Gordian knot which complicated the affairs of Europe. Everywhere it was felt that a great constraining power had ceased; but the relief thus brought left something for the imagination to regret. In a dearth of great men he had risen tall and massive above the northern horizon, while in the cabinets of Europe his subtlety and force were felt and acknowledged; in his own vast dominions he commanded not merely unquestioning obedience, but universal veneration. With far more truth than the Grand Monarque he might have said, "*L'etat c'est moi*;" he was indeed embodied Russia. The enormous power wielded by a single man was heightened by the mystery which surrounded it, and in the dissolution of the cloud-capt fabric, this every day world lost something of romance.

CHAPTER XX.—VIEW OF THE WORKS.

The works of the besiegers, though extraordinarily diffuse and extensive, had now assumed the appearance of regular scientific attacks. The batteries, no longer isolated, nor confined to one line, were connected by parallels; and those in advance were approached by regularly constructed boyaux, or zigzag trenches. If the reader will accompany me to a commanding point, I will endeavour to set before him a view of the siege operations.

In front of the light division camp, near the Woronzoff road, is a building marked on the plans as the piquet-house. Down the slope beyond, and a little to the right of it, is a mortar battery, and a hundred yards beyond the battery is a small breastwork of stone, covered with earth from a ditch in front, and of sufficient thickness to resist a shot. A few spectators with telescopes were generally stationed here, watching the desultory fire of the opposing batteries; and from here a more compendious view of the siege could be obtained than from any other point.

The town of Sebastopol is naturally the first object that attracts attention, in the view of which it occupies the left centre. First, in a basin of the slopes below you, appear three long white lines of building, nearly two miles and a-half distant, dotted with numerous windows regularly placed. The two nearest are a great barrack and dockyard, both on our side of the inner harbour, the third, separated from them by the inner harbour, the entrance of which is just visible, contains arched windows, and terminates in Fort Nicholas, a low, solid-looking round tower. The outer harbour rises blue and clear above the third

line of building to where the low north shore juts out, terminating in Fort Constantine, a round tower of much larger circumference than Fort Nicholas. The horizon of the now blue and bright-looking Euxine rises high into the picture above the landscape. To return to the town. Behind the great barrack rises a tall building with a turret surmounted by a lead-roofed dome and spire, and close by it a short column like a piece of the monument, with a balcony round the top. Beyond, near the sea, in a garden, is another low white column. To the left is the town, built on a rounded eminence, half-way up the slope of which is a wall fencing a road which passes above the inner harbour. A large solid building faces the road; to the left of it are large gardens and well-built streets and houses. Conspicuous among the latter is a white building covered with sharp white pinnacles. All the roofs and walls are clearly relieved against the sea. Again, as you turn to the left, separated by a dip in the ground, is another eminence, with houses of a meaner and more suburban description. To the left, again, are earthen batteries surrounding the town, and parallel to these run the French lines, furrowing yellowly a greenish barren-looking plain, which, in the distance, seems more level than it is. In the light-blue water rising beyond are a few line-of-battle ships. In the middle distance, on our left, the first parallel of our left attack runs towards the French lines, from which it is separated by the great ravine. In the continuation of the parallel the right extremity of Chapman's Battery is visible descending the side of a knoll, with its men, guns, and embrasures dotting darkly the earth-coloured space of the interior. Behind the guns—the ground for a short distance renders the enemy's practice against it more uncertain and difficult—and a little in rear, a green mound rises, which partially protects from the Russian fire those entering the battery from the camp. This may close the left of the picture, the foreground of which consists altogether of green descending slopes sprinkled with stones.

Next, in the middle distance towards the right, is our right attack (right and left attack are the names given to our two sets of batteries and trenches divided by the ravine, the one superintended by Major Gordon, the other by Major Chapman), where Gordon's battery is seen traversing the crest of a green knoll, and terminating in a long trench descending out of sight into a ravine in the middle of the picture, where it joins the French lines. The suburban portion of Sebastopol forms the back-ground to our right attack. To the right of it, having the best built portion of the city for a back-ground, is seen a long line of embrasures in an earthen parapet, seemingly forming part of our own advanced works, but in reality separated from them by a hollow five hundred yards across. This is the Redan, one of the formidable Russian outworks. Then, on the right comes the green basin through which the harbour and the three long lines of buildings are visible. To the right of those buildings, and intersected half-way by the rise of the ground, is the square tower called Fort Paul, terminating the mole which juts out on the side of the inner harbour opposite Fort Nicholas. A low battery follows the ascent of the slope which forms one side of the Malakoff hill—a prominent object, constituting, with the Mammelon on its right, the centre of the view. The ruined tower of the Malakoff, half of which is pulled down, contains two large apertures; around stretches an earthen parapet pierced with embrasures, and surrounded on the slope outside with a dark line of abattis, or obstacles made of felled trees and pointed stakes. Between the spectator and the Malakoff can be traced the winding course of the ravine, which, after separating our lines from those of the French in front of the Mammelon, turns to the left towards the inner harbour. In the dip between the Malakoff and Mammelon the masts of two large ships, lying in the great harbour, are seen. The Mammelon is a low hill flattened at the top, crowned, like the Malakoff, with batteries, but having the embrasures wider apart. Its slopes, sweeping towards the spectator, are dotted with the screens of stone be-

hind which the Russian riflemen are posted, and are crossed by the advanced French parallel, lined with tirailleurs. The puffs of smoke between the antagonists are frequent. To the right of the Mammelon the ground falls, disclosing a peep of the upper end of the harbour, then it rises again to two consecutive hills a mile from the spectator, each crowned with a yellow line of earth forming a battery; that on the right is the hill where the struggle took place between the French and Russians on the 22d February. Again, to the right, is the top of a French battery in front of Inkermann. It is somewhat indistinct, as a descending green slope intervenes, but the smoke of a gun reveals it, and the shell bursts over the Mammelon, while the rush of its course is still reaching the ear. The Mammelon replies; a gun and mortar in our right attack drop their shells into the work; the Malakoff supports its companion by a couple of shells, which graze the crest of our parapet, and knocking up little clouds of dust as they go, burst far up the hill-side. A mortar near the Malakoff pitches a shell into the parapet of our advanced parallel; it rolls over and explodes; a commotion is visible through the glasses, and presently two wounded men are borne past to the camp—one struck in the cheek, the other having his leg shattered. Presently a tremendous explosion close behind makes an unprepared spectator start; another follows—the two 13-inch mortars have been fired. With a rush like a whirlwind the two great shells are hurled up into the sky, growing small as cricket-balls, and audible when no longer seen. As the sound ceases, two clouds of dust rise in the Malakoff—the shells have stopt there: another moment, and two columns of smoke rise and are slowly dispersed—both shells have burst in the work.

Turning to the right, so as to complete the half circle, you see on the next hill the Victoria Redoubt, made and held by the French, with an indented line of trench in front of it.

Up to the right centre of the view the sea forms the horizon, but between the Mammelon and the new Russian battery on the hill, the country north of the Belbec and Katcha rivers, jutting out into capes, takes up the line of the horizon, and continues it nearly on the sea-level.

The land north of the harbour, forming the distance of two-thirds of the picture, is intersected in every direction by roads. To reveal the details the aid of a telescope is required. Beginning at Fort Constantine, the line of the land is broken for some distance by earthen forts, which are marked on the plans, Sievernaia being the most extensive. In the dip between the Malakoff and Mammelon appears a low hill over the harbour, surmounted by a field-work encompassed by roads. Not far from this is a vast burying-ground, containing apparently thousands of graves. To the right of the Mammelon, on the cliff above the harbour, are rows of buildings like barracks, with a camp for six battalions behind. Inland, the plains and hills grow bare and wild, and are traversed by the Simferopol road, along which may be seen advancing to the town a large convoy of waggons escorted by troops. All along the edge of the cliff which borders the harbour, and the marsh at the head of it, parties of Russians may be seen working at batteries and entrenchments.

Having thus taken a general view, let us enter the works themselves. The ravine on the right of the mortar-battery is close, though unseen, and a few minutes' walk conducts to it. Here, on both sides, are rows of graves, on one of which two or three men are now employed with pickaxe and shovel. Passing these, the ravine (the same in which Captain Craigie was killed) winds, deepening as it goes, between its green banks sprinkled with fragments of gray rock. Presently you meet a party of Frenchmen bearing a covered form on a stretcher. You stop one to ask if it is a wounded man? "Monsieur, il est mort"—he has been killed by a splinter in the parallel. The next turn shows the right bank of the ravine ahead, covered with the recumbent forms of French soldiers, forming a strong picket, ready, if necessary, to reinforce those in the trenches. Near these the end of our first parallel meets the ravine, and you enter it, casting first a glance to the right, where, high above, a glimpse of

the Malakoff, with its guns, a mile off, is disclosed.

All the trenches are nearly of the same description—two or three yards wide and two or three feet deep, with the earth thrown up to form a parapet towards the enemy. Sometimes the soil is clayey, but oftener bedded with stone, through which the workmen have painfully scooped a cover. After walking some hundred yards, you find two guns stationed on their platforms in the trench which, widened here, and its parapet heightened and strengthened with gabions and sandbags, becomes a battery. Piles of shot are close to the guns, and a thick mass of earth crossing the trench contains the magazine. Through the embrasures or openings in the parapet, which the guns fire from, the Mammelon is visible, and these are the guns which you just now saw firing on it. Next, you come to a mortar-battery, where the parapet is very solid, and so high that the enemy's work is not visible to those working the pieces, which are directed by two iron rods, called pickets, stuck upright in the parapet, in front of the mortar. These being placed one before the other so that they form but one object when the eye is directed from behind them on the work, they are so left; a white line is made down the exact middle of the mortar, by a chalked cord stretched and rapped along it; and an artilleryman standing behind the mortar, holding before his eye a string with a plummet attached, causes the mortar to be shifted till the string coincides with both pickets, and with the white line on the mortar, which is then correctly aimed without the necessity of seeing the object.

Then come more guns, separated by traverses or masses of earth faced with gabions or sandbags: the presence of these generally shows that the battery or trench containing them is in the path of the enemy's shot, to the course of which they form obstacles. The embrasures here look on the Malakoff. As you regard it, a cloud of smoke is puffed from one of its embrasures—the report is followed by a rushing noise, and a shell, dashing over the parapet near you, buries itself in the ground a few yards behind the battery. All in its neighbourhood stoop to avoid the splinters; after a moment it bursts in a cloud of earth and smoke, and the splinters whirr and jar around. Plenty of pieces of shells—some new, some rusted—are lying about, and the ground is channelled with the graze of shot. Here and there you see one of our own guns half buried in the soil—it has either burst, or been struck by the enemy's shot, and rendered unserviceable.

A trench, branching from the first parallel, leads towards the second. This approach, or rather series of approaches, is of zigzag form, the branches in one direction having the parapet on the right, the others on the left. Traverses are frequent here, and the necessity for them is shown by the occasional singing of a bullet, and the marks where round shot have grazed parallel to the trench, and close to it. There are no batteries in these trenches, as they look obliquely on the enemy's works; but in a trench thrown out from one of them a mortar-battery is placed. Further on are the two field-guns looking on the rifle-pits in front of the Mammelon.

Turning to the left, up a steep trench where the parapet is higher, you have to walk circumspectly to avoid treading on the sleeping soldiers who guard the work, their arms loaded and with bayonets fixed, leaning against the parapet. This is the point where the Russians penetrated on the night of the 22d March; and on the left of it is the magazine into which the Albanian leader of the sortie discharged his pistol in a desperate attempt to blow it up the moment before he was killed. Close to this is the battery, and the parallel beyond it is lined with soldiers, some of whom are pointing their rifles through sandbag loop-holes at the enemy's riflemen, whom, through these loopholes, you may discern behind their screens of stone; beyond them, five hundred yards off, rises the Redan, a dark line of earth broken by embrasures, where the guns are visible. The complaining sound of the bullets is frequent here, and follows you at intervals along the zigzags by which you return to the first parallel of the right attack, which terminates in the ravine where the Woronzoff road lies.

Crossing this ravine, you gain the

parallel of the left attack, which leads into Chapman's Battery. This is similar to the other, but more substantial, owing to the soil being easier to work in. From its embrasures you see the Redan, and a range of batteries extending from it, near which are numbers of small white hovels. Lower down the slope is the Russian Barrack Battery, some of whose guns bear on us, some on the French across the ravine. The buildings of the city are seen to great advantage from here. On the opposite side of the ravine stands the Flagstaff Battery, or Bastion du Mât, protecting the town—and, close in front of it, the advanced French parallel. At intervals, lower down towards the water, are posted other batteries, the chief being that known as the Garden Battery—part of which, as well as some guns of the Flagstaff, looks on our left attack.

The first parallel of the left attack terminates in the great ravine, and advancing along the rocky ledge of it for two hundred yards, you reach another parallel, from which branch off approaches leading to the advanced works. Passing along these, you frequently see yourself under the guns of the Flagstaff Battery, but it is not worth its while to fire at individuals. At length our most advanced work is reached—a battery solid and compact, whose embrasures are as yet unopened. In the trenches to the right and left the parapets are lined with our sharpshooters watching their opportunity from the loopholes. Looking through one of these, you find yourself just above the end of the inner harbour. Across the ravine below the Flagstaff Battery are riflemen, who fire, some on these trenches, and some on the advanced lines of the French.

Returning to the end of the second parallel, you descend the high rocky precipice to the great ravine, which is here divided into two; the left, and shortest, would conduct you to our engineers' camp near the third division; the windings of the other and more considerable, lead to a distant point on the plateau. Both lie deep and gloomy between their rocky sides, where layers of grey stone, hollowed by fissures and caves, support a grassy plain, whose green border peers over the verge. The bottom of the ravine, which resembles the dry bed of a river, is threaded by a broken pathway, where shot and shell, fired from the Russian batteries on each side, lie in extraordinary quantities, causing the smaller ravine, which forms the ordinary approach to our works, to be called the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

At the point of junction in the full width of the valley stand the ruins of a white house on a knoll. This was once a pleasant spot surrounded with vineyards and gardens: a remarkably fine willow, shading a well close by, was uprooted in the storm of the 14th November. Crossing by this house, you see at the top of the further precipice an English battery of three guns, climbing to which you find yourself looking down on the head of the inner harbour, where the Russian batteries are posted to defend the approach. Going along the ledge of rock, you enter the French parallel which conducts to trenches and batteries, at first much like ours, but, as they approach the place, of more solid and elaborate construction. The rearmost trenches, like our own, are unguarded and solitary; but the more advanced are full of soldiers, smoking, sleeping, or playing at cards, and pitch-and-toss. In an advanced battery are several French officers on duty with their men, and one or two of them offer to accompany you. Going to the end of the parallel, you find yourself on the verge of the ravine looking down on the inner harbour; the bridge of boats is at no great distance, with planks laid from one to the other by which the Russians are crossing; in the yard of the arsenal close to the water are piles of cannon-shot. Just underneath, in the bed of the ravine, is a Russian cemetery full of white and black crosses, and riflemen are posted in it behind stones. One of the French officers, in his anxiety to point out all that may be seen, gets out of the trench and stands behind it, looking over the parapet, till a friendly corporal tells him that a bullet from the cemetery has shortly before struck just where he stands, when he gets down again into the trench, very deliberately, however, lest the credit of the *grande nation* should be impaired in the eyes of their

allies. The bullets which pass over here come from the sharpshooters already seen from the advance of our left attack. In the third, or most advanced French parallel, the parapet is very high and solid, being overlooked by the Bastion du Mât, which stands on a high hill opposite, distant less than 150 yards, as you may see by looking through one of the loopholes; taking care, however, not to look too long, as one of the riflemen opposite would think it no great feat to send, from his ambuscade eighty yards off, a bullet into the three inches square of space between the sand-bags. The riflemen here were a short time ago in the habit of diverting themselves by sticking up bottles on the parapet for their opponents to fire at. Our commanding engineer, looking through a loophole here one day, to survey the place, found a great number of bullets striking near him, and, hearing a suppressed chuckle from our worthy allies behind, he looked up, and found they had silently placed a bottle on the parapet over his head. This they considered a very capital joke indeed, and wanting nothing except a bullet through the general's head to render it quite successful.

In the parapet of a trench near is a portal six feet square, opening on a steep path descending into the earth. An officer outside tells you it is forbidden to enter here, but the sergeant who accompanies you obtains the permission of the engineer officer, and, descending, beckons you on. The passage narrows to little more than a yard square, along which you crawl for a considerable distance. A few men are squatting in the gallery, which is lit at intervals by candles. The heat grows stifling as you advance, and the roof seems ready to close on you. The rifle-shots, French and Russians, are now crossing each other unheard above you; and, a few yards farther on, you are actually beneath the enemy's ramparts. The sappers working here can never be sure that in the next minute the Russians, delving "a yard below their mine," will not "blow them to the moon," as Hamlet says—or pour upon them, through a sudden aperture, sulphurous vapours —or drown them with torrents of water. You breathe more freely after emerging from the narrow gallery of the French mine.

The batteries in the parallel are beautifully finished, high, solid, and carefully revetted. The guns have been removed from the opposing Russian battery, having been rendered unavailable by the proximity of the French marksmen.

A long walk through the trenches conducts you back to the first parallel, which you can quit near an enclosed field, in which stands a small house with a bell on the top, known as the Maison de Clocheton, where a French guard is posted. A road from hence traverses the French camps.

Perusing the foregoing chapter with the aid of a plan, the reader may perhaps form some idea of the aspect of the ground before and around Sebastopol.

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CONTENTS.

THE REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY, ... 625

ALAND: THE BALTIC IN 1854, ... 644

ZAIDEE: A ROMANCE.—PART VII., ... 660

ONCE UPON A TIME, ... 685

NOTES ON CANADA AND THE NORTH-WEST STATES OF AMERICA—PART III., ... 701

SPANISH INTOLERANCE AND INSOLVENCY, ... 714

THE PALMERSTON ADMINISTRATION, ... 724

THE STORY OF THE CAMPAIGN. WRITTEN IN A TENT IN THE CRIMEA.—PART VII., ... 740

CHAPTER XXI. THE SECOND CANNONADE——XXII. SUBSEQUENT OPERATIONS.

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BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCCCLXXVI. JUNE, 1855. VOL. LXXVII.

THE REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

MR. KINGSLEY is one of the most remarkable and voluminous writers of the present day. In the course of the last six years he has produced no less than twelve volumes of prose and verse, besides sundry pamphlets; and it must be confessed that there is no want of variety in the choice of his subjects. Sermons, novels, dramatic romances, political and polemical disquisitions, and treatises upon ancient philosophy, flow from his pen with extreme vigour and rapidity. One while you find him in the pulpit, denouncing in no measured terms the social institutions of the age, and attributing all the vices of the poor to the culpable indifference of the rich. Then, in company with Alton Locke, "tailor and poet," he takes a comprehensive survey of working-garrets and chartist meetings, allowing his companion, by way of recreation, an occasional love-passage with a countess. Next we are introduced to an irresistible gamekeeper, for whose sweet sake a young lady of rank and fortune pines away, while he of the steel-traps departs on a voyage of discovery to the realms of Prester John! Off again at a tangent goes Mr. Kingsley, who this time carries us to Alexandria, in the fifth century, and introduces us to forty Goths, worshippers of Odin, who along with forty young women of worse than doubtful character, reside in a splendid mansion of that renowned city, occasionally attend lectures on philosophy delivered by a female professor, and beguile their tedium by harpooning hippopotami on the Nile? Scarcely have we recovered from the amazement engendered by the contemplation of such a singular state of society, before we are desired by the Rector of Eversley to get on board ship, and to sail away to the Spanish main for the purpose of testifying the sincerity of our Protestant principles by an indiscriminate pillage and massacre of the Dons! Of a verity there is no small infusion of quicksilver in the veins of Mr. Kingsley.

That these books of his are extraordinary cannot be denied. We have nothing like them in our literature, and it is a decided proof of Mr. Kingsley's high talent that they have excited so much attention, and been so generally perused; for his faults are

Yeast: a Problem. By CHARLES KINGSLEY, jun., Rector of Eversley. Third edition. London: 1853.

Hypatia; or, New Foes with an Old Face. By the same. 2 vols. London: 1853.

Westward Ho! or, The Voyages and Adventures of Sir Amyas Leigh, Knight of Burrough, in the County of Devon, in the reign of her most glorious Majesty Queen Elizabeth. Rendered into modern English by CHARLES KINGSLEY. Cambridge: 1855.

not only numerous, but glaring. As a fictionist, he does not even try to accommodate himself to probability, but indulges in the wildest exaggerations, and in disordered flights of fancy. In depicting character he displays great lack of originality; most of the personages to whom he introduces us bearing a suspicious resemblance to the ideal children of other novelists. When purely original, he makes his characters so bizarre as to try our patience. Some scenes are positively tiresome on account of their over-minuteness and elaboration—others are conceived in the most outrageous and fustian spirit of the melodrama. Pathos he undoubtedly possesses; but it is mixed up with so much false sentiment that we rarely can accept it as genuine. And yet with all these faults, and many more, Mr. Kingsley is a fascinating writer. Take up any one of his books, and we defy you—in spite of the irritation which you feel at the constant recurrence of absurdities—in spite of the many violations of nature and propriety—in spite of your conviction that the author is promulgating views which are neither sound in theory nor fortified by experience—in spite of the prejudices and paradoxes which both annoy and perplex you—and in spite of an impression, which becomes a certainty as you read on, that the author himself does not always comprehend the drift of his own argument or reasoning,—we defy you, we say, in spite of all these things, not to finish the work. If you are an energetic and demonstrative reader, you may indeed, as was the case with ourselves more than once during the perusal of *Hypatia*, hurl the volume from you with a shout of annoyance when you arrive at some passage which is so peculiarly outrageous as to try your temper or your patience; but notwithstanding these little ebullitions, it is pretty certain that in five minutes afterwards you will be at it again. The author who, in spite of the many and serious faults which we have noticed, can thus maintain a hold over the attention of the reader, must necessarily possess some high counterbalancing qualities.

And such qualities undoubtedly Mr. Kingsley does possess. First and foremost, he has a great command of language; and his style, when he pleases to free himself from affectation, which is not always the case, is singularly pure, nervous, and masculine. It will be his own fault, if hereafter he shall compel us to retract this praise, by adopting, in imitation of another writer who has set a bad copy to the age, a dislocated and jerking style. As we have already hinted, Mr. Kingsley has strong imitative tendencies; but we do hope that, in this matter, he will not suffer himself to be misled, or join the ranks of those who appear to be bent upon botching their native English. Then he is not only a graphic, but a most beautiful depicter of scenery. In that respect he has hardly an equal; and the talent is by no means common. Whether he asks us to gaze with him on an inland English landscape like that near the Priory in *Yeast*, or takes us to the mud-banks of the Nile, as in *Hypatia*, or describes the breezy downs and sea-cliffs of Devon, or transports us to the solitudes of a South-American forest, as in his latest novel, we feel that we are in the company of an accomplished master. Some landscape painters, who use colour as their vehicle, cannot pass beyond one class of subjects—Kingsley, who paints in words, excels in all. His pictures of scenery are quite as good as those of Mr. Longfellow in *Evangeline*, or of the late Michael Scott in *Tom Cringle;* and having said this, we do not think that we can pass a higher encomium upon the graphic power of Mr. Kingsley. We may hereafter have occasion to quote a specimen,—at present let us proceed with our estimate of his merits, and his eccentricities.

We are convinced that no one reader of Mr. Kingsley, however much he may admire his genius, has deliberately adopted his sentiments in the gross. In ethics, in religion, or at least in religious tendencies, in social economy, in his pictures of society at different periods of history, in his estimate of real men, and of their motives, character, and conduct, he perpetually challenges antagonism and dissent. And yet his books are read, and will continue to be read, because, in spite of his many aberra-

tions, we believe him to be sincere, though actuated by impulse only. It is true that, in works of fiction, probability must be studied as a primary requisite; more especially in those which border upon the domain of history, and in which characters, of whose real life we have preconceived opinions, appear prominently in the scene. Tried by this standard, we must pronounce his last work, *Westward Ho!* to be an entire failure; for his pictures of English society, feeling and thought, in the days of Queen Elizabeth, as given therein, are utterly at variance with historical record, and with the voluminous evidence which is afforded by the works of the authors of that period. The whole novel is a huge anachronism; for the characters, except in name, belong to the age of Cromwell, and not to that of Elizabeth. But, setting *Westward Ho!* for the mean time aside, it cannot be said that the same remark applies with equal force to *Yeast* or *Hypatia*. The first is simply a speculative or social treatise, thrown into the form of a tale, which does not profess to fulfil the Aristotelian requirements of a beginning, a middle, and an end. The latter is a romance; but it introduces us to scenes and to forms of society regarding which we have few preconceived ideas. All of us know something about the period of Queen Elizabeth—not one in twenty thousand knows anything about Alexandria under the bishopric of St. Cyril. Therefore we shall probably best succeed in explaining our views regarding the quality of Mr. Kingsley's works of fiction, by considering them in their order.

Some four or five years ago, *Alton Locke* was reviewed in the pages of Maga. We see no reason whatever for departing from the opinion which we then expressed. While doing ample justice to the humane and philanthropic motives which urged Mr. Kingsley to advocate the cause of a class which he deemed to be overtasked and injured, we pointed out the excessive absurdity of the story, and appealed to the author whether he really was adopting the best means towards the promotion of his object, by sketching scenes from which common sense and every-day experience revolted. Richardson's *Pamela*, which at one time was to be found in the drawer of every kitchen-dresser, because it advocated the propriety of gentlemen marrying their maid-servants, was really mild and rational in comparison with *Alton Locke;* and we did hope that Mr. Kingsley, despite the extent to which he was inclined to carry his socialist principles, would take the hint, and not again offend in the same direction. However, in *Yeast*, we find him at his old work; and this time really wantonly, because he did not pretend to have any plot to develope. Mr. Kingsley is, we know, a gentleman, but he is also a man of extreme and unsafe opinions; and in writing as he has done, he has committed a grievous fault against society. We do not profess to have any sympathy with extreme aristocratic distinctions and exclusiveness, for we hold that, in the eye of the Creator, the peer and the beggar are of one value; still we maintain that there is a framework in society which must necessarily be supported and maintained, and that any gross violation of it, so far from being applauded, ought unhesitatingly to be condemned. Even in savage life the rule of gradation is observed. One chief weds the daughter of another—he does not search for a bride among the progeny of the serfs. With us, of a mixed and later race, the rule is certainly indefinite; and wealth is often accepted in matrimonial alliances as a substitute for intelligence, station, or accomplishment. We see that; and we would mourn it oftener if we believed that the brides were unwilling. But where is the man turned of thirty, whose income, beyond the necessary expenditure for mutton chops, can barely keep him in clothes, boots, and gloves, who has not known some adored creature—to whom, in private, he has uttered the most impassioned vows, and for whose sweet sake he has incurred a hopeless bill for bouquets—turn utterly false, pick a quarrel with him, or plead parental interdiction, and marry another, simply because the caitiff was possessed of some £6000 a-year, and in the event of his desirable decease, could settle a comfortable jointure on the widow? In such a case should we weep for the deserted swain? Surely not. Nay, rather

rejoice; because his bill to Mrs. Carstairs, or whoever else supplied him with bouquets—torn to pieces by the ungrateful fingers of the false one—will henceforth be unaugmented, until he applies himself, as every man in such circumstances should, in earnest to his profession, and, having gained a proper place in that, finds that, instead of a mere flirt, he may secure the affections of a true, sweet, domestic, and loving woman. Blessed is the man who, by any kind of influence or accident, even though it cost him an heartache, is delivered from the snare of the modern indoctrinated Syrens.

There is, however, some excuse to be made for girls who enter into matrimony purely from interested motives. Many of the poor things know perfectly well that, unless they marry and effect a settlement for life, they may be left in utter indigence; for papa is terribly extravagant, drowned in debt, and unable to face his bills at Christmas. Others are not happy under the parental roof, from which they would be glad to escape on almost any condition. Others are weak in volition, or have been so educated in the article of duty, that they dare not express repugnance to any proposals which may have found favour in the eyes of their mammas. Yet every one of these may have her secret attachment. Always in the background there appears the vision of that slim and curly youth, who danced the polka so delightfully, and whose attentions at the picnic were so marked and gratifying. But then Clara is painfully aware that the annual income of unhappy Julius is short of £100, and that he has no prospect of making any more. If, indeed, it were £500! But the age of fairies is gone; and Julius is a man without expectations, and, what is worse, without the ordinary average of brains. So poor Clara, with a heavy sigh, takes farewell of her day-dream; and in due course of time appears, covered with lace, at the hymeneal altar, to give her troth to a coarse elderly savage with sandy whiskers, who has cleared an enormous fortune by a successful speculation in cotton.

As for men who marry solely for money, we cannot find terms strong enough in which to express our contempt. They, at all events, have no excuse to proffer for an act of base hypocrisy and degrading selfishness. If fortune by inheritance has been denied them, they can exert their brains; if brains are awanting they have hands, and can work for their daily bread. The sense of independence is among the first of the manly virtues, and the being who barters it for gold is shortly and emphatically a slave. But we must not become too general in our observations upon marriage. Our objection to Mr. Kingsley is, that he advocates, or at least exhibits a decided leaning towards, marriages and attachments which society has an interest to discountenance.

The best character which Mr. Kingsley has ever drawn is Tregarva, the gamekeeper, in *Yeast*. He is represented as one of nature's nobles—brave, intrepid, honest, independent, merciful, and religious—in short, a man almost without a fault, but without any of the adventitious aids of education or breeding. The character, no doubt, is overdrawn, for Mr. Kingsley can do nothing without exaggeration; still, it is deeply interesting; and we must not expect from every writer of fiction that admirable temperance and propriety in depicting character, which gives such a peculiar charm to the immortal compositions of Scott. But Mr. Kingsley has a singular knack of destroying, or at least lessening the interest which he has created, by the almost ludicrous style of his personal descriptions. We have said that he paints scenery well. He cannot draw from the human figure. When he attempts that, he lapses into silliness, and writes absolutely like a Cockney. Here is his sketch of the gamekeeper, put into the mouth of his hero, Mr. Lancelot Smith:—

"'Fourierist!' cried Lancelot, laughing. 'But surely you never saw a face which had lost by wear less of the divine image? How thoroughly it exemplifies your great law of Protestant art, that "the Ideal is best manifested in the Peculiar." How classic, how independent of clime or race, is its bland, majestic self-possession!—how thoroughly Norse its massive squareness!'

"'And yet, as a Cornishman, he should be no Norseman.'

"'I beg your pardon! Like all noble races, the Cornish owe their nobleness to the impurity of their blood—to its perpetual loans from foreign veins. See how the serpentine curve of his nose, his long nostril, and protruding, sharp-cut lips, mark his share of Phœnician or Jewish blood! how Norse, again, that dome-shaped forehead! how Celtic those dark curls, that restless grey eye, with its "swinden blicken," like Von Troneg Hagen's in the *Niebelungen Lied!*'

"He turned: Honoria was devouring his words. He saw it, for he was in love, and young love makes man's senses as keen as woman's.

"'Look! look at him now!' said Claude, in a low voice. 'How he sits, with his hands on his knees, the enormous size of his limbs quite concealed by the careless grace, with his Egyptian face, like some dumb granite Memnon!'

"'Only waiting,' said Lancelot, 'for the day-star to arise on him and wake him into voice.'

"He looked at Honoria as he spoke. She blushed angrily; and yet a sort of sympathy arose from that moment between Lancelot and herself.

"Our hero feared he had gone too far, and tried to turn the subject off."

This is very bad as description; but we venture to think that the sentiment is worse. Honoria is a daughter of Squire Lavington, whose gamekeeper Tregarva is, and without any impertinent approaches upon his part, she has fallen desperately in love with the serpentine curve of the nose, long nostril, protruding lips, dome-shaped forehead, enormous limbs, and Egyptian face of this dumb poacher-quelling Memnon! This is really a little too much; for, if we consider it rightly, it implies an entire departure from the modesty of woman, not to say a depraved instinct. Gamekeepers, in general, are tall, strapping, good-looking fellows, as befits their calling, and wonderfully gentle, considering the provocations which they constantly receive. Many of them are excellent Christians, and fulfil their domestic, moral, and social duties in a way that might put their betters to shame. But is that any reason why young ladies should fall in love with them, and even acknowledge their attachment to their sisters? Such things, doubtless, have taken place, but they are not to be mentioned with honour, or to be judged with leniency; and we cannot help thinking that the writer who unnecessarily brings forward such aberrations, and who treats them as if society were at fault in not recognising unions of the kind, ought to be visited with the very severest censure. This is not a matter to be lightly treated. The socialist sympathies of Mr. Kingsley have carried him so far that he has lost sight of all considerations of rank, breeding, and education. He cannot see why a princess should not wed a ploughboy, provided that ploughboy is upright, honest, and intelligent, with a slight dash of the Norse or the Phœnician blood exhibited in his forehead and his lips.

"And why not?" possibly some champions for national equality may demand—"Why should not the princess marry the ploughboy if his heart is true, and his impulses are really noble?" To that we reply, that between the princess and the ploughboy there is a vast gulf placed, by habit, education, method of thought, association, and feeling, which cannot be passed over. God forbid that we should insinuate that the mere fact of a humble origin is to be cast in the teeth of any man, or that we should revert to the ancient system of a sixteen quartering on a shield as a rule for matrimonial alliance. But the man makes himself; and must make himself, and win an honourable place in society, before we can acknowledge his claims, or pardon the woman who has forgotten herself so far as to stoop to a lower sphere. Men may, if they are so disposed, commit *mésalliances* and take the chance of moulding the more plastic nature of their brides. But the experiment, though it has sometimes succeeded, is a very desperate one; and the examples of King Cophetua and the Lord of Burleigh can hardly be pled as exceptions. But for a lady to wed—or, what is worse, to love without wedding—a boor, or a menial, is a thing which society will not and cannot tolerate. Works of fiction are, or ought to be, representations of the general feeling of mankind; not only in pure matters of nature, but in those in

which society is deeply interested. And, turning to the writings of the greatest master, save Shakespeare, which this or any other age has produced, we should like to know what opinion the public would have formed of Scott had he anticipated the socialist views of Mr. Kingsley. Even Dhu Maccombich, in *Waverley*, is, allowing for the difference of the time and race, a finer fellow than Tregarva. What would we have said had Flora MacIvor fallen desperately in love with her brother's henchman? Gurth, the swineherd, in *Ivanhoe*, is a capital specimen of his race, and really worth twenty Tregarvas—how, if the Lady Rowena had bestowed her affections upon the superintendent of the porkers at Rotherwood? Mr. Kingsley, we observe, has got a bad habit of accusing the present age of want of chivalry—has he ever seriously considered what chivalry means? It meant this in the days of old, that a man, whatever was his degree, might give his earthly worship to a woman superior to him in rank, and needed not to despair of winning her by such deeds as were then considered the marks of enterprise, valour and determination. He might struggle on from page to squire, from squire to knight, with one sole image as his lodestar; and after he had gained the chaplet of his fame, he laid it in humbleness and in fear at his lady's feet. Mr. Kingsley's method saves all trouble. Jeames the footman, with Jewish lips and Celtic curls, and a superabundance of unnecessary calves, turns out to be a serious young man, of the Methodistical persuasion, who is very kind to his poorer brethren, behaves well to his relations—has a notion that neither squire, nor parson, nor anybody on the face of the wide world, except himself, has a panacea for existing social evils, though his own panacea is as yet admittedly imperfect—and, incontinently, one or other of the young ladies of the house must fall in love with him, and perish of a spine-complaint, brought on by undeclared affection, because her papa has discovered that Jeames has a turn for satirical poetry, and discharges him for having lampooned his master. It is our duty, while dealing with such works as *Yeast* to explain their tendency:—can any one who has read the book accuse us of a harsh judgment in this particular?

We shall say little of the other views set forth or indicated in this volume, except that they are altogether unsatisfactory, and tend to no conclusion, whether they apply to social, religious, or political considerations. In fact, Mr. Kingsley is a mere gleaner of incertitude in the wake of Mr. Thomas Carlyle. To find fault with existing institutions, whether in Church or State, is the easiest thing in the world; because no human framework is perfect or immutable, and wisdom may be easily counterfeited by an assault upon existing errors or abuses. But does that constitute wisdom, or entitle us to repose confidence in the assaulter? Alas, no! Any number of men may get up to inveigh against prostitution and drunkenness—against close crowding of families in towns—against the general godlessness of the operative population. We may assume these as facts; but we desire to know what plan Mr. Kingsley has to propose for the reconstitution of society, even according to his indicated views. He is planless. He can object, and carp, and denounce, and unsettle faith, but he has not given a single indication of his power to suggest a better system in lieu of that which he visits with his censure. We are not ashamed to confess that we feel very little sympathy with theorists of this indefinite class. To unsettle opinions, without providing or indicating a clear way to a better course of action, is, to borrow a favourite phrase of Mr. Kingsley's, "the devil's work;" for it is a direct invitation to anarchy, without any provision of the means by which such anarchy may resolve itself into order. It is the mere echo of the old cry of the iconoclasts—"Down with whatever is, and we shall establish our future hereafter."

That there is much brilliant and some startling writing in *Yeast* we freely admit, and it may be that among the views propounded there are some which are worthy of attention. That remark, however, will apply to almost any work written by a clever man, which professes to treat

of social economy and of the many problems connected with it. Of late years, many such books have issued from the press, both in this country and in France, but we cannot say that any which we have encountered are satisfactory, or even likely to produce a beneficial result on the mind of the public; whilst some of them — and *Yeast* is of the number — are so disfigured by the constant introduction of false sentiment and extravagant opinion, that their influence must necessarily be prejudicial. Turn we now to *Hypatia*, Mr. Kingsley's Alexandrian romance.

Reader, were you ever stricken with fever? If so, you cannot fail to remember the hideous, bizarre, and grotesque shapes which haunted you during the hours of delirium, with a distinctness and pertinacity positively appalling. Never can we forget the monstrous old hag who nightly glided into our apartment, saluted us with a low mocking laugh, and then kept us spellbound for hours by the fascination of her glittering eye. Then came the HAVEREL, in the shape of an ancient and garrulous gentleman, who persisted in telling us everything that we knew before, with a prolixity which nothing could check, and a monotony that sounded like the eternal ticking of a clock. At length, he made way for a fanciful figure, a sort of compound between a howling dervesh and Jim Crow, who went through a series of unnatural gyrations and contortions to the music of some unknown instrument more frightfully ear-piercing than a cat-call. Anon we were lifted into the air by an unseen genie, and plunged into a hot-bath, which, by some ingenious mechanism, was so constructed as to surround the council-chamber of our native city; and therein we were compelled to swim slowly round, listening all the while to a protracted debate on the weary subject of the Annuity-tax. Suddenly we were transported far away into central Africa, over Saharas, and among burning sand-drifts, and whirling pillars, from whose approach red-maned lions galloped, with an appalling roar, to an ancient temple in the City of the Sun, at the gate of which we were met by a courteous griffin, who laid his claws upon his heart, assured us of a cordial welcome, and requested our attendance at a banquet of fricasseed Arimaspians. Presently, in strode Odin, armed with the hammer of Thor, and with one tremendous blow reduced our friend the griffin to pulp, and possibly might have done the same execution on ourselves, had not Freya interfered, and desired us to pledge him in a draught of mead out of a skull, marked and numbered after the lively fashion of the phrenologists. Then there was heard a loud whirr of wings above, and with a shrill shriek the Scandinavian deities dispersed in fetid smoke; for the roof opened above our head, and down came swooping Jupiter, horsed upon his eagle. Right jovial was his air, as he politely desired us not to discompose ourselves, for he merely intended to amuse himself for an hour or so by looking on at a dance of the demigods and heroes. Instantly the scene was changed. The temple was transformed into a modern ball-room, splendidly lit up with an orchestra in which Apollo, who looked remarkably like Monsieur Jullien, presided; and in a trice, amidst the unextinguishable laughter of the gods, —for the whole hierarchy of Olympus was there—Hercules, Achilles, Julius Cæsar, and Napoleon, dashed like maniacs into the intricacies of the reel of Houlakin. Then there was a call for a song from Homer; but no sooner had the fine old bard uplifted his voice, than the two peacocks which stood on each side of Juno, set up such a scraighing, that every god, goddess, and demigod bolted with their fingers in their ears, and we, in our attempt to escape, fell plump down a draw-well, and landed on the back of a crocodile.

Those who never have experienced the sensations of fever, may, to a certain extent, realise the morbid state of imagination which it creates, by giving themselves up unreservedly to a perusal of *Hypatia*. It is about the wildest book that ever was written —not because the subject required heightening, but because the author, dealing with society in a very wild and perturbed period, has thought fit to apply his whole faculties to exaggeration, and, out of what were undoubtedly chaotic and conflicting elements,

to create a perfect Bedlam. Mr. Kingsley, who is passionately fond of Scandinavian lore, and who is always talking about Alruna maidens, must excuse us if we liken his Egeria rather to the Mara or nightmare, than to any other spirit that can influence the thoughts of men. He is, in his way, quite as fantastic as either Callot or Hoffmann, and that probably without intending it. Some other novelists, who select a particular period of history for illustration, fail in giving to their fictions that interest which the stirring nature of the time requires. Give them the sack of Rome, or the siege of Constantinople to work upon, and they are tame and spiritless. They cannot write up to history, and the pictures which they present to the reader are less vivid and distinct than those which he has previously formed for himself, or at least do not satisfy his estimate of what is actually required for the motion of the historical puppets. Mr. Kingsley, on the other hand, systematically overworks his materials. He is not contented with what he finds, but he must add to that everything which his imagination can devise. He frequently quotes the apothegm, that fact is more strange than fiction; but he is quite unable to see the difference between fiction and fact. Put a fact into his hands, and he immediately proceeds to dress it up, and bedizen it, and paint it, and lacquer it, until it has utterly lost all semblance of its former self; and yet he will introduce it to the notice of the world with the utmost confidence, as a perfect semblance of what has been. No matter how loudly we exclaim—"O monstrous! O strange! We are haunted. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! Thou art translated!" Mr. Kingsley cannot see the transformation, but apprehends, in so far as the critics are concerned, that "this is a knavery of them, to make me afeard."

We must admit that the time and place which Mr. Kingsley has chosen to illustrate in *Hypatia*, give ample scope for the imagination of the writer. The period is that when Christianity had gained the ascendancy in the Roman empire, and extinguished the older mythology; when the power which bishops exercised in the provinces was sometimes greater than that of the Imperial governors; and when the early persecutions of the Christians began to be retaliated. That, too, was the period when the mighty wave of the Gothic inundation rolled over Italy; for Cyril became Bishop of Alexandria just three years after Alaric plundered Rome, and the empire was everywhere tottering. The scene is Alexandria, where the Greek philosophy was still openly taught in opposition to the Christian doctrines, and where the hatred between Christian and Jew was most violent, and undisguised. Selecting this period, and choosing this arena, Mr. Kingsley has produced a work more utterly opposed to credulity than any Christmas pantomime.

First, we are introduced to a young monk, Philammon, the inmate of a Laura, or monastic establishment, situated on the Nile, some three hundred miles above Alexandria. Philammon is very innocent, never having seen a female, and being indeed taught to believe that all of the sex are direct daughters of the devil—a stretch of condemnation which we can hardly believe even the old abbot Pambo would have ventured upon, seeing that he must have had a mother. But Philammon, being sent out one day to gather sticks for the use of the monastery, chances to discover an old Egyptian temple, on the walls of which there are paintings of divers lovely figures, "dancing girls, in transparent robes and golden girdles, tossing their tawny arms wildly among the throng;" and, though convinced that the devil is at the bottom of it, he feels a touch of the old Adam. So, when he returns home, he plumply tells his superior that he is not going to waste his existence longer at a miserable station, where he has nothing to do but to say prayers, gather sticks, and cultivate lentils, but that he will down unto the civilised world, and see what is doing therein. To his amazement the abbot, instead of breaking his head, which he confidently anticipated, lets him go, after having held a consultation with a certain Father Aufugus, the Lansdowne of the establishment, who had once borne the name of Arsenius, and been the tutor of the Emperor Arcadius.

So Philammon gets into a boat of papyrus, and drifts down the Nile towards Alexandria, recommended with a letter to Cyril, and a provision of dates and millet.

Here let us remark, that Philammon differs in no respect from Alton Locke, except that he has fewer clothes, and is slightly tinged with Egyptian ochre. In taste, appetite, thought, and feeling, he is the same; and it is not unpleasant to remark the identity between the neophyte of the Thebaid and the pert Cockney of Seven Dials. Down the stream drifts Philammon for several days, until he comes upon "a gaudily painted barge, on board of which armed men, in uncouth and foreign dresses, were chasing, with barbaric shouts, some large object in the water. In the bows stood a man of gigantic stature, brandishing a harpoon in his right hand, and in his left holding the line of a second, the head of which was fixed in the huge purple sides of a hippopotamus, who foamed and wallowed a few yards down the stream." As to the possibility of harpooning hippopotami, we offer no opinion, leaving Mr. Kingsley to settle that matter with our friend Mr. James Wilson, or with any other naturalist whom he may select. But Philammon wanted to see the fun; and small blame to him if his "curiosity had tempted him to drift down almost abreast of the barges ere he descried, peeping from under a decorated awning in the after-part, some dozen pair of languishing black eyes, turned alternately to the game and to himself. The serpents!—chattering and smiling, with pretty little shrieks, and shaking of glossy curls and gold necklaces, and fluttering of muslin dresses, within a dozen yards of him! Blushing scarlet, he knew not why, he seized his paddle, and tried to back out of the snare . . . . but somehow, his very efforts to escape those sparkling eyes diverted his attention from everything else: the hippopotamus had caught sight of him, and, furious with pain, rushed straight at the unoffending canoe; the harpoon line became entangled round his body, and in a moment he and his frail bark were overturned, and the monster, with his huge white tusks gaping wide, close on him as he struggled in the stream."

The papyrus boat is capsized, and the young monk hauled into the barge, where he finds himself in extraordinary company.

"Philammon gazed with wonder on his strange hosts, their pale complexions, globular heads and faces, high cheek-bones, tall and sturdy figures; their red beards, and yellow hair knotted fantastically above the head; their awkward dresses, half Roman or Egyptian, and half a foreign fur, soiled and stained in many a storm and fight, but tastelessly bedizened with classic jewels, brooches and Roman coins, strung like necklaces. Only the steersman, who had come forward to wonder at the hippopotamus, and to help in dragging the unwieldy brute on board, seemed to keep genuine and unornamented the costume of his race, the white linen leggings, strapped with thongs of deerskin, the quilted leather cuirass, the bear's fur cloak, the only ornaments of which were the fangs and claws of the beast itself, and a fringe of grizzled tufts, which looked but too like human hair. The language which they spoke was utterly unintelligible to Philammon, though it need not be so to us.

"'A well-grown lad and a brave one, Wulf the son of Ovida,' said the giant to the old hero of the bearskin cloak; 'and understands wearing skins, in this furnace-mouth of a climate, rather better than you do.'

"'I keep to the dress of my forefathers, Amalric the Amal. What did to sack Rome in, may do to find Asgard in.'

"The giant, who was decked out with helmet, cuirass, and senatorial boots, in a sort of mongrel mixture of the Roman military and civil dress, his neck wreathed with a dozen gold chains, and every finger sparkling with jewels, turned away with an impatient sneer.

"'Asgard—Asgard! If you are in such a hurry to get to Asgard up this ditch in the sand, you had better ask the fellow how far it is thither.'

"Wulf took him quietly at his word, and addressed a question to the young monk which he could only answer by a shake of the head.

"'Ask him in Greek, man.'

"'Greek is a slave's tongue. Make a slave talk to him in it, not me.'

"'Here—some of you girls! Pelagia! you understand this fellow's talk. Ask him how far it is to Asgard.'

"'You must ask me more civilly, my rough hero,' replied a soft voice from

underneath the awning. 'Beauty must be sued, and not commanded.'

"'Come, then, my olive-tree, my gazelle, my lotus-flower, my—what was the last nonsense you taught me?—and ask this wild man of the sauds how far it is from these accursed endless rabbit-burrows to Asgard.'

"The awning was raised, and lying luxuriously on a soft mattress, fanned with peacocks' feathers, and glittering with rubies and topazes, appeared such a vision as Philammon had never seen before.

"A woman of some two-and-twenty summers, formed in the most voluptuous mould of Grecian beauty, whose complexion showed every violet vein through its veil of luscious brown. Her little bare feet, as they dimpled the cushions, were more perfect than Aphrodite's, softer than a swan's bosom. Every swell of her bust and arms showed through the thin gauze robe, while her lower limbs were wrapt in a shawl of orange silk, embroidered with wreaths of shells and roses. Her dark hair lay carefully spread out upon the pillow, in a thousand ringlets entwined with gold and jewels; her languishing eyes blazed like diamonds from a cavern, under eyelids darkened and deepened with black antimony; her lips pouted of themselves, by habit or by nature, into a perpetual kiss; slowly she raised one little lazy hand; slowly the ripe lips opened; and in most pure and melodious Attic, she lisped her huge lover's question to the monk, and repeated it before the boy could shake off the spell, and answer . . .

"'Asgard? What is Asgard?'

"The beauty looked at the giant for further instructions.

"'The City of the immortal Gods,' interposed the old warrior, hastily and sternly, to the lady.

"'The city of God is in heaven,' said Philammon to the interpreter, turning his head away from those gleaming, luscious, searching glances."

The gentlemen with the red beard[8] and globular heads are a party of Goths, who, separating from their comrades in Europe, had determined to do a little business in the piratical line for themselves, and also, if possible, to discover Asgard, the ancient city of Odin, which they rationally suppose to be situated somewhere near the sources of the Nile. They have been successful in so far as plunder goes, and have now established themselves in a handsome palace in Alexandria, and have taken to themselves not wives, but concubines of the profession of Lais and Phryne. For this household stuff they appear to have contracted with a certain old Jewess, called Miriam, who is a bawd, sorceress, and political *intriguante*. Pelagia, whom we have seen taking an airing in the barge, is a Greek slave belonging to this detestable old harridan, and has passed through a good many hands before she became the mistress of Amalric. This by way of explanation. As Philammon is not able to tell the Goths anything about Asgard, they propose to flay him alive, or to carve him into the blood-eagle; however, he is rescued by the interference of Pelagia, accommodated with an oar, and compelled to assist in rowing the party back to Alexandria, the quest after Asgard being adjourned *sine die*. Arriving at Alexandria, we are introduced to Hypatia, the female philosopher, a young lady whose hair was "such as Athene herself might have envied for tint and mass and ripple;" while "her features, arms, and hands, were of the severest and grandest type of old Greek beauty, at once showing everywhere the high development of the bones, and covering them with that firm, round, ripe outline, *and waxy morbidezza of skin*, which the old Greeks owed to their continual use, not only of the bath and muscular exercise, but also of daily unguents." This agreeable young lady has a hankering after the ancient gods, and daily delivers lectures to crowded benches of students. Then comes Crestes, the prefect, an indolent voluptuary, who has a penchant for Hypatia, and mortally detests Cyril, the bishop—and a certain Raphael Aben-Ezra, who is intended to be a mystery, affects nonchalance, walks about Alexandria with a British mastiff-bitch at his heels, declares himself to be utterly used up, and is rather richer than Rothschild. We have met with this personage before in *Coningsby* and *Tancred*. He is therein denominated Sidonia. Then we have Cyril, the shrewd, politic, worldly-minded bishop, full of prejudice as an egg is of meat, and determined to extirpate the Jews, and sweep heretics and unbelievers from the face of the earth. Between him and the professorial Hypatia

there exists the deepest enmity. Also there is a philosophic porter, who is very tiresome; and a mathematician, Hypatia's father, who is not more lively than other men who addict themselves to triangular pursuits. These constitute the chief materials of the romantic pottage which Mr. Kingsley has set on to seethe for our delectation and refreshment; and they agree like oil and vinegar.

Philammon is received by Cyril, and quartered among the *parabolani* or deacon visitors. But on the very first night of his arrival there is a row in the town, owing to a report that the Jews had risen and set fire to a church. Next day Cyril retaliates by marching the Christians into the Jews' quarter, which they pillage with amazing dexterity. The nonchalant Raphael Aben-Ezra, though warned by the respectable Miriam to escape in time, remains until the mob is in his house, but manages to withdraw uninjured, owing to his admirable coolness, and the terror which the jaws of the mastiff-bitch inspire. The Jews are driven from Alexandria. Cyril next attempts to put down the philosophical lectures, and Philammon declares himself ready to attend the college and defy Hypatia in the midst of her discourse. Of course it was not to be expected that an ignorant savage like Philammon could maintain a controversy for a single moment with the accomplished Hypatia; but the shrewd Cyril, who never stuck upon trifles, conceived that he might be profitably expended as a martyr, and that, if murdered by Hypatia's pupils, which was not unlikely, his death might furnish a pretext for a direct attack on the philosophers. So the offer of Philammon is accepted, and he is directed to attend the lecture of the female philosopher on the following morning.

As a lecturer, Hypatia is above the average. The discourse, of which Mr. Kingsley gives us a considerable specimen, is not worse, or more unintelligible, than many lectures which we have heard delivered at philosophical institutions; in short, it is passable small-beer with more froth than body. However, the young lady becomes rather free in the course of her remarks upon the Christian religion; whereupon Philammon starts up, and charges her with blasphemy. Then arise those exclamations so familiar in our modern theatres when a drunk sailor in the gallery attempts to interrupt the performance, and Philammon would certainly have been pitched from the window had not the gifted lecturess interfered. At it she goes again, blazing away with artificial fireworks; until the hour is up, when she dismisses the class, and sends the door-keeper after Philammon, who is considerably ashamed of himself, with a message desiring him to wait upon her on the following day.

Perhaps Philammon, who was as uneducated as a jackal, did not understand very much of Hypatia's lecture; but education was not necessary in order to appreciate the charms of rippled hair and "waxy morbidezza of skin." He had expected to behold a minister of Satan, but on the contrary had gazed on a celestial vision. So he went back to Cyril doubtful and desponding, and quite in a mood to contrast unfavourably the coarseness and brutality of the Nitrian monks, with the elegance and culture of which he had just obtained a glimpse. Nor had he much time to reflect; for short as his sojourn in Alexandria had been, he had already contrived to make an enemy of Cyril's right-hand man, ycleped Peter the Reader, with whom he shortly came to words and afterwards to blows. As a matter of course he was at once ejected from the society of the *parabolani*. So being virtually excommunicated by the Church, he went to the dwelling of Hypatia, craved pardon for his offence, received a free ticket of admission to her lectures, and took up his abode with the philosophic porter. Nor was the female professor altogether insensible to the personal qualities of the youth, whom she acknowledged to be "beautiful as Antinous . . . . Rather as the young Phœbus himself, fresh glowing from the slaughter of the Python."

For some months Philammon attended the schools, and in the acquisition of science gradually forgot his early fanaticism—in fact became a kind of Gallio. Meanwhile there have been

political conspiracies and plottings of all kinds. Heraclian, the count of Africa, has rebelled, and sent an expedition against Rome; and Orestes, the Alexandrian prefect, is awaiting the issue, in the hope of turning it to his own advantage. But these things affect not our globular-headed friends the Goths, who remain in that extraordinary harem of theirs, feasting, sleeping, and drinking, and, on the whole, pretty well contented with that sensual state of existence—all, except old Prince Wulf, the *rath-geber* or councillor of the party, who opines that it is time to be up and doing. Yet a certain degree of ennui, which all the blandishments of Pelagia and her nymphs cannot dissipate, has evidently stolen upon them, so by way of recreation they make up a party to hear Hypatia lecture; and Amalric the Amal; and Wulf, the son of Ovida; and Smid, the son of Troll; and Goderic, the son of Ermenric; and Agelmund, the son of Cniva, go forth with Pelagia and other accommodating damsels to listen to the philosophic wonder. We are sorry, very sorry to say, that Pelagia was not courteously received—nay, was positively insulted by several of the students who had previously been on familiar terms with her, and who taunted her with living as the mistress of a barbarian after having plundered them. At last a general cry of "return the money!" broke from the band of philosophasters, to which the magnanimous Goths, yielding to the frantic adjurations of Pelagia, replied by dashing their purses, bracelets, and ornaments, in the face of the reclaimers! Wulf, however, took a more sensible plan for quelling the disturbance, by giving the Alexandrian youth a glimpse of a brown blade, bearing certain ominous brown stains, at the sight of which they recoiled, and the party entered the lecture-room. Hypatia knew all about Pelagia, and hated as well as despised her, for the two were rival beauties; but, measuring her feelings, she determined to go on, and commenced her lecture as usual. Pelagia behaved pretty well at first, keeping the other girls in order; but gradually somnolence overcame her, and she dropped her head on the shoulder of honest Amalric, who was already snoring like an ogre. The only Goth who stood it all out was old Wulf, who opined that Hypatia was very like an Alruna maiden, and, at the end of the discourse, laid his purse at her feet! Philammon, who had also attended the lecture, encountered at the door, to his great surprise, old father Aufugus, or rather Arsenius, whom he had left at the Laura, but who, having heard tidings of his defection, had come to Alexandria to look after his strayed sheep. Then come family discourses, by which it appears that Pelagia is the sister of Philammon; the one having been purchased while a child by Miriam the Jewess, whilst the other was, in fact, the legal property of Arsenius. The old man had no intention whatever of divulging this latter secret, which was thundered in the ears of Philammon by the malignity of Peter the Reader; and poor Philammon, in the frenzy of horror at the discovery that he was a slave and not a free man, and quite misunderstanding the intentions of Arsenius, threw himself before the chariot of the Prefect Orestes who was passing by; and that worthy, being no way disposed to favour the monks, advised him to knock down a few of them, and to give leg-bail, upon which sage hint he acted, and sought refuge in the house of Pelagia. After him in full cry came various strong-backed ecclesiastics; but fortunately Wulf and Smid were in the courtyard, and whipped his persecutors out. But a greater danger attended the Prefect Orestes, who was hideously unpopular with the monks, as being an admirer and supporter of Hypatia, and no friend to Cyril; so they surrounded his chariot, overpowered his guard, and would have torn him to pieces, but for the timely aid of the Goths, who, armed with whips only, made a sally and rescued him, conveying him also into the house of Pelagia. But we must not become too minute. Suffice it to say, that while Orestes and Amalric, with the other Goths, sit down to dinner with the laudable intention of becoming particularly drunk, old Wulf pumps Philammon, discovers his relationship with Pelagia, and his earnest desire to convey her away to the desert, and devote

her to a life of repentance—a scheme which tallies wonderfully with the views of the old warrior. For, as we have said, Wulf was thoroughly disgusted with the life which his companions were leading, and was resolved, if possible, to rouse Amalric from his Circean lethargy; and he saw no better way of effecting this, than by getting rid quietly of Pelagia. Therefore he was kind to the boy monk, and allowed him to escape from the house when the revellers broke into the hall, in the midst of their Bacchanalian orgies; and four hours afterwards, when all the rest were sleeping off their liquor, he and Smid, the son of Troll, whose thirst was unappeasable as that of the desert, and whose head was harder than that of any mountain bull, discussed matters over a huge pitcher of liquor, and settled that Pelagia should be surrendered to Philammon—that Hypatia, whom Wulf fondly called the Alruna woman, should be wedded to Amalric—that the Goths should make themselves masters of Alexandria, which they might do by debauching the Prefect's guard—that Orestes was to be put out of the way, and that Africa was to be made a Gothic kingdom! Never mind probabilities, my masters! It is true that there were but forty Goths in Alexandria, but you are now in deep water, far too deep for the plummet of credulity. Let Mr. Kingsley go on.

But no. We shall not follow him exactly; for there is a scene in which Philammon, after his escape from the house of Pelagia, has an interview with Miriam the procuress, so hateful in expression, though not in action, that we shall not refer to it further than by stating that the old hag, whose slave Pelagia is, works upon the excited feelings of the brother, to gain him to her own villanous purposes, and insinuates that the possession of Hypatia may be the reward of his services. Then there is plot and counterplot. Orestes has received false intelligence that the enterprise of Heraclian had succeeded, and that the Count of Africa was master of Rome, whereas, in reality, he had been signally defeated, and sure tidings to that effect had reached Cyril. So the Prefect resolved to become Emperor of the South, to marry Hypatia, and to restore the worship of the ancient gods; for with a lesser bribe than that the female philosopher, who really disliked him, would not be satisfied. So the bargain is made, and it is settled that Pelagia is to appear as Venus Anadyomene, and there are to be gladiatorial combats, and exhibition of white elephants, and Pluto knows what else. Philammon, who goes nearly mad at the idea of his sister dancing in the open theatre as Venus, is sent to prison. Meanwhile a monk, who had been taken in the act of striking Orestes in the attack upon his chariot, has been crucified, and the body carried off by the Nitrian monks, and the honours of canonisation bestowed by Cyril. Then comes the amphitheatre scene—very horrible—in which Hypatia, in the character of affianced bride, sits by the side of Orestes the Prefect, and witnesses, with a blanched cheek, the most revolting butchery. Then Pelagia enters as Venus, and we have a scene which few laymen would have chosen to write, save under the influence of a sense of necessity or duty. Philammon, who has made his escape, dashes on the stage to rescue his sister from her degradation, and of course there is a frightful riot. But, the occasion being pressing, Orestes rises up, addresses the multitude, informs them that Heraclian has taken Rome, and winds up with the following suggestive peroration:—"Let the conqueror of Rome balance his account with that Byzantine court, so long the incubus of our trans-Mediterranean wealth and civilisation; and let a free, independent, and united Africa rally round the palaces and docks of Alexandria, and find there its natural centre of polity and of prosperity."

To which rather modern sounding harangue the voice of the populace replied, and

"Hypatia, amid the shouts of her aristocratic scholars, rose and knelt before him, writhing inwardly with shame and despair, and entreated him to accept that tutelage of Greek commerce, supremacy, and philosophy, which was forced on him by the unanimous voice of an adoring people. . . .

"'It is false!' shouted a voice from the highest tiers, appropriated to the

women of the lower classes, which made all turn their heads in bewilderment.

"'False! false! You are tricked! He is tricked! Heraclian was utterly routed at Ostia, and is fled to Carthage, with the emperor's fleet in chase.'

"'She lies! Drag the beast down!' cried Orestes, utterly thrown off his balance by the sudden check.

"'She? He! I, a monk, brought the news! Cyril has known it—every Jew in the Delta has known it, for a week past! So perish all the enemies of the Lord, caught in their own snare!'

"And bursting desperately through the women who surrounded him, the monk vanished.

"An awful silence fell on all who heard. For a minute every man looked in his neighbour's face as if he longed to cut his throat, and get rid of one witness, at least, of his treason. And then arose a tumult, which Orestes in vain attempted to subdue. Whether the populace believed the monk's words or not, they were panic-stricken at the mere possibility of their truth. Hoarse with denying, protesting, appealing, the would be emperor had at last to summon his guards around him and Hypatia, and make his way out of the theatre as best he could; while the multitude melted away like snow before the rain, and poured out into the streets in eddying and roaring streams, to find every church placarded by Cyril with the particulars of Heraclian's ruin."

We are becoming weary of this. Philammon sees Pelagia, but Pelagia will not leave Amalric; so her brother, at the instigation of Wulf, forms a design to carry her off. Hypatia has done with Orestes for ever, and finds that she is so unpopular in Alexandria that she must shut up her lecture-room and depart. After this point the whole concern is chaos. You see, indeed, in the witch caldron, the heads of the old characters popping up and down, but you cannot tell why they rise or why they sink. One splendid absurdity monopolises our attention. The leading feature of Hypatia's character is the restoration of the worship of the ancient gods, whom she tries to believe in with all her might of mind, but cannot gain any response. In this mood Miriam forces her way into her presence, and, by dint of magnetism and drugs, persuades her that she can afford her a personal interview with Apollo! The representative of Apollo is Philammon, who is partially hocused by Miriam, dressed in a white tunic, and made to assume an attitude. Let Mr. Kingsley describe what follows:—

"On our side of the room he perceived a doorway, filled by a curtain of gauze, from behind which came the sound of whispering voices. His fear, growing with the general excitement of his mind, rose into anger as he began to suspect some snare; and he faced round towards the curtain, and stood like a wild beast at bay, ready, with uplifted arm, for all evil spirits, male or female."

"'And he will show himself! How shall I accost him?' whispered a well-known voice—could it be Hypatia's? And then the guttural Hebrew accent of the old woman answered—

"'As you spoke of him this morning—'

"'Oh! I will tell him all, and he must—he must have mercy! But he?—so awful, so glorious?——'

"What the answer was, he could not hear: but the next moment a sweet heavy scent, as of narcotic gums, filled the room—mutterings of incantations—and then a blaze of light, in which the curtain vanished, and disclosed to his astonished eyes, enveloped in a glory of luminous smoke, the hag standing by a tripod, and, kneeling by her, Hypatia herself, robed in pure white, glittering with diamonds and gold, her lips parted, her head thrown back, her arms stretched out in an agony of expectation.

"In an instant, before he had time to stir, she had sprung through the blaze, and was kneeling at his feet.

"'Phœbus! beautiful, glorious, ever young! Hear me! only a moment! only this once!'

"Her drapery had caught fire from the tripod, but she did not heed it. Philammon instinctively clasped her in his arms, and crushed it out, as she cried—

"Have mercy on me! Tell me the secret! I will obey thee! I have no self—I am thy slave! Kill me, if thou wilt: but speak!'

"The blaze sank into a soft, warm, mellow gleam, and beyond it what appeared?

"The negro-woman, with one finger upon her lips, as, with an imploring, all but despairing, look, she held up to him her little crucifix.

"He saw it. What thoughts flashed through him, like the lightning bolt, at that blessed sign of infinite self-sacrifice, I say not; let those who know it judge for themselves. But in another instant he had spurned from him the poor de-

luded maiden, whose idolatrous ecstasies he saw instantly were not meant for himself, and rushed desperately across the room, looking for an outlet."

Let us be done with it. Pelagia will not leave Amalric, who tries to pitch Philammon from the battlement of the tower for interfering, but the young and active monk takes tight hold, they both roll over, and the skull of the Goth is battered to pieces, while Philammon escapes by the moat. Hypatia is rent asunder by a Christian mob at the high altar. Miriam is mortally wounded by Smid, the son of Troll, but has life enough to find her way to her lodging, and to inform Raphael Aben-Ezra that she is his mother. We have purposely avoided following the said Raphael during his episodical wanderings in this romance. Philammon becomes abbot of the Laura, and Pelagia dies as a saint and a recluse. So ends the phantasmagoria.

And what is the value of it? Really we have been unable to discover. Is it an improving book? We should say decidedly the reverse. What moral does it inculcate? We have not been able to discover any. Some works of fiction, we know, are intended simply to convey pleasure, by the agreeable pictures which are presented. In this instance the pictures are loathsome, distorted, and revolting. We must take the liberty of saying, with all deference, that a clergyman of the Church of England might occupy his leisure more usefully than by writing books of this kind. If there is to be no restriction whatever as to subjects, and if men of talent may blamelessly select any period for the purpose of exhibiting to us the grossness of ancient practices, this work of *Hypatia* may be defended. But we do not recognise the propriety of unroofing ancient sewers, for the sake of disgusting us with their smell. There is danger of new typhus from the old exhalations; and there are many parts and passages of history which, out of respect for public morals, had much better be left unexplained.

Mr. Kingsley, we trust, will do us the justice to believe that we have not arrived hastily at this conclusion, and that we have anything but a wish to misrepresent the tendency of the book. It occurred to us at one time that *Hypatia* might be intended to convey a wholesome lesson of toleration; and that the many scenes of religious and sectarian violence, which he has introduced, might be regarded as deliberate warnings against the indulgence of passion and prejudice, to the influence of which, ecclesiastic champions have been at all times peculiarly exposed. But this idea was entirely dissipated by a perusal of his last work, *Westward Ho!* In it, we are glad to say that there is no trace of pruriency, and that there is no repetition of such offensive scenes as we have been forced to condemn in *Hypatia*. The rush of passion is directed in another channel. Deep, abiding, and inveterate hatred of the Spaniards and the Pope, and lust for blood and plunder, are expressed in almost every page; and Mr. Kingsley seems rather proud than otherwise of the spirit which animated his countrymen. His aim throughout the book is to represent the freebooting expeditions from England, which were so numerous in the reign of Elizabeth, as so many pious crusades; and he is quite welcome to retain his opinion. Ours is slightly different. We believe that the object of these expeditions was to plunder the Spaniards, as the Spaniards had plundered the Indians. "We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth; then did we two set on you four, and with a word outfaced you from your prize, and have it." That is the simple state of the whole matter; and we are really at a loss to understand how Mr. Kingsley, who is a very clever man, and moreover well read in history, can attempt to maintain any other hypothesis. No considerations of Protestantism or humanity dictated those marauding expeditions. No doubt, as Protestants, the English hated the Spaniards; and no doubt their animosity was heightened by the knowledge of the diabolical cruelties which had been practised by the Spaniards against the natives; but booty was the main object which stimulated these private adventurers. Let us call things by their proper names. The young ardent spirits, whose exploits Mr. Kingsley chronicles with so much satisfaction, were neither more nor less than buc-

caneers, who went out to seize Spanish gold, and cut Spanish throats, after their own sweet will and pleasure. The temptation, no doubt, was irresistible, but we cannot bring ourselves to commend the practice.

We shall not attempt to give any sketch of the story, which, indeed, is confused and ill-arranged. The hero is Amyas Leigh, a Devonshire lad, of good family, who becomes a noted seaman. He and his brother Frank and some half-dozen other youths of their kin and neighbourhood, fall desperately in love with a certain Rose Salterne, daughter of the mayor of Bideford, who is simply a pretty girl, without any other recommendation. Miss Rose does not seem to care for any of them, so the young dunderheads resolve themselves into what they call the Noble Brotherhood of the Rose. We may observe that Mr. Kingsley has a vast admiration for the fantastic affectation of chivalry which was in vogue in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and not only defends that most tiresome, pedantic, and interminable of all romances, the *Arcadia* of Sir Philip Sidney, but extends his protection to a book which we thought had long since been condemned as the *ne plus ultra* of coxcombry, viz. Lyly's *Euphues and his England*. Even Drayton, who lived in Elizabeth's time, was fully sensible of the absurdities of Lyly, as may be gathered from the following lines:—

"The noble Sydney, with this last arose,
That heroe for numbers and for prose.
That thoroughly pac'd our language as to show
The plenteous English hand in hand might go
With Greek and Latin; and did first reduce
Our tongue from LYLY'S writing then in use;
Talking of stones, stars, plants, of fishes, flies,
Playing with words and idle similies,
As th' English apes and very zanies be
Of everything that they do hear and see,
So imitating his ridiculous tricks,
They speak and write all like mere lunaticks."

And certainly Mr. Kingsley does make his favourite Euphuistic character, Frank Leigh, talk excessively like a lunatic. This gentleman, be it understood, is one of the most accomplished scholars of the age, and is high in favour with the Queen. He discourseth in this wise:—"Had either, madam, of that cynosural triad been within call of my most humble importunities, your ears had been delectate with far nobler melody." And when he maketh an oration, this is his style:—"Be sure that not without reason did the ancients feign Eros to be the eldest of the gods, by whom the jarring elements of Chaos were attuned into harmony and order. How, then, shall lovers make him the father of strife? Shall Psyche wed with Cupid, to bring forth a cockatrice's egg? or the soul be filled with love, the likeness of the immortals, to burn with envy and jealousy, division and distrust? True, the rose has its thorns; but it leaves poison and stings to the nettle. Cupid has his arrow, but he hurls no scorpions. Venus is awful when despised, as the daughters of Prœtus found; but her handmaids are the Graces, not the Furies. Surely he who loves aright will not only find love lovely, but become himself lovely also." This is such lovely nonsense, that we are tempted to quote Mr. Kingsley's sketch of the utterer. We leave it in the judgment of the reader whether the portrait most resembles an accomplished cavalier or a haberdasher's shopman.

"The speaker was a tall and slim young man, some five-and-twenty years old, of so rare and delicate a beauty, that it seemed that some Greek statue, or rather one of those pensive and pious knights whom the old German artists took delight to paint, had condescended to tread awhile this work-day earth in living flesh and blood. The forehead was very lofty and smooth, the eyebrows thin and greatly arched (the envious gallants whispered that something at least of their curve was due to art, as was also the exceeding smoothness of those delicate cheeks). The face was somewhat long and thin; the nose aquiline; and the languid mouth showed, perhaps, too much of the ivory upper teeth; but the most striking point of the speaker's appearance, was the extraordinary brilliancy of his complexion, which shamed with its whiteness that of all fair ladies round, save where upon each cheek a bright red spot gave warning, as did the long thin neck and the taper hands, of sad possibilities, perhaps not far off; possibilities which all saw with an inward sigh, except she whose doting glances, as well as her resemblance to the fair youth, proclaimed her at once his mother, Mrs. Leigh herself.

"Master Frank, for he it was, was dressed in the very extravagance of the fashion,—not so much from vanity, as from that delicate instinct of self-respect which would keep some men spruce and spotless from one year's end to another upon a desert island; 'for,' as Frank used to say in his sententious way, 'Mr. Frank Leigh at least beholds me, though none else be by; and why should I be more discourteous to him than I permit others to be? Be sure that he who is a Grobian in his own company, will, sooner or later, become a Grobian in that of his friends.'

"So Mr. Frank was arrayed spotlessly; but after the latest fashion of Milan, not in trunk hose and slashed sleeves, nor in 'French standing collar, treble quadruple dædalian ruff, or stiff-necked rabato, that had more arches for pride, propped up with wire and timber, than five London bridges;' but in a close-fitting and perfectly plain suit of dove-colour, which set off cunningly the delicate proportions of his figure, and the delicate hue of his complexion, which was shaded from the sun by a broad dove-coloured Spanish hat, with feather to match, looped up over the right ear with a pearl brooch, and therein a crowned E, supposed by the damsels of Bideford to stand for Elizabeth, which was whispered to be a gift of some most illustrious hand. This same looping up was not without good reason and purpose prepense, thereby all the world had full view of *a beautiful little ear, which looked as if it had been cut out of cameo*, and made, as my Lady Rich once told him, 'to hearken only to the music of the spheres, or to the chants of cherubim.' *Behind the said ear was stuck a fresh rose;* and the golden hair was all drawn smoothly back and round to the left temple, whence, tied with a pink ribbon in a great true-lover's knot, a mighty love-lock, 'curled as it had been laid in press,' rolled down low upon his bosom. O, Frank! Frank! have you come out on purpose to break the hearts of all Bideford burghers' daughters? And if so, did you expect to further that triumph *by dyeing that pretty little pointed beard (with shame I report it) of a bright vermilion?*

But we must not altogether desert the narrative. Rose Salterne, though she cares not a pin for any one of the brotherhood, is still a true daughter of Eve; and, yielding to that propensity which sometimes inclines modern maidens to listen to the addresses of Foreign Counts, hairy refugees, and distinguished noblemen from Baden and Homberg, she falls desperately in love with a certain Spaniard, Don Guzman Maria Magdalena Sotomayor de Soto, a prisoner on parole at Bideford, and finally elopes with him. You would think that, after so decided a step on the part of the young lady, the Brotherhood of the Rose would be dissolved. Not a whit of it. Some four or five of them determine to go to the West Indies to seek her—though what they were to do, should they chance to find her, does not seem to have occurred to any of them; so they fit out a ship and sail; and the first issue of the voyage is, that Frank Leigh is taken prisoner, in an attempt to procure an interview with the lady; and, along with Rose, who had really been married to Don Guzman, and might have led a happy life but for the insolent pertinacity of these consummate idiots, is handed over to the Inquisition, and the two are burned at the stake!

We are not fond of supping full of horrors. We never could bring ourselves to sympathise with the taste of the melodramatic tyrant whom we once heard in a theatre on the Surrey side, demanding "a cup of gore!"—and therefore we decline recounting the subsequent dealings of Captain Amyas Leigh with the Spaniards. In the emphatic words of Bishop Hall he becomes "like a human beast—yea, like an unclean devil;" and we trust that Mr. Kingsley does not labour under the delusion of supposing that he is depicting the character of a noble, chivalrous, and Christian man.

We turn as a great relief, and with the sincerest pleasure, to the pictures which Mr. Kingsley presents of tropical scenery, after the vessel commanded by Amyas has been run ashore and abandoned, and the crew have been compelled to plunge into the recesses of the untrod wilderness. Read, for example, this:—

"They paddled onward hour after hour, sheltering themselves as best they could under the shadow of the southern bank, while on their right hand the full sun-glare lay upon the enormous wall of mimosas, figs, and laurels, which formed the northern forest, broken by the slender shafts of bamboo tufts, and decked with a thousand gaudy parasites; bank upon

bank of gorgeous bloom piled upward to the sky, till where its outline cut the blue, flowers and leaves, too lofty to be distinguished by the eye, formed a broken rainbow of all hues quivering in the ascending streams of azure mist, until they seemed to melt and mingle with the very heavens.

"And as the sun rose higher and higher, a great stillness fell upon the forest. The jaguars and the monkeys had hidden themselves in the darkest depths of the woods. The birds' notes died out one by one; the very butterflies ceased their flitting over the tree-tops, and slept with outspread wings upon the glossy leaves, undistinguishable from the flowers around them. Now and then a colibri whirred downward towards the water, hummed for a moment around some pendent flower, and then the living gem was lost in the deep blackness of the inner wood, among tree-trunks as huge and dark as the pillars of some Hindoo shrine; or a parrot swung and screamed at them from an overhanging bough; or a thirsty monkey slid lazily down a liana to the surface of the stream, dipped up the water in his tiny hand, and started chattering back, as his eyes met those of some foul alligator peering upward through the clear depths below. In shaded nooks beneath the boughs, the capibaras, rabbits as large as sheep, went paddling sleepily round and round, thrusting up their unwieldy heads among the blooms of the blue water-lilies; while black and purple water-hens ran up and down upon the rafts of floating leaves. The shining snout of a fresh-water dolphin rose slowly to the surface; a jet of spray whirred up; a rainbow hung upon it for a moment; and the black snout sank lazily again. Here and there, too, upon some shallow pebbly shore, scarlet flamingoes stood dreaming knee-deep on one leg; crested cranes pranced up and down, admiring their own finery; and ibises and egrets dipped their bills under water in search of prey; but before noon even those had slipped away, and there reigned a stillness which might be heard—such a stillness (to compare small things with great) as broods beneath the rich shadows of Amyas's own Devon woods, or among the lonely sweeps of Exmoor, when the heather is in flower—a stillness in which, as Humboldt says, 'If beyond the silence we listen for the faintest undertones, we detect a stifled, continuous hum of insects which crowd the air close to the earth; a confused swarming murmur which hangs round every bush, in the cracked bark of trees, in the soil undermined by lizards, millipedes, and bees; a voice proclaiming to us that all Nature breathes, that under a thousand different forms life swarms in the gaping and dusty earth, as much as in the bosom of the waters, and the air which breathes around.'

"At last a soft and distant murmur, increasing gradually to a heavy roar, announced that they were nearing some cataract; till turning a point, where the deep alluvial soil rose into a low cliff fringed with delicate ferns, they came full in sight of a scene at which all paused: not with astonishment, but with something very like disgust."

We could quote several other descriptive passages, not less beautiful, as illustrative of Mr. Kingsley's remarkable graphic power; and we only abstain from doing so because we are warned that our space is limited. In this inland journey, Amyas meets with an Indian girl, or rather a girl whom the Indians had found straying in the woods, and brought up as a kind of female Cacique. She turns out afterwards to be the daughter of an earlier European adventurer; but the story is too long to be unravelled. This child of the forest forms an unrequited passion for Amyas; accompanies him in his wanderings; and is brought home by him to England, and intrusted, for the necessary process of civilisation, to the care of his lady mother. The gradual reclaiming of the savage girl is dwelt upon at considerable length, but to our mind it is forced and unnatural.

Then comes the period of the Armada, in depicting which Mr. Kingsley has put forth his whole historical strength, and he makes a botch of it. The scene preliminary to the appearance of that extraordinary armament, though Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher are brought into view, resemble rather a boozing match of Greenwich prisoners than a serious preparation to meet the greatest danger to which England was ever exposed. It is in scenes of this kind that the incapacity of Mr. Kingsley as a vivid and truthful writer is principally displayed. In the hands of Scott, the preparation for receiving the Armada would have resolved itself into a most noble and animated picture; in the hands of Mr. Kingsley, it is a stupid Dutch daubing, suggestive of sack, tobacco, and bowls. Howbeit, they all get on board, one way or another, and there is plenty of powder expended, and

Amyas Leigh, having ascertained that Don Guzman is in command of one of the Spanish vessels, determines to tackle to it only; and by the slaughter of the Don, who really had done him no harm, to get rid of his accumulated bile. So he follows him clear round Scotland and the Northern Islands, and down again to Devonshire, like a greyhound coursing a hare, until, in a storm of thunder and lightning, the Spanish vessel strikes against the rocks, and founders; and Amyas, uttering words of blasphemy, is stricken blind by a flash. As a matter of course, to satisfy romantic requirements, he takes Ayacanora to his bosom, with the sanction of the respectable Mrs. Leigh.

If, in the course of this article, we have occasionally borne hard upon Mr. Kingsley, we simply plead the provocation. We have acknowledged with the utmost readiness, his fine talents; and the efforts which he has made to elevate the condition of the working-classes, whether they be practicable or not, are most praiseworthy from their motive. But, having read his works from the beginning, with much attention, and with a sincere desire of discovering whether the views which they inculcated were calculated to promote a more genial state of feeling among the different classes of modern society, we are constrained to say that, of all possible guides, he is the most unsafe and indefinite. Indeed, he is no guide at all, because he does not know where he is going. His historical romances are untruthful, in so far as they purport to be accurate pictures of the age and scenes which he describes; and the author is evidently doubtful himself of the fidelity of his own representations. They interest, because he is a man of genius, and can, to a certain extent, redeem the absurdity of his positions by a display of rhetorical power, and very few writers of the present day possess a style comparable to his. Nevertheless, it appears to us that he has not yet done justice to his undeniable powers. We hope that Mr. Kingsley is capable of better things, and we think so; but we cannot understand what wholesome purpose he meditated by the writing of *Hypatia*; or what lesson, to men of the present century, is conveyed by the publication of *Westward Ho!* It is not a picture, such as we might expect from the hand of an accomplished artist, but a mere caricature, which might be most triumphantly answered, were any one to construct a novel on the admitted facts contained in the *History of the Buccaniers*. The stone which Mr. Kingsley has thrown, might recoil upon himself with a vengeance. But what of that? He is free of the realms of fiction: but we are constrained to say that, in our view, except in so far as description of scenery is concerned, he has never kept within bounds. Let us add this remark for his own consideration. Mr. Kingsley, with all his liberality, has a strong propensity to persecution. We would rather keep out of his reach were he armed with ecclesiastical powers.

ALAND—THE BALTIC IN 1854.

At the entrance of the Gulf of Bothnia, and about midway betwixt the coasts of Finland and Sweden, covering much of the intervening space with a net-work of islands, stands the Aland group. Detached from the great thoroughfares of the world, unimportant in itself, offering few facilities for commerce, and apparently no temptation to conquest, this little spot would, it might be thought, have retained the seclusion which nature had assigned it. Man's history, however, proves that no isolation of position, no poverty, no obscurity, or inoffensiveness, is security against the aims of ambition, or the aggression of power. A country may lie apart from the great tracks and roadways—its people keep aloof from the great conflicting interests and great struggles, and yet attract the desires of some conqueror, as an outwork to his possessions, or a pasturage for his flocks; he wants it for an advanced post, a barrier, a citadel, or a "garden of herbs," and straightway it becomes his.

Thus has it fared with the poor Alanders. The very position which seemed to promise privacy and impunity, has brought upon them again and again the presence of war, and provoked the disturbance of their primitive state, by more than ordinary vicissitudes and transitions. Once a kingdom—so says tradition—the sovereignty, perhaps, of some northern erl or viking, whose ships found a snug refuge in its numerous coves or fiords; then, following the fortunes of its neighbour, Finland, a dependency of Sweden, or rather an unit in its federation of races; then overrun by Russian soldiers, converted into a military station, and placed under the rule of a nation alien in sympathies, laws, and blood—this little island aggregation becomes at last the scene of a war in which neither its interest nor its patriotism is involved. Russia was only an invader; England and France were strangers, known only through some vague idea of power or wealth.

The rule of Sweden seems to have been mild and easy. Under it the Alanders lived their simple lives in peace and content. The natural character of their country compelled a primitive state of society, and favoured a pastoral life. There was no inlet, no outlet for the tide of civilisation. There was not only the natural island separation, but the group was so intersected and dissected by water, and each islet was again so cut up by loch and morass, that not only it but every farm almost had an isolation of its own. Thus even the progress which arises from internal traffic and communication was checked. The land lies in a succession of meadows, with marshy pools in the midst, and edged by rocky wooded ridges, which run like headlands and promontories into the grassy plains. These meadows afford pasturage for the cattle required for draught or winter store; the plateaux and slopes offer spots for limited tillage; the pine plantations give fuel; the lakes have fish; the meres bring waterfowl; so that there is enough, and enough only, within their narrow demesnes for their own wants. There is little product for export—little demand on foreign markets.

This primitive state, this simplicity, without savagery or barbarism, has been ever a favourite topic of poets and pastoral romancists. They have fondly pictured it as a primal natural stage—a sort of stand-point, where man arrived at the height of innocence, happiness, and content, and thence emerged into all the vices, luxuries, and ambition attendant on civilisation. Delusion we know this to be; and yet there is something attractive even in the idea of a state where man pretends to no higher dignity than that of labour, and is surrounded by no artificialities of rank, ceremonies, or etiquette; where his vices and passions, though perhaps no less than in other stages, are still simple in their development; where,

> "For man light labour spreads her wholesome store,
> Just gives what life requires, but gives no more."

The poor Alanders possessed, perhaps, all that was ever real in such a

state the simplicity, labour, and frugality. Their labour might be light, but it was constant and various. In the spring and autumn many of the men went forth in fishing-boats, or as pilots to the ships which carried on the traffic in the smaller ports on the coasts of Sweden and Finland, and with their earnings brought back some small provision for the winter. Meanwhile tillage and harvest went on, for the gude-wives took more than a share of field toil, and allowed not the absence of their lords to check the progress of husbandry. The winter brought its peculiar avocations. There was the care of store cattle; the fishing through holes in the ice, or with deep nets underneath it; the shooting or trapping of wild-fowl or eider-duck. In the long winter nights, too, the indoor work began; the men manufactured harness, farm and domestic implements, for each man was his own artisan, and had manual skill enough to meet the needs of his labour. The women wove and spun their own coarse woollen garments, picked and sorted the down and feathers of the birds, and salted the fish. Then there were the little festivities, and the simple sports on the ice, to fill up the picture of primitive life.

The Alanders, like the Finns, were good sailors, but seem not to have been fond of roving far from home, and confined their seamanship to the navigation of their own bays and fiords, or occasional pilotage of the gulf. There was no frequent communication with the opposite shores, but there was kindness and neighbourliness on both sides. Thus year after year passed on, bringing its chronicle of births, deaths, and marriages, but little other change in the condition of the Aland group.

Their time was coming. The war, which was convulsing great principalities and powers, obtruded its movements even on their obscurity. In 1808, Russia seized the opportunity of aggression, and stretched forth her hand towards Finland and Aland. Her armies soon overran them. Sweden for a time drove back the invasion, but in the following year both were ceded to Russia, and the Alanders found themselves finally separated from the nation under whose rule they had lived so long and so peacefully.

To Russian policy Aland was more a military outpost than a colony: it was to be a stepping-stone—a starting-point to more extensive conquest. It was, therefore, held only by a sufficient garrison; and though the inhabitants stared, perhaps, to see grim fortresses and military buildings starting up on the shores where they had dried their nets or beached their boats, and groaned at first under the petty inflictions of martial occupation, yet the strangers were too few to effect any innovation in their social usages; and another revolution of destiny found them little altered in habits or condition. The name and locality became familiar to many who had scarcely ever heard of either before, when, in the beginning of last year, war with Russia arose before us as a great fact, and men's minds began to grow busy with the questions of assault and defence. Speculators on the Baltic operations fixed upon Aland as the first point of attack, and there was much reason in the supposition. It was at once the most assailable of the enemy's possessions, and the most easy of occupation. All the other strongholds—Abo, Revel, Helsingfors—might have been bombarded, but could not have been held except by the aid of a large army, whilst our flying squadron could have effectually cut off all communication betwixt Aland and the mainland, and secured it from attack. Its possession would have afforded our ships a convenient rendezvous—a depot for coals and stores—an hospital establishment for infectious diseases—and a fold or grazing ground for the cattle, which might then have been collected from every quarter for the use of the fleet. Above all, its capture at the outset of the war would have been hailed as a good first blow; afterwards it was looked upon merely as a compromise for the non-performance of more brilliant exploits. It would have shown the earnest purpose of the war—might have decided wavering allies, and daunted covert foes. Our rulers and chiefs thought otherwise.

Early in the spring of 1854 a mighty armament went forth for the Baltic—the most perfect that even the

might of England had ever sent from her shores. The ships were mostly models of architecture—all were splendidly armed and fairly equipped. The great auxiliary which science had given to seamanship was well and largely applied: the steam-power was abundant. The crews, too (spite of Mansion-House dinner-speeches), though not worthy of the ships, perhaps, were as good, if not better than those with which Nelson and his captains did their deeds of fame. Every ship had a body of trained gunners—all had in greater or less proportion a certain number of good seamen—draughts from the coast-guard furnished a class of men, not very young or active, but orderly, trustworthy, and used to discipline. These, with the marines, formed a good nucleus. The remainder, nicknamed Grahamites, were certainly an unkindly lot, the scrapings and gatherings from sea-coast and fishing villages—from the highways and byways of inland counties. Bad as these were, they were better than their like in the last war. Our fathers tell us that their ships then were manned by crews, about one-third of whom were men-of-war's-men—that the rest were the scourings of jails and the sweepings of hospitals—men who were sent among them impregnated with vice and disease, and sowed therewith the seeds of mutiny and death. The arms of all descriptions were excellent. The guns were of the newest pattern, the gun-gear of the newest adaptation. Cannon of heavier metal and superior construction occupied the places of the old rickety carronades and twenty-four pounders,—sights and ranges had exploded the old random hap-hazard plan of taking aim; an organised system of drill and firing had superseded the old muzzle-to-muzzle practice; well poised cutlasses had replaced the clumsy weapons which swept the decks of the Chesapeake.

The material of our armament, then, was superior in most respects, equal in all, to what it was at the proudest period of our naval power. It remained to be seen whether the qualities developed in the last war were still existing to produce new triumphs, or whether the addition of steam and the improvements in architecture, armament, and organisation, could counterbalance the lack of them.

The fleet went forth. England looked with just pride on this offspring of its strength. Opportunity, conduct, command, alone seemed wanting to repeat the glory of Copenhagen or Trafalgar. The fleet was fine, and a good spirit animated the men who sailed therein. There was no violent enthusiasm, but an earnest strong tone of feeling pervaded all ranks. There was enough of experience gathered in the last war, and in the petty struggles which have since given such frequent opportunities to naval action—enough of young impulse and latent enterprise to meet any emergency—and all hands had a steady confidence in themselves and in the force they wielded. The prestige of the past had not quite lost its inspiration: the names of the old battles had still for many a stirring sound; and the record of the old deeds still said to many a heart, "Go and do likewise." There were few who did not believe that the campaign would swell the old annals, and add a glorious day or two to the calendar of victories.

Kiöge Bay was the first rendezvous, and there the rodomontade signal about sharpening cutlasses cast the first shade of doubt over the general confidence. It contrasted harshly with the old Nelson signal, so expressive and so sublime in its simplicity, which had been made so familiar to men's eyes and minds that it seemed the national preparation for battle. But the sight which the combined fleets of France and England presented, when the ships assembled about the middle of June, was one to dispel all doubt and place hope in the ascendant. Twenty-nine sail of the line floated on the waters of the Baltic. Powerful steam-frigates formed an advanced guard, and a host of steamers went hither and thither to reconnoitre, pilot, or blockade, as occasion required. The gulfs were now open, reconnoissances had been made along the shores, and the time for action seemed near at hand. Expectation was at the highest pitch. Conjecture ranged over every possible and impossible point of attack. The

more ardent spirits would be satisfied with nothing less than Cronstadt; others would have been content with Revel or Bomarsund as a beginning. The movements of the fleets now indicated one project, now another. First, there was the anchoring in Baro Sound, from the islands around which could be seen the towers of Helsingfors, the low battlements of Sveaborg, and the ships lying temptingly behind them. Then there was the grand demonstration before Cronstadt. The French fleet and part of the English—a division being left to watch Helsingfors—sailed and steamed up the Gulf of Finland, and lay for some days within sight of the fortress, challenging the enemy to come forth—a challenge they very wisely declined. Meanwhile, steamers daily carried reconnoitring parties of admirals and official dignitaries as close to the batteries as prudence allowed. Lesser men, who had no steamers at command, were content to scan the position and defences of this *Carthago delenda* from deck or mast-head.

The attack was finally pronounced to be impossible, and so, after the place had been well looked at, the ships went back again.

Thus demonstration succeeded demonstration. The summer wore on and no blow was struck. The disaster at Gamla-Carleby, the abortive attack on Hango, and the general inaction, had cast a shade of discouragement over men's minds. Two or three sham attacks on islands and light-houses, which exhibited much confusion and want of arrangement, lessened their confidence also in the issue of any landing which might be attempted under the same management. Cholera soon added its depressing influences, and the hopes which were so high in the spring fell lower and lower as the summer advanced.

At last came the report that Bomarsund was to be attacked, and that a French army was coming to make the assurance of conquest doubly sure. A French army! Who wishes for more men? Do not the fleets muster their five thousand bayonets? Do they not contain guns of every description—field-guns, guns of position, heavy battery-guns—and men to work them? What more is wanting save engineers, with their skill and materials, and a man to command? The answer to these questions soon came, in the certain intelligence that French troops were embarking in English line-of-battle ships at Calais, and that no less a man than Baraguay D'Hilliers had been appointed to command the expedition. There was then work to be done, and the military jealousy which thought "the fewer men the greater share of honour," was lost in the conviction that the year would not close without an event of war. Led-Sund, the southernmost anchorage in which the intricate passage leading to Bormarsund terminated, was to be the rendezvous, and thither the French, with a portion of the English fleet consisting of four block-ships and six liners—in all, twenty sail of the line, accompanied by a host of steamers—repaired towards the end of July, to await the arrival of the land forces.

The Aland summer was at its height. The sun shone brightly on the calm broad basin of Led-Sund, and the rocky islets which studded it, throwing a sparkle on the waters, and striking out strange lights from the dark foliage of the pines. The scene was peaceful and pretty. A cosy villa or farmhouse with its large outbuildings, peeped forth from green pleasant nooks along the shore; and far down in quiet coves, market and fishing boats were lying on the beach; ponies were grazing on the islets; the windmills were working, and smoke arose from the chimneys—all giving token of continued occupation. The inhabitants either anticipated no danger, or thought it was vain to fly from it.

Each day now brought an event in the arrival of ships of war, filled with the redoubted soldiers of France, and we scanned curiously the looks and demeanour of our future allies—the men whose soldiership was so famous. Lusty English cheers rang out their welcome; the flags of France and England lapped their folds over each other; boats pulled to and fro; cannon thundered out their ceremonial, and the national airs, "Partant pour la Syrie," and "God save the Queen," became familiar sounds. The constant movement, the excitement, the variety and brilliancy of the scene,

heightened by the bright sunshine, and the strains of martial music floating through the air, rather suggested the idea of a tournament or some gala spectacle, than of grim preparations for war. The first onward movement was made by the four block-ships, which were detached from the main body under Admiral Chads, to take up a position in front of Bomarsund, but beyond the reach of its guns. Light steamers patrolled betwixt and around the islands, to cut off reinforcements or supplies from the Finnish shores. Thus the investment was effectually completed. The non-arrival of transports from France, with stores and *matériel*, caused now a short delay. The interval was employed by the authorities in going up and down—up and down, to spy the forts—hopeful, perhaps, that some weak point would disclose itself; but there they stood in their granite solidity, defying reconnoissance, and inviting attack. Let us follow in the wake of the officials, and have a look for ourselves. On we steam from one bay into another, then on through a narrow passage, where the rocks rise darkly and precipitously on either side, and the pines throw their shadows across us; then follow a thread-like line midst a mosaic-work of islets; then on, on again through narrow passage and islet mosaic-works alternately, until we anchor in the harbour of Bomarsund. A first glance shows how well chosen the spot was as a site for the arsenals, dockyards, and garrisons of a power which aimed at controlling and commanding the Baltic Seas. It was a good fulcrum for the lever which was to lift and shake the northern kingdoms.

The harbour is snug and secure, and has the advantage of spacious outer anchorages in Lumpar Bay and Led-Sund. The only access from the southward is the passage we have described, which, though offering sufficient depth of water, is difficult to navigate, from its intricacy and narrowness. The northern entrance, straitened by the position of Presto Island, may be easily defended. Thus, it may be seen, that a naval power possessing one shore of the Gulf of Bothnia, and coveting the other, as well as a preponderance in the Baltic, could not establish a more politic base of operations.

Landward, the position was equally advantageous. Natural enclosures restricted its defence within narrow limits. At the distance of a few miles, an arm of the sea, in conjunction with a chain of lochs, ran from north to south, and almost isolated the promontory on which the fortresses stood, leaving only here and there a narrow causeway as means of communication. Nearer, a similar enclosure offered a second barrier. A third may be said to exist in a rocky ridge which stretches from a point of the northern entrance to the sea-shore, forming almost a line of circumvallation. Art had fixed on this last as the point for its defences. At either extremity of the ridge was built a round tower, and below, on the sea-shore, stood the main work, a large fortified barracks. These three formed an irregular sort of triangle, of which the main work was the apex. On the shores of Presto Island, opposite the northern tower, or Fort Nortike, was another, and the two effectually guarded the entrance. The guns of Nortike also swept the rear of the main work, and ranged partially over the country beyond the ridge. The main work defended the harbour, and was flanked by the south or Tsee tower. The main road from Castelholm, which passed to the right of the Tsee fort, was only partially commanded by it, and some broken rugged ground around it afforded ready cover for an approach. This was the weak point of the land defence, but it would soon have been strengthened by the completion of an immense pile of fortified buildings, which were to carry on the line towards the sea. The plan was faulty too, in respect that, though the fire of the forts could be well and scientifically combined against an attack by sea, it could not, from their detached position and want of outworks, be concentrated on any one point on the land side, and that therefore the forts were exposed to be taken in detail. Such was the position. The works themselves were novelties in European fortification, and demand a particular description, which may, perhaps, be better given here than hereafter. The round towers were similar

in construction, and differed little in size. With their red granite fronts and fine smooth masonry, they presented a formidable appearance of solidity; but, as usual with things Russian, the outward semblance was a sham. The granite was only two feet thick, the rest all rubble and brick. The dimensions of Fort Tsee will answer nearly for all. Its height was about sixty feet, its diameter sixty yards. The outer wall was six feet thick, and the distance from it to the inner one was about sixty-five. Small space, it may be thought, including the thickness of two walls, for the working of guns and the habitation of men; yet there seemed room enough. In the centre was a large court, open to the sky. All the forts had two tiers of casemated guns. The upper was the principal, and, it may be said, the only battery; for the lower tier being within six or seven feet of the ground, its embrasures would offer a tempting opening for assault, and were therefore blocked up with brickwork, which was pierced, however, with loopholes for musketry. In two or three embrasures the guns were retained. A singular feature of the buildings was a sloping roof of sheet iron, from which protruded windows with wooden shutters, like those in attics. The entrance was by a narrow doorway, defended in front by a barricade of sand-bags and strong palisades, whilst yawning overhead was an ugly circular hole, through which missiles might be hurled on a storming party. This machicoulis was formed by a slide, which could be drawn backwards and forwards over the opening, and, though clumsily constructed, might have been turned to mischievous effect. The building within was divided into compartments by partition-walls; and entrances from the court led into the galleries, where the guns stood in their casemate chambers, separated by thick blocks of masonry, and where also were the apartments apportioned to the uses of the garrison. Above the upper tier was a bomb-proof floor, and over it stretched the iron roof. This was evidently used as a sleeping-place by the common soldiers, and the windows were intended as much for the purposes of ventilation as for musketry, though small wall-pieces stood in some of them. Such were the towers. They mounted from twenty to twenty-four guns, chiefly eighteen or twenty-four pounders. A few thirty-twos were found in them, but none of greater calibre. The guns, too, were of old pattern, and their carriages of rude construction.

The principle on which the towers were constructed gave some advantages, but was also productive of much weakness and defect. The guns could certainly range in every direction, but it was not possible to concentrate more than four or five, and an assailant would consequently be enabled to bring his battery to bear against any one point without being opposed to more than a fourth of the strength of the fortress. In addition to this there were the usual disadvantages of casemated batteries, the want of a free passage for the smoke, the consequent difficulty of keeping up a rapid fire, and the murderous effect produced by a shot entering through the embrasures into the confined space of the galleries.

The main work was on a much larger scale, and rather more irregular, as its purpose was to defend the harbour on every side; and it was therefore necessary that its plan should in some way follow the lay of the shore. It was crescent-shaped, inclining to a sort of gorge at either end, and the rear was closed by a curtain, with a small horse-shoe work abutting from it. The guns from this face partially flanked the towers, and commanded some parts of the ridge. The internal arrangements were the same as in the round towers. The double tier of casemates, the galleries, and the iron roof were all repeated. This work had ninety-two guns, and was capable of holding three thousand men. Betwixt it and Fort Tsee were the masses of unfinished buildings, which, when completed, would have far exceeded all the other fortifications in magnitude and strength.

Thus, then, stood the defensive force of Russia. There was one large fortress, and three round towers, placed all in commanding positions, armed with one hundred and eighty guns,

garrisoned by two thousand four hundred soldiers, well stored and provisioned. To meet this, the allies were prepared to send ten thousand French soldiers, a thousand English, six line-of-battle ships, and a number of steamers.

The odds seemed overwhelming, but the real odds consisted in the power which the allies possessed of cutting off all reinforcements. The capture became thus merely a matter of time; the assailants attacked with a certainty of ultimate success, the besieged defended without hope. Such are ever fearful odds.

CHAPTER II.

Let us return to Lod-Sund. Everything was ready there at last. The transports had arrived. Baraguay d'Hilliers had been greeted with huzzahs, music, and cannonading. Preparation and ceremony were at an end. The work was to begin in earnest.

On the 7th of August the troops were sent forward in the different ships towards the scene of action.

The plan of operations was naturally simple enough.

The troops, formed into two divisions, were to land north and south of the place, seize on the chief points of communication, and then, marching by different routes, concentrate and form a complete line of investment, with either flank resting on the sea. Two French line-of-battle ships—one bearing the flag of Admiral Percival Deschenes—and the four English block-ships, Edinburgh, Blenheim, Hogue, and Ajax—were to take up a position in the harbour, in front of the main fort, occupying its attention by a distant fire; whilst a flying squadron of steamers, passing and repassing the passages to the northward, made the cordon perfect. The round towers were then to be assailed by land batteries, and stormed by the bayonet if necessary, and then the combined force of ships, guns, and soldiers would advance to the grand attack of the great fortress. Such was the plan, and it was carried out with little deviation, save that the consummation was so rapid as to strike out the effect of the grand *coup* from the closing scene.

Tranvik, a village and bay about four miles south of Bomarsund, and situated within the first enclosure, was the spot chosen for the debarkation of the French division. Thence they were to advance, occupy the Castelholm road, and the southern heights, and then push onwards to the village of Nora Finby, which was to be the point of junction.

On the northern shore of the promontory, almost in a line with Tranvik, is a place marked Hulta in the maps. Near this is a small sheltered cove, surrounded by steep rocks and thickly-wooded banks. Here it was arranged that the second division should attempt a landing; and here the steamers conveying this force, having made a detour round Presto Island, anchored as the day closed. This division, commanded by Brigadier-General Harry D. Jones, of the Royal Engineers, consisted of 2000 French marines, and a column of English troops, under the orders of Colonel Graham, composed of a battalion of Royal Marines, 800 strong, Captain King's company of sappers and miners, and a body of seamen with field-pieces. As the day broke on the morn of the 8th, the advanced guard of marines landed on the narrow beach, made their way through the rocky thicket, and gained the open ground beyond without meeting a foe. The mist lifting heavily and slowly, showed stacks, palings, patches of meadow, and other signs of habitation near us. Presently a bit of a steeple, the side of a wind-mill, a mass of red roofs, and large looming homesteads, gave us the vague outline of a village, dimmed and mazed by the folds of mist. As our skirmishers passed through the scattered houses, feeling for the enemy, the peasants were just waking up to their labours, and evinced no sign of fear or surprise —no apprehension of violence or plunder. The women came to the doors, the pigs wallowed, and the fowls strutted most temptingly and trustfully before us. The road wound

now round an indent of the sea, and there forts Nortlike and Presto arose before us, looming grey, grim, and sullen. No shot was fired; and we passed on to make our first halt beside a plantation. The men sat down in groups to munch their biscuit and bacon, and smoke their pipes under a hedge, shady and green enough for the days of merry England. Suddenly there was a sound of wheels. "Field-pieces!" said an alarmist. The sentries erected their muskets fiercely, and the men stood to their arms, when, lo! round a turn of the wood came a pretty pony-carriage driven by a lady, a priest sitting beside her. Our interrogation was imperfect, but their story seemed to run thus: She was a widow; her husband had been killed some time before by one of our shells; she had sufferod enough from war, and wished to seek a city of refuge in one of the neighbouring villages. The priest was bent on some errand of mercy or pastoral duty. Their story was accepted; a passport was given them, and they went on their way rejoicing. Even a little Finnish handmaiden, who came in a little cart behind with some household stuff, and had remained fixed in a state of strong despair from the time she first cast eyes on the soldiers, brightened up as she passed our posts, and smiled and kissed her hands. Such was our share of the adventure. The sequel was more tragic. In the evening (so our allies told the story) they were discovered making their way back to the forts through the French lines, and were fired at by their sentries as spies. The priest was shot, and the lady wounded, though she had still resolution enough to drive on and make her escape. To give an additional spice of romance to the tale, they asserted that the priest was an officer in disguise, and the lady a man in masquerade. If this were so, there is no truth in outward signs, for she certainly talked small, had no traces of beard under her muffler, and must have been a very mannikin in coat and breeches. We hope that the catastrophe was "feuilletonised," as well as the supplement. Onwards we marched after this rencontre, without seeing anything more formidable than a group of old ladies in red petticoats, and with red kerchiefs over their heads, whom a long-sighted amateur pronounced to be Russians with helmets, until to his great discomfiture they came near, and manifested themselves to be of the unwarlike sex. It was now evident that the enemy were not strong enough to dispute the ground, and had withdrawn within their forts.

Our next halt was within a shady wood, with one of the large lagunes, so numerous here, in front of us. The wild ducks were flying around it, and their young ones were flapping about on the sedgy shore; the cows were browsing in the meadows, and the peasants sat on their own door-steps, making bargains and dispensing such comforts as they had at command. In the background were messes of our men, rude and burly, sleeping under the beetling rocks, or boiling their kettles from the boughs of trees; their arms were piled around them, and the field-pieces were ranged in the road. In one picture, what a contrast of the elements of peace and war!

The only symptom of apprehension which the people had showed throughout was, that a child's face or figure had never been seen anywhere. They were evidently dearer than pigs or kine, and must have been stowed away for the day in closets and meal-chests. One old forager, by the by, searching for water, discovered two children laid in the ditch of an orchard, and covered with boughs—regular babes in the wood. Another short march, and we reached an open space whence the church and windmill of Nora-Finby were visible, and bodies of the allies could be seen moving about in the plain below. In front was the barrier ridge, over the lower edge of which towered Fort Tsee, with its roofs and walls glaring red and lurid in the light of the setting sun. Here, then, was our position. A green plateau, girded with pine trees, and sheltered by a low rocky ridge which ran laterally to its left, was the spot chosen for our camp. A quiet little sequestered place, it soon became a scene of bustle and movement, alive with groups and figures of men, climbing trees, lopping boughs, making

fires, cooking, smoking, building huts, chatting, skylarking. It seemed a sort of enchantment, so soon was the scene changed, the grassy field covered with bower-like huts, irregular, fantastic, and picturesque, and made motive with striking tableaux. The distant sound of the French bands mingled pleasantly also with the clang of axes, the hum of voices, and snatches of song. As the light faded, the picture melted into twilight hues. The fierce, fitful blaze of the pines showed only the few dusky figures which were still sitting or standing by the watch-fires, or the shadowy forms of the sentries looming in such gigantic outline on the ridge. The sounds, too, had died away, save the crackling of the fires, as fresh branches were thrown on them, or the occasional note of a French bugle; and he only who has lain down under such circumstances knows how solemn is the hush and silence caused by the sleep of men ready to do or die. Scarce had the morn broke ere our allies were afoot. They had taken the initiative, and were pushing forward a regiment in skirmishing order across a plantation towards the broken ground near Fort Tsee; and it was really a splendid sight to see the masterly style in which, with seeming hardihood, yet real precaution, they made their advances—facing the fire, yet exposing themselves little to it—dashing at all the dangerous points, and aptly availing themselves of all shelter. There was one defect; the glazed tops of their shakos blazed like pewter-platters in the sun, and betrayed the position of every file. The fort kept up a brisk but vain fire on them, and they soon gained the rugged ground near it, without loss, where, sheltered by a naturally scarped rock, the engineers were able in security to trace out their intended battery. There let us leave them awhile, and take a look around us.

A single glance at the position. It was almost parallel with the barrier ridge. The French camp was pitched to the right, and southward of the fortress, in a somewhat marshy plain. Betwixt it and Fort Tsee was the broken ground before spoken of, and a wooded slope, with a nest of pretty houses, the residences of the officials, standing thereon. The Castelholm road passed by it, and the head-quarters were established at Finby. Our camp was well chosen. It was directly in rear of the ridge; so directly, that it could not be seen from the round towers, which were built rather on its inner slope. In consequence of this, the guns required so great elevation that the fire was ever random and uncertain. Though the shot fell around and over us, they seldom took effect. The French marines were on our left, keeping up the communication with the sea. It war arranged that the French battery should be established south-west of the Tsee fort, ours on the ridge betwixt it and Nortike, so that the guns once up, it might be turned without much difficulty against either. So much for the military plan. And now, as our guns cannot be brought up for two days, and there can be no work for us till then, let us gather a few pictures which present themselves. Many are the subjects. The pastoral scenery of the country, smiling in its simple prettiness, and seeming, even amid war, the seat of peacefulness; the people so calm and undisturbed, so rustic in appearance and character, following their usual occupations, apparently fearing nothing, hoping nothing; the camps, with their warlike aspects, their moving masses, their striking action and strange picturesqueness; the fortresses gloomy, stern, and defiant, showing no symptom of life or habitation, save when a flash came from the embrasures. All these suggest pictures and thoughts enow. Let us turn to our camp and the life thereof. Here, sitting in the sunshine, with its little world spread out before us, it is no bad time or place to study the philosophy of a soldier's life, to watch the traits of robustness, childishness, docility, waywardness, fun, earnestness, and constancy, which weave their different shades in the character of the English soldier. It is holiday time with him now; there is no work to be done today, and he is determined to eat, drink, smoke, and be merry, as well as he can. The present is all to him. He puts off and on his cares as he does his knapsack, nor feels the pres-

sure until the straps are cutting into his flesh. He is in the land of Goshen now, amid the flesh-pots. The supplies are abundant. The parties sent for water return ever and anon with a purchase, and are greeted with a cheer. His larder exhibits a miscellaneous collection. Here there is a calf or pig hanging by the legs from a tree; here a black lamb, goat, or goose, tethered near the tents. There are pots and pans everywhere, holding the oddest things, cooked in the oddest way. Everywhere there was the smell of tobacco. In front of the camp is a potato field, which has been a perfect Naboth's vineyard to him, when a damsel arrives who professes to be proprietress, and offers to sell; straightway the field is covered as by a flight of locusts. All are busy digging, when whiz comes a round or canister in the midst, scattering the gatherers, and making them look rather ruefully on the "spuds" which have been won at such risk.

The free camp life—the comradeship of men sharing toil and danger, sharing quarters, and having their goods in common—the excitement of peril, adventure, and constant action,—all these draw out his best qualities. He is cheerful, obedient, and patient now, high-hearted and light-spirited, ready for work or fight. Careless and playful, he takes no thought for the morrow. The whiz of a shot passing near may cast a shade of seriousness over a group, but, if it leave no sad memory of mangled limbs or green graves, the joke and pipe are soon alight again. He who would know the English soldier must see him, not in garrison, or parade, or quarters, but in the presence of his real work; and he who would rule him must study him well. And how with the leaders and the chiefs of hundreds and fifties—is it not good for them too, this free camp life? Do not rough living, rough lying, rough work, beget strong deeds, strong thoughts, strong feelings? Does not this life engender good fellowship, real, honest, earnest intercourse, and repudiate conventionalities and etiquettes? Does it not bring out the true and expose the sham? Is there not a charm in a life where one thinks, feels, and eats naturally? Yes; this life has a charm for all—all whom it boots to consider: a charm for the imaginative man, in its vagueness, its strangeness, its novelty and picturesqueness; a charm for the vagabond spirit, in its restlessness, change, and uncertainty; for the enterprising, in its adventure and action; for the philosophising one, in the study of the development of different natures under danger and difficulty.

There was a certain pleasantness, too, in the irregular conditions of eating, drinking, and sleeping. A meal was snatched when and how it could; a nap after the same fashion. Those meals were certainly delicious things. An old battered table, propped up by uneven stones, in front of the tent, represented the festive board. On it would be strewn at odd times a wonderful miscellany of tin pannikins, tin spoons, battered knives, old cups, odd pieces of cold meat, and hunches of bread. There was one box reserved as a seat for a chance guest; it was the seat of honour, but also the seat of inconvenience, as our factotum was sure to forget pepper, salt, sugar, or mustard, and be obliged to rummage for it therein. The rest squatted anywhere around, on stones or folded cloaks. Stray guests would be dropping in ever and anon, but their coming caused no dismay to host or cook. There were also a spoon, a platter, and a welcome to a dive into the crock. Near was the kitchen—a pile of stones with a fire in the midst, and a kettle or crock suspended over it. When the stew was ready, the crock was handed round, and every man made a dive, and tried his hand at pot-luck. After an experiment or two, the Meg Merrilees cookery was universally acknowledged to be the only one adapted to a vagabond life, and the satisfaction of vagabond appetites, and after that, everything or anything was put into the cauldron. Then came brandy-and-water, in tea-cups or pannikins, and cigars; then the siesta. Pleasant, too, were those snatches of sleep, lying under the fresh green boughs, with the soft light falling through, the gentle air playing mid the branches, and a soft buzz coming from without; all these bringing light dreams, light slumbers, and light fancies. At times, certainly, there

came the boom and crash of a round-shot, rather too close to be favourable to light sleep.

The pictures of our camp-life had none of the shadows which fell so darkly on our brethren in the Crimea. Indeed ours was a holiday campaign in comparison with theirs. The three days after our landing were passed in comparative inaction. On the fourth the transport of guns and ammunition had advanced so much as to admit of some movement. Sand-bags were to be filled, the site of our battery was to be found, and a road marked out for the conveyance of guns up the steep rugged slope. To cover the engineers in these operations, a hundred men were posted on the ridge. Screened by the rocks and trees, the enemy had no cognisance of their presence, and we were thus enabled quietly to pursue the work, and, sitting in the sunshine on the height, survey the varied scenes of operations spread out before us. There were the harbour calm and bright, with light steamers crossing and re-crossing it, and the large ships at anchor ever and anon trying a shot or shell at long range—the spot where the French sappers were seen, busy as emmets, digging at the approaches—a little sheltered hollow at foot of the ridge, whence our men were issuing with sand-bags on their shoulders, like mules in a string—the broad-belted flat occupied by the French outposts, and the road whereon our supplies and munition were continually passing in long trains of carts drawn by sailors. Ever and anon there would be an incident. A shot would be fired from the fort, and the instant it fell, four or five red-breeched soldiers would run after it, pick it up, then toss and tumble it back towards the enemy with every kind of derisive gesture and action. One pitched near our waggons. Jack, in imitation of the French, rushed after it, when we saw him suddenly drop it, put his hands in his pockets, and turn away with a disconcerted gait. The shot was red-hot, and he had burnt his fingers. Our quiet survey was not to be of long duration. On our left was a company of French marines. Their captain was the most uneasy and restless of men. He had a bugle, too, which was never silent for an instant. Some one incautiously showed him a point whence he could see Fort Tsee. From that moment his peace of mind was gone; he knew no rest: he was ever stepping forward on tip-toe to peep, then he beckoned his subalterns to have a look, then one file; then another and another of his men crept up, until the whole were scattered amid the trees, when whiz came a rifle bullet, then a shot plumped over us; then a shell burst just below, and for the next hour every kind of missile came crashing around us. The captain was quiet, and his bugle silent now.

'Twas night, and again we were on the hills this time, guarding the working parties on the French left from the chances of a sortie. The houses on the slope had been set on fire, and were burning fiercely. The flames sped with a rushing sound, bursting out in fiery gusts, and sweeping with a windy fury through the walls and amid the trees. Ever and anon there would be a crash of falling rafters, and then an eruption of sparks and fiery wood, and columns of dark smoke would rise against the clear sky. The red blaze and the crackling flames gave a spectral character to the scene below. There groups of sappers were busy at work under the dark masses of rocks, the movement of their figures and the action of their limbs as they plied pick-axe and spade, tossed up the earth and piled sand-bags, showing with wild supernatural effect in the fitful glare. It seemed like an illustration of Hartz Mountain stories, or the tales of fire-demons. More in the shadow were the dark forms and the piled arms of the chasseurs.

Meanwhile all was still in the forts. Suddenly, about midnight, a single musket-shot was fired from Fort Tsee. It struck an officer of chasseurs. In an instant the whole body sprang with a loud yell into the wood, rushed madly towards the fort, fired a volley at the walls, and then retired again within their intrenchments. 'Twas a wonderful escapade—to us, a strange ebullition of impulsive wrath and vengeance. There was scarcely a pause after this ere all the forts poured down a tremendous storm of shot, shell, and grape over the whole face

of the hill. Flash followed flash, boom succeeded boom; round-shot tore and crashed the trees and rocks around us; shell burst in the thickets, and grape and canister threw their shower of balls through every opening and crevice. For two hours this continued without intermission: there was scarcely time to recover breath after the passing of one shot ere another came.

The French works had, however, been progressing rapidly and uninterruptedly in the mean time. The batteries were ready for the guns; and, to cover the placing them in position, as soon as there was light enough, a brisk fire of rifles was commenced at seven hundred yards from behind the breast-work. This was a novelty in war. The experiment has been largely tried and proven since; but it was new here—this attack of a fortress by rifles. Ensconced behind their sand-bag shelter, the chasseurs took deliberate and deadly aim. Not a face or arm could appear at the embrasures but half-a-dozen bullets were rattling about and around it. The chasseurs seemed to think this was fine sport, and kept popping away in great excitement, exulting greatly, when a cry was heard from the fort. This they declared was the *mot de mort* of a Russian soldier. The enemy retaliated from wall-piece and rifle with little effect. The casements offered such a certain mark, and the fire was so true and well-sustained, that the guns on one face of the fort were actually silenced by it for some hours. This experiment had great interest for us. We had expected great things from the rifle, but hardly anticipated such a result as this. The weapon used on this occasion was not the Minié, but the carbine *à Tige*. Thanks to this diversion, the work was completed during the day and night, and the batteries were ready to open fire with four sixteen-pounders and four mortars. At daybreak on the 13th the first shot was fired. We heard it with exultation. It was our gage of battle, and the signal of closer onset. Now would come the tug of war, if there were any. The progress was at first too slow for our anticipation. The guns were of light calibre, and, being brass, could not be fired quickly. The mortars did some damage to the roof, and the rifles still worked mischief, but the round shot made comparatively little impression. Many a visit of inquiry was made. Many times the question was asked, "Is the breach made?" But this result seemed still far off—so far, indeed, that the General requested Brigadier Jones to turn the flank of the battery which he was erecting against Fort Tsee, to co-operate in its reduction. So stood the probabilities, when at four o'clock there was a cry that the white flag was hung out from the tower. Men stared and rubbed their eyes, to make sure of a fact which seemed so improbable; but there, sure enough, was the white flag. A crowd of the curious at once rushed to the spot. The French were in great excitement, gesticulating, dancing, and alternately patting us and their muskets. A blank succeeded the triumph, as the cortège of chiefs came back, announcing that the terms of capitulation were not agreed upon. In an instant the French resumed their soldier-like attitude. One sound of the bugle, and with that wonderful celerity of theirs, each man was in his place. The fire was resumed; but feebly and dully. There was no heartiness in it, and it was evident that the garrison, dispirited and disheartened, were on the eve of surrender. The question was solved for them. In the morning of the 14th, two French officers, Lieutenants Gigot and Gibon, whose hearts were more heroic than their names, illustrated the campaign by a deed of daring. "Followed by a determined band of men," they dashed into the fort through the lower embrasures. In the suddenness of the attack the commandant was killed by a bayonet-thrust; the remnant of the garrison, thirty-two men, were made prisoners. The rest had escaped to the large work. Thus was the first fort won. No breach had been made, no gun disabled, the walls but partially injured. The bullets, however, had told with murderous effect, and conquered the garrison, whilst their fortress was still tenable. The fort, in fact, fell to the rifles. This was a good trial of a new power.

Those only who have witnessed an

operation of war can imagine how surely and speedily the work of destruction follows, and how, without actual violence or plunder, the careless hand and reckless foot can cause as much disorder and ruin as the ravages of the spoiler. This Fort, two hours after it was taken, exhibited an extraordinary scene of destruction and confusion, though it had not been given up to plunder. Knapsacks, broken arms, loaves of hard black bread, lay strewn about the floors; apartments had been burst open, their contents broken or scattered; and, in passing through the galleries, we had to climb over heaps of broken furniture, rubbish, and lumber. Even the dispensary, with its gallipots, splints, and phials, had not escaped the ruthless hand of some worker of disorder. All this was the work of the thoughtless and curious. It must be confessed that our allies had little or no part in it.

It was a melancholy place now, marked everywhere by desolation, and pervaded by that peculiar odour *à Russe*,—that compound smell of damp leather and rank oil which prevails wherever a Russian dwells or moves.

All kinds of marvellous stories were afloat afterwards, of things seen and found in the fort. Among others, was a tale that fifty bodies were found headed up in casks of lime-water, finely potted and pickled. It is strange that the human mind is never content with the actualities of war, but must ever add to them some exaggeration of horror and disgust.

During the previous night, the sky was alive with flashes, and the thundering of guns was incessant. The great fort was cannonading a mud battery on the beach, in which a 10-inch gun had been planted; the ships were responding at a distance. Amid the roar, we were puzzled by the loud rattle of musketry—three or four volleys in succession. What this meant remained a mystery until the morning. It then came out that a company of chasseurs had been sent to patrol the tower, in order to prevent any outgoing or incoming; on their return they suddenly came on another company of a line regiment, placed as an outlying picket—were fired upon by them, and returned the fire. Some loss was occasioned ere the mistake was discovered. The particulars were not easily known, as our allies make but little bruit of misadventures.

The remainder of this day was spent in preparation, and was full of smaller events and incidents. The French mortar-battery was to be moved forward towards the main works—the ground was to be marked out for a breaching battery at a distance of 350 yards—our guns were to be drawn up the ridge to the battery, which was now to be turned against Nortike. There are feats of war which, being marked by no startling traits of heroism, no tale of slaughter, are little known or noted, and which are strikingly illustrative, notwithstanding, of the martial virtues, vigour, promptitude, skill, and endurance. Such a feat was this dragging of the guns up the hill. A party of seamen, landed to drag and work the guns, was commanded by Captain Ramsay. Under him Commander Preedy had charge of the battering guns, Lieutenant Burgess of the field-pieces; the whole, of course, being under the immediate command and direction of Brigadier Jones. Our 32-pounders, which, after many delays and interruptions, were ready at last, had now to be transported from the camp, over some roughish ground, first to the foot of the hill. There the difficulty began. The distance was only about 500 yards, yet the ridge was so steep and rugged, so broken by slippery rocks, pits, roots of trees, and clumps of pines, that the ascent was not easy, even to foot-soldiers. A road had been marked out by the engineers over the least difficult parts, the larger fissures filled up by fascines, and everything done which art could do to make it passable; still it remained a sight to daunt men who were to pull 45 cwt. of wood and iron thereon. But British sailors have a genius for getting anything up anywhere. Their habits give them an intuitive knowledge of the appliances of muscular power. They must do it, however, in their own old wild way, with a wild rush, and a wild hurrah; keep them at the disciplined step, or the steady pull, and they are lost.

They went at their work now with a will, encouraged and directed by Commander Preedy, a man of great energy and great practical skill. Sometimes they would progress slowly, step by step, foot by foot, then with a wild dash would burst over a short space, then stick so fast that it was only by straining every muscle, and taxing every limb—only by the wild impulse, and with the wild cheer, the difficulty was overcome. Thus they went on and on, spite of check or obstacle, patient and enduring with all their wildness, until the end was accomplished, and the guns were in place. 'Twas a strong rough fact, this getting up of the guns.

The afternoon had its incident. We heard a heavy, rumbling noise—felt the ground shake—saw a mass of dust rise into the air, and rushed forth to see a ruin yawning with many a wide fissure, shattered and bent from its foundations, in place of the grim regularity and stately perpendicular of Fort Tsee. Since its surrender, the enemy had continued to fire into it, and either one of their shell, or a slow match left burning, had reached the magazine, and so blown up the fort.

Eagerly on the morning of the 15th did we wait for some sign from the hill, where our battery of three 32-pounders and four howitzers, was ready, at a range of 750 yards, to commence a single-handed contest with Fort Nortike. At length a deep boom, followed by a heavy crash, told us that the work was begun. There was a strength and a power in this heavy sound of the gun, which gave promise of speedy destruction. Every message from the hill brought tidings of success; every shot was telling; the third which was fired had entered an embrasure; the stones were falling and crumbling from the walls already. There was no doubt of a breach now. The fort replied by a smarter and more earnest fire than we had yet experienced; but from the greater elevation of the battery, the shot fell chiefly over it, and came plumping into our camp. It was now evident that, had the enemy been more active in trying to ascertain our position, it might have been made a very uncomfortable one. One shot had told with fatal effect in the battery. Striking the trunnion of one of the guns, it glanced off and wounded Wrottesley, a lieutenant of Engineers. Death was marked on his face as he was borne through the camp. He lived only to be carried to the sea-beach. Young, fresh, and full of life, his career had scarce begun ere it was ended. He was the second victim war had claimed within a short time from the same family.

Every hour the fire of the fort slackened—every hour the breach gaped wider. Every moment the signal for assault was expected. Our men awaited it, sheltered under the lateral ridge, ready and eager. At four o'clock the seamen were relieved at the guns by marine artillerymen, and soon afterwards the breach became practicable. Ere an assault could be planned, the white flag was hoisted again, and the fort was ours. Nortike had fallen to the great guns, as Tsee had to the rifles; it had cost fewer men, but suffered greater damage. It was night ere our troops marched down to take possession. A wild scene was that night-march—the men scrambling down the rocks and through the trees—the fort standing dark, gloomy, and silent on its rocky ledge, with the calm waters on either side—then the surrender, the mustering of prisoners, the hurrying to and fro, the confusion of figures and voices. After the surrender, the prisoners were marched out and the fort abandoned, as it and its approaches were commanded. A forlorn and melancholy group stood the 120 prisoners in our camp, in the grey of the morning, the long grey greatcoats giving additional sombreness to their grave expressionless physiognomies. They seemed apathetic and indifferent, evidencing some little emotion only when told that their families would be allowed to accompany them. The few Finns among them showed, in manner and aspect, like beings of a superior race.

The outworks had fallen, and our strength was to be concentrated on the citadel. From the battery on the ridge, a clear survey could be obtained of the scenes of the past and future attack. There were Tsee and Nortike, on either side, in ruins; in front was Presto, engaged in an

encounter—apparently a very equal one—with the Leopard, Hecla, and a French steamer; and there were the ships in their old places. Every day, especially since the fall of Fort Tsee, the story had been, "the block-ships are coming in," and the cry was still "they come;" but there they remained at their old anchorage, pleasantly and leisurely making a target of the fort at a range of 3000 yards. Creeping on to Telegraph Hill, a high mound in advance of the ridge, and mingling with the French riflemen, we look down on the citadel. Its walls were dotted with marks of shot, and some stones had been loosened from the embrasures by the fire of the ships and the ten-inch gun, the performances of which were afterwards so loudly trumpeted. The French mortars, too, had inflicted much injury; but the fort was still strong and intact enough to offer a long and obstinate defence. Within, however, were drooping hearts and unwilling spirits—within were men who cared not to prolong an unavailing defence for the sake of making it heroic; so once more, and for the last time, the white flag was hoisted. The ships had missed their opportunity, and the programme was thus shorn of its catastrophe.

Now came the closing scene. Ranged beneath the walls of the citadel stood the soldiers of France and England, face to face—face to face in amity for the first time during long long years. Thus they stood to receive as prisoners a common foe, conquered by their united arms. Curiously did they gaze at each other, and strange was the contrast betwixt the strong, burly men, with their calm impassive faces, on the one side, and the small wiry forms and sharp visages, electrical, as it were, with excitability, on the other. Near the gate of the fort were Baraguay d'Hilliers, with a brilliant staff, the Admirals, and Brigadier Jones. Trooping forth came the prisoners—a pitiful spectacle—so pitiful as to check almost any feeling of generous respect for a conquered foe. Trooping forth they came: the greater number, drunken and disorderly, danced, capered, shouted, sung, and exhibited frantic gestures and contortions, which would have been ludicrous, had not drunken frenzy given a fiendish look to their broad, heavy-browed, Tartar faces. Some passed by, sullen, indifferent, and apathetic; others openly rejoiced in captivity—none showed the dejection and mortification of defeat. One man alone bore himself worthily. He was a Pole, and wore a cross of honour on his breast. Seeming to disdain companionship with the rest, he strode on alone, with martial step and air, as though he wished to show us there was at least one soldier in the garrison. It was an ignoble spectacle—so ignoble as to crush any feeling of triumph, such as men might feel from a victory over "foemen worthy of their steel."

It was a great relief when the thing was over—when the last man had passed onwards to the boats; a great relief to renew one's ideas of soldiership, by turning to the bronzed face and flowing beard of a *vieux mustache* in the ranks opposite.

Presto surrendered at once, and all the forts, finished and unfinished, were afterwards undermined and blown up.

Our work was now over, the campaign was ended. It had been illustrated by no brilliant adventure, startling incident, or hard privation, still less by blood and slaughter; but it was marked by few mishaps or errors, if any, and was complete in its results, military and political. A chain of formidable fortresses had been first cut off from outward succour, and then utterly destroyed; every man within them had been killed or captured, all the guns and stores had become our spoil.

Politically, too, the event had its significance. A gigantic plan of aggression had been baulked; the erection of a second Sebastopol in the Baltic had been frustrated; and the Northern Powers saw themselves freed for many years, perhaps for ever, from the presence of a stronghold, mighty for offence and defence. England, however, would not accept the exploit. The country was in a sullen mood—it had expected greater things, and it would not accept a compromise. It had looked for a large mouthful, and would not receive this little sop. The French army, too, had taken the chief *eclat*, and it was not content to ac-

knowledge a second share of honour or credit; and thus, in its indignation, it denied all thanks, praise, rewards, even the lawful share of the spoil they had won, to the men who, irresponsible for the design of the campaign, had simply done their work in it faithfully and well. The campaign had another fault, it was too bloodless. No people are so chary of life as ourselves, none are so agitated by a wasteful expenditure of it, and yet no people so exult over a bloody victory, or are so fond of measuring success by the bill of killed and wounded. No bulletin is ever favourably received in England unless it be well steeped in blood.

It is not, however, the part of good men and true to murmur at a temporary non-appreciation, but to wait patiently the turn of the tide, and the return of justice or favour. It is an evil sign for the times—an evil sign for the profession of arms, when the members of it are too obtrusive in praising their own services or trumpeting their own wrongs.

Though the campaign was not rich in reward or glory, it was rich in experiences—in experiences of the men with whom and against whom we were to fight—who were to be our comrades and our foes for many years perhaps.

An experience of our allies under their war aspect was in itself a great boon—a great lesson. They are certainly heart and soul soldiers. They have not only a genius for war, but delight in it. They not only accept it as a necessity, but a natural vocation. All the details of it seem a habit—the hardships and dangers of it a pleasure. War makes little difference in the demeanour of our soldiership, except in the hour of battle or the excitement of the fight; they assume a war aspect and a war character. They breathe war—think war—talk war—act and dramatise it. "When the blast of war blows in your ear, then imitate the action of the tiger." Such is their idea, and they war accordingly, vigorously and remorselessly. Success is the first object—the item of human life a thing of secondary account. This feeling is common to those who lead and those who suffer. The most striking part of their character is, perhaps, the strong individuality, which makes the youngest, meanest soldier, as susceptible as the general of the national glory and national discipline, as insensible to the rigid means by which they are obtained. Impetuous, restless, and vehement, they yet are apt to eschew naturalness, by throwing an artificiality over the strong reality of their deeds, and giving a stage effect to their most earnest work. They are conscious of the effect of pomp in war, and surround themselves with it. Ever and anon Baraguay d'Hilliers would dash through our camp with a staff as well mounted and as brilliantly equipped as they would have been in the Champ de Mars. The chiefs were types of French soldiership. Baraguay d'Hilliers, with his grey hairs, marked war-worn features, and springy frame—quick and impulsive in word, thought, and act, looked the ideal of the old soldier. General Niel, the engineer, large-framed and handsome, had the calm, grave, resolute deportment which we associate with the soldiers of the Empire.

The brilliant pictures, striking tableaux, and rapid movements with which they illustrated their exploits of war, showed in strange contrast with the sullen rigour of the Russian discipline. In all martial systems there is some leading principle—enthusiasm, order, or courage—in all somewhat of chivalry, somewhat of generosity. Here was an exception—all was negative. Not a glimpse of chivalry shone forth from the Russian ranks throughout the campaign; the only recognisable principle was the satisfying or evading the requirements of power. The national individuality and sensitiveness of the French had no counterpart here. The Russian soldiers fight not as men, but as masses, impelled by the iron will of despotism. War seemed to have with them no romance—no glory; it was a dull, heartless, mechanical discharge of the compulsory service enforced by fear and law. The sight of the forts they had occupied gave us a pitiable idea of the lot of the common soldiers. Filthy, and reeking with stench, the barracks seemed more like the sties of animals. Loaves of hard, sour, black bread—their only food—lay strewn about the floors, and there was every

other evidence of hard treatment and a degrading system. "No wonder," said one of our old soldiers, kicking a loaf, "that men couldn't fight who were fed on such stuff as that." Hard as the system is under all circumstances, it is worse when worked at a distance from the supervision of authority. The men here—so we were told—were often mulcted of their paltry wages, and almost starved. What wonder, then, that such men should rebel, when death came flying around them, and seek the opportunity of indulging in the only pleasure they knew—intoxication. A system which deadens the soul in a man, reduces him to an animal, and then robs him of animal necessities, may produce military pieces of mechanism, but can never expect soldiers.

Was it not good also to have seen the poor Alanders—to have looked on their primitive simplicity and peacefulness—good in this age of bustle, ambition, and aggrandisement—this time of strife and action, to have turned this calm, pleasant page of pastoral life? The last Baltic cruise produced only one exploit. Another expedition has now set forth for the same waters, followed by large expectations and great hopes. It may achieve more brilliant and daring things, but it will be well also if they have the completeness and success of *la petite affaire* at Bomarsund.

ZAIDEE: A ROMANCE.

PART VII.—BOOK II.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE DAWNING.

It was not the touch of Love—no, another spell had broken the charmed sleep of Zaidee Vivian—the thrill of young awaking life. Kindness had taken her hand again—love was as far from her as ever; but the warm rejoicing youth within her, and all the half-developed powers which would have scope, awakened Zaidee. She shook her torpor off from her, and received a world of storied scenes into her heart instead. She was of the age when the simplest tale or legend populates with charmed figures the common earth. "Abroad" was a vast world of romance and adventure to her fancy—a world in which she could lose herself—in which no one from home could ever find her again. "It will be as good as if I died," said Zaidee to herself as she prepared to go home to Mrs. Disbrowe's again.

Mrs. Lancaster's coachman, a useful man-of-all-work, trudged by Zaidee's side through those lighted streets, the aspect of which filled her with unusual interest. Secure in the darkness, in her new prospects, and lastly, in this protector, she went along, feeling vaguely exhilarated, she could not tell why, by the bright lights, the cold fresh air, the little crowd of people in the way. Her former terror of meeting some one who knew her, deserted her to-night. They walked at a good pace, but not because Zaidee was in haste,—she enjoyed looking into the glow of light and depth of darkness, watching all those figures cross and recross the illuminated pavement, and was sorry when they came to the dark sombre squares, with their silent enclosures and spectral trees, which surrounded Bedford Place, and when her escort knocked the knock which belonged to his lady's dignity rather than to hers, at Mrs. Disbrowe's door. The mistress of the house herself came out to the hall when she heard it was Miss Francis, and with much astonishment received the message with which Mrs. Lancaster's factotum was charged. His mistress would wait upon her next day concerning the young lady, the man said. Mrs. Disbrowe could not imagine what concern Mrs. Lancaster had with the young lady, and was disposed to be offended—as, indeed, if she had but known, she had good cause.

Zaidee stood in the hall with her bonnet loosed, her little brown cloak hanging from her shoulders, and a colour on her brown cheek such as

Mrs. Disbrowe has scarcely seen there before. But the temper of mamma was ruffled. Perhaps this girl, who had caused her so much perplexity, had been complaining to Mrs. Lancaster—perhaps indignant Benevolence was coming in the brougham to-morrow, to upbraid her for not being sufficiently tender to Miss Francis—Miss Francis, who had subjected her to so many discomforts, the reproach of her own conscience, the impertinencies of Minnie and Leo, the dread of inoffensive Mr. Disbrowe, who respected her like the Constitution. This was too much for Mrs. Disbrowe; she went forward impatiently to Zaidee, and reproved her for being so long away. "My own chileren would ask leave first before they went with any one, Miss Francis," said Mrs. Disbrowe with indignation; while Minnie, within cover of the dining-room door, for malicious satisfaction and good pleasure, had almost laughed aloud.

"The lady did not ask *me* to go—she asked Mrs. Edward Lancaster, and so I went," said Zaidee. "She is coming to-morrow, because she has a friend who wants some one to go abroad. It is not to teach," said Zaidee hurriedly, and with a blush, "or I should not be able; but the lady comes to ask you if I am to go."

"Should you like to go?" asked Mrs. Disbrowe, from whose mind Zaidee's words had lifted a mountain of annoyance and discomfort—since a way in which this unnecessary inmate could be removed from her house, without positive injury to the friendless child, was a good for which Mrs. Disbrowe scarcely ventured to hope.

"Yes—to go far away," said Zaidee, and her eyes repeated the "far away" with the long wistful look they gave. "It will be almost as good as to die."

These words reached Mrs. Disbrowe's ear, low though they were spoken. Her heart smote her for her harshness, and even for her satisfaction in hearing that Zaidee was to go away. She laid her hand kindly upon the girl's shoulder. "I hope some one will go with you who can take care of you, my dear," said Mrs. Disbrowe. "I shall be very glad of anything that is for your good; and you must write and tell your friends. Now, good-night."

The eyes were moist which met her shining eyes as she turned to go upstairs. The voice was kind that said that good-night to her; and another world was before Zaidee. "It will be almost as good as to die," she repeated to herself as she lay down on her little bed. That was a dreary consolation; but her sleep was rich with the dreams of youth, and her fancy had already gone forth and possessed the new land.

Next day, accordingly, Mrs. Lancaster's brougham drew up at Mrs. Disbrowe's door. It *was* in some sort indignant Benevolence in deep crape and expensive furs which issued from the luxurious little carriage. Mrs. Disbrowe had found Zaidee very useful, Mrs. Lancaster did not doubt, and the elder lady, who was of the class somewhat contemptuously called "good" by Mrs. Disbrowe's "set," and by whom, in her turn, Mrs. Disbrowe and her set were emphatically condemned as "worldly," would not believe in the tender charity which lay, often dormant, but always within reach, at the bottom of Mrs. Disbrowe's heart. The one of these good women could not, and would not, do justice to the other; and they met under circumstances which confirmed their natural opposition.

"No; she was quite right; she could not teach the children; she is herself not much more than a child," said Mrs. Disbrowe; "they wanted some one to be firm with them, as their sister was. I find it difficult to get any one who can manage the children as Charlotte used to do."

Mrs. Lancaster slightly elevated her eyebrows, and said, "Edward's wife!" in her own mind, with the conviction that these two words conveyed all the contempt that it was possible to express in words; but Mrs. Lancaster politely inclined her head, and kept silence in presence of mamma.

"But there is no harm in her," said Mrs. Disbrowe warmly. "These may seem strange words, but I mean she is an innocent child—I believe as truthful and simple-hearted as ever girl was; and that is almost all I know of Miss Francis. She was sent to us by a clergyman's wife, a schoolfellow

of Charlotte's. *Her* recommendation was enough for us; and we inquired no further; but I think she must have had an uncomfortable home—she was so unwilling to return."

"And you know nothing of her friends?" said Mrs. Lancaster, opening her eyes! "I felt so sure, a prudent mother, bringing a young person into her family, would be certain to know. I am very sorry; for I fear we must be assured of their respectability before I can decide anything with my friend."

"How unfortunate!" said Mrs. Disbrowe. "Well, then, we must have patience, and wait for something else, I suppose, for I have told you all I know."

Whereupon Mrs. Lancaster drew back, and lost ground; and the issue was, that mamma, who never lost her temper, came off victor, and left the benevolent indignation worsted on the field, and a little ashamed of itself. "I know no ill of this woman," Mrs. Lancaster acknowledged to herself, as she followed Mrs. Disbrowe's floating pink ribbons up another flight of steps to Zaidee's workroom. "Why should I suspect her? I believe, after all, she has been very kind to this poor child."

Further conversation followed after this change of scene, and the old lady was still further convinced, against her will, that there was good in the mother of Edward's wife. "It would be hard, certainly, if we were to be made responsible for the sins of our children. Providence lays the burden quite the other way," said Mrs. Lancaster to herself, as she descended to her carriage, and bowed a gracious bow of farewell to Mrs. Disbrowe. Zaidee was still to remain a few days at Bedford Place. Mrs. Lancaster's friend was just about starting on her long foreign journey, and this careful lady carefully impressed upon Zaidee the necessity of looking over her wardrobe, and having everything carefully packed; for plentiful Mrs. Lancaster had no conception of a wardrobe which could be tied into a napkin and carried in its proprietor's arms.

"So you're to leave us, honey?" said Nurse, with a tear in the corner of her eye. "It's me that's sorry for meself, but thankful for you; for sure the like of you was never fit to fight with them children. But many a day I'll miss your quiet ways, and think upon you in foreign parts. Sure, then, I make no doubt it's for the good of your soul; for they're all good Catholics there."

"Well, I declare, Miss Francis is going away! Is she going to live with that dreadful old Mrs. Lancaster, mamma?" cried the amiable Minnie. "I am so glad she is not to bother us any more."

The nursery and the kitchen had their opinions on the same subject; but Zaidee never suspected them, and was quite unconscious. Her eyes shone with their old glow already, and her heart rose to its new life.

CHAPTER XVIII.—A FAREWELL.

It was indisputable that the house of Disbrowe was very glad to be rid of Zaidee. The brow of mamma was cleared of its wrinkle, and the children rejoiced in riotous expectation of being sent to school. The workroom of Miss Francis was visited now and then by investigating expeditions, to see how she was satisfied, and to prove to her how much *they* were. Mrs. Disbrowe said, with compunction, that she trusted Mrs. Lancaster's friend would be kind to the poor child; but that really it was not her place to interfere, if Miss Francis herself was satisfied, and she hoped she had written to her friends. Miss Francis was very well satisfied. She had created a future for herself already, and was on the most loving confidential terms with that distant Mary, who was the sweetest child that ever was born. Vague visions of a wide country full of rivers and of mountains came to Zaidee's mind, and her heart beat to think upon the rough friendly familiar wind, and all the cloudy glory of the broad heavens, from which she had been exiled here. The very idea of travel was a strange and new delight to her, and with it came again the sad comfort, that this far-away

journey was almost as good as if she had died. "Neither Philip, nor Percy, nor Captain Bernard, could find me now," said Zaidee, shedding a few tears over that treasured newspaper, as she put it up with her father's Bible; and afterwards it was so easy to pack her small wardrobe. A cab stood at the door to carry her away in solitary state to that dowager house at the Regent's Park, where Mrs. Lancaster and Mrs. Lancaster's friend awaited her. Lettie and Rosie were peeping from the top of the nursery stairs; Nurse was waiting with her apron at her eyes; Mrs. Disbrowe stood at the drawing-room door to say farewell; and Buttons hovered in the hall below;—all to hail the exit of Miss Francis—her defeat and failure in her first wrestle with her fate.

"The blessing of God go with you, honey!" said Nurse, wiping her eyes with her apron. "I shall always be glad to hear of your welfare," said Mrs. Disbrowe, shaking Zaidee's hand. Then she got into the dingy cab, and the door was closed upon her, with a noise which made her start. The door was closed also in Bedford Place. "The long unlovely street," glided away past her, as her vehicle rattled over the stones. Zaidee looked out wistfully upon the long line of doors and windows, all closed and cold, and turned in again upon herself and her small possessions, setting forth once more alone. Then the tears came one after another, and dropped upon her hands. She could not tell what it was she wept for; but her heart was full, and overflowed.

She was setting forth again upon the unknown world; but Zaidee was fearless as only a child can be. No phantoms rose across her open way, and heaven was clear above it—always present, always near at hand to be appealed to. It was only a vague forlornness and solitude which brought those tears to her eyes; she went forth in simple sincerity, without a fear.

To make her reception all the more solemn, Mrs. Lancaster had appointed it to be in her great drawing-room, where all the chairs were in pinafores. Mrs. Burtonshaw had already packed up her jewellery, and looked all the better for it, as she sat in plain cap and a warm morning-dress by the side of the fire. There were a great many parcels about the room; parcels of books, marked "for my dearest Mary;" and softer parcels, fresh from luxurious shops of silk-mercery, "for my sister," "for Mr. Cumberland," and "for my dearest Mary" again. If these were all presents, Mrs. Burtonshaw was a visitor worth having. Mrs. Lancaster sat at a table writing the name of that same dearest Mary, "with the best regards of J. L.," in a book of good advice for young ladies, very richly bound, and gay to look at, though of weight enough to break down the understanding of any unwary young lady deluded into making acquaintance with the contents within. Zaidee and her "wardrobe," which, in the little box Mrs. Disbrowe had given her, Mrs. Lancaster's factotum carried in one hand contemptuously, were first taken up-stairs to a little room, close to Mrs. Burtonshaw's, which was Miss Francis's room for the night. Mrs. Lancaster's maid stood and looked on while Zaidee took off her little brown cloak and bonnet, and then, with rather more authority than respect, intimated that the young lady was sent for to the drawing-room, and ushered her upon this scene of preparation. Mrs. Lancaster looked up from her writing to say "how do you do?" and Mrs. Burtonshaw held out her hand to Zaidee. The girl's immediate interest in that dearest distant Mary had won Mrs. Burtonshaw's heart.

"Well, dear, are you ready? We start to-morrow," said this brisk little lady, who was carefully coating a pretty writing-case with cover after cover of silver paper. "I must see your things, you know, if they are suitable; and you will want a great many wraps for the journey; it will take us more than a week to get there. By the by, you have never told me your Christian name?"

The blood rushed to Zaidee Vivian's face in a glow of shame. She said, "Elizabeth," in a faltering undertone. It was true she had been called Elizabeth as well as Zaidee at her baptism; but it concerned her honour that she was thus obliged to disown her own proper name.

"Elizabeth? I am so very glad it is a common name," said Mrs. Burtonshaw. "My sister is very anxious to call Mary, Maria; but she will not have it; and I am sure if your name had been Augusta or Laura, or any of these, the dear child would not have liked you half so well. Elizabeth? Well, to be sure! Do you know I am called Elizabeth myself?"

Zaidee looked up at her, believing that this must surely have been the reason why her heart warmed to the old lady; for everything must be good and lovable which bore her beautiful cousin's name.

"Do you think it is a pretty name?" asked simple Mrs. Burtonshaw.

"I think it is like a princess," said Zaidee; for Zaidee was thinking of Elizabeth Vivian, and not of the old lady by her side.

"Well, to be sure! Mary always says she is a matter-of-fact girl. She has no poetry about her; but that is because my sister always bores the dear child with poetry. You must not think I am ignorant what a very superior woman Mrs. Cumberland is, Miss Francis," continued Mrs. Burtonshaw, correcting herself, and looking dignified; "but I really do believe, though I am only her aunt, my dear love takes more after me than her mamma, and I cannot say I had ever much head for poetry. Mary has. I believe, if she only turned her attention to it, she might do almost anything; but she has such plain tastes, just like me. My dear, are you fond of poetry?"

"Yes," said Zaidee, in whose estimation Mary fell immensely after this speech of her aunt's.

"Indeed! Well, I am sure, Mary will like you, whether or not," said Mrs. Burtonshaw, with a momentary hesitation. "I daresay you don't know so much about it as her mamma does; and I think, my dear, if I were you, I would not say any verses to her. She never liked it. I would not, if I were you."

"I never say verses—except to myself," said Zaidee, feeling a little wounded in a tender point.

"Ah, that is right!" said the relieved Mrs. Burtonshaw. "You will get on very well together, I am sure. I am taking a great many books to Mary, you see, my dear; and Mrs. Lancaster is sending her one—a very good one. She is a dear sensible child; she loves good books."

Now, Zaidee, with her wild imagination, could not be said to love good books; but, nevertheless, had read them in emergencies, when nothing else was to be had; so she looked with interest at the rich Russia cover, brave with much gilding, and was disposed to think that Mary must be a most fortunate girl.

"I have something to say to Miss Francis," said Mrs. Lancaster, rising. "Mrs. Disbrowe of course had no right either to object or to sanction; but it is a serious thing going abroad. I should like to communicate with your friends."

Zaidee made no answer. She never even raised her eyes—and it was only by the deep colour rushing to her face that it was apparent she had heard the question.

"Were they unkind to you, my dear? Is that why you are so unwilling to have them spoken of?" asked kind Mrs. Burtonshaw.

"They were very kind to me," said Zaidee, hurriedly; "so kind that I never knew I was a burden to them, till—till I found it out; and now they would rather keep me than let me labour for myself;—that is why they must not be told; for I will never be a burden on them again."

Mrs. Lancaster put down her pen, and considered. "Well, that *is* a reason," said Mrs. Lancaster. "Come here, my child, and tell me their name, and all about them; and I will promise not to write."

But Zaidee was not to be persuaded. The two ladies could get nothing from her but a repetition of what she had already said. Mrs. Burtonshaw, if she had no head for poetry, had a feminine respect for a mystery. "She will tell me, I daresay, when we are by ourselves," said the good lady, with innocent complacency. And Zaidee was vexed with no more questions that night.

CHAP. XIX.—GOING AWAY.

The next morning Zaidee assisted at the packing of a great many trunks and cases laden with the aforesaid presents, and with the personal possessions of Mrs. Burtonshaw, and had her own little box wondered over and commented on, to her small satisfaction. But Zaidee forgot all these minor mortifications, when the next morning, with many farewells and God bless you's, herself and her patroness drove off from the door of Mrs. Lancaster. "I will never see you again, my dear; my health is not what it used to be," said the one old lady to the other. "We are getting old, but for all that I hope to come back to you yet," answered the cheery voice of Mrs. Burtonshaw; but Zaidee saw Mrs. Lancaster shake her head as she stood with her cloak wrapped about her in the threshold of her own door.

Zaidee herself was carefully wrapped up in the shawls and mantles of her kind companion; and there followed after that six days of dreamy enjoyment, such as she had never known before. She felt none of the discomforts which Mrs. Burtonshaw complained of. Those rumbling diligences, rattling along through unknown countries, where every peasant, waiting on the roadside to see the coach go by, was like a figure in a picture to the fresh-hearted child—those famous rivers, which she bowed to meet, as if great personages were presented to her—those old quaint towns, whose gleaming lights it was so pleasant to see, when out of the still night roads the travellers dashed in upon their echoing stones—everything was full of delight to Zaidee. Her young frame and open heart threw off the weariness and annoyances of the journey. The novelty and difference from all she had known before did not jar upon fixed habits in her case, but were so many additional pleasures; and Zaidee leaned back in a corner of the malleposte, or sat on a bench in the river steamer, silent, looking out of herself with those dark gleaming eyes of hers, not aware that she was travelling, but only aware of the noble panoramas which glided past her, hill after hill, and town on town. She was too much absorbed to have time for talking, but fortunately it was not difficult to listen to Mrs. Burtonshaw while she gazed on everything around her. So Mrs. Burtonshaw, finding so good a listener, was led to tell Zaidee a great deal of her family history, and had not yet got the slightest hint of the young stranger's secret in return.

"My sister Maria Anna and I were married about the same time, my dear," said Mrs. Burtonshaw, as they jolted along over German high-roads, up and down, with a team of four straggling horses, and a postilion in blue and silver. The *interieur* of the diligence contained two other passengers, but they were wrapped in the deafness of their Germanity, and knew no English. "My good Mr. Burtonshaw was a great deal older than I was, and died many years ago. My son was just born then, and his father only lived long enough to give him his name. Some people think it an odd name," continued the good lady; "to me it is a very pretty one. He is called Sylvester, my dear. He was the most beautiful baby you ever saw, and now he is a very fine young man. Everybody admires my Sylvo. He is a student at Stuttgart, which is not very far from where we are going. You shall see him by-and-by; and I think if I could see Sylvo married to Mary Cumberland, I should be quite willing to die."

Zaidee, who knew neither Sylvo nor Mary Cumberland, withdrew her eyes for a moment from those mangel-wurzel fields. This sort of story-telling was of the greatest interest to her. By way of testifying her attention, she raised her shining animated eyes to the narrator's face.

"And Maria Anna married Mr. Cumberland," continued Mrs. Burtonshaw. "She was always the cleverest, my dear; but when we were both young, I looked better than she did. People used to say 'the clever one' and 'the pretty one,' when they wanted to distinguish us—we were the two Misses Essex then—from each other. Mr. Cumberland is rich, but

he has a great many fancies—and I cannot say that Maria Anna is quite free of them herself; so first and last they have been a very changeable household, I can tell you, which makes it all the greater wonder that my dear love, Mary, should be such a sensible child. Mr. Cumberland is a *very* troublesome man. He does not hold by his principles, you see, my dear. He is always adopting a new system, and does the strangest things sometimes. He sold his place in the country—a very handsome place, in a beautiful quarter—and went and bought a cottage in Wales, for some fancy he took—that we ought to follow Nature; and then I found my sweet Mary with chopped hands and pattens, trudging about a little farm-yard after a Welsh dairy-maid—feeding poultry, and doing all sorts of things—and Maria Anna actually giving in to him, and praising Nature to the skies, though I never heard that *she* milked the cow. Well, that would not do; and then Mr Cumberland became very much disgusted with the Celts, and vowed there was neither industry, nor honesty, nor one thing nor another, except among the Saxons; so what did he do but start off post-haste for Germany, to live among the true Teutonic race, as he called it. They have been living here a whole year, in a little out-of-the-way town; and as it is three months since I left them, I cannot tell what new order of things there may be now. I don't *live* with them, you know, my dear, but I do love to see Sylvo with his cousin, and I spend most of my time beside her, Maria Anna has got a great deal of non——I mean she has some new ideas about education, and plagued me sadly to bring out a young lady to be a companion to Mary. I never should have thought of it but for you; and Mary will be so glad to have you with her, I am sure."

It did not strike simple Zaidee that, in the frequent repetition of this certainty, there was a lurking doubt of *not* being quite sure that Mary would be glad of her companion. Mrs. Burtonshaw, indeed, grew rather uneasy and anxious this afternoon, as the short day darkened, and the night fell upon their journey; and once or twice speculated uncomfortably of how she could dispose of Zaidee, should this unfortunate doubt come true. In the mean time their cumbrous vehicle rolled on through the darkness—the long loose traces of the horses, the whip and the shouts of the postillion, making a great din in the noiseless country and quiet night. Zaidee leaned back in her corner, and with a meditative pleasure looked out upon the trees growing less and less visible in the twilight, and anon standing out black against the silvery light when the moon rose. Then the coach lumbered over a wooden bridge, and there was a clear glimmer of water, broad and calm—an inland stream, with a strong current and bare banks of marshy grass. Mrs. Burtonshaw, who had been dozing, woke up, and looked out. "That is the Danube, my love," said Mrs. Burtonshaw; "we will soon be there." The Danube! Zaidee started, and looked back; but, after all, it was only a glimmer of water shining under the moon. Then there came another long course through these rugged roads, where the trees threw up their black shadows against the moonlight, and Zaidee, in her musing girlish reverie, had almost crossed the line which divides waking dreams from the dreams of sleep. She was roused by the hand of her companion straightening the edge of her bonnet and folding back her mantle. "We shall soon be there," said Mrs. Burtonshaw, nervously, arranging Zaidee's dress as if she were a child. "Are you very tired? Now, that is right, you look quite bright again, and we are very near home."

First a few straggling lights, then a great old heavy gateway opening upon a narrow street of antique houses with sharp gables, and a great slope of roof, and then with a great dash and noise into a stony market-place, the Platz of the free city of Ulm. Zaidee could see, at every turn they took, a great, dark tower looming over the houses, and just as near at one point as at another; but now her wandering attention was recalled by the lights close at hand, flashing into the carriage, by German kinsfolk waving salutations to the German travellers in the *interieur*, and by a bronzed English face, young and plentifully decorated with beard, smiling a broad welcome to Mrs. Burtonshaw.

"That is my Sylvo! there is the carriage to take us home!" cries the old lady, her anxiety disappearing in joyful excitement; and the next moment Zaidee, in amaze, is hurriedly handed out upon the rough stony pavement, and the journey is at an end.

CHAPTER XX.—FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

"A young lady, Sylvo, to be brought up with Mary. How is my dear child?" said Mrs. Burtonshaw, as her son's astonished glance fell upon Zaidee. Zaidee—somewhat benumbed with fatigue and cold, confused by the sudden descent from the coach, dazzled by the lights, and a little nervous, in expectation of this first appearance among the strangers who were henceforth to be her guardians—was standing apart by herself, looking at the vast shadow of the Domkirche, which was visible here as everywhere else, but conscious of the inquiring looks of Sylvester Burtonshaw, and very conscious that she was alone—alone! The word seemed to have double significance in this strange foreign place, where everything was novel which she looked at, and everything was unintelligible that she heard.

"Get in, mother. I'll look after the boxes," was the brief response of Sylvester; and Zaidee was hurried after Mrs. Burtonshaw into a strange musty vehicle, which forthwith began to rumble out of the Platz, and through one of the narrow lines of street which opened from it. With a great jar and clank, as of rusty iron, they rolled along through the darkness, where Zaidee could hear the voice of Mrs. Burtonshaw, running on in a perpetual stream of question, but could see neither mother nor son. After passing under another great gateway, the carriage came to an abrupt halt. A door was thrown open, and Sylvester Burtonshaw leaped out of the vehicle, and his mother cried out for Mary, and exclaimed how thankful she was to be at home.

And the forlorn Zaidee, for whom there was no welcome, followed into a long lofty apartment, with closed folding-doors on either side of it, and a stove at the further end, through the little open door of which there shone an intense glow of red, like a furnace. This great room was covered with matting, and furnished with chill formal lines of furniture, cold marble tables, and gilded chairs, which seemed only made to range themselves against that long white line of wall. Before the stove, however, was spread a large fringed square of Turkey carpet, on which stood a round table hospitably furnished, and a variety of easy chairs and footstools, well-polished glimmering wood, and ruddy silken damask, lighted up with a good-sized lamp on the table, and the red glow from the fire. As she still stood apart by herself, half-way down the long apartment, nobody bestowing yet any notice upon her loneliness, Zaidee's dazzled eyes sought eagerly for Mary, the sweetest child that ever was born;—a fair-haired girl, with that pure white-and-red complexion which is so distinctly English—with thick curls hanging on her pretty white neck—with blue eyes, and a stout well-proportioned figure, who is at present busily employed in disrobing Mrs. Burtonshaw. Is that Mary? But, alas! if appearances are true, it never can be Zaidee Vivian's confidential friend. The pale lady behind, who has gone back already to her chair, and who has a book laid open upon her knee, whose hair is arranged after a classic fashion, and who has no cap to keep warm those poor thin cheeks of hers, is, without doubt, Maria Anna, Mrs. Burtonshaw's sister; and there is Mr. Cumberland, shrugging his thin shoulders, looking about him with eyes full of curiosity, and the impatience of a garrulous nature. Sylvester Burtonshaw, six feet high, bronzed and bearded, and his very little mother, who cannot deny herself gay ribbons even in this wintry journey, make up the party. Everybody is asking questions, no one answering; and Zaidee, half-way down the room, with her cold hand upon the colder marble of a little side-table, stands motionless like a cloud or a shadow, throwing out upon them the light of those gleaming restless eyes.

When she is remembered and introduced, she is received with considerable kindness, but a good deal of surprise; and it is very soon suggested that Miss Francis, after her long journey, will be glad to go to rest. Miss Francis is very glad to go to rest, and to leave this great room, with its one warm point of light, and its family party, for the little closet within Mrs. Burtonshaw's bedroom, where they say she is to sleep. There is a fire in the stove in Mrs. Burtonshaw's room, which, nevertheless, looks very large and cold, with its little bed innocent of curtains; and Zaidee has to ascend a few steps to reach the little chamber in the wall appropriated to herself. The little room proves, however, to be more a chamber in the roof than in the wall, and is lighted by one of those strange little attic windows, of which there are ever so many in the long deep slope of the roof. Looking out from it after the unintelligible German maid has disappeared with her little tray, the stranger turns her wistful eyes towards the friendly stars, which look down upon her with compassion—the only eyes in all this strange country that have seen her face before—and weeps a few tears to herself, silently remembering how the Bible speaks of "a stranger and a sojourner." Turning her head a little as she weeps, Zaidee is suddenly awed into composure by that great shadow rising upon the sky—the shadow everywhere near at hand, and present in the little circle of this town—the great stately cathedral tower. The tears dry of their own accord in her eyes, and she looks with a silent reverence upon that vast blue sky, and this great hoary presence rising into it—an old, old silent worshipper of Him who made heaven and earth; and so, very quiet, and with a hush of awe and wonder upon her, Zaidee Vivian says her prayers—the prayers of a child—and goes to sleep.

In the meantime Mary Cumberland, with whom awe and reverence are unknown emotions, has followed Zaidee, with eyes in which good-humour is mingled with some derision; and while her father abounds in inquiries, Who is she?—where did you find her?—and Mrs. Cumberland exclaims, "Do tell me; I am sure that child has a story"—Mary, not scrupling to interrupt both, asks, "Did you bring her for me, aunt Elizabeth? What am I to do with a companion? I get on very well without one. Was it for what mamma calls my studies? But I shall take care I have all that is necessary, aunt. And what am I to do with this girl?"

"On the contrary, I am much obliged to you, Elizabeth," says Mrs. Cumberland. "I can see this is a dear little enthusiast by her eyes; and now I shall be able to carry out my ideas. Where did you find her, dear?"

"Brought any news with you, sister Elizabeth?" asked the fidgety papa. "What do you say to the great revolution which has taken place in the economics of the country since you left us? No such bills of mortality in England now, I promise you. Not quite to your taste, eh, sister Burtonshaw? Sylvy, there, the great beef-eating rascal, won't hear of it. Ay, we'll see you all out, the whole unnatural race of you. We live by the pure regulation of nature now, Maria Anna and I."

"It suits my constitution," said the lady, languidly. "How can anything delicate, anything ethereal, survive in connection with the gross eating and drinking we have all been used to? With roots, and fruits, and pure water, what could any one desire more?"

The amazed stranger turned wonderingly from one to another. "I don't understand you, Mr. Cumberland. What *can* you mean, Maria Anna? There's no revolution in England. What are the children laughing at? I can't understand what you all mean."

"England is a conservative country, and slow to adopt improvements," said Mr. Cumberland pompously. "We must come in the might of experience, the infallible demonstration of health and length of days. I am thankful to say, sister Burtonshaw, that there have always been some Englishmen before their age. Whatever you may have seen in our benighted country, you will find nothing suggestive of the genus carnivora in this humble house of mine."

"Don't touch the pie, Aunt Elizabeth—don't!" cried Mary; while aunt

Elizabeth, knife and fork in hand, looked round her in dismay.

"What do you all mean?" cried the hungry traveller, faltering. "Is it not a pigeon-pie, then? Why must I not touch it, Mary? and what is Sylvo laughing at? and what in the world do you all mean?"

"Let me assist you, my dear sister. I have the warmest satisfaction in offering this wholesome fare to you," said the philosophical head of the house. "So many sanguinary meals have been discussed at my table; but we will make amends—we will make amends."

With anything but the full and generous confidence with which she would have received it, had it been the pigeon-pie which her well-appetised imagination expected, Mrs. Burtonshaw jealously inspected the contents of her plate. "It's potatoes," cried Mrs. Burtonshaw, turning it over doubtfully with her fork. Then there was a pause. "It's turnips!" said the good lady in a somewhat louder tone. Another pause. "There's cabbage, I declare!" cried the excited traveller. Then, after a solemn interval, "It's a mess!" said Mrs. Burtonshaw indignantly, and pushed her plate away.

Mr. Cumberland commenced a little lecture in exposition of his new principles. Mrs. Cumberland lamented that people should waste their emotions on such a thing as a dinner. The young people laughed; but Mrs. Burtonshaw's indignation was not to be put down so easily. "I have borne a great deal," said the good lady, emphatically, rising from her chair. "I've put up with all your freaks and your fancies, and never said a word to them; but I don't intend to put up with this. Thank Providence, there's the Kron-prinzen left! Call that poor girl, Sylvo—I won't have her starved either—and come and see to your mother's comfort, you great unfeeling boy!"

Yes, the new system was too refined for Mrs. Burtonshaw. Mr. Cumberland, with a groan, saw a succession of little trays arriving from the kitchen, containing something else than roots; and it required all the caresses and persuasions of Mary to mollify the offended lady. "I knew your father was full of fancies, my love," said Mrs. Burtonshaw, when her niece went with her to her own apartment; "but I never could have believed him so far gone as this—and Maria Anna to give in to him! Of course you're looking pale, my darling—I knew you would—you always do when I go away; and to think of them *starving* you, my poor child!"

"They have not starved me yet," said the laughing Mary; "and now that you have done with being angry, aunt Elizabeth, have you not brought any news from home?"

"Yes, boxes full," said Mrs. Burtonshaw, restored to good humour by the idea. "But Mary, dear, tell me first—Did you look at poor little Miss Francis? Shall you like her? I am sure she will make you a nice companion. Are you pleased with her, my love?"

Now Mary Cumberland was accustomed already, with the calmest self-possession, to exercise a very distinct and positive will of her own. Obedience was not a quality of hers; and the want of it gave rather too much sharpness and distinctness of outline to the character of this young lady—which, after all, was a very good character in the main.

"How can I tell, aunt? I only just looked at her," said Mary. "But I did not want a companion; I was a great deal better alone."

"Don't say so, my love," said Mrs. Burtonshaw. "You want a young friend. I know you want a young friend; and you must try to like her, for your poor aunt's sake."

"Well, I will, aunt Elizabeth," said Mary, slightly shrugging her shoulders; "but tell me why."

"Poor little soul, I have brought her among strangers," said Mrs. Burtonshaw. "She has no friends—she is quite alone; and I promised that you would like her, my love. I did, that I might bring her here."

"These are all reasons why one should be sorry for her, aunt," said Mary, who was of a logical turn of mind. "But to like her—well, never mind. Mamma is sure to be quite in raptures with her, and I will do what I can. She looks what mamma calls interesting, aunt. I don't like interesting people; I am best pleased

with common people, like aunt Burtonshaw and me."

The only answer to this was a silent hug from Mrs. Burtonshaw. Mrs. Cumberland would have made it an embrace, and done it gracefully; but her sister had no thought of how it would look when, after three months' absence, she took her favourite into her loving arms.

CHAPTER XXI.—A YOUNG CRITIC.

"And so Miss Francis does not know any German, poor dear—and has never been abroad before—and, of course, would like to see the town? If I were able, my love, I should like, above all things, to revive my own first impressions by seeing yours, but I am not able. Mary must take you to the cathedral; and I am sure you will long, as I do, to see it restored to the beautiful religion for which it was built."

"What, aunt! You a Protestant, to say so much!" cried young Burtonshaw.

"Ah, Sylvo! when you look to the higher sentiments of our nature—that love of the beautiful which seeks the superlative of everything—you will see how poor a thing it is to speak of Protestant or Catholic," sighed Mrs. Cumberland. "Heaven be praised, I have no prejudices! I can look with equal candour on one and another; and what I speak of, my dear boy, is the æsthetics of the matter—the fitness of things."

"Well, I thank Providence, for my part, I know nothing of æsthetics," cried Mrs. Burtonshaw; "but if there is one thing in the world I hate, it is *that* Pope and all his crew. Why, they're in the Bible, Maria Anna! every thing but the name."

"There's a very good principle in their fasts, sister Burtonshaw," said Mr. Cumberland. "They call them fasts—nonsense! they are only standing testimonials to the truth of my principles. Wise men these old Romans, Sylvo; they knew man was not made a carnivorous animal, and they did what they could to loose the shackles of custom—but did not go far enough, sir—did not go far enough. That's why they failed."

During this conversation Mary Cumberland sat by, looking on, with a sparkle of derision in her well-opened blue eyes, and her mind on the alert and watching for a blunder. Not a crotchet of her father, nor a piece of extravagance from her mother's lips, escaped the notice or the criticism of Mary. The justest sentiment in the world would have presented a ludicrous phase to her as she sat thus, waiting to hear "what mamma would say next," or "what papa had in his head now." Zaidee, on the contrary, who did not know these kind people, turned her eyes from one to another with devout attention. Mary Cumberland did not believe in her father and her mother—it was the misfortune of her life; but Zaidee Vivian, with her simple sincerity and her child's heart, believed in every one whose words had the sanction of age; and had a natural veneration for the natural orders and classifications of life. While the one sat on the watch to find something which might be openly laughed at, the other turned from speaker to speaker with genuine respect; and Mary was disposed to pity the poor child who listened so devoutly to mamma's enthusiasm and papa's philosophy. She herself had a great contempt for both of these. She concluded that Zaidee must be a great deal lower than herself in what she called intelligence and spirit.

"Yes, you will show Miss Francis the cathedral and the town. Do, my love," said Mrs. Burtonshaw; "and I shall have my *news*, you know—all my budget from home—ready when you return. Well, dear, she is not equal to you perhaps, but she is a good girl for all that—and left so much to herself. Do go with her, Mary, my darling; the walk will do you good."

Mary shrugged her shoulders and went.

They had a very silent walk for some time, each of them busy with an examination of the other, which soon, however, merged with Zaidee into entire occupation with what she saw. Yonder again was that great tower

raising itself so loftily, with such a grand simple grace over all those burgher houses—over the half-ruined fortifications and swift-flowing river. Mr. Cumberland's house was just without the walls; and before they had reached the square in front of the great church, Mary had perused her new companion all over, from her brown face—which Mary, in opposition to ordinary predications, concluded would be handsome some day—to the feet which went so quickly and so silently over the ragged narrow pavement. There is little traffic in the city of Ulm. The broad sunshine fell over this great square, uninterrupted save by the linen awning of one small fruit-merchant, who sold two winter apples for a kreutzer; and by a passing cart—a triangular trough of wood—which a patient cow was dragging meekly towards the Platz. And there, with some little houses—houses that looked so dwarfish beside its great proportions—clinging on like mosses to the basement of its wall—this stately pile of building erected its lofty roof, and threw up its delicate shafts towards the sky. Mary Cumberland would have thought it very grand if her mother had not been in ecstasies; but Zaidee, who had no such consideration to deter her, looked up at it in perfect silence, straining her wistful eyes, but saying not a word. "If she goes into raptures, I will have no more to do with her," said Mary to herself; and Mary watched her with a suspicious eye, and the look of a cynic. To be only fifteen, yet to dread "humbug" everywhere, is a great misfortune. The young lady eyed Zaidee curiously, with her half-derisive eyes.

But Zaidee only drew a long breath, and gazed again. This great tower of the Cathedral of Ulm should have been a heaven-piercing spire, they say, and is not half-completed; but chance has been kinder than intention, and given a picturesque effect to the abrupt little roof and pinnacle, which perhaps might have failed in a work of finished regularity. The stone is red, but greyed or greened all over with the faintest universal tinge of moss. "Was it ever built, do you think?" said Zaidee, turning round upon her companion rapidly. If she had made a thrust at her with the dangling weapon of this passing soldier, she could not have taken her critic more completely by surprise. Mary's eyes, with all their incipient satire and watchfulness, fell in a moment before the simple sincerity of her companion. Zaidee meant what she said; and if some one had been by with a tale of miracle, and vouched for it, that this complete and perfect edifice was found one morning, in the old years of fable, by some devout and pious burgher, standing firm as it does now, without a stone laid or a pillar raised by mortal hands, this visionary girl would have believed it. But the unfortunate education of Mary Cumberland made imagination either "humbug" or "display" to her. With the sore contempt of one who is subject to daily humiliation from false exhibitions of sentiment, this poor girl scouted and scorned the true. "You should say that to mamma," said Mary, with a little laugh; but not the less was Mary struck with wonder and curiosity, scarcely less than Zaidee's own. "What does she mean, I wonder—what can she mean?" inquired Mary of herself. She was of a truthful nature, and fact was familiar to her; but she did not comprehend at all how it was that Zaidee's mind, in its fresh and open youthfulness, full of belief and marvelling admiration, could really mean only what she said in asking such a question. The young lady was armed at all points against enthusiasm; but not for all this little Wirtemberg could Mary Cumberland have told you what Zaidee Vivian could mean.

They went on again after that to the other lions of the quaint little ancient town, and to the Danube flowing full and strong under its walls. They went in silence, not knowing what to say to each other; and Mary could not record a single "beautiful," or "grand," or "sublime;" or indeed an exclamation of any sort from her companion's lips. "Are you not pleased? would you rather go home?" asked Mary at last, weary of puzzling and being disappointed. "Do you think Ulm is not a fine town, after those you have seen?"

"I have never seen anything like that," said Zaidee, pointing to the

tower, which was always visible, rising through the clear blue frosty air, at every turn they took.

"Do you think it is beautiful?—do you think it is grand?" said Zaidee's tempter.

But Zaidee looked uneasy, was slow to answer, and would not be beguiled into transports of which her companion could be comfortably contemptuous. "I do not know what names to call it," said Zaidee; "I think it looks as if it lived, and had been here for all these long, long hundreds of years. Did you ever see a great mountain?—is it like that tower?"

"Did *you* never see one?" asked Mary in return.

"I only know a little hill at home," said Zaidee with becoming humility. "It is not high, but there is nothing higher between it and heaven; and you can look far away to the sea; and the wind rushes round you—all round, without any shelter. I think, though it is low and little, the mountains themselves must be like that hill: that is all I know of them."

"If we go to Switzerland, you will see enough of mountains," said Mary. "Do you like to travel? Tell me what you like best to see. I like the valleys and the quiet country. I do not care for anything grand. I like to see the farm-houses, and the people going home at night—and poor little cottages, and brown little children on the way.—What is your name? I don't like to call you Miss Francis," cried Mary, suddenly plunging into the frankest unreserve; "and tell me what you like best to see."

This sudden leap from suspicious restraint into the exuberant friendship of a school-girl, puzzled Zaidee almost as much as Zaidee had puzzled her new friend. But the surprise was a pleasant one; and the two girls proceeded on their way, arm-in-arm, comparing likings and experiences. The stranger had made a conquest already. This honest, ill-nurtured, improvable Mary was Zaidee's fast friend.

CHAPTER XXII.—FRIENDSHIP.

"Aunt Burtonshaw said I wanted a companion—I never thought so, I am sure; but now I see aunt Burtonshaw was right," confessed Mary Cumberland. "I never had a friend before—Had you?—And I want to understand you. You want to understand me too, I suppose? And now come and tell me what you like and what you don't like, and all that you think about. I shall call you Lizzy—I like that best for a name, because there is nothing fine about it. Do you like Ulm, now that you have seen it?—do you think it is a grand church that?—and isn't it funny to see these poor cows instead of horses, and the country people with their red handkerchiefs and their brown faces? They don't think of their complexion in Wirtemberg; they have no time for that. Were you ever ill? I was once since we came here; and it was so strange to lie and listen to the river, and to the great chimes in the Dom. I should have died, I think, but for aunt Elizabeth. Was she very good to you? Do you like her very much? Every one ought, I think; for she is always so kind."

Coming to a pause, less from want of matter than from want of breath, Mary pulled her friend's sleeve, and looked into her face. "Are you asleep?—or why don't you speak to me?" cried Mary. "Why did you come to Ulm? Now, tell me quick, for I don't like solemn people. What made you come here?"

"It was as good as dying," said Zaidee, in her low voice; "it is so far away."

"As good as dying!" Mary was struck with horror. "Why, what put dying in your head, I should like to know? Is the house so dull, do you think? I don't like dull houses myself, nor a great many heavy trees; but mamma thinks it romantic—interesting! One can't help what one's mamma thinks—people must submit to that," said Mary, shrugging her shoulders; "but I am sorry if the house looks so dismal to you."

"I do not think the house is dismal. That little room is like a little

room at home," said Zaidee; "and I like to be here. I was very glad to come. Do you know any stories of the time when that tower was made? I think it must be a very long time ago."

"Do you like old stories?" said Mary, at present bent, with true girlish earnestness, on a minute comparison of experiences and opinions. "*I* like stories of common people and the present time—I don't care about antiquity. Mamma says I have such bad taste, and am so prosaic. I like to-day a great deal better than yesterday; so I am not like you."

"I like to-morrow," said Zaidee, her dark face brightening, "where I can make stories for myself, and they may all come true. *Have* you bad taste—and are you prosaic? I should not like that."

"Mamma says so," said Mary, with the unfailing shrug. "Oh yes, I suppose I am. We are not interesting, nor romantic, nor poetical; we are only common people—aunt Burtonshaw and I."

"What does common people mean?" asked Zaidee.

But Mary could not very well answer the question. Mary had no recollection, at the moment, of the pride that apes humility—she only knew that she was opposed, with all her might, to the sentimentality of mamma, and did not perceive, that to boast of *not* being superior, was about as bad, and rather more foolish, than to boast of superiority. Mamma's extreme refinement and ethereal delicacy threw Mary, in disgust, to the opposite extreme; but simple Zaidee, who was no observer of character, and who asked the question in pure good faith, and without an inference, could not help to enlighten her friend.

"I mean, just like everybody else—I mean—why, just common people, to be sure," said Mary, eluding the difficulty. "Now, what I should like best, when I am grown up, would be a great house in the country, like that beautiful place papa was so foolish as to sell; with a village at the park-gates, and London not very far off. I should like to live a pleasant neighbourly life, and visit the other people about, and go to town sometimes. I should like to have a great many pretty dresses and jewels, and everything handsome about me; and to choose my own friends, and have things like what other people have. I should like to have a cheerful house, and everybody saying what they thought. That is what I should choose."

Zaidee made no answer; she was looking out from the window where, beyond that great tower, the clouds were troublous and broken like the stormy Cheshire skies; and Zaidee's tangled thoughts were flying hither and thither, like so many birds of passage, between the Grange of Briarford and Ulm on the Danube—this far-away foreign town.

"Why will you not speak?" asked Mary. "I tell you what I am thinking, but you never say any thing to me. Tell me, what should you like best?"

Zaidee made a long pause—of consideration, as her companion thought. "I would like to be the youngest child, and always to live at home, and never bring harm or sorrow," cried Zaidee in her low and rapid voice—and Zaidee in her imagination saw a hundred crowding pictures of the blessedness of the youngest child;—"whom no one could ever think of leaving fortunes or estates to—the little one, everybody's servant, whom everybody loved," said Zaidee. And Mary could by no means understand the passion of restrained and eager longing which sounded in Zaidee's cry.

"Are you afraid of having a fortune left you?" asked Mary; and it was a very legitimate question. "Did any one ever threaten to leave you a fortune?" continued the young lady, roused into something of her former criticism and suspiciousness. "I should not have run away if I had been you. I should like to have a fortune left me myself. I am afraid we are not much like each other, after all; for *I* am not above being rich, or fortunate, or happy."

But if this sidelong shaft was intended to wound Zaidee, it proved a signal failure, for Zaidee's thoughts had already struck aside on different ground. "Do you think little children when they die are always sure to go to heaven?" asked the dreamer, withdrawing her eyes from the sky,

where they had travelled upwards by means of the great tower, and fixing them wistfully on Mary's face.

Mary, who was very honest, and reverenced everything which she called religion, without knowing very well what religion meant, faltered a little. "Yes, I think so," said Mary; but it struck her at the moment, more than usual, how far out of her acquaintance this other country was.

"Then I wish most of all I had died then," said Zaidee; "that would have been best."

"I cannot tell how it could be best to die," said Mary Cumberland. "It is all very well to say such a thing; but no one means it, I am sure. Why, if it was only for other people, would you like to make some one grieve for you? I should not, though I am not sentimental. I should not like to think of any one weeping and mourning for me."

"No, if you brought harm to them," said Zaidee quickly; "but if you only died! We all loved my Uncle Percy when he was living, but so dearly, so dearly, when they carried him away: I could bear them to grieve for me; I could bear to see them weeping if I died; but not to vex them and bring them trouble, and live through it all. They would know me then. No one would think of harm or sorrow, but only of love, if God would let me die!"

"Who are *they?*—and who is your uncle?—and what do you mean?" cried Mary Cumberland. "You are a strange girl. I do not understand you. What do you mean?"

The next words that Zaidee addressed to her, convinced Mary that anything like a "rational answer" was not to be expected from her new companion. "I hear the Danube," said Zaidee. "Is it far till you come to the rocks and castles? for I see none here."

"What has the Danube to do with it, then?" cried Mary, with some petulance. "I like to speak rationally. I like to know what I am talking of. I cannot leap about like this. There are no rocks nor castles for a long way. For my part, I do not care for them; but I like very well in summer to hear the water rushing along by the old walls. The river never makes one dreary; it is not like the sea."

"Did you ever see the sun set on the sea?" said Zaidee, whose imagination at the moment was suddenly emblazoned with all the stormy glories of the Cheshire sunset—a daily marvel, such as Mary Cumberland knew not of.

"Oh yes, I have seen the sun set on the sea—and mamma said it was heavenly, and papa wondered whether we might not pierce down through the earth with a tube, and get to the antipodes before him," said Mary, with an uneasy ridicule and impatience. "Do you know there is one thing in the world I should like above all other things, and I will never get it. I should like to have wise friends."

From this exclamation, uttered with a little haste and heat, Zaidee instinctively retreated. Zaidee had an intuitive perception that, however true Mary's observations might be, she was the last person in the world who ought to have made them. Poor Mary Cumberland, all the tenderest and fairest of human emotions had been made suspicious things to her clear and homely understanding. No admiration at all was better than wordy raptures over everything; and Mary was disposed to defy, and cherish a resentment against that Beauty at whose shrine her mother was a weak worshipper, and to hold Nature and Art, those oft-quoted potencies, as twin supporters of a fictitious system, all false pretension and vanity. "Humbug," said Sylvester Burtonshaw, who was no great example of good sense, though on a different model from his aunt and uncle Cumberland; and the word was very much in his young cousin's thoughts. She sat at table, like Mr. Burchell, and said "Fudge!"—the only concession that she made to her parents being that she said it within herself. Now Zaidee Vivian was quite unlearned in fudge and humbug. When Mary's eyes were sparkling, half with angry shame, and half with derision, Zaidee listened with involuntary respect; for Zaidee, who was almost destitute of the ordinary forms of politeness, had much of its essence at heart, and a great reverence for all whom she believed her superiors, a class which included her whole acquaintance over twenty years old. But it happened well that Zaidee's

respectful listening did not lead her to adopt Mrs. Cumberland's enthusiasms, or Mr. Cumberland's philosophies. Not Mary Cumberland's unbelieving disrespect was more proof against conviction than her companion's attention, for Zaidee had a strange inalienable independence in that wild visionary mind of hers. Her thoughts were communicated to no one, but ran on in a perennial stream. She was quite invincible to rational argument, this poor child, and far less in danger of change than was Mary with her logical and reasonable understanding; for Zaidee Vivian reasoned only through her heart.

CHAPTER XXIII.—EDUCATION.

"Now, Mary, my darling—it is what I have often longed for—you have a companion with you, and I shall have the great delight of instructing you myself. You are very intelligent, I know, my dear Mary. What do you think most necessary for a proper education?"

"I cannot tell, indeed, mamma. Everything, I suppose," said Mary, with her customary shrug.

"That is true!" cried Mrs. Burtonshaw, shaking her head solemnly. "The masters *we* had, Maria Anna! But Mary knows so much already—more, I do believe, than I do now."

"She has had many advantages," said Mrs. Cumberland; "but, my dear Elizabeth, I must beg you not to interrupt the lesson. There is much truth in what you say, Mary;—Miss Francis, my love, what is your opinion?"

"I only can read—and write a little," said Zaidee, with great humility, shrinking from what was to follow.

"Very well, my dear children. Now I will tell you what is my idea of the first thing needful to a proper education. It is to teach your young minds to *think*, my loves. Mary, what were you thinking of just now?"

Mary, though not much given to diffidence, blushed scarlet at this address, and hung her head. Her thought, if she had reported it, would not have been much to her own credit, or to the satisfaction of her mother.

"You cannot tell? Fie, child, how thoughtless," said Mrs. Cumberland. "And you, Miss Francis, what was in your mind?"

But Zaidee, too, faltered. There were so many things in her mind, she could not withdraw one separate fancy from the stream, and present it as an individual thought; for they were all fancies, and the number of them was infinite: these irregular battalions never marched in single file.

Mrs. Cumberland shook her head, and tapped them playfully over the fingers with the paper-knife she held in her hand. "Yet I daresay you both believed you were thinking, though neither of you can tell what it was," said their instructress. "Now education enables you to think, and makes you masters of your thoughts. I will give you a subject. Here is a book upon the table—it is Macaulay's *History of England*. Let me know what you think of it, and of English history in general. Take ten minutes, and form a just opinion, my dears."

Mrs. Cumberland looked at her watch with a complacent smile, and took up the book she had been reading, as she left her astonished pupils to their first exercise. They were all seated in the Salle, the general sitting-room of the family, at the comfortable English end of it, looking down upon the long avenue of grey matting, of marble tables and gilded chairs standing against the wall. February days are cold on the banks of the Danube; and once more there glowed a little furnace of intense red within the opened door of the stove. Mrs. Cumberland, in a dress fitting close to her thin figure, with her braids of hair smoothed down upon her thin cheek, sat upon a sofa turned towards the light. Her sister, wrapt in a cosy shawl, with a cosy cap, enclosing her pleasant face in its frame of lace and ribbons, bloomed like a winter rose beside the frosty lily at her right hand. Mrs. Burtonshaw had her back to the light, and was painfully endeavouring to whisper some original suggestion on this great subject to help the cogitations of her niece. "My dear Elizabeth!" ex-

claimed Mrs. Cumberland. Mrs. Burtonshaw fell back upon her knitting like a culprit, and only tried to telegraph with her eyes. A solemn silence followed. One could see by the dancing fun in Mary Cumberland's eye, that it was very near being disturbed by a burst of laughter; but prudence prevailed; and amid the deepest stillness, and with all the help which could be afforded to them by aunt Burtonshaw's telegraphing, Mrs. Cumberland's pupil's pondered their theme.

Macaulay's *History of England*, and English history in general—the subject was a sufficiently great one, and deserved rather more than ten minutes' consideration, and graver critics than girls of fifteen. The mind of Zaidee Vivian, to whom the fascinating volume on the table was unknown, was cast afloat in an instant upon the chronicle of Froissart in the Grange library, and upon the infallible records of one Shakespeare, an authority greater than history. Zaidee did not make much progress in thinking, though she tried conscientiously. These wayward fancies of hers carried her off to the courtly assembly before Harfleurs—to Faulconbridge sparring at Austria with his wicked wit—to poor, proud, frantic Constance, and the cruel counsels of King John; and sent her away down the stream in the most magnanimous impartiality, to take side with every unfortunate. Bolingbroke first, and then King Richard; poor old York, with his pretty Rutland; and saintly Henry, with his haughty queen. Zaidee's meditations would only have ended with the extent of her knowledge and recollection, had she been left to herself—when lo! there broke upon their maze the rustle of Mrs. Cumberland's sudden movement, and her sharp and high-pitched voice, as she consulted her watch once more. "Ten minutes—have you finished thinking, young ladies? Now, Mary, what have you to say?"

"Well, Macaulay's History is a very pleasant book to read, mamma," said Mary.

Mrs. Cumberland nodded her assent.

"And English history is"—But here Mary, whose voice had an unmistakable quaver of laughter in it, stopped short, and bit her lips to keep it down. "English history is—"

"A very great subject, Mary, my darling," broke in poor Mrs. Burtonshaw, whose telegraphed and perfectly unintelligible communications had become every moment more vehement. Mrs. Burtonshaw was much alarmed, lest her favourite should come off second best.

"Elizabeth, I *must* have silence!" cried Mrs. Cumberland. "English history is—Mary, pray go on."

"English history is a very great subject, mamma, as aunt Burtonshaw says," said Mary, very demurely, and with a little curtsey, for Mary had risen with wicked formality to be examined.

"And that is the sum of your reflections on such a glorious theme!" cried Mrs. Cumberland, elevating her hands. "Well, the first duty of an instructress is patience. Sit down, and I do not wish you to rise when I question you; we will do better next time, I trust. Now, Miss Francis, tell me your thoughts on this subject, my dear."

But Miss Francis, worse than Mary, could not answer at all. A flood of thoughts came pouring into Zaidee's mind: her brown cheek flushed, and her pulse beat high; but, alas! they would not be brought to the bar, these rebellious imaginations; they would not stand up and answer to their names, and give due description of themselves. Zaidee faltered, looked up, and looked down, and could not tell what to say. At last, as her eye caught the book upon the table, she made shift to answer. "Indeed, I never read it;" and, shrinking back with the humility of a penitent criminal, Zaidee waited to hear her ignorance condemned.

"Really I do not make a very promising beginning," said Mrs. Cumberland. "Never read it? Do you know nothing of history, then, my poor child? Is that what you mean to say?"

"Only Shakespeare and Froissart," said Zaidee slowly, hanging her head, and feeling herself a very culprit. Mrs. Cumberland brightened again.

"That is very well, my love," said this encouraging preceptress; "and I

only want to hear your opinion of them to be quite satisfied with you."

But, alas! Zaidee could give no opinion—neither on the abstract question, nor the particular one. She only sat very still, in a state of overpowering self-reproach and humbleness. She could not comfort herself by reflecting how ridiculous mamma was, as Mary did. Zaidee could find nothing to complain of but herself. Whole ten minutes to think in, and not a morsel of thought to come out of it! She was not bold enough to look up to meet her questioner's eye.

"We will change the subject. I see it is too much for you, my dear children," said Mrs. Cumberland, "and the exercise is new and unusual. You were visiting the Cathedral yesterday—there is a delightful theme!—the Cathedral of Ulm, and architecture in general. Let me hear your thoughts upon these."

But Zaidee! Zaidee! The good lady never meant your wayward fancies to climb up and build nests for themselves like so many birds in the fretted niches of yonder noble tower. While Mary wonders vainly what style this Ulm Cathedral is of, and tries to recollect, but doubts if she ever heard its date and builders, Zaidee makes a bewildering flight from the little church at Briarford to the stately German Dom, and links together in a hasty procession all the other great buildings she is aware of having seen, from that pepperboxed and genteel erection, rich with the characteristic graces of the eighteenth century, where Mrs. Disbrowe and her household go to church every Sunday, to other foreign cathedrals of which the travellers had a hasty view on their journey here. Zaidee is in great haste, terrified lest the ten minutes should expire before she has reviewed her subject; but alas! when the ten minutes have expired, it appears again only too evident that Zaidee's troublesome ideas will not march in rank and file.

Undiscouraged by her failure, Mrs. Cumberland perseveres proposing subject after subject, as various and diverse as the topics of a popular course of lectures. But so far as to-day's experience goes, this system for encouraging thought is not a remarkably successful one, and Mrs. Cumberland dismisses her pupils, of whom the one is full of mirth and mischief, and the other greatly humiliated and self-condemning, with a long-drawn sigh. "Another time we will do better, let us hope," says this patient teacher; "you are sad thoughtless children; education has everything to do for you."

CHAPTER XXIV.—THEORIES.

"Learning lessons is quite a different thing. There is some sense in learning lessons," said Mary Cumberland; "but I can't go and tell everything I think to mamma. I don't believe mamma would understand me if I did. I am quite sure I should never understand *her*. Let us have masters, aunt Burtonshaw, as you say. I always did my tasks, and was ready for them; but I can't help thinking in my own way. I can't think in anybody else's. Ask Lizzy here, if she is not just like me."

"But dear, dear, what will Maria Anna say?" cried poor Mrs. Burtonshaw. "She has set her heart on it, Mary. She will blame me for it all. There, now—there's a darling—I am sure you will try again."

"If Maria Anna would pay less attention to that child's mind, and more to her diet, she would do better service," said Mr. Cumberland, who had just come in. "But, between you and me, Elizabeth, your sister is extremely fanciful. Her own whims are all the rule she has, you see; nothing like fixed principles. Her standard changes every week or two. I am not saying anything against Mrs. Cumberland, who is a superior woman; but she wants repose, sister Burtonshaw. She is a great deal too fidgety for the comfort of the house."

While this speech was being delivered, Mr. Cumberland was leisurely perambulating the apartment, with one hand behind him, and with the other eagerly picking up and examining every scrap of written or printed paper which came in his way. Mr.

Cumberland's sharp eyes travelled before him, scanning everything with a curiosity for which no detail was too minute. He went on talking as he surveyed the side-tables, which were burdened with lumber enough to give his inquiring mind full scope.

"What do you think of the Fourierists? sister Burtonshaw. An absurd prejudice has swamped poor Robert Owen in our country. But I am a candid man; I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that communism is the true state of civilisation. Do you know I have a great mind to shut up this paltry old house, and be done with the trials of private housekeeping, and join myself to some company of social brethren. The happiest way!—not a doubt of it. Though of course, Maria Anna will grumble at the blessed equality which characterises such settlements. One of the South Sea Islands, for example—if such a paradise should be in the market—with a heavenly climate, and fertile soil, and a refined community. Why should I be such a fool as to keep my house here, with a pack of servants to look after, and appearances to keep up, and all the rest of it, when a free mind, and a life according to the rules of Nature, would make another man of me?"

"Nature must be hard to lay hold of," said Mrs. Burtonshaw, roused to a momentary asperity.

"Ay, sister Burtonshaw?—why so?" cried the philosopher, facing round upon her.

"Because you have been hunting her since ever I knew you," exclaimed the incensed lady, with a little outburst. "You sold Whimsleigh, which ought to have been Mary's, poor dear, for Nature; you came here for Nature; you lived on *sauer-kraut* and radishes for Nature; and now you have to seek her at the end of the world among a crew of pagan socialists! What's Nature, I should like to know? Does she teach people how to conduct themselves—to think on their responsibilities—and mind their children? I had rather know my duty than Nature, if you consulted *me*."

"What, angry, Elizabeth?" said her brother-in-law, with a little crowing laugh. "Angry, my good sister? Throw it off; it is only a passion fit for the ignorant. Yes, I must follow Nature; it is my mission. What another man may pass by, I feel it my duty to go into. People leave great truths to develop themselves in these days; but I pride myself in being on the alert to perceive them wherever they can be discovered. The true life principle is the grand object of search in all ages. Women are always bustling about small matters—it is quite right—it is their nature; but we will make a revolution in all your little fashions, sister Elizabeth. Yes, yes, though one should go to the South Seas for it, there is nothing like Nature; and, I thank heaven, you are quite right: I have pursued her all my life."

So saying, Mr. Cumberland sat down, and drew a thick French pamphlet from his pocket, while his daughter, in great excitement, hurried Zaidee away. Mary Cumberland, whose youth asserted itself strongly enough when there was opportunity, was not unfrequently startled into the language and the decision of a full-grown woman. "If any other man had said it, one might have hoped it was too ridiculous," said Mary, with the varying complexion of strong alarm and excited feelings; "but papa is fit to do anything. I tell you I will not go! I will have nothing to do with his fool's paradise—I will not! I will rather go and starve at home."

"Starve?—they will not give you leave," said Zaidee. "No one can die except God does it for them. Is it far away? for I would rather go there than go home."

"Yes, they would have me sacrifice all my life," said Mary bitterly, without noticing Zaidee's interruption. "They would shut me out from everything that others have. I should have only theories to live upon, if they had their will. You need not look at me so. Perhaps I am not amiable. I never pretended to be amiable, or superior, or intellectual, or any of these fine things. I am only one of the common people. I am content to live as everybody else lives. Well, never mind, there is always aunt Burtonshaw; and I never will go away. Come and talk to my old Jane."

They went up-stairs together si-

lently to Mary's room, which was one of another long suite of apartments, with folding-doors closed and barricaded, and looking very white and chill in its great extent of wall. Mary looked round upon it with discontent. "I might have had a cosy little room at home instead of this. What was yours like?" said Mary; "but I am sure I cannot say I have ever lived at home. We have been moving about all my life."

"Mine was"—(Zaidee saw the place in all its quaint and quiet solitude as she spoke)—"small and high, like the little room I have here; but there were dark bright pannels on the walls, and an old oak chair, and old pictures in the window. A cross was one—I think of it every day," said Zaidee with a sigh; "and the winds were rushing at it all day long—there are no winds now like what there are at home—and sighing and shouting about the house all night. When the wind is high here, it is like a friend to me; I always try to listen if I know the voice, and wonder—though it is so foolish—if it has been there—at home."

"They are like that in my country," said a little old woman, approaching to them hastily. From the thin locks gathered under her white muslin cap, to the well-shod feet appearing under her dress, this little woman, with her round ruddy face like a russet apple, her small sparkling black eyes, her little air of self-consequence, was Welsh all over. Good-humoured, yet pragmatical—quick to take offence, and endowed with a great deal of innocent self-complacency—not one of Mr. Cumberland's miscellaneous crowd of servants was half so thrifty or so comfortable as this little personage—a standing memorial of Mr. Cumberland's rustication in Wales, whence Jane had followed the family. Jane, who insisted upon being called Mrs. Williams down stairs, and who was accordingly addressed by that dignified title in about as many different pronunciations as there were servants in the house, was Mary Cumberland's especial attendant. Mary was too much talked at down stairs to appreciate poor Jane's simple stories, her overflowing store of moral reflections, and accumulation of good advice; but even Mary discerned enough of the old woman's character to permit her the privileges of a servant of the old school.

"They are like that in my country—you come from Wales, for sure," said Jane. "Them is the winds for light hearts, you take my word for it, and cheeks like roses. Where I come from was under Moylvama, and she is only small to them great mountains as is in South Wales. And to speak of rivers! for certain sure I could wade this one—and you see me—you young ladies is taller—sooner than a great big man, the biggest of all the Joneses, could cross them that comes down all in a haste and flurry, with the foam flying, from the hills. You, Miss Mary, I won't have you laugh then—you was a small chilt—you could never tell my beautiful Wales from another place. Miss—chilt—you other one—what people do you know in Wales?"

"Mr. Powis came from there. I never knew any other," said Zaidee.

"Mr. Powis! Was it my beautiful darling lad, that was old Sir Watkin's boy?" cried Jane, drawing closer. "I'm a small old woman now, and mind Miss Mary, but I'd have you to know I was Sir Watkin Powis's first dairy-woman, and a great lady in my young days. We've been decent peoples—we've not never taken service with the common. My father was body-servant to a great squire over the Dee, and my sister was no less than in my lady's chamber at the grand house in Powisland. Yes, sure, the Williamses is known—though I be come to a foreign part, and have Miss Mary to mind in my old days."

"You are not very complimentary to Miss Mary, Jane," said Mary Cumberland.

"A good chilt," said Jane, nodding her head, "and gives little trouble; but not like them little laaties at Powisland, that were grand-mannered, like angels. For certain sure I'd serve lords and laaties sooner than the common; but meaning no harm here. Many's the pretty story I could tell you of old Sir Watkin, and let you see his picture; yes, indeed, and papers I've got that belonged to the family from the time of Noah—them that they had before that was spoilt

with the water. You will laugh, then, you wicked chilt? But I could show you—well, never mind. The Powises is as old as Wales; and will you just tell me what part of the worlt the Almighty was done with first of all? Them that is scholards in my country would be sure to know."

"But I am not a scholard, Jane; indeed, I could not tell you," said Mary.

"Yes, indeed," said the old woman, nodding her head once more complacently; "Wales wasn't the last, you take my word for it. I know a vale lies at the foot of them low hills as you go to the sea; there is a river on every side, and the beautifullest flowers in the world, and all kinds of beautiful fruit grows there. Husht, then, and whisper, you children—all the clergy in the world would'nt hinder me; but I know what that place is."

"And what is it?" asked Zaidee, eagerly.

"It's Eden, chilt. Yes, sure, it's the garden," said Jane, with solemnity. "No one had need say it was'nt to me; and I know not the hard heart wouldn't pity Adam, driven out to England among the savages; for you was all savages, and not a decent thing to put on. All the fights that was fought, and all the grand castles that was taken, who was it, then, but the Powises? I could tell you—yes, sure—loads of tales."

CHAPTER XXV.—A NEW LIFE.

After this introduction, it is not difficult to imagine how Zaidee, with her warm imagination and faculty of belief, sought the society of Jane. Zaidee's perceptions were sadly obtuse in respect to the ranks and degrees of ordinary life. She felt it no condescension to seek out Miss Mary's Welsh attendant, as she had found it no derogation when she was left to the society of Mrs. Disbrowe's Irish nurse. The girl lived so much in an atmosphere of her own, that the manners of others were harmless to her, whether it might be the over-fine manners of Mrs. Cumberland, or those of Mrs. Cumberland's servant, which were not fine in any respect. Zaidee was not uninterested in any member of this household. Her mind was so fresh and open, that even Mr. Cumberland's philosophies broke new ground to its undoubting simplicity. Her thoughts, unsceptical and unenlightened, entered into everything. What was "fudge" to Mary's indignant experience, was often a new idea to the ignorant faith of Zaidee. She believed in Mrs. Cumberland's endeavours to make them think, unsuccessful though these endeavours were;—she believed in Mr. Cumberland's attempts at the conversion of the world by vegetable diet;—she found a charm and interest in all she heard, because she trusted without hesitation that all was true. Her mind was large enough to receive floating visions of those old fabulous Powises, and of the equally fabulous new paradise in the South Seas, and, in her visionary way, to speculate on both. Zaidee's great grief at this time was, that she could not think to Mrs. Cumberland's dictation. Her great amusement was listening to the stories of old Jane Williams; and her favourite occupation was still the sewing, which was always to be found in Mrs. Burtonshaw's room. For Zaidee, who, besides this apparent world, had a world in secret which no one shared with her, there was no employment so consolatory as this feminine occupation, which gave her an excuse for silence, and full scope for thought. Mary Cumberland did not understand it. Mary had accomplishments to keep up, and an indefinite quantity of "practising" to do. She was determined not to look like a savage if she ever should attain to "society" and England again, and had no mind to educate herself for the South Seas. So Mary was of a hundred different opinions respecting her new companion. At times she envied—at times she laughed at—at no time did she understand her; but liking grew strong between these two girls: they went upon the ways which were so different, with a growing regard for each other. Mrs. Burtonshaw was delighted with her success. She, good

woman, who never looked beneath the surface, was not puzzled by Zaidee. She understood the poor child perfectly, said Mrs. Burtonshaw. Miss Francis was shy, and did not talk much—it was quite natural; and she liked plain-sewing. Pity that young ladies in general were not of her opinion! But there was nothing *outré*, or odd, or unusual about Miss Francis; she was no more "interesting" than another; she never pretended to have a history; she was only a good, quiet, thoughtful little girl.

"There is deep enthusiasm in those eyes," said Mrs. Cumberland. "Credit me, I know woman's heart. Dear child, if she has not a history now, she will soon have one. I tremble for what she may have to suffer. She will love and she will grieve; but she shall have my care and sympathy, Elizabeth—all that I can do for her, poor little predestined martyr. I can see her fate."

"Her fate, Anna Maria? Why should the poor girl have a fate?—and why do you not think of your own dear child?" cried Mrs. Burtonshaw. If there was any distinction in having a fate, Mrs. Burtonshaw did not see why it should be withheld from Mary. Miss Francis was very well; but it was rather too much to exalt her at the cost of one's own child.

"Ah, Elizabeth, I know woman's heart!" said Mrs. Cumberland, mysteriously. And if all the pretenders to this occult knowledge are as learned in it as Mrs. Cumberland is in the thoughts of these two children, the science will not make much progress in our day. Woman's heart was liable to but one disease, according to the interpretation of Mrs. Cumberland and her kindred philosophers; and that was the malady vulgarly called love;—a malady from which Mary and Zaidee were equally far apart.

"I observe she has an open mind," said Mr. Cumberland, talking in his usual way, as he poked about the side-tables with his curious eyes. "She *listens*, that child; she does not only *hear*. A very useful member of a community, I'll warrant, if all you say of her is true, sister Burtonshaw—and a quiet little thing into the bargain. Your daughter is whimsical, Maria Anna; what right has she to have opinions? Make a woman a speculator, and she veers about to every wind. Why can't Mary listen and be quiet, like this little girl?"

"She's not pretty; I don't know what's the good of her," said Sylvester Burtonshaw. This young gentleman's opinion was the only unfavourable one. These fanciful people were not unkind in any particular. Their household was something of an extravagant household, every one doing what was good in his own eyes; and if the scene had been London, you could well have understood why Mr. Cumberland, awe-stricken at sight of his banker's book, sighed for the South Seas. But "nobody" lived at Ulm; the English tourists were few and unfrequent; and there was no artificial heightening of prices. The waste was cheap that was done here on the banks of the Danube; and society did not require much from the odd English people who visited no one. They lived in a very liberal fashion, and fed not a few from the crumbs of their abundant table; and even if Mrs. Cumberland had not been far above such miserable details, the addition of one little individual like Zaidee was quite unfelt in the great house. They received her very readily into the heart of the family, such as it was; and Mary's companion shared everything with Mary, even the gifts of aunt Burtonshaw. In a very little time she was fairly naturalised as a member of the household. Even in Mr. Cumberland's plans Zaidee had a place; and except the one dread of returning to England, which Mary was so anxious for, fear departed out of our young pilgrim's heart. She wandered about those quaint German streets; she sat awed and unresponsive in the choir of that great solemn cathedral, while Mary went lightly over the stalls, commenting on the wonderful carving, which was one of the details which Zaidee did not notice; or watched the sunshine streaming into the empty air, through the grand painted windows, while her companion ran over the "wohlgeborens" on the tombstones in that little chapel in the wall. More and more Zaidee marvelled if this stately place had ever been built, which looked so per-

fect, tinged all over with its down of moss; and more and more Mary wondered and smiled at Zaidee, and asked what she could mean. They were close friends; and Mary poured into her companion's ear all her girlish positive opinions, her purposes and hopes; while Zaidee responded with hints of her own story, which any one who had the clue might easily have put together. But Mary had no clue, and like most others who, born to few cares, are fully disposed to make the most of what they have, she was occupied by her own affairs too much to give a very nice attention to her companion's. Simple Zaidee betrayed herself many a time. Mary, not less simple, wist not of the self-betrayal, and was none the wiser. They lived in great cordiality, a true pair of girlish friends; and Zaidee had almost forgotten now those bitter weeks and days which changed her life from that of the youngest child at home to the poor solitary governess at Mrs. Disbrowe's. She read that loving address to herself in the great newspaper every night; she prayed for them lovingly, name by name, when she had read her chapter, after the fashion of her devout child's training, in her father's bible; she thought of them all day long, and every day; but her heart was lightened out of its first agony. She no longer recollected aunt Vivian's first outburst of dismay, or Philip's pale courageousness as he told his discovery, when she woke in her little foreign chamber. Sometimes it was Mary, sometimes a good thought of last night's chapter, sometimes an anticipation of to-day's employments, which woke Zaidee in the morning; and her days were full of pleasant occupation till the night brought rest once more.

Then there was a world of legends in the little closet which Mrs. Williams called her room; and Zaidee became a living chronicle of the somewhat faded glories of the antediluvian house of Powis. By dint of sympathy, Mary too came to listen to these stories—began to see a little difference between true romance and counterfeit—and to find out dimly that all poetry was not rubbish, nor all sentiment fudge. "Aunt Burtonshaw is always right—I wanted a companion—I had no one to tell me it was only mamma," said Mary to herself. But it was consolatory to find out now that "only mamma," and not all the minstrels and sweet singers of all ages were in the wrong.

CHAPTER XXVI.—JANE.

"Well, chilt, you see, if this was Sir Watkin's boy, he was a beautiful lad,—and his name was a great grand name, but not like the names we have in Wales. The sweet Welsh, I never forget *it*; but you never know what them English ladies do call their boys. He was son to a pretty lady. She was come from the south, and married to Rhys Llewellyn, Sir Watkin's youngest boy. So, when Rhys died, and the lady died, the small child came home to Powisland, and there he was bred, and my very eyes did see him grow. My sister was called Mary, and she was in favour with my lady. Many's the thing Mary did see of the family. We've all been in trust where we've been in service. I never did tell you of my father. He went out of Wales. Yes, sure. Oh, it's an evil day when one of us goes out of Wales! But he had such great money, he was persuaded. I saw the gentleman when I was a little child. He was a great squire, and had great riches, and was mad in his temper, and six foot tall, and great lands to the very sea. My father did live in terror for him. He was a great man—he minded nobody; and Evan Williams was of the thought the devil did have him—and red fire was in his eye. When my father did talk of him, the little children was scared, and durst not stay alone; and himself, once he was frightened with a waterfall, and came home like death, and said the old squire had called to him in the stream. You children, will you husht, then? Does bad men ever come up to this world again to scare us? No, sure; God Almighty takes thought for that."

"And what was the old squire called?" said Zaidee. The girl was

trembling with sudden interest. Every old squire could not be Grandfather Vivian; but it was his character as well as his designation.

"Called? He was out of Wales, child. Your names is not like our names. It was a hard name to say. I cannot think of it now. Ah, it is a good place where all is Williamses and Joneses, and the gentry is old blood, and so is the commons, and all are of one. Then there's kind servants and kind masters; and the one does well for the other, and both's friends. It is a cold country where every one has a different name—yes, indeed. And how can I tell what the old squire was called? But he died. The Almighty takes thought, and Satan gets his own. Husht, children. When he's got their poor souls, and carried them down below there, maybe Satan has a poor bargain. I tell you my thought; he did have his hands full with that old squire, you take my word. My father was a big man, though I be small. He was Evan Williams by name, and well thought of in his own country; but the squire frighted him for all. No, child, I forget his name. It was a name was reckoned a good name in Cheshire, and as old as they do be in England. I have it somewhere. You come to me in my room one day, and you shall see my papers. If a scholard was to look over them, they'd bring me riches, I do believe. My father had some, my brother had some, and our Mary; for old Sir Watkin died, and there was a scatter at Powisland, and every one took what useless thing was lying. I have a housewife, Miss Mary, all violet and gold, was made by my lady's hand. Yes, sure; the grand old ladies they never did scorn to thread a needle. They had the use in their fingers, Miss Mary—yes, sure."

"You forget I made a cap for you. I think you are not at all grateful, Jane," said Mary Cumberland.

"You listen to me, child; 'twas for your own fancy," said Jane, nodding her head. "When you was gone, I had to do another. That wasn't never made for Jane, that wasn't. Well, child, what was you saying? The papers? I'll show them to you another time. Look you here. There's all them collars and laces; they've got to be mended, and it's Jane, Jane,—there isn't ever another; and down stairs it be nothing but calling of Mrs. Williams, as if I was a fairy. Now, can I go troubling among dust and papers, and all that to do?"

"I am afraid I could not do it," said Zaidee, looking wistfully at this more delicate branch of occupation. "Will you let me try, and I will take care of them? Will you let me see the papers, Jane?"

"The papers is nothing to you, child," said the old woman. "Will I put my laces in your hands? No, sure—and what would the lady say if Jane was to fail her? There is not one else in the house to be trusted—not another. Go to your plays and your books, you children—that is all you be fit for; and come to me another day, when I do have time. Yes, indeed, you be Solomon's lilies; you do neither toil nor spin. But my wish is toward my duty, like as it always is in Wales."

The pragmatical old woman turned short round upon them and carried off her laces. As she left the girls, Mary Cumberland laughed at her withdrawal, but Zaidee only grew paler. A slight nervous tremor came upon the young exile. Her mind was quite possessed with the idea that here again was this dreadful Grandfather Vivian interposing to bring ill-fortune; and Zaidee, whose life had been shipwrecked by one document of his, had the most overpowering anxiety to get possession of any other scrap of his ill-omened writing, and destroy it at once. True, it did not seem very apparent what harm could be done now by any such discovery; but Zaidee's mind was not much given to logic, and she was full of an unconscious and visionary superstition. The old squire was the evil genius of the family, and the thoughts of his descendant ran off into mysterious marvellings. What if this wandering evil spirit himself directed her where to find these unrepented wrongs of his, and made her the instrument of mischief again and yet again! Poor Zaidee shook and trembled, and her brown cheeks paled into that chill dark pallor to which any great pang brought them. She, poor innocent child, whose

humble love would fain have served her family night and day, could it be possible that this satanic influence was upon her movements, and that, all unwittingly and against her will, she was the agent of a cruel spiritual persecution—a warfare waged against the living by the unblessed dead? She did not hear the wondering call of Mary Cumberland—she did not see the astonished face of Mrs. Burtonshaw, against whom she stumbled in the passage; she fled hurriedly to her own little room, and threw herself on her knees by the bedside. She, who had no other friend nor counsellor, had the use of bringing all her complaints and trouble direct to the Heavenly Father. In her fright, with her heart beating loud, this simple child lost no time in thinking of it, but came in haste to make her outcry of fear and horror to the compassionate ear of God. Becoming reassured and comforted, she rose from her knees again, not delivered from her terror, but full of a great hope and persuasion, which took away its pain. "You evil spirit!" said Zaidee, with a glow in her eyes, "perhaps you see what I do, but you cannot know my heart. God will not let you harm them any more. If I find any of your cruel papers, I will destroy them; you shall not have power over me."

What was that that sounded round the old German house? Only the spring breeze, stirring the branches faintly, shaking the February raindrops from the budded leaves. To the excited ear of Zaidee it sounded like a moan; and Zaidee could not help trembling as she left her little room once more.

Mary, who is "practising" down stairs, looks up as she enters. Aunt Burton-haw, who has great patience with the practising, and thinks all Mary's music harmonious, comes and takes into her own Zaidee's cold hands. "What is the matter, dear?" asks kind Mrs. Burtonshaw. "You are quite pale, and your hand trembles. So cold too! Come beside the stove, my love. One can't say, come near the fire in this country. There, Sylvo, get up, you great fellow, and let this poor dear warm her fingers. She has caught cold, poor child. Sit down till I get something nice for you; and you shall have a warm drink, and go to bed."

"I am not ill," said Zaidee. "I was only thinking,—there is nothing the matter with me."

"Why are you so pale, then? Nonsense, child, I know better," said Mrs. Burtonshaw. "Girls like you have nothing to think of, that can make you pale. Your head aches, I am sure. Mary, my love, close the piano. Sylvo, put the screen here, to keep off the cold wind. There are always draughts with these folding-doors; there is no such thing as comfort in this country. The footstool, Sylvo. Mary, bring me that shawl. Now, my dear, are you comfortable? And I will go and see about some nice gruel. She looks quite ill, poor child."

And Mrs. Burtonshaw, who is now in her vocation, steals away in noiseless slippers, and closes the door with the most elaborate caution. Zaidee, obliged to be a patient against her will, sits with resignation in the easy-chair, her feet on a footstool, a shawl wrapped round her, a little table at her elbow to prevent her rising, and a large folding-screen to shut out all draughts behind. Sylvo has taken his lazy length away; Mary sits by the patient's side, half sympathetic, half cognisant of the true state of affairs, and wickedly abetting Aunt Burtonshaw. To be nursed by the kindest hands in the world, even for a fictitious illness, is no great misfortune, after all; and Zaidee almost forgets the dread of Grandfather Vivian, which caused her trembling. She is better already, Mrs. Burtonshaw says when she returns with the gruel. See how good it is to take illness in time.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

MY DEAR EUSEBIUS — You complain that the frost has benumbed your faculties, that your mind is hybernating, while, bodily, you are under a sense of general discomfort. Winter hardens the heart — at least we may suppose so, if it be true, as statisticians assert, that the greatest number and the worst of murders have been committed during that season. Is there not a charming piece of music—I think of Purcell's—of Love frozen beneath a mountain of snow, and awakened by Beauty in the first spring, "What does thou mean by sleeping here?" I was mightily moved when I heard it, and perhaps do not speak of it accurately. Some such talisman I must apply to your dormant faculties; let it be the old one, which has ever revivified you in your most apathetic moods, the "Once upon a Time." It is a charm which hath kept the child awake even in the best of dormitories, the mother's bosom, and has ever after enlivened the man-child, nor failed of ministering its *elixir vitæ*, even in extreme age. It is that one specific good, for every evil has some beneficial ingredient, which was in the curiosity that tempted first the mother of mankind; and maternal tenderness has culled it from the sin, and used it lovingly, to this day. And the charm will work as long as time shall last. The traveller, on whatever road of life, and on whatever speed intent, will stay his steps at hearing the words. Their power is inevitable, as of the "Ancient Mariner," and is embodied in his address, "There was a ship, quoth he."

I know very well, Eusebius, that you cannot have read so far without experiencing the working of the charm; but that you may have it in all its potency, feel it quickening your imagination, invigorating your virtues, and giving new impetus to all your amiabilities, send to your bookseller for *Once upon a Time*, by Charles Knight. These two little volumes will supply you with infinite amusement, both in what they contain, and in this, that they suggest trains of thought without end — threads fancy-drawn from the web of truth.

The present, with all its improvements and advantages, hath its visible and invisible vexations. It is environed with the cares and the fears of this world. It touches us too closely to be a relief—we go about with as many feelers as the polyp, and are a thousand times more sensitive. Many are the hours we would shun contact, and willingly retire out of reach of encroaching thoughts and encroaching people. Not that we would encourage a misanthropic spirit; it is not that at such times we love the less, or hate the more, but that we are perplexed and weary of the too intimate pressure, and seek rest and alleviation without throwing off an atom of our common human interest. Nay, let it be the stronger; for humanity, after all, has a wider range than this *living* world. The dead, whom we believe to be still living in a spiritual state, which we cannot conceive, and who are once more to resume their substance, however changed, are, in real truthful thought, a portion of ourselves; the only difference being, that they act not now with us visibly, nor we with them; but they have left their influences, and naturally we encourage, as from an instinct, the belief in a communicative restoration. And if we take the selfish, narrow, present view only, into what insignificance do we shrink and withdraw ourselves — what a very infinitesimal portion of the general humanity do we make! The bulk of mankind, from the creation, still being, and in another state, are those whom we call the dead— that great mass to whom we are dropping off daily, and whom, in our turn, we shall all join. It is always, then, interesting, and not without ulterior benefit, to keep up in thought this general relationship of humanity, and that through the citizenship of death. I say not brotherhood of death, Eusebius; that is too near! What is strangest, this citizenship, which we acknowledge, feel, and enjoy,

in its kinship, is ever freshest in its far-offness. The idea of death has passed away by distance — it only hurts, wounds, and shocks by its closeness upon life — it recovers a vitality by time. Imagination brings back the old world of any period, and peoples it anew with its old inhabitants after a new manner; for it makes selections, and, as upon a stage, throws to their proper distances the accessories and inferior actors. We have them at our will; to play their parts again, to amuse, to teach, and to warn us; and, perhaps, more clearly and distinctly than they were ever known, removed as they are from the many confusions which invariably invest time present. I suppose it is the case with every one, Eusebius; but for myself, if I may speak, I cannot think of any of the dead whom I have ever actually known when living, even though I have never conversed with them, without something of pain, and perhaps of pity. They are scarcely freed from bodily suggestion. There is decay — motionless, unknown, bodily deadness. The idea of sensation hovers over substantially-tenanted graves. That which is above them, the cold, the damp, the chill, the gloom, the awe, or the disorder of situation—all these penetrate through thought and feeling, and come back upon me, and by that connection I unreasonably commiserate. The wonder of life, its sudden change, and its mystery, have not passed off. The removal from the earth I look at and tread, the skies I see, connect the earth and skies of to-day with the darkness — with the invisible. Very different is it with regard to the far-off, the generations whom I have never seen, never known, but as history,—I see them quite after another manner. In reality, this earth and these skies were and are the same; but they come not the same upon the mind's vision—they have gone into the background, and, like as in pictures, are represented with a difference, and imagined poetically, and always, inasmuch as they are of one's own making, appropriately. Neither cloud nor sunshine are quite the same—they are changed by the hue of the magic glass which has called them up. I take in, and of every scene, what I will, and no more than I will. I am master of the revels, choose my tragedy or comedy, and all the *dramatis personæ*. I can shift the scenes when I please. It is ever life, not death, which is acted before me—life in its wholesome, its perpetual action, making action its history,—unlike recent biographies, painful from the beginning, as rather a narrative of the course of death, whose stain and evil humour is in the first thread, and continuous to the end, to which it is ever hastening, and darkening with an almost malignant and morose gloom, all noble aims and pursuits, and convicting them of their nothingness by the fatality that persecutes and the death that overtakes them. In the *long since* past, all this is reversed — life is more life. All the deadness is gone, and the pain of it affects not the imagination. Our sympathies inflict no injuries upon us. Who is expected to love or to hate too keenly? Love and hate are become also imaginary to a degree, and are therefore disinterested, and have virtue in them, and are pleasurable. There is something good in not knowing too much of individualities. Let poets and heroes be poets and heroes. Would you not rather know Shakespeare through his plays than be in daily attendance with his physician, to note the progress of his last sickness? Eusebius, you never think of Shakespeare as a dead man. He *is* living to you, and will live for all generations. In this respect are we better off than they who knew him personally? We have escaped melancholy regrets. This removal of the idea of death by time may be tested another way—by, as I think, a natural instinct. Refer it to yourself—every man contemplates his own change. There is something distressing in its immediateness; removed to an hundred years hence, it is nothing—it has passed into a continuance of resuscitated existence—it is a thought as of a freed being. And so with the remembrance of those we have loved —every year takes something from the painfulness, and adds something of the warm cheer of life. The permanent idea of humanity is life. It

is death growing into life. And this is why "once upon a time" ever delights all of woman born.

Eusebius, consider for a moment "once upon a time" for its truthfulness, in which lies its use, and its entertainment also; for its truthfulness is of a peculiar kind. To be useful, it must be clear, picturesquely assorted, disentangled, and of a fair pattern, easily understood, and memory-fixed, which renders its being amusing needful. For this, no easy craft is to be employed—the true skill of the historian. He must imagine positions from whence to draw into one view, and discriminate by light and shade, in their places, all the incidents that fall in with his history. The historian is to make the circle of his art, and stand, like the necromancer, and call up the spirits of old to speak for themselves after the arrangement that he has made for them. They cannot but tell truth; it is he that must make the truth come out, show itself, presentable and memorable. He who stands in a crowd sees little; the historian has to clear himself of it, and choose his position apart. This position is his undisturbed territory, and is, as I ventured to call it, imaginary. It is the fiction which gathers realities. After all the satires written upon, and doubts thrown upon history (and the doubts themselves are its portions), the main features are veracious. Facts are really in crowds, in mobs and masses, in which individual features are undistinguishable,—yet have these individualities to be portrayed. And here, at once, is seen the historian's difficulty, his need of an art. To a certain extent, he must be that which, at first view, it might be supposed he should not be—a poet. "Modo me Thebis modo ponit Athenis." He must take the reader also out of the crowd and hurry, where he will have his scene acted, and bring out his actors. Will it seem a paradox, Eusebius, to assert that every true history is more than half of it fiction; more true, because seized poetically, unencumbered with circumstance foreign to the oneness of its character?—some would say less true, because of its omissions; but the omissions are of things that distract thought. It omits facts for the purpose of making up itself into one fact. What is main truth but the truth of impression? For the poetic impression was either in some of the actors or some of the observers, not in any common view. And when this impression is made visible, in ages, perhaps, after the facts, it is as of multitudes of things, persons, and incidents, cast into the historian's alembic, and the residuum of many circumstances is one truth. Conscious of the use of this poetic element, did Herodotus dedicate his history to, and designate it by, the Nine Muses. Be thankful to him who can thus furnish you with the means of thought, and is gifted with the power of exciting it.

Is this, my dear Eusebius, a tiresome discussion? Is it a prelude to a universal history of gravest importance, or to a semi-fabulous "once upon a time?" I have been led to it by considering the gift of this author of *Once upon a Time*,—with what clearness he brings past ages before you, by a few distinct pictures; and how, beyond that, by a few touches of comparison with the present, he draws you on to make proper inferences.

The Paston Letters supply materials for the first chapter in these interesting volumes. These letters were written during the turbulent period of the wars of the Roses. They are full of matter, and show the domestic and political life led by persons of any consideration in those days. Mr. Knight, in his very first sentence, expresses the pleasure and information they afforded him. "I have a great affection for the Pastons. They are the only people of the old time who have allowed me to know them thoroughly. I am intimate with all their domestic concerns—their woo-ings, their marriages, their household economies. I see them, as I see the people of my own day, fighting a never-ending battle for shillings and pence, spending lavishly at one time, and pinched painfully at another. I see them, too, carrying on their public actions after a fashion that is not wholly obsolete, intriguing at elections, bribing and feasting. I see them, as becomes constitutional Englishmen, ever quarrelling by action

and writ, and what is not quite so common in these less adventurous times, employing "the holy law of pike and gun," to support the other law, or to resist. I see them in their pride of family despising trade, and yet relying upon its assistance. I see the young ladies leading a somewhat unquiet and constrained life till they have become conformable in the matter of marriage; and I see the young gentlemen taking a strict inventory of the amount of ready cash that is to be paid down with a bride, and deciding upon eligibility by the simple rule of the scales. This is all very edifying; and I am truly obliged to this gracious family, who four hundred years ago communicated with each other, and with their friends, in the most frank manner, upon every subject of their varied lives."

Such is the programme; and, in the course of the little narrative, evidence is given as to every particular paragraph. We are first made acquainted with Sir William Paston, a judge of the Common Pleas, and his wife Agnes, "scheming for the marriage of her sons, and holding her daughters in terrible durance." Sir William makes his exit from the stage of life. Enter John Paston his eldest son, remarkable for a life of contention, of sometimes force, and sometimes law, for the lands and castle of Caister; and more worthily remarkable for possessing an excellent wife, Margaret, whose virtues, as is the case with most good women, take vigorous growth under difficulties. She became a widow in 1466. Her son, the knighted Sir John Paston, succeeds to Caister, for which he has to fight hard with a too successful enemy, the Duke of Norfolk, who at one time beleaguers the castle with a thousand men. Sir John is a gay, reckless character, loving adventure rather than his interest. Margaret has also another son by name also John, for distinction called John of Galston,—the "Cœlebs in search of a wife," alluded to in the programme, as deciding upon "the rule of scales." There is also a daughter, Margaret, in whose person is exemplified that "the course of true love never did run smooth." There is also a priest, the chaplain of the house, who holds both mother and daughter in no small tyranny, under a secret possessed, or a suspicion of Lollardy, as entertained by Margaret the elder, and one Richard Calle, the betrothed of Margaret the younger. The chaplain is Sir James Gloys. This was the age of Margaret heroines. In this little narrative three appear worthy the name—the two mentioned, and the dauntless, indomitable Margaret of Anjou, who visited Norwich in 1452. The second Margaret was, however, rather the novel-heroine—the heroine of a love tale. She had spent most of her time up to her fourteenth year at Caister, with old Sir John Fastolf, who dying, bequeathed Caister to the Pastons. With her also was brought up as her playmate and fellow-scholar, Richard Calle, son of Sir John Fastolf's steward. Hence this attachment, which wounded the pride of the Pastons.

The little narratives chosen by Mr. Knight are, a visit to Caister Castle, by the mother, Margaret, on "the eve of Wednesday before the feast of Easter, in the year 1469, and the loves of Margaret and Richard Calle." "Now, it unfortunately happened that the day which we have recorded, on which Dame Paston and her chaplain took their way from her comfortable dowry-house at Norwich to her son's somewhat cheerless castle of Caister, for the purpose of distributing Maunday on the following morning to the poor and afflicted, as became the lady of a great house,—this day was marked at Caister by the absence of even a Lenten entertainment." The richly-furnished and amply-provided Caister of Sir John Fastolf had become the bare, stript, ill-defended, and worse-provided Caister of Sir John Paston. Margaret shows her command and dignity, and loses not the affection of the poor, though her bounty of the Maunday is confessedly diminished. "Mrs. Margaret Paston descends from her solitary chamber with a heavy heart on the Maunday. Thursday, whose eve saw her son's retainers wanting a supper, had a lucky device not suggested itself to her inventive mind. She comes into the winter hall, the somewhat snug room which, opening into the inner court, is sheltered from the keen east winds that

blow from the neighbouring sea. The morning is raw and comfortless. She looks upon the bare walls, and thinks of the cloth of array of the morrice-dance with which they were wont to be lined. She sits down upon the hard bench, and the remembrance of the great fringed chairs, that once combined all the requisites of state and comfort, are present to her memory. She gazes upon the wide chimney, and recollects the polished andirons, richly ornamented, it may be, with

'Two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing;'

and she sighs when she sees, as she had often seen before, that they are supplanted by two coarse uprights of undecorated and rusty iron. These are small matters, but they tell a tale." Nicholas, the porter, suggests to the lady ("he has seen the chaplain of his old master assist in washing the feet of the poor in all humility) that, as the weather is cold, the water should be warmed." The chaplain is, however, for dispensing with this service as obsolete. "Obsolete, Sir James," says the Lady Margaret, "how can you call it obsolete when kings and queens are even at this hour preparing to imitate the humility of our Divine Master, with archbishops and bishops to assist them." See how she dispenses the Maunday. "The lady has not abundance, but she has a spirit of love in her bosom, sometimes smothered, but the more ready to come forth now at a time when she is not happy, and feels more humbly than is her wont; and so she says, that, if the poor go unfed from the household, they should not go unblessed. She proceeds to the court, and thus addresses them, in a tone of real kindness: 'Friends and neighbours, I am come amongst you unprovided with the usual means of discharging one portion of the Christian duty which has been common in this house on this day. Before Sir John Fastolf died, at the reverend age of eighty, he distributed his Maunday to an increasing number with his increasing years. When my husband came into possession of this house, we each distributed Maunday according to our several ages, so that the poor were not worse off than before. When he died, you were reduced to the widow's mite, for my son left me here to be his housekeeper. I am no longer equal to that duty. I dwell not among you. According to the custom of ancient time, the Maunday must be as the years of the age of the lord of the household. I grieve that some of you will return to your homes disappointed. But let us not part as if there was wrong to be remembered. Let us meet together, and offer up our prayers together, that God will bless and preserve all His children, and give them according to their several necessities. Sir James, we follow you to the chapel." What an honest-hearted woman spoke there! Nor was she down-hearted in adversity. She even stands to the defence of Caister, and calls upon Sir John for hasty help. "Your brother and his fellowship," she writes, "stand in great jeopardy at Caister, and lack victuals; and Daubeny and Berney be dead, and divers others greatly hurt; and they fail gunpowder and arrows, and the place is sore broken with guns of the other party." But see the straits the great landholders were in in those days from law, and adversity from violence. The son writes that he has but ten shillings! But the mother spends her own, and pledges—"I could get but ten pounds upon pledges." Yet the good Margaret keeps a great heart amidst these troubles, and counsels her son most righteously: "God visiteth you as it pleases Him, in sundry wises; He would that ye should know Him, and serve Him better than ye have done before this time, and then He will send you more grace to do well in all other things; and for God's love, remember it right well, and take it patiently, and thank God of His visitation; and if any thing have been amiss, any otherwise than it ought to have been before this, either in pride or in lavish expenses, or in any other thing that may have offended God, amend it, and pray Him of His grace and help, and intend well to God and to your neighbours." Verily the mother Margaret had read frequently and beneficially that volume which had been treasured up and secretly read half a century in that house.

The little love-narrative will equally

show the character of the mother Margaret, strong even to some sternness of a sense of duty, yet tender-hearted. Margaret, the daughter, and Richard Calle, had been secretly betrothed to each other. This was discovered by an intercepted letter from Calle. The daughter is summoned to the oaken parlour to the presence of her mother, the grandmother Agnes (who talks, with senile garrulity, of whipping), and Sir James Gloys, the chaplain, who had intercepted the letter. She is taunted with ironical severity by her mother, for her meanness in betrothing herself to a trader. Reverently, dutifully, had she fallen on her knees before her mother—Calle's letter is read to her—she is questioned as to a denial of the betrothment. She on this occasion shows the courage of her race, owns her love, calls Calle her husband, and in no way falters. The priest reads Richard Calle's letter, and a sweet, tender, religious letter it is. It is now the kind heart of the elder Margaret gets the upper hand of her pride and sternness. The letter says, "Wherefore I beseech Almighty God comfort us as soon as it pleaseth Him; for us that ought of very right to be most together, are most asunder. Meseemeth it is a thousand years ago that I spake with you ——."

Margery here bursts into a passion of tears; and her mother, almost weeping too, ejaculates, "My poor child!" How beautiful must have looked both daughter and mother—the daughter's "passion of tears," when she knows how dearly her Richard loves her, and the mother's severe taunts all melting away, and reduced, upon her speech, to that motherly "My poor child!" When the priest hears this "poor child," he "looks at the lady somewhat spitefully, and proceeds with reading the letter. "I had rather than all the good in the world I might be with you. Alas! alas! good lady, full little remember they what they do that keep us asunder. Four times in the year are they accursed that let matrimony——" Here the priest loses all patience. He throws out threats of a charge of Lollardie.* Both Margarets are alarmed. The maiden is firm as to the betrothal, and Sir James Gloys, the chaplain, asserting that it is now no longer a matter for mother and daughter to settle, says, in bitterness, "It must before the lord bishop. In the name of the Holy Church, I prohibit all intercourse, by message or letter, between Richard Calle and yourself. You must be in strict durance for a short season; and then a higher than us shall decide contract or no contract. Heaven forefend that I, or any servant of the altar, should let matrimony." This scene ends in another touch of motherly tenderness. "My child, go to your chamber," whispers the subdued mother. After this the mother goes to the bishop, and begs him not to move in the matter. The bishop persists, and, on pain of cursing, orders Margaret to bring her daughter; but she tells him plainly she will neither bring nor send her. Then the bishop would send for her himself. Margaret and Calle both appear in the bishop's court, and are examined. They both affirm the contract. The priest whispers Lollardie. The bishop breaks up his court, and would, for the present, pronounce no sentence. Margery Paston has the gate of her home shut against her. "It is night; the pride and purity of the unhappy Margery forbid her to seek the protection of her Richard. She has been watched. Exhausted and heart-broken, she gladly accepts the shelter which Roger Best offers her. That shelter becomes her prison." Are they finally married or not? I hold it abominable, Eusebius, to spoil a story by telling the end. I know you will read the book—you will find I have given but a poor summary. I have contented myself with showing how the narrative answers to the given programme. The contests of the Roses must have rendered England no merry England.

* Lollardie. The writer in the late Census, I know not on what authority, derives the word Lollard from *lolium*, a tare; signifying that which ought to be burnt. It seems a mere conceit, and very improbable. If a true derivation, lolium was properly epitheted by Virgil as the "Infelix lolium;" for unhappy, indeed, were they who, upon the name of it, were submitted to the fagot.

The houses of York and Lancaster were the Scylla and Charybdis of the country gentry. Perhaps Shakespeare thought of them when he penned, "A plague on both your houses."

I wonder not that the author of *Once upon a Time* speaks so lovingly of the Paston Letters. They take you back to strange times; but you will read them in safety yourself, Eusebius, and will pleasantly look out upon that wild world, as Cowper says, from the loopholes of your own retreat. I have been looking over this collection of Sir John Fenn, happening to have in my possession a presentation copy of the four volumes—presented to George Stevens, Esq., by the editor, May 12, 1789, with an autograph letter to the same, and pen-and-ink notes. I have some extracts to offer you, gathered here and there, which may amuse you.

P. 39.—Margaret Paston writes to her husband, by the hand, it would seem, of an amanuensis, who signs his own name thus, "By your wife, Wm. Lomner"—giving him an account of the capture and cruel putting to death of the Duke of Suffolk. He was taken by a ship belonging to Bristol—"a great ship, with four stages, and carried 150 men." The ship's name was the "Nicholas of the Tower." When the duke heard the name of the ship, he remembered a prophecy of Stacy, who said, that if he might escape the danger of the Tower, he might be safe: then his heart failed him. He was cruelly hacked with a rusty sword, and they "smote off his head with half-a-dozen strokes, and took away his gown of russet, and his doublet of velvet mailed, and laid his body on the sands of Dover; and some say his head was set on a pole by it; and his men sit on the land by great circumstance (q. by great numbers), and pray."

P. 37.—Richard, Earl of Warwick, writes, "To our right trusty and well-beloved friend Sir Thomas Todenham," begging a loan of ten or twenty pounds. The letter is supposed to have been written before the civil wars broke out. It is curious to see the form of a note of hand in those days: "And we shall send it to you again afore New-Year's day, with the grace of God, as we are a true knight." This Sir Thomas Todenham was afterwards beheaded for holding correspondence with Queen Margaret.

P. 138.—A letter to John Paston 1456, by a noble[illegible]an of some note, shows the simplicity of the times, when "learned men" could not attend on a day required. "Notwithstanding, I suppose learned men will not be easy for to get, because of this busy time of harvest."

P. 140—William Botener. To my good master, John Paston, Esquire. "And a stately vessel, only for the war, is made new at Bristol, by the mayor, called St. Myn; and the said town, with the west coasts, will do their part, and (if) they may be supported and favoured." The notes acquaint us that this mayor was probably William Canyng, who made this stately vessel. The date of the letter is supposed to be July 1457. This is *the* Canyng of Rowley's and Chatterton's poems.

P. 173, Anno 1459.—Henry Wyndsore to J. Paston. This letter has two curious items—William Worcester's attention to learning, and fondness for books and poetry; and the Archbishop of Canterbury going to hunt. William Worcester will not be let or questioned. "I made a motion to William to have known part of his business; and he answered and said, that he would be as glad and as feign of a good book of French, or of poetry, as my master Fastolf would be to purchase a fair manor; and thereby, I understand, he list not to be communed withal in such matters." "My Lord of Canterbury and my Lord Bourchier shall be this week at Hunsdon, and hunt and sport them with Sir William Oldhall." But archbishops and bishops, in those perilous times, took arms, and disdained not to march and join forces.

P. 209.—A curious letter from Robert Wenyngton to Thomas Daniel, Esquire for the king's body. "Be this letter delivered in haste." The letter is for the eye of the king, Henry VI.; year not given. It tells his majesty of the capture of "an hundred great ships of Prusc, Lubeck, Campe Rostock, Holland, Zealand, and Flanders." These he took with a small force, which the enemy contemned, and what is strange, the unmannerly

words in answer to demand to strike are not spared in the king's reading. But after surrender the thought is entertained of drowning or slaying these prisoners of war. "And therefore I am advised, and all my fellowship, to drown them and slay them, without that we have tidings from our sovereign the king, and his council; and, therefore, in the reverence of God come ye yourself, and ye shall have a great avail and worship for your coming, to see such a sight, for I dare well say that I have here at this time all the chief ships of Dutchland, Holland, Zealand, and Flanders."

P. 361, Anno 1467–8, Ed. IV.—A letter from William Paston, junior, showing that young gentlemen then learnt the accomplishment of Latin hexameter and pentameter — though the specimen given is sufficient proof that the education was not, in this instance, completed. "And as for my coming from Eton, I lack nothing but versifying, which I trust to have with a little continuance. Quare, Quomodo. Non valet hora, valet mora. Undidi—

Arbore jam videas exemplum, non die possunt
Omnia compleri, sed tñ (tamen) illa mora.

And these two verses aforesaid be of mine own making." They are not likely to find any countenance from the Musa Etoniensis. But this young gentleman of nineteen has been making matrimonial inquiries, and has thoughts of one Margaret Allborrow. "And as for her beauty, judge you that, when you see her, if so be that ye take the labour; and specially behold her hands, for and if it be, as it is told me, she is disposed to be thick."

Vol. ii., p. 20.—A letter written in 1469, 70, or 71; and shows that the mechanical arts were practised in abbeys, and for money. "I pray you speak with Harcourt of the abbey for a little clock, which I sent by James Gresham to mend, and that ye would get it of him, and (if) it be ready, and send it me; and as for money for his labour, he hath another clock of mine, which Sir Thomas Lyndes, God save his soul, gave me. He may keep that till I pay him."

P. 79. — Informs of Sir Thomas Talford going out of sanctuary. He was the son of Sir Baldwin Talford, beheaded at Bristol in 1461. He likewise ended his life on the scaffold. This Baldwin is the Baldwin of the beautiful ballad, Rowley's or Chatterton's modernised, of which hereafter I shall have something to say. Who knew if Edward IV. was at Bristol, as says the ballad?

P. 209. — That John Paston, the Cœlebs in search of a wife, and who weighed "in the scales" so many maidens, is here invited by the mother of Margery Brews, whom he *did* marry, to come courting for luck on *St. Valentine's Day*. The Lady Brews versifies a proverb:—

"For cock, it is but a simple oak
That's cut down at the first stroke."

Vol. iii., Anno 1451.—It is curious to see in this letter of Sir John Fastolf what was the value of twenty acres of land, with a tenement on it, at that period. "Item, send me the value of Cook's tenement in Drayton with twenty acres (of) land thereto, what it is worth yearly when it stood whole, for Selling saith it was worth but one noble (6s. 8d.) by the year." Fourpence per acre yearly rent. Sir John, in this letter, also determines to attack a religious society in the courts of law —and that by the advice of his confessor.

Vol. iv., Anno 1464, Ed. IV.—Margaret Paston, having most tender thought of her husband's health, bids him beware of the physicians of London, who seem to have been in somewhat bad repute. She does not say how her uncle and his father suffered from them. "Also, for God's sake, beware what medicines ye take of any physicians of London. I shall never trust to them, because of your father and mine uncle, whose souls God assoil!"

P. 307, Anno 1468.—"Also, as for the Bible that the master hath, I wend the utmost price had not passed five marks (£3, 6s. 8d.), and so I trow he will give it, weet I pray you." A note says that this must mean a MS. copy, for at this time there was only one printed edition of the Bible, which would have sold even then for a much greater sum.

P. 445, Anno 1470.—Sir John Paston writes to complain that one was put into an office craftily to do him (the knight) an ill turn, and having served the purpose, is to be dismissed. "The day is come that he fasted for, as an holy young monk fasted more than all the convent, after that, for his holiness and fasting hoped to be abbot, which afterwards was abbot; then left he his abstinence, saying, 'the day was come that he fasted the even for.'"

The little narrative which follows that of the Pastons dates somewhat earlier, 1419,—the title, "The Discoverer of Madeira." The tale is rather of the son of the discoverer, who revisits the island which he had left as a child, removed by his father, Machin, after the death of his wife, the child's mother. The story is that the boy is captured off the coast of Morocco, —made a slave—escapes—and, when grown to manhood, as a sailor embarks on board a Portuguese vessel which reaches Madeira, where he discovers his mother's grave, and has vivid recollections of the scenes of his childhood. The captain takes thither his sick daughter, Anna Zarco —the father's name Gonzalvo, who purposes making a settlement on the island. Of course there is, as there ought to be, whether in real life or novel, or "romance of real life," a love story, which I will not interrupt by telling—it being that sort of information which the imagination can supply—nor less yours, Eusebius, old as you are. The earlier story of Robert Machin, the discoverer of Madeira, is well known. He was a bold adventurer, who won the heart of Anne Arfet, a Bristol merchant's daughter. The merchant rejected the addresses, which the daughter did not reject; the usual consequences followed. Robert Machin married her, carried her off in his ship. The vessel was wrecked, Machin and his wife saved, and reached Madeira, until then undiscovered. This tale is well known, and perhaps "written in choice Italian." At all events, it has been written in choice English. Bowles has made it into a poem, and it has been otherwise versified. Mr. Knight has taken up the thread of this little history where it was broken off, and concludes it with the loves of Machin's son and the daughter of Gonzalvo Zarco.

I have no common liking to this tale of Machin and Anne Arfet; and perhaps ought to be ashamed to say, that I may have shed a few tears over it. Ashamed, indeed! Yes, it is so: and why, Eusebius, is it that one strives, in reading an affecting story, to conceal one's emotion as if ashamed? I will not put it down as some may be inclined to do, that we dread an unsympathising company, and the mock of "strong-minded" lookers-on. I think there is a better reason: that grief, like love, is a secret luxury. Its very purity is lost in participation. It is that private sanctuary where all one loves reposes, and which, shall I say, the worshipper would enter alone.

But I have another reason for loving this tale. It has been beautifully told (by a very dear friend, now no more), partly in prose, and partly in verse, and ought to be known. It was published in May, 1845, in a little work that appeared occasionally as a supplement to *The Great Western Chronicle*, always containing literary matter — the author, Thomas Henry Sealy. Poor Sealy, I knew him well. He was a man of a very fine mind, with such bodily constitution as genius too frequently inhabits. Genius!—yes, Eusebius, you are sparing of bestowing that title, but you would have given it willingly to refined, noble-hearted, poetic Sealy. I was intimate with him those few years when you were less within reach, and you never met him. He did what a sensitive poet should not have done—entered into, and embarked his respectable fortune upon, a newspaper speculation which was ruinous. That, and perhaps his innate malady, terminated the existence of a man of true genius, in the prime of life. I have noticed in him, what I have often observed in others of a like temperament, the union of uncommon sensitiveness with wit and humour. I would not say that every man of wit is a sensitive man; but I would say that most sensitive persons, intellectually gifted, have a strong sense of the ridiculous, and are as remarkable for wit and feeling. In proof of this in Sealy, I

would contrast some of his highly pathetic poetry with a collection of Chinese stories in prose and verse, published under the title of the *Porcelain Tower*. His tale of Machin and Anne Arfet is now before me. In it is a dialogue between Anna and Machin, in which the latter endeavours to console his bride under the presentiment of death. I will copy, for your delight, a few lines, beginning with part of Machin's speech—

"And a sweet garden in my thought I've planned,
To make my love the Flora of the land.
I'll rich the soil with dead remains of trees,
And seek all comeliest flowerets of the waste,
Some that do blow in England's brakes and leas.
Foxglove I'll bring, and woodbines, and wild peas,
Like better plant for hue, or scent, or taste;
And many and strange trees, yet sheen and choice,
Shall learn their envied names from your sweet voice.

ANNA.

Full easy bin the fond conceit of bliss,
Which leasing hope depictureth amiss.
But dearer to my wish than launds and shows
Of elfin flowers the restful churchyard seems,
Where, over graves, the hoary willow grows,
And rosemary and thyme soft breath disclose
From incense-buds; and where, when evening beams
Down from its western star, the owlet dim
Answers the curfew-toll with twilight hymn.

But here in vain the sick heart seeks around;
No hoary spire 'mong clustering elms is found;
No church-yard still, no willowed grave is seen;
And when stark death (as soon) shall find this field,
And with thrift hand his little harvest glean,
No blessed ground, where village bones have been,
A cabin to our weary clay shall yield;
But vulture screams, and angry wolfish cries,
Shall chaunt through night our exile obsequies."

Poetry is the safety-valve through which that suffering escapes that eats the heart and brings death. The artistic faculty is ever accompanied with agreeable sensations, and they are the preservatives of life. Poor Sealy remarks of Petrarch, that "he, after several ineffectual efforts to weep his life out for the death of Laura, declares that he does not believe it in the nature of man to die of grief." According to Sealy, Machin did die of grief. I am a believer in the great mystery of poetry, Eusebius — in its power of nursing grief less as a pain than as a luxury, a devotion, a sanctified and ever secretly cherished affection, and that has ever life in it. Poets have not been short-lived. Poor Sealy had much to afflict him, but his constitutional tendencies brought him to his end. This preservative quality in the poetical temperament, is of a busy imagination which is ever throwing out, as jets of a brilliant fountain, sunlit thoughts and an array of brilliant imagery, to divert the mind from its one sorrow, or to convert it into a new ideal. Whereas—and I speak it, Eusebius, from large observation, having spent much time in a large commercial city, where, in the course of adventure, reverses of fortune have often occurred — I have noticed, in most of the instances of such reverses, that they have rapidly brought the sufferers to their graves. This is no new remark to embellish a narrative of fiction: the observation of many years convinces me of the fact. The rot, poverty, is in the poetically unimaginative, as distinctly as among infected flocks. Yet how often do we hear the cultivation of the poetic or the romantic in life depreciated, as if it were the cultivation of a misery; whereas, it is surely a mistake; for its very nature is to lift the mind above circumstances, to enlarge its power over itself, that it shall ever be ready to act and to endure. Sealy concludes his narrative with some proof of its truth. "Machico" (the name from Machin) is at this day the town second in importance in the island. A chapel is there pointed out as standing on the spot where the faithful lovers were interred, and the story we have just been relating is there handed traditionally down as a matter of unquestionable history.

If you knew, Eusebius, that I have only reached in this rambling commentary the 68th page of *Once upon a Time*, you would suspect that "toiling" Time (will not) run after me in vain, but overtake me before I can tell of many of his doings. "The Silent Highway" pictures London,

commencing with Richard II., who called the poet Gower on board his own vessel on the Thames, and commanded him "to make a book after his best." The highway of London was the Thames. The water-poet, John Taylor, whom Mr. Knight takes into new favour, is satirical upon the invention of coaches, whose invasion damaged the watermen's profits and importance. Taylor says, writing in 1622, that

"When Queen Elizabeth came to the crown,
A coach in England then was scarcely known."

For a long time it was thought effeminate to ride in one, and quite unfit for men; and almost in our own days, Eusebius, has it been thought an unjustifiable pride. As Mrs. Gilpin directed, the chaise should stop some doors off,

"Lest folk
Should say that they were proud."

But pride oftener wishes to show itself, and rather than not be conspicuous would set up a coach and six, and even eight.

"The proud Duke of Buckingham, seeing that coaches with two horses were used by all, and that the nobility had only the exclusive honour of four horses, set up a coach with six horses, and then 'the stout Earl of Northumberland' established one with eight horses." But is not the increase of carriages in our own time, Eusebius, quite wondrous, owing in a great degree perhaps to the improvements in road-making, and the general increase of luxurious habits? I remember hearing a person say—it was some years ago, it is true—that he remembered when there were but two carriages kept in the large city of Bristol, and one of them was a coach and four. Their shapes and fashions have as strangely changed; and perhaps some few years hence, as carriages overthrew the water empire of boats, steam carriages, as well in common roads as at present in railroads, will drive our coaches off the road. The introduction of sedans seems to have been about the year 1623. The coach and sedan were rivals, and, like other rivals, sometimes upset each other. The first sedans were, like palanquins, carried on men's shoulders. Improvements are slow, but sure; the *new* mode was adopted, and lasted two hundred years. But even sedans are not immortal. Their chief domain was, and is still, though in shrunken state, at Bath. I have heard it said, that when the first umbrella appeared in that city, the chairmen in a body waited upon the innovator, and offered, if he would put down *that thing*, to carry him for nothing.

A very pleasant little story of a few pages is made out of what is represented as a very dull one, read before the Society of Antiquaries in 1838. It is the education given to one Peter Carewe by his parents, and the education acquired by himself. In 1526 it was pretty much the case as it is now; there was but one educational cap for the gentry, which was believed to fit all heads; and if it could by no means be made to fit, the head was thought very faulty; and it being impossible either to pare away or make to bulge out that important portion of a human being, another part of the body was compelled to undergo vicarious punishment. All are not gifted even now-a-days with the secret of adapting the teaching to the head. Peter was the younger son of the Right Worshipful Sir William Carewe of Mohones, Otrey, Devon. Sir William seems to have been a somewhat stern father. No sternness could make Peter a scholar. He is sent to Exeter, and lodged with one Thomas Hunter, a draper, with injunction that he should be kept out of idle company—that is, have no companions—and if he play truant, to be flogged. He is put to a severe school, a stern master; is of course well flogged. But no stripes make him learn. He soon, however, shows that there is something in him—something of a resolute character; and perhaps his, as it was his, determination not to learn, was a part of his resoluteness. He plays truant; the draper finds him hiding behind the city wall. "Oh, varlet!" cries the furious draper, "have I caught you?" "Not yet," replies the truant. The boy climbs the wall—he looks out from the top of the highest turret. "Let me be. Keep down. If you press upon me, I will surely cast myself headlong over the

wall, and then I shall break my neck, and thou shalt be hanged, because thou makest me to leap down." The boy reasoned. There was something in him; but neither Sir William, nor his wife, nor the alderman, nor Freer, the severe master, had found out, or perhaps tried to find out, what that something was. Peter is after this taken home, dragged through the streets of Exeter, like a dog, with chain and collar; but at home no kind word is spoken. He is coupled to a hound in an outhouse. Sir William meets with an old friend serving in the French court. He offers to take Peter as his page; the offer is accepted, and Peter becomes a page. He cannot attend orderly to his duties, so he loses his fine clothes, and "sinks gradually from the hall to the stable." Here he has idle liberty, picks up some knowledge and no good language among his lower companions. "Oh, Peter, we see thy shadow as thou art roystering with thy fellow mulets." But he was doing something, and learning something. What is to become of Peter. Is he so unpromising? How he teaches himself many things—how he reads Froissart—loves courtly exercises, romance, singing, and acquires good manners—becomes a man of consequence at the court of Henry VIII., and how with a train of gayest fellows, and finely dressed, he visits Sir William and Lady Carewe, who know him not, and thought him dead,—all this Eusebius, is so pleasantly told in *Once upon a Time*, that I will not mar your pleasure by adding to this summary. Had Mr. Knight carried his scrutiny further into the family history of the Carewes, he would have met with another wild boy who took aversion as Peter did, to school learning and orderly ways. Peter, it seems, became a companion to a king, but the other Carewe became a king himself. Even so, Eusebius; was he not king of the beggars? Bamfylde Moore Carewe was his name—the first baptismal he received from his godfather. He was a shrewd, clever man, and had he lived in the days of chivalry, might have been another Peter—been a fine gentleman, played the lute, and sung to a king; but he preferred sounding the lower string of humility, the lowest—out of my respect to the beggar fraternity I will not say the basest; and so by that humility raised himself to be a king: and thus did he what few kings can—he chose his own subjects; he was not born to them, but they to him; and perhaps no monarch ever had his authority less disputed by his subjects.

You and I, Eusebius, have lived in the reign of old watchmen in great-coats and with lanthorns, and of oil-lamps in the streets, and fewest of them in the worst places, rendering darkness visible. What must the old system of lighting have been? There is a light that is highly favourable to thieves; it lights them to their work, but discovers them not. There must have been bad lighting in Homer's days, for he speaks of such θηηρι τε νοκτος αμεινω—better than night to the robber. We are not such lovers of old times as to wish to bring back the "past twelve o'clock and a cloudy night," rejoicing as we do in gas lights and a police. Yet it seems we have still robbers and thieves enough, and thugs, worse than either; but we owe these atrocious villains to the indifference of justice. It requires very great interest to get hanged. It would be as easy to obtain Her Majesty's sign-manual for a post under Government as for that ancient elevation. "During the reign of Henry VIII.," as Harrison tells us, "he hung up, of great thieves, of petty thieves, and rogues, threescore and twelve thousand." This was a wholesale mode of dispensing with a preventive police, though we doubt whether the prison and the gallows were cheaper than lighting and watching.

Henry VIII., accompanied by Brandon and Wolsey, went privately into the West Cheap of London on the night of Midsummer Eve, 1510. Thirty years afterwards he put down the "marching watch," which was rather of pageantry than security, and a substantial standing watch was established, whose business was to go about with a lanthorn and cry, "Hang out your lights." As early as 1416 "the mayor, Sir Henry Burton, ordered lanthorns and lights to be hanged out on winter evenings betwixt All-hallows and Candlemas."

This practice subsisted, with certain evasions by reason of poverty, to the time of Queen Anne. "The Statutes of the Streets," in the time of Elizabeth, were careful enough for the preservation of silence in some things. They prescribed that "no man should blow any horn in the night, or whistle after the hour of nine of the clock in the night, under pain of imprisonment;" and, what was a harder thing to keep, they also forbade a man to make any "sudden outcry in the still of the night, as making any affray or beating his wife." The beating of wives has so increased now, Eusebius, as to require an Act of Parliament of protection; but as to whistling or hooting night and day, especially by juveniles, it is surprising that noisy habit has not attracted the legislature's attention when they put down less offensive noises. In 1694, license was granted for providing the city with glass lights (convex) for twenty-one years, at the expiration of which the city relapsed into darkness. Then was a strange provision made for lighting by the citizens (though professedly to protect it from robbery and murder), from the hour of six to eleven at night. Defoe wrote a pamphlet suggesting a plan for *gloriously* illuminating the city, "that any part of London will be as safe and pleasant at midnight as at noonday, and burglary totally impracticable." Happy days of illumination ours, when *glass* lights have been succeeded by *gas* lights. The difference of one letter has done wonders.

"Evil May-Day" describes the outbreak and affray of the 'prentices in the ninth year of Henry VIII., in which also I find an interesting dialogue between the under-sheriff, "Master Thomas Moore," and that memorable worthy of good old Bristol, Sebastian Cabot, whose life was saved by his friend, but his valuable papers had been destroyed.

Next to gas and steam, but preceding them in time, the art of road-making, and postal regulations, and establishment of mail coaches, were the most satisfactory means of advancing civilisation. With regard to roads, however, it should not be lost sight of, that the country at large, and consequently civilization, is in no small degree indebted to an earlier barbarism. And here I cannot but observe, that the Providence which gifts inventors for the benefit of mankind, also sometimes withholds inventions, and puts them off for a season, that during the interval some good may be worked out, which in a more perfect state of things, might not have taken place. The old roads of England went up hill and down dale, fearful ascents and descents; but for them we should even now perhaps have had but scant communication with those very parts which require most an encouragement for cultivation, and an intercourse of humanity. It is a pleasant chapter which gives the history of our means of travel in England, on foot, on horseback, and by coaches, and finally by railroads. "Sir Robert Carey, determining to be the first to tell James that he was King of England, stole out of Richmond Palace at three oclock in the morning of Thursday, the 24th March, and reached Edinburgh on the Saturday night, the 26th, the king having gone to bed by the time he had knocked at the gate. This ride of four hundred miles in seventy hours gives one an elevated notion of the travelling accommodations of two centuries and a-half ago." "Although the post was not established by law, there were postmasters at the end of the sixteenth century on all the great lines of road, who, for a sufficient consideration, would furnish such a traveller as Sir Robert Carey with abundant horses, that he might ride till they dropped, as indeed he records one of his horses to have done." Travelling on horseback had been so long the custom, that the English riding-horses had established their fame. This was an extraordinary case of Sir Robert Carey.* In general, travelling was slow; as ex-

* This travel of Sir Robert Carey is told by himself. In the British Chronicle for 1759, Feb. 21-23, I find notices of these memoirs, including this journey to Scotland. The British Chronicle heads the notice thus: "In the memoirs of Sir Robert Carey, Earl of Monmouth, just published, there are many personal anecdotes, which, tho' they have little relation to the public, are yet very entertaining. One or two

ample, the same news of the queen reached not York till Sunday the 27th. The year 1784 saw the great change in travelling. It was "on the 2d of August 1784 the first mail-coach left London for Bristol; and from that evening till the general establishment of the railway system, the mail was one of the wonders and glories of our country. You and I are old enough, Eusebius, to have waited its coming in from London, as it happily not unfrequently did in our days, covered with laurels, and announcing some glorious victory. It looked itself personified victory, and its horn sounded as the trump of fame. I have by me, among curious family papers, a document of the date of about twenty years before that time, showing a state of travelling accommodation very different indeed from the present, or that of the establishment of the mail.

Here is a warrant of post-office to enable a private gentleman to go from London to Bath and back again.

The flourishing hand imitated in the printing, so unlike our unpretending business documents, is curious. I copy it verbatim :—

"GENTLEMEN,—You are required on sight hereof to furnish the bearer, Edwd. Perkins, Esq., with a Post-Chaise, sufficient Horses, and a Guide from hence to Bath, and so back againe, Hee paying the Lawful Rates; and for so doing, this shall be your warrant. Dated at the Genll. Letter-Office in London, the thirteenth day of Janʏ. 1745.

GEO. SHELVOCKE, C.L.S.

To all Deputy Post-Masters and others, whom it may concern."

A guide to Bath necessary a hundred and ten years ago! Is not that curious? Why a guide? I thought at first it must have meant a guard, being the year of the Rebellion of '45; but that did not take place till much later in the year. I have rather a romantic story to tell you, Eusebius ("a romance in real life," as it is called in the newspaper phrase), respecting this gentleman, an ancestor of mine, who travelled, a hundred and ten years ago, from Bath to London in a chaise, and with a guide. He was what was called a gay man of the world—lived much in Paris—and I have letters of his somewhere, written to his wife in the country in England, giving curious accounts of his adventures, and complaining that the French princes did not pay their gambling debts. He was killed by being thrown out of his landaulet, at his country seat, and dragged. His face alone, which was very handsome, escaped damage. The romantic incident is this, which I have heard my father tell: A lady in a handsome equipage and outriders called at his house, and begged his portrait. She only wanted the head, which was accordingly cut out of the canvass and presented to her. It is equally curious that my father, who was too delicate to make impertinent inquiries, never knew her name, rank, or condition; but many years afterwards the portrait was returned without notice from whom, or letter, with a printed extract from the advertisements of the time, detailing the accident and death. I have his portrait in my possession, and he certainly was very handsome.

Before the improvements in the post-office brought about by Mr. Palmer, "the London post of Monday night did not reach Worcester, Birmingham, or Norwich till Wednesday morning, and Exeter on Thursday morning." And now days are to be read hours! Besides, boys on horseback then carried the letter-bags, and

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we shall select as truly characteristic. He had for some time been employed as Deputy Warden of one of the Northern Marches, a place, in Queen Elizabeth's reign, of great consequence, to keep the borderers from plundering each other; and in this his retreat from Court, he married a widow of small fortune, by which he disobliged the Queen and many of his friends. It happened, however, that he had a lawsuit in hand, which was to be decided at St. Alban's by reason that a great plague raged that year at London, which had forced the Queen to Windsor, and the Courts of Law to other convenient towns."—The account in the memoirs of his appearing before the Queen, and her behaviour, is amusing and characteristic. *Query.*—Was this Carey son or relative of the above-mentioned Peter Carew? Those were not days of orthography.

robberies were of course frequent. "The highwayman was the great travelling hero of that day." I myself, Eusebius, remember travelling post to London in the early morning, with a fearful suspicion of and look-out for a highwayman over the heath.

I must take you a little back in time; we are travelling too fast, Eusebius. Here is our friend Mr. Knight calling us back to Shrewsbury, and an interview with the accomplished Sir Philip Sidney, and his friend Fulke Greville. But as we are supposed to be in Shrewsbury, I must a moment refer again to improvement in travelling, by telling you that I won't say in what year travelling towards Shrewsbury was so bad, that a coach, as the coachman himself informed me, used to upset once a fortnight, I daresay oftener. On one of these occasions I happened to be an unfortunate traveller; the coach went topsy-turvy, and I was not very severely damaged. I can see now the coachman looking down upon us through the window, to which he had climbed, saying "Lack-a-day! Well, well, this is lucky—it is nothing to last week; I then upset six beauties." And notwithstanding this disaster, I was amused with a dramatic incident. The coach had overtaken two strolling actors, who made a hard bargain to be taken on to Shrewsbury. Little enough they paid; but when the coach was upset, these actors were thrown off the coach, and I saw one astride a stake in the hedge —and there he sat, and waved his hand with a theatrical air to his companion, who was lying on the road, and spouting as if he were a Richard the Third, "Run to the inn we have not long since passed, and order out a chaise to Shrewsbury *at the expense of the coach.*" You perceive, Eusebius, I have taken you from good company to bad, from Sir Philip Sidney and Fulke Greville (afterwards Lord Brooke) to those unconscionable vagrants. But even here, Eusebius, the players must come in again. For in this very dialogue, Greville says,— "Bravo! Philip, you should join a fellowship of players." For the youthful Sidney had been as critical as a modern reviewer upon the language of play-wrights of that period. It is a speech of Richard's at Bosworth Field. How unlike the curt speech of Shakespeare's Richard! But Shakespeare, at the time of this dialogue, at the breaking-up of the Shrewsbury school for holidays in 1569, was but five years of age. Then was in the bud that genius which was to realise the critic schoolboy's views of dramatic excellence, if indeed he went in his estimate of the dramatic art beyond the disgust which had overcome him, having just witnessed the acting of the mayor of Shrewsbury's play. Theirs is a classic dialogue; but I refer you to it. And you will do well, Eusebius, to read before or after it the charming imaginary conversation between these same personages, which you will find in the first volume of Walter Savage Landor. There is coin of a true metal, and the Muses have put their stamp upon it. There is vigorous, racy, pure-worded English prose, and poetry that steals into the heart by its grace and elegance, wins it by its tenderness, or raises it by noble thought. But I know your admiration, shall I say veneration, for the strong man. But the subject now is Sir Philip Sidney. I have his *Arcadia* now before me, dedicated to his illustrious sister, the Countess of Pembroke. Here it is, the old edition 1633. The back of the page, on which is the frontispiece, the family arms, has, in an old handwriting, probably of the date of the publication, beautifully written, but obscure to one not acquainted with old writing, six Latin lines, hexameter and pentameter. Under, they are rewritten in a bolder hand by Samuel Hall, whoever he may be. The lines show that Sir Philip Sidney had, like Virgil, bequeathed his Arcadia to the flames. They are—

"Ipse tuam moriens sed conjuge teste jubebas
Arcadiam sævis ignibus esse cibum.
Si meruit mortem quia flammam accendit amoris,
Mergi non uri debuit iste liber.
In librum quæcunque cadat sententia, nullâ
Debuit ingenium morte perire tuum."

As I am not aware that these lines are at all known, I have thought it worth while to attempt a translation.

operation of war can imagine how surely and speedily the work of destruction follows, and how, without actual violence or plunder, the careless hand and reckless foot can cause as much disorder and ruin as the ravages of the spoiler. This Fort, two hours after it was taken, exhibited an extraordinary scene of destruction and confusion, though it had not been given up to plunder. Knapsacks, broken arms, loaves of hard black bread, lay strewn about the floors; apartments had been burst open, their contents broken or scattered; and, in passing through the galleries, we had to climb over heaps of broken furniture, rubbish, and lumber. Even the dispensary, with its gallipots, splints, and phials, had not escaped the ruthless hand of some worker of disorder. All this was the work of the thoughtless and curious. It must be confessed that our allies had little or no part in it.

It was a melancholy place now, marked everywhere by desolation, and pervaded by that peculiar odour *à Russe*,—that compound smell of damp leather and rank oil which prevails wherever a Russian dwells or moves.

All kinds of marvellous stories were afloat afterwards, of things seen and found in the fort. Among others, was a tale that fifty bodies were found headed up in casks of lime-water, finely potted and pickled. It is strange that the human mind is never content with the actualities of war, but must ever add to them some exaggeration of horror and disgust.

During the previous night, the sky was alive with flashes, and the thundering of guns was incessant. The great fort was cannonading a mud battery on the beach, in which a 10-inch gun had been planted; the ships were responding at a distance. Amid the roar, we were puzzled by the loud rattle of musketry—three or four volleys in succession. What this meant remained a mystery until the morning. It then came out that a company of chasseurs had been sent to patrol the tower, in order to prevent any outgoing or incoming; on their return they suddenly came on another company of a line regiment, placed as an outlying picket—were fired upon by them, and returned the fire. Some loss was occasioned ere the mistake was discovered. The particulars were not easily known, as our allies make but little bruit of misadventures.

The remainder of this day was spent in preparation, and was full of smaller events and incidents. The French mortar-battery was to be moved forward towards the main works—the ground was to be marked out for a breaching battery at a distance of 350 yards—our guns were to be drawn up the ridge to the battery, which was now to be turned against Nortike. There are feats of war which, being marked by no startling traits of heroism, no tale of slaughter, are little known or noted, and which are strikingly illustrative, notwithstanding, of the martial virtues, vigour, promptitude, skill, and endurance. Such a feat was this dragging of the guns up the hill. A party of seamen, landed to drag and work the guns, was commanded by Captain Ramsay. Under him Commander Preedy had charge of the battering guns, Lieutenant Burgess of the field-pieces; the whole, of course, being under the immediate command and direction of Brigadier Jones. Our 32-pounders, which, after many delays and interruptions, were ready at last, had now to be transported from the camp, over some roughish ground, first to the foot of the hill. There the difficulty began. The distance was only about 500 yards, yet the ridge was so steep and rugged, so broken by slippery rocks, pits, roots of trees, and clumps of pines, that the ascent was not easy, even to foot-soldiers. A road had been marked out by the engineers over the least difficult parts, the larger fissures filled up by fascines, and everything done which art could do to make it passable; still it remained a sight to daunt men who were to pull 45 cwt. of wood and iron thereon. But British sailors have a genius for getting anything up anywhere. Their habits give them an intuitive knowledge of the appliances of muscular power. They must do it, however, in their own old wild way, with a wild rush, and a wild hurrah; keep them at the disciplined step, or the steady pull, and they are lost.

They went at their work now with a will, encouraged and directed by Commander Preedy, a man of great energy and great practical skill. Sometimes they would progress slowly, step by step, foot by foot, then with a wild dash would burst over a short space, then stick so fast that it was only by straining every muscle, and taxing every limb—only by the wild impulse, and with the wild cheer, the difficulty was overcome. Thus they went on and on, spite of check or obstacle, patient and enduring with all their wildness, until the end was accomplished, and the guns were in place. 'Twas a strong rough fact, this getting up of the guns.

The afternoon had its incident. We heard a heavy, rumbling noise—felt the ground shake—saw a mass of dust rise into the air, and rushed forth to see a ruin yawning with many a wide fissure, shattered and bent from its foundations, in place of the grim regularity and stately perpendicular of Fort Tsee. Since its surrender, the enemy had continued to fire into it, and either one of their shell, or a slow match left burning, had reached the magazine, and so blown up the fort.

Eagerly on the morning of the 15th did we wait for some sign from the hill, where our battery of three 32-pounders and four howitzers, was ready, at a range of 750 yards, to commence a single-handed contest with Fort Nortike. At length a deep boom, followed by a heavy crash, told us that the work was begun. There was a strength and a power in this heavy sound of the gun, which gave promise of speedy destruction. Every message from the hill brought tidings of success; every shot was telling; the third which was fired had entered an embrasure; the stones were falling and crumbling from the walls already. There was no doubt of a breach now. The fort replied by a smarter and more earnest fire than we had yet experienced; but from the greater elevation of the battery, the shot fell chiefly over it, and came plumping into our camp. It was now evident that, had the enemy been more active in trying to ascertain our position, it might have been made a very uncomfortable one. One shot had told with fatal effect in the battery. Striking the trunnion of one of the guns, it glanced off and wounded Wrottesley, a lieutenant of Engineers. Death was marked on his face as he was borne through the camp. He lived only to be carried to the sea-beach. Young, fresh, and full of life, his career had scarce begun ere it was ended. He was the second victim war had claimed within a short time from the same family.

Every hour the fire of the fort slackened—every hour the breach gaped wider. Every moment the signal for assault was expected. Our men awaited it, sheltered under the lateral ridge, ready and eager. At four o'clock the seamen were relieved at the guns by marine artillerymen, and soon afterwards the breach became practicable. Ere an assault could be planned, the white flag was hoisted again, and the fort was ours. Nortike had fallen to the great guns, as Tsee had to the rifles; it had cost fewer men, but suffered greater damage. It was night ere our troops marched down to take possession. A wild scene was that night-march—the men scrambling down the rocks and through the trees—the fort standing dark, gloomy, and silent on its rocky ledge, with the calm waters on either side—then the surrender, the mustering of prisoners, the hurrying to and fro, the confusion of figures and voices. After the surrender, the prisoners were marched out and the fort abandoned, as it and its approaches were commanded. A forlorn and melancholy group stood the 120 prisoners in our camp, in the grey of the morning, the long grey greatcoats giving additional sombreness to their grave expressionless physiognomies. They seemed apathetic and indifferent, evidencing some little emotion only when told that their families would be allowed to accompany them. The few Finns among them showed, in manner and aspect, like beings of a superior race.

The outworks had fallen, and our strength was to be concentrated on the citadel. From the battery on the ridge, a clear survey could be obtained of the scenes of the past and future attack. There were Tsee and Nortike, on either side, in ruins; in front was Presto, engaged in an

encounter—apparently a very equal one—with the Leopard, Hecla, and a French steamer; and there were the ships in their old places. Every day, especially since the fall of Fort Tsee, the story had been, "the block-ships are coming in," and the cry was still "they come;" but there they remained at their old anchorage, pleasantly and leisurely making a target of the fort at a range of 3000 yards. Creeping on to Telegraph Hill, a high mound in advance of the ridge, and mingling with the French riflemen, we look down on the citadel. Its walls were dotted with marks of shot, and some stones had been loosened from the embrasures by the fire of the ships and the ten-inch gun, the performances of which were afterwards so loudly trumpeted. The French mortars, too, had inflicted much injury; but the fort was still strong and intact enough to offer a long and obstinate defence. Within, however, were drooping hearts and unwilling spirits—within were men who cared not to prolong an unavailing defence for the sake of making it heroic; so once more, and for the last time, the white flag was hoisted. The ships had missed their opportunity, and the programme was thus shorn of its catastrophe.

Now came the closing scene. Ranged beneath the walls of the citadel stood the soldiers of France and England, face to face—face to face in amity for the first time during long long years. Thus they stood to receive as prisoners a common foe, conquered by their united arms. Curiously did they gaze at each other, and strange was the contrast betwixt the strong, burly men, with their calm impassive faces, on the one side, and the small wiry forms and sharp visages, electrical, as it were, with excitability, on the other. Near the gate of the fort were Baraguay d'Hilliers, with a brilliant staff, the Admirals, and Brigadier Jones. Trooping forth came the prisoners—a pitiful spectacle—so pitiful as to check almost any feeling of generous respect for a conquered foe. Trooping forth they came: the greater number, drunken and disorderly, danced, capered, shouted, sung, and exhibited frantic gestures and contortions, which would have been ludicrous, had not drunken frenzy given a fiendish look to their broad, heavy-browed, Tartar faces. Some passed by, sullen, indifferent, and apathetic; others openly rejoiced in captivity—none showed the dejection and mortification of defeat. One man alone bore himself worthily. He was a Pole, and wore a cross of honour on his breast. Seeming to disdain companionship with the rest, he strode on alone, with martial step and air, as though he wished to show us there was at least one soldier in the garrison. It was an ignoble spectacle—so ignoble as to crush any feeling of triumph, such as men might feel from a victory over "foemen worthy of their steel."

It was a great relief when the thing was over—when the last man had passed onwards to the boats; a great relief to renew one's ideas of soldiership, by turning to the bronzed face and flowing beard of a *vieux mustache* in the ranks opposite.

Presto surrendered at once, and all the forts, finished and unfinished, were afterwards undermined and blown up.

Our work was now over, the campaign was ended. It had been illustrated by no brilliant adventure, startling incident, or hard privation, still less by blood and slaughter; but it was marked by few mishaps or errors, if any, and was complete in its results, military and political. A chain of formidable fortresses had been first cut off from outward succour, and then utterly destroyed; every man within them had been killed or captured, all the guns and stores had become our spoil.

Politically, too, the event had its significance. A gigantic plan of aggression had been baulked; the erection of a second Sebastopol in the Baltic had been frustrated; and the Northern Powers saw themselves freed for many years, perhaps for ever, from the presence of a stronghold, mighty for offence and defence. England, however, would not accept the exploit. The country was in a sullen mood—it had expected greater things, and it would not accept a compromise. It had looked for a large mouthful, and would not receive this little sop. The French army, too, had taken the chief *eclat*, and it was not content to ac-

knowledge a second share of honour or credit; and thus, in its indignation, it denied all thanks, praise, rewards, even the lawful share of the spoil they had won, to the men who, irresponsible for the design of the campaign, had simply done their work in it faithfully and well. The campaign had another fault, it was too bloodless. No people are so chary of life as ourselves, none are so agitated by a wasteful expenditure of it, and yet no people so exult over a bloody victory, or are so fond of measuring success by the bill of killed and wounded. No bulletin is ever favourably received in England unless it be well steeped in blood.

It is not, however, the part of good men and true to murmur at a temporary non-appreciation, but to wait patiently the turn of the tide, and the return of justice or favour. It is an evil sign for the times—an evil sign for the profession of arms, when the members of it are too obtrusive in praising their own services or trumpeting their own wrongs.

Though the campaign was not rich in reward or glory, it was rich in experiences—in experiences of the men with whom and against whom we were to fight—who were to be our comrades and our foes for many years perhaps.

An experience of our allies under their war aspect was in itself a great boon—a great lesson. They are certainly heart and soul soldiers. They have not only a genius for war, but delight in it. They not only accept it as a necessity, but a natural vocation. All the details of it seem a habit—the hardships and dangers of it a pleasure. War makes little difference in the demeanour of our soldiership, except in the hour of battle or the excitement of the fight; they assume a war aspect and a war character. They breathe war—think war—talk war—act and dramatise it. "When the blast of war blows in your ear, then imitate the action of the tiger." Such is their idea, and they war accordingly, vigorously and remorselessly. Success is the first object—the item of human life a thing of secondary account. This feeling is common to those who lead and those who suffer. The most striking part of their character is, perhaps, the strong individuality, which makes the youngest, meanest soldier, as susceptible as the general of the national glory and national discipline, as insensible to the rigid means by which they are obtained. Impetuous, restless, and vehement, they yet are apt to eschew naturalness, by throwing an artificiality over the strong reality of their deeds, and giving a stage effect to their most earnest work. They are conscious of the effect of pomp in war, and surround themselves with it. Ever and anon Baraguay d'Hilliers would dash through our camp with a staff as well mounted and as brilliantly equipped as they would have been in the Champ de Mars. The chiefs were types of French soldiership. Baraguay d'Hilliers, with his grey hairs, marked war-worn features, and springy frame—quick and impulsive in word, thought, and act, looked the ideal of the old soldier. General Niel, the engineer, large-framed and handsome, had the calm, grave, resolute deportment which we associate with the soldiers of the Empire.

The brilliant pictures, striking tableaux, and rapid movements with which they illustrated their exploits of war, showed in strange contrast with the sullen rigour of the Russian discipline. In all martial systems there is some leading principle—enthusiasm, order, or courage—in all somewhat of chivalry, somewhat of generosity. Here was an exception—all was negative. Not a glimpse of chivalry shone forth from the Russian ranks throughout the campaign; the only recognisable principle was the satisfying or evading the requirements of power. The national individuality and sensitiveness of the French had no counterpart here. The Russian soldiers fight not as men, but as masses, impelled by the iron will of despotism. War seemed to have with them no romance—no glory; it was a dull, heartless, mechanical discharge of the compulsory service enforced by fear and law. The sight of the forts they had occupied gave us a pitiable idea of the lot of the common soldiers. Filthy, and reeking with stench, the barracks seemed more like the sties of animals. Loaves of hard, sour, black bread—their only food—lay strewn about the floors, and there was every

other evidence of hard treatment and a degrading system. "No wonder," said one of our old soldiers, kicking a loaf, "that men couldn't fight who were fed on such stuff as that." Hard as the system is under all circumstances, it is worse when worked at a distance from the supervision of authority. The men here—so we were told—were often mulcted of their paltry wages, and almost starved. What wonder, then, that such men should rebel, when death came flying around them, and seek the opportunity of indulging in the only pleasure they knew—intoxication. A system which deadens the soul in a man, reduces him to an animal, and then robs him of animal necessities, may produce military pieces of mechanism, but can never expect soldiers.

Was it not good also to have seen the poor Alanders—to have looked on their primitive simplicity and peacefulness—good in this age of bustle, ambition, and aggrandisement—this time of strife and action, to have turned this calm, pleasant page of pastoral life? The last Baltic cruise produced only one exploit. Another expedition has now set forth for the same waters, followed by large expectations and great hopes. It may achieve more brilliant and daring things, but it will be well also if they have the completeness and success of *la petite affaire* at Bomarsund.

ZAIDEE: A ROMANCE.

PART VII.—BOOK II.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE DAWNING.

It was not the touch of Love—no, another spell had broken the charmed sleep of Zaidee Vivian—the thrill of young awaking life. Kindness had taken her hand again—love was as far from her as ever; but the warm rejoicing youth within her, and all the half-developed powers which would have scope, awakened Zaidee. She shook her torpor off from her, and received a world of storied scenes into her heart instead. She was of the age when the simplest tale or legend populates with charmed figures the common earth. "Abroad" was a vast world of romance and adventure to her fancy—a world in which she could lose herself—in which no one from home could ever find her again. "It will be as good as if I died," said Zaidee to herself as she prepared to go home to Mrs. Disbrowe's again.

Mrs. Lancaster's coachman, a useful man-of-all-work, trudged by Zaidee's side through those lighted streets, the aspect of which filled her with unusual interest. Secure in the darkness, in her new prospects, and lastly, in this protector, she went along, feeling vaguely exhilarated, she could not tell why, by the bright lights, the cold fresh air, the little crowd of people in the way. Her former terror of meeting some one who knew her, deserted her to-night. They walked at a good pace, but not because Zaidee was in haste,—she enjoyed looking into the glow of light and depth of darkness, watching all those figures cross and recross the illuminated pavement, and was sorry when they came to the dark sombre squares, with their silent enclosures and spectral trees, which surrounded Bedford Place, and when her escort knocked the knock which belonged to his lady's dignity rather than to hers, at Mrs. Disbrowe's door. The mistress of the house herself came out to the hall when she heard it was Miss Francis, and with much astonishment received the message with which Mrs. Lancaster's factotum was charged. His mistress would wait upon her next day concerning the young lady, the man said. Mrs. Disbrowe could not imagine what concern Mrs. Lancaster had with the young lady, and was disposed to be offended—as, indeed, if she had but known, she had good cause.

Zaidee stood in the hall with her bonnet loosed, her little brown cloak hanging from her shoulders, and a colour on her brown cheek such as

Mrs. Disbrowe has scarcely seen there before. But the temper of mamma was ruffled. Perhaps this girl, who had caused her so much perplexity, had been complaining to Mrs. Lancaster—perhaps indignant Benevolence was coming in the brougham to-morrow, to upbraid her for not being sufficiently tender to Miss Francis—Miss Francis, who had subjected her to so many discomforts, the reproach of her own conscience, the impertinencies of Minnie and Leo, the dread of inoffensive Mr. Disbrowe, who respected her like the Constitution. This was too much for Mrs. Disbrowe; she went forward impatiently to Zaidee, and reproved her for being so long away. "My own chileren would ask leave first before they went with any one, Miss Francis," said Mrs. Disbrowe with indignation; while Minnie, within cover of the dining-room door, for malicious satisfaction and good pleasure, had almost laughed aloud.

"The lady did not ask *me* to go—she asked Mrs. Edward Lancaster, and so I went," said Zaidee. "She is coming to-morrow, because she has a friend who wants some one to go abroad. It is not to teach," said Zaidee hurriedly, and with a blush, "or I should not be able; but the lady comes to ask you if I am to go."

"Should you like to go?" asked Mrs. Disbrowe, from whose mind Zaidee's words had lifted a mountain of annoyance and discomfort—since a way in which this unnecessary inmate could be removed from her house, without positive injury to the friendless child, was a good for which Mrs. Disbrowe scarcely ventured to hope.

"Yes—to go far away," said Zaidee, and her eyes repeated the "far away" with the long wistful look they gave. "It will be almost as good as to die."

These words reached Mrs. Disbrowe's ear, low though they were spoken. Her heart smote her for her harshness, and even for her satisfaction in hearing that Zaidee was to go away. She laid her hand kindly upon the girl's shoulder. "I hope some one will go with you who can take care of you, my dear," said Mrs. Disbrowe. "I shall be very glad of anything that is for your good; and you must write and tell your friends. Now, good-night."

The eyes were moist which met her shining eyes as she turned to go upstairs. The voice was kind that said that good-night to her; and another world was before Zaidee. "It will be almost as good as to die," she repeated to herself as she lay down on her little bed. That was a dreary consolation; but her sleep was rich with the dreams of youth, and her fancy had already gone forth and possessed the new land.

Next day, accordingly, Mrs. Lancaster's brougham drew up at Mrs. Disbrowe's door. It *was* in some sort indignant Benevolence in deep crape and expensive furs which issued from the luxurious little carriage. Mrs. Disbrowe had found Zaidee very useful, Mrs. Lancaster did not doubt, and the elder lady, who was of the class somewhat contemptuously called "good" by Mrs. Disbrowe's "set," and by whom, in her turn, Mrs. Disbrowe and her set were emphatically condemned as "worldly," would not believe in the tender charity which lay, often dormant, but always within reach, at the bottom of Mrs. Disbrowe's heart. The one of these good women could not, and would not, do justice to the other; and they met under circumstances which confirmed their natural opposition.

"No; she was quite right; she could not teach the children; she is herself not much more than a child," said Mrs. Disbrowe; "they wanted some one to be firm with them, as their sister was. I find it difficult to get any one who can manage the children as Charlotte used to do."

Mrs. Lancaster slightly elevated her eyebrows, and said, "Edward's wife!" in her own mind, with the conviction that these two words conveyed all the contempt that it was possible to express in words; but Mrs. Lancaster politely inclined her head, and kept silence in presence of mamma.

"But there is no harm in her," said Mrs. Disbrowe warmly. "These may seem strange words, but I mean she is an innocent child—I believe as truthful and simple-hearted as ever girl was; and that is almost all I know of Miss Francis. She was sent to us by a clergyman's wife, a schoolfellow

of Charlotte's. *Her* recommendation was enough for us; and we inquired no further; but I think she must have had an uncomfortable home—she was so unwilling to return."

"And you know nothing of her friends?" said Mrs. Lancaster, opening her eyes! "I felt so sure, a prudent mother, bringing a young person into her family, would be certain to know. I am very sorry; for I fear we must be assured of their respectability before I can decide anything with my friend."

"How unfortunate!" said Mrs. Disbrowe. "Well, then, we must have patience, and wait for something else, I suppose, for I have told you all I know."

Whereupon Mrs. Lancaster drew back, and lost ground; and the issue was, that mamma, who never lost her temper, came off victor, and left the benevolent indignation worsted on the field, and a little ashamed of itself. "I know no ill of this woman," Mrs. Lancaster acknowledged to herself, as she followed Mrs. Disbrowe's floating pink ribbons up another flight of steps to Zaidee's workroom. "Why should I suspect her? I believe, after all, she has been very kind to this poor child."

Further conversation followed after this change of scene, and the old lady was still further convinced, against her will, that there was good in the mother of Edward's wife. "It would be hard, certainly, if we were to be made responsible for the sins of our children. Providence lays the burden quite the other way," said Mrs. Lancaster to herself, as she descended to her carriage, and bowed a gracious bow of farewell to Mrs. Disbrowe. Zaidee was still to remain a few days at Bedford Place. Mrs. Lancaster's friend was just about starting on her long foreign journey, and this careful lady carefully impressed upon Zaidee the necessity of looking over her wardrobe, and having everything carefully packed; for plentiful Mrs. Lancaster had no conception of a wardrobe which could be tied into a napkin and carried in its proprietor's arms.

"So you're to leave us, honey?" said Nurse, with a tear in the corner of her eye. "It's me that's sorry for meself, but thankful for you; for sure the like of you was never fit to fight with them children. But many a day I'll miss your quiet ways, and think upon you in foreign parts. Sure, then, I make no doubt it's for the good of your soul; for they're all good Catholics there."

"Well, I declare, Miss Francis is going away! Is she going to live with that dreadful old Mrs. Lancaster, mamma?" cried the amiable Minnie. "I am so glad she is not to bother us any more."

The nursery and the kitchen had their opinions on the same subject; but Zaidee never suspected them, and was quite unconscious. Her eyes shone with their old glow already, and her heart rose to its new life.

CHAPTER XVIII.—A FAREWELL.

It was indisputable that the house of Disbrowe was very glad to be rid of Zaidee. The brow of mamma was cleared of its wrinkle, and the children rejoiced in riotous expectation of being sent to school. The workroom of Miss Francis was visited now and then by investigating expeditions, to see how she was satisfied, and to prove to her how much *they* were. Mrs. Disbrowe said, with compunction, that she trusted Mrs. Lancaster's friend would be kind to the poor child; but that really it was not her place to interfere, if Miss Francis herself was satisfied, and she hoped she had written to her friends. Miss Francis was very well satisfied. She had created a future for herself already, and was on the most loving confidential terms with that distant Mary, who was the sweetest child that ever was born. Vague visions of a wide country full of rivers and of mountains came to Zaidee's mind, and her heart beat to think upon the rough friendly familiar wind, and all the cloudy glory of the broad heavens, from which she had been exiled here. The very idea of travel was a strange and new delight to her, and with it came again the sad comfort, that this far-away

journey was almost as good as if she had died. "Neither Philip, nor Percy, nor Captain Bernard, could find me now," said Zaidee, shedding a few tears over that treasured newspaper, as she put it up with her father's Bible; and afterwards it was so easy to pack her small wardrobe. A cab stood at the door to carry her away in solitary state to that dowager house at the Regent's Park, where Mrs. Lancaster and Mrs. Lancaster's friend awaited her. Lettie and Rosie were peeping from the top of the nursery stairs; Nurse was waiting with her apron at her eyes; Mrs. Disbrowe stood at the drawing-room door to say farewell; and Buttons hovered in the hall below;—all to hail the exit of Miss Francis—her defeat and failure in her first wrestle with her fate.

"The blessing of God go with you, honey!" said Nurse, wiping her eyes with her apron. "I shall always be glad to bear of your welfare," said Mrs. Disbrowe, shaking Zaidee's hand. Then she got into the dingy cab, and the door was closed upon her, with a noise which made her start. The door was closed also in Bedford Place. "The long unlovely street," glided away past her, as her vehicle rattled over the stones. Zaidee looked out wistfully upon the long line of doors and windows, all closed and cold, and turned in again upon herself and her small possessions, setting forth once more alone. Then the tears came one after another, and dropped upon her hands. She could not tell what it was she wept for; but her heart was full, and overflowed.

She was setting forth again upon the unknown world; but Zaidee was fearless as only a child can be. No phantoms rose across her open way, and heaven was clear above it—always present, always near at hand to be appealed to. It was only a vague forlornness and solitude which brought those tears to her eyes; she went forth in simple sincerity, without a fear.

To make her reception all the more solemn, Mrs. Lancaster had appointed it to be in her great drawing-room, where all the chairs were in pinafores. Mrs. Burtonshaw had already packed up her jewellery, and looked all the better for it, as she sat in plain cap and a warm morning-dress by the side of the fire. There were a great many parcels about the room; parcels of books, marked "for my dearest Mary;" and softer parcels, fresh from luxurious shops of silk-mercery, "for my sister," "for Mr. Cumberland," and "for my dearest Mary" again. If these were all presents, Mrs. Burtonshaw was a visitor worth having. Mrs. Lancaster sat at a table writing the name of that same dearest Mary, "with the best regards of J. L.," in a book of good advice for young ladies, very richly bound, and gay to look at, though of weight enough to break down the understanding of any unwary young lady deluded into making acquaintance with the contents within. Zaidee and her "wardrobe," which, in the little box Mrs. Disbrowe had given her, Mrs. Lancaster's factotum carried in one hand contemptuously, were first taken up-stairs to a little room, close to Mrs. Burtonshaw's, which was Miss Francis's room for the night. Mrs. Lancaster's maid stood and looked on while Zaidee took off her little brown cloak and bonnet, and then, with rather more authority than respect, intimated that the young lady was sent for to the drawing-room, and ushered her upon this scene of preparation. Mrs. Lancaster looked up from her writing to say "how do you do?" and Mrs. Burtonshaw held out her hand to Zaidee. The girl's immediate interest in that dearest distant Mary had won Mrs. Burtonshaw's heart.

"Well, dear, are you ready? We start to-morrow," said this brisk little lady, who was carefully coating a pretty writing-case with cover after cover of silver paper. "I must see your things, you know, if they are suitable; and you will want a great many wraps for the journey; it will take us more than a week to get there. By the by, you have never told me your Christian name?"

The blood rushed to Zaidee Vivian's face in a glow of shame. She said, "Elizabeth," in a faltering undertone. It was true she had been called Elizabeth as well as Zaidee at her baptism; but it concerned her honour that she was thus obliged to disown her own proper name.

"Elizabeth? I am so very glad it is a common name," said Mrs. Burtonshaw. "My sister is very anxious to call Mary, Maria; but she will not have it; and I am sure if your name had been Augusta or Laura, or any of these, the dear child would not have liked you half so well. Elizabeth? Well, to be sure! Do you know I am called Elizabeth myself?"

Zaidee looked up at her, believing that this must surely have been the reason why her heart warmed to the old lady; for everything must be good and lovable which bore her beautiful cousin's name.

"Do you think it is a pretty name?" asked simple Mrs. Burtonshaw.

"I think it is like a princess," said Zaidee; for Zaidee was thinking of Elizabeth Vivian, and not of the old lady by her side.

"Well, to be sure! Mary always says she is a matter-of-fact girl. She has no poetry about her; but that is because my sister always bores the dear child with poetry. You must not think I am ignorant what a very superior woman Mrs. Cumberland is, Miss Francis," continued Mrs. Burtonshaw, correcting herself, and looking dignified; "but I really do believe, though I am only her aunt, my dear love takes more after me than her mamma, and I cannot say I had ever much head for poetry. Mary has. I believe, if she only turned her attention to it, she might do almost anything; but she has such plain tastes, just like me. My dear, are you fond of poetry?"

"Yes," said Zaidee, in whose estimation Mary fell immensely after this speech of her aunt's.

"Indeed! Well, I am sure, Mary will like you, whether or not," said Mrs. Burtonshaw, with a momentary hesitation. "I daresay you don't know so much about it as her mamma does; and I think, my dear, if I were you, I would not say any verses to her. She never liked it. I would not, if I were you."

"I never say verses—except to myself," said Zaidee, feeling a little wounded in a tender point.

"Ah, that is right!" said the relieved Mrs. Burtonshaw. "You will get on very well together, I am sure. I am taking a great many books to Mary, you see, my dear; and Mrs. Lancaster is sending her one—a very good one. She is a dear sensible child; she loves good books."

Now, Zaidee, with her wild imagination, could not be said to love good books; but, nevertheless, had read them in emergencies, when nothing else was to be had; so she looked with interest at the rich Russia cover, brave with much gilding, and was disposed to think that Mary must be a most fortunate girl.

"I have something to say to Miss Francis," said Mrs. Lancaster, rising. "Mrs. Disbrowe of course had no right either to object or to sanction; but it is a serious thing going abroad. I should like to communicate with your friends."

Zaidee made no answer. She never even raised her eyes—and it was only by the deep colour rushing to her face that it was apparent she had heard the question.

"Were they unkind to you, my dear? Is that why you are so unwilling to have them spoken of?" asked kind Mrs. Burtonshaw.

"They were very kind to me," said Zaidee, hurriedly; "so kind that I never knew I was a burden to them, till—till I found it out; and now they would rather keep me than let me labour for myself;—that is why they must not be told; for I will never be a burden on them again."

Mrs. Lancaster put down her pen, and considered. "Well, that *is* a reason," said Mrs. Lancaster. "Come here, my child, and tell me their name, and all about them; and I will promise not to write."

But Zaidee was not to be persuaded. The two ladies could get nothing from her but a repetition of what she had already said. Mrs. Burtonshaw, if she had no head for poetry, had a feminine respect for a mystery. "She will tell me, I daresay, when we are by ourselves," said the good lady, with innocent complacency. And Zaidee was vexed with no more questions that night.

CHAP. XIX.—GOING AWAY.

The next morning Zaidee assisted at the packing of a great many trunks and cases laden with the aforesaid presents, and with the personal possessions of Mrs. Burtonshaw, and had her own little box wondered over and commented on, to her small satisfaction. But Zaidee forgot all these minor mortifications, when the next morning, with many farewells and God bless you's, herself and her patroness drove off from the door of Mrs. Lancaster. "I will never see you again, my dear; my health is not what it used to be," said the one old lady to the other. "We are getting old, but for all that I hope to come back to you yet," answered the cheery voice of Mrs. Burtonshaw; but Zaidee saw Mrs. Lancaster shake her head as she stood with her cloak wrapped about her in the threshold of her own door.

Zaidee herself was carefully wrapped up in the shawls and mantles of her kind companion; and there followed after that six days of dreamy enjoyment, such as she had never known before. She felt none of the discomforts which Mrs. Burtonshaw complained of. Those rumbling diligences, rattling along through unknown countries, where every peasant, waiting on the roadside to see the coach go by, was like a figure in a picture to the fresh-hearted child—those famous rivers, which she bowed to meet, as if great personages were presented to her—those old quaint towns, whose gleaming lights it was so pleasant to see, when out of the still night roads the travellers dashed in upon their echoing stones—everything was full of delight to Zaidee. Her young frame and open heart threw off the weariness and annoyances of the journey. The novelty and difference from all she had known before did not jar upon fixed habits in her case, but were so many additional pleasures; and Zaidee leaned back in a corner of the malleposte, or sat on a bench in the river steamer, silent, looking out of herself with those dark gleaming eyes of hers, not aware that she was travelling, but only aware of the noble panoramas which glided past her, hill after hill, and town on town. She was too much absorbed to have time for talking, but fortunately it was not difficult to listen to Mrs. Burtonshaw while she gazed on everything around her. So Mrs. Burtonshaw, finding so good a listener, was led to tell Zaidee a great deal of her family history, and had not yet got the slightest hint of the young stranger's secret in return.

"My sister Maria Anna and I were married about the same time, my dear," said Mrs. Burtonshaw, as they jolted along over German high-roads, up and down, with a team of four straggling horses, and a postilion in blue and silver. The *interieur* of the diligence contained two other passengers, but they were wrapped in the deafness of their Germanity, and knew no English. "My good Mr. Burtonshaw was a great deal older than I was, and died many years ago. My son was just born then, and his father only lived long enough to give him his name. Some people think it an odd name," continued the good lady; "to me it is a very pretty one. He is called Sylvester, my dear. He was the most beautiful baby you ever saw, and now he is a very fine young man. Everybody admires my Sylvo. He is a student at Stuttgart, which is not very far from where we are going. You shall see him by-and-by; and I think if I could see Sylvo married to Mary Cumberland, I should be quite willing to die."

Zaidee, who knew neither Sylvo nor Mary Cumberland, withdrew her eyes for a moment from those mangel-wurzel fields. This sort of story-telling was of the greatest interest to her. By way of testifying her attention, she raised her shining animated eyes to the narrator's face.

"And Maria Anna married Mr. Cumberland," continued Mrs. Burtonshaw. "She was always the cleverest, my dear; but when we were both young, I looked better than she did. People used to say 'the clever one' and 'the pretty one,' when they wanted to distinguish us—we were the two Misses Essex then—from each other. Mr. Cumberland is rich, but

he has a great many fancies—and I cannot say that Maria Anna is quite free of them herself; so first and last they have been a very changeable household, I can tell you, which makes it all the greater wonder that my dear love, Mary, should be such a sensible child. Mr. Cumberland is a *very* troublesome man. He does not hold by his principles, you see, my dear. He is always adopting a new system, and does the strangest things sometimes. He sold his place in the country—a very handsome place, in a beautiful quarter—and went and bought a cottage in Wales, for some fancy he took—that we ought to follow Nature; and then I found my sweet Mary with chopped hands and pattens, trudging about a little farm-yard after a Welsh dairy-maid—feeding poultry, and doing all sorts of things—and Maria Anna actually giving in to him, and praising Nature to the skies, though I never heard that *she* milked the cow. Well, that would not do; and then Mr Cumberland became very much disgusted with the Celts, and vowed there was neither industry, nor honesty, nor one thing nor another, except among the Saxons; so what did he do but start off post-haste for Germany, to live among the true Teutonic race, as he called it. They have been living here a whole year, in a little out-of-the-way town; and as it is three months since I left them, I cannot tell what new order of things there may be now. I don't *live* with them, you know, my dear, but I do love to see Sylvo with his cousin, and I spend most of my time beside her, Maria Anna has got a great deal of non——I mean she has some new ideas about education, and plagued me sadly to bring out a young lady to be a companion to Mary. I never should have thought of it but for you; and Mary will be so glad to have you with her, I am sure."

It did not strike simple Zaidee that, in the frequent repetition of this certainty, there was a lurking doubt of *not* being quite sure that Mary would be glad of her companion. Mrs. Burtonshaw, indeed, grew rather uneasy and anxious this afternoon, as the short day darkened, and the night fell upon their journey; and once or twice speculated uncomfortably of how she could dispose of Zaidee, should this unfortunate doubt come true. In the mean time their cumbrous vehicle rolled on through the darkness—the long loose traces of the horses, the whip and the shouts of the postillon, making a great din in the noiseless country and quiet night. Zaidee leaned back in her corner, and with a meditative pleasure looked out upon the trees growing less and less visible in the twilight, and anon standing out black against the silvery light when the moon rose. Then the coach lumbered over a wooden bridge, and there was a clear glimmer of water, broad and calm—an inland stream, with a strong current and bare banks of marshy grass. Mrs. Burtonshaw, who had been dozing, woke up, and looked out. "That is the Danube, my love," said Mrs. Burtonshaw; "we will soon be there." The Danube! Zaidee started, and looked back; but, after all, it was only a glimmer of water shining under the moon. Then there came another long course through these rugged roads, where the trees threw up their black shadows against the moonlight, and Zaidee, in her musing girlish reverie, had almost crossed the line which divides waking dreams from the dreams of sleep. She was roused by the hand of her companion straightening the edge of her bonnet and folding back her mantle. "We shall soon be there," said Mrs. Burtonshaw, nervously, arranging Zaidee's dress as if she were a child. "Are you very tired? Now, that is right, you look quite bright again, and we are very near home."

First a few straggling lights, then a great old heavy gateway opening upon a narrow street of antique houses with sharp gables, and a great slope of roof, and then with a great dash and noise into a stony market-place, the Platz of the free city of Ulm. Zaidee could see, at every turn they took, a great, dark tower looming over the houses, and just as near at one point as at another; but now her wandering attention was recalled by the lights close at hand, flashing into the carriage, by German kinsfolk waving salutations to the German travellers in the *interieur*, and by a bronzed English face, young and plentifully decorated with beard, smiling a broad welcome to Mrs. Burtonshaw.

"That is my Sylvo! there is the carriage to take us home!" cries the old lady, her anxiety disappearing in joyful excitement; and the next moment Zaidee, in amaze, is hurriedly handed out upon the rough stony pavement, and the journey is at an end.

CHAPTER XX.—FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

"A young lady, Sylvo, to be brought up with Mary. How is my dear child?" said Mrs. Burtonshaw, as her son's astonished glance fell upon Zaidee. Zaidee—somewhat benumbed with fatigue and cold, confused by the sudden descent from the coach, dazzled by the lights, and a little nervous, in expectation of this first appearance among the strangers who were henceforth to be her guardians—was standing apart by herself, looking at the vast shadow of the Domkirche, which was visible here as everywhere else, but conscious of the inquiring looks of Sylvester Burtonshaw, and very conscious that she was alone—alone! The word seemed to have double significance in this strange foreign place, where everything was novel which she looked at, and everything was unintelligible that she heard.

"Get in, mother. I'll look after the boxes," was the brief response of Sylvester; and Zaidee was hurried after Mrs. Burtonshaw into a strange musty vehicle, which forthwith began to rumble out of the Platz, and through one of the narrow lines of street which opened from it. With a great jar and clank, as of rusty iron, they rolled along through the darkness, where Zaidee could hear the voice of Mrs. Burtonshaw, running on in a perpetual stream of question, but could see neither mother nor son. After passing under another great gateway, the carriage came to an abrupt halt. A door was thrown open, and Sylvester Burtonshaw leaped out of the vehicle, and his mother cried out for Mary, and exclaimed how thankful she was to be at home.

And the forlorn Zaidee, for whom there was no welcome, followed into a long lofty apartment, with closed folding-doors on either side of it, and a stove at the further end, through the little open door of which there shone an intense glow of red, like a furnace. This great room was covered with matting, and furnished with chill formal lines of furniture, cold marble tables, and gilded chairs, which seemed only made to range themselves against that long white line of wall. Before the stove, however, was spread a large fringed square of Turkey carpet, on which stood a round table hospitably furnished, and a variety of easy chairs and footstools, well-polished glimmering wood, and ruddy silken damask, lighted up with a good-sized lamp on the table, and the red glow from the fire. As she still stood apart by herself, half-way down the long apartment, nobody bestowing yet any notice upon her loneliness, Zaidee's dazzled eyes sought eagerly for Mary, the sweetest child that ever was born;—a fair-haired girl, with that pure white-and-red complexion which is so distinctly English—with thick curls hanging on her pretty white neck—with blue eyes, and a stout well-proportioned figure, who is at present busily employed in disrobing Mrs. Burtonshaw. Is that Mary? But, alas! if appearances are true, it never can be Zaidee Vivian's confidential friend. The pale lady behind, who has gone back already to her chair, and who has a book laid open upon her knee, whose hair is arranged after a classic fashion, and who has no cap to keep warm those poor thin cheeks of hers, is, without doubt, Maria Anna, Mrs. Burtonshaw's sister; and there is Mr. Cumberland, shrugging his thin shoulders, looking about him with eyes full of curiosity, and the impatience of a garrulous nature. Sylvester Burtonshaw, six feet high, bronzed and bearded, and his very little mother, who cannot deny herself gay ribbons even in this wintry journey, make up the party. Everybody is asking questions, no one answering; and Zaidee, half-way down the room, with her cold hand upon the colder marble of a little side-table, stands motionless like a cloud or a shadow, throwing out upon them the light of those gleaming restless eyes.

When she is remembered and introduced, she is received with considerable kindness, but a good deal of surprise; and it is very soon suggested that Miss Francis, after her long journey, will be glad to go to rest. Miss Francis is very glad to go to rest, and to leave this great room, with its one warm point of light, and its family party, for the little closet within Mrs. Burtonshaw's bedroom, where they say she is to sleep. There is a fire in the stove in Mrs. Burtonshaw's room, which, nevertheless, looks very large and cold, with its little bed innocent of curtains; and Zaidee has to ascend a few steps to reach the little chamber in the wall appropriated to herself. The little room proves, however, to be more a chamber in the roof than in the wall, and is lighted by one of those strange little attic windows, of which there are ever so many in the long deep slope of the roof. Looking out from it after the unintelligible German maid has disappeared with her little tray, the stranger turns her wistful eyes towards the friendly stars, which look down upon her with compassion—the only eyes in all this strange country that have seen her face before—and weeps a few tears to herself, silently remembering how the Bible speaks of "a stranger and a sojourner." Turning her head a little as she weeps, Zaidee is suddenly awed into composure by that great shadow rising upon the sky—the shadow everywhere near at hand, and present in the little circle of this town—the great stately cathedral tower. The tears dry of their own accord in her eyes, and she looks with a silent reverence upon that vast blue sky, and this great hoary presence rising into it—an old, old silent worshipper of Him who made heaven and earth; and so, very quiet, and with a hush of awe and wonder upon her, Zaidee Vivian says her prayers—the prayers of a child—and goes to sleep.

In the meantime Mary Cumberland, with whom awe and reverence are unknown emotions, has followed Zaidee, with eyes in which good-humour is mingled with some derision; and while her father abounds in inquiries, Who is she?—where did you find her?—and Mrs. Cumberland exclaims, "Do tell me; I am sure that child has a story"—Mary, not scrupling to interrupt both, asks, "Did you bring her for me, aunt Elizabeth? What am I to do with a companion? I get on very well without one. Was it for what mamma calls my studies? But I shall take care I have all that is necessary, aunt. And what am I to do with this girl?"

"On the contrary, I am much obliged to you, Elizabeth," says Mrs. Cumberland. "I can see this is a dear little enthusiast by her eyes; and now I shall be able to carry out my ideas. Where did you find her, dear?"

"Brought any news with you, sister Elizabeth?" asked the fidgety papa. "What do you say to the great revolution which has taken place in the economics of the country since you left us? No such bills of mortality in England now, I promise you. Not quite to your taste, eh, sister Burtonshaw? Sylvy, there, the great beef-eating rascal, won't hear of it. Ay, we'll see you all out, the whole unnatural race of you. We live by the pure regulation of nature now, Maria Anna and I."

"It suits my constitution," said the lady, languidly. "How can anything delicate, anything ethereal, survive in connection with the gross eating and drinking we have all been used to? With roots, and fruits, and pure water, what could any one desire more?"

The amazed stranger turned wonderingly from one to another. "I don't understand you, Mr. Cumberland. What *can* you mean, Maria Anna? There's no revolution in England. What are the children laughing at? I can't understand what you all mean."

"England is a conservative country, and slow to adopt improvements," said Mr. Cumberland pompously. "We must come in the might of experience, the infallible demonstration of health and length of days. I am thankful to say, sister Burtonshaw, that there have always been some Englishmen before their age. Whatever you may have seen in our benighted country, you will find nothing suggestive of the genus carnivora in this humble house of mine."

"Don't touch the pie, Aunt Elizabeth—don't!" cried Mary; while aunt

Elizabeth, knife and fork in hand, looked round her in dismay.

"What do you all mean?" cried the hungry traveller, faltering. "Is it not a pigeon-pie, then? Why must I not touch it, Mary? and what is Sylvo laughing at? and what in the world do you all mean?"

"Let me assist you, my dear sister. I have the warmest satisfaction in offering this wholesome fare to you," said the philosophical head of the house. "So many sanguinary meals have been discussed at my table; but we will make amends—we will make amends."

With anything but the full and generous confidence with which she would have received it, had it been the pigeon-pie which her well-appetised imagination expected, Mrs. Burtonshaw jealously inspected the contents of her plate. "It's potatoes," cried Mrs. Burtonshaw, turning it over doubtfully with her fork. Then there was a pause. "It's turnips!" said the good lady in a somewhat louder tone. Another pause. "There's cabbage, I declare!" cried the excited traveller. Then, after a solemn interval, "It's a mess!" said Mrs. Burtonshaw indignantly, and pushed her plate away.

Mr. Cumberland commenced a little lecture in exposition of his new principles. Mrs. Cumberland lamented that people should waste their emotions on such a thing as a dinner. The young people laughed; but Mrs. Burtonshaw's indignation was not to be put down so easily. "I have borne a great deal," said the good lady, emphatically, rising from her chair. "I've put up with all your freaks and your fancies, and never said a word to them; but I don't intend to put up with this. Thank Providence, there's the Kron-prinzen left! Call that poor girl, Sylvo—I won't have her starved either—and come and see to your mother's comfort, you great unfeeling boy!"

Yes, the new system was too refined for Mrs. Burtonshaw. Mr. Cumberland, with a groan, saw a succession of little trays arriving from the kitchen, containing something else than roots; and it required all the caresses and persuasions of Mary to mollify the offended lady. "I knew your father was full of fancies, my love," said Mrs. Burtonshaw, when her niece went with her to her own apartment; "but I never could have believed him so far gone as this—and Maria Anna to give in to him! Of course you're looking pale, my darling—I knew you would—you always do when I go away; and to think of them *starving* you, my poor child!"

"They have not starved me yet," said the laughing Mary; "and now that you have done with being angry, aunt Elizabeth, have you not brought any news from home?"

"Yes, boxes full," said Mrs. Burtonshaw, restored to good humour by the idea. "But Mary, dear, tell me first—Did you look at poor little Miss Francis? Shall you like her? I am sure she will make you a nice companion. Are you pleased with her, my love?"

Now Mary Cumberland was accustomed already, with the calmest self-possession, to exercise a very distinct and positive will of her own. Obedience was not a quality of hers; and the want of it gave rather too much sharpness and distinctness of outline to the character of this young lady—which, after all, was a very good character in the main.

"How can I tell, aunt? I only just looked at her," said Mary. "But I did not want a companion; I was a great deal better alone."

"Don't say so, my love," said Mrs. Burtonshaw. "You want a young friend. I know you want a young friend; and you must try to like her, for your poor aunt's sake."

"Well, I will, aunt Elizabeth," said Mary, slightly shrugging her shoulders; "but tell me why."

"Poor little soul, I have brought her among strangers," said Mrs. Burtonshaw. "She has no friends—she is quite alone; and I promised that you would like her, my love. I did, that I might bring her here."

"These are all reasons why one should be sorry for her, aunt," said Mary, who was of a logical turn of mind. "But to like her—well, never mind. Mamma is sure to be quite in raptures with her, and I will do what I can. She looks what mamma calls interesting, aunt. I don't like interesting people; I am best pleased

with common people, like aunt Burtonshaw and me."

The only answer to this was a silent hug from Mrs. Burtonshaw. Mrs. Cumberland would have made it an embrace, and done it gracefully; but her sister had no thought of how it would look when, after three months' absence, she took her favourite into her loving arms.

CHAPTER XXI.—A YOUNG CRITIC.

"And so Miss Francis does not know any German, poor dear—and has never been abroad before—and, of course, would like to see the town? If I were able, my love, I should like, above all things, to revive my own first impressions by seeing yours, but I am not able. Mary must take you to the cathedral; and I am sure you will long, as I do, to see it restored to the beautiful religion for which it was built."

"What, aunt! You a Protestant, to say so much!" cried young Burtonshaw.

"Ah, Sylvo! when you look to the higher sentiments of our nature—that love of the beautiful which seeks the superlative of everything—you will see how poor a thing it is to speak of Protestant or Catholic," sighed Mrs. Cumberland. "Heaven be praised, I have no prejudices! I can look with equal candour on one and another; and what I speak of, my dear boy, is the æsthetics of the matter—the fitness of things."

"Well, I thank Providence, for my part, I know nothing of æsthetics," cried Mrs. Burtonshaw; "but if there is one thing in the world I hate, it is *that* Pope and all his crew. Why, they're in the Bible, Maria Anna! every thing but the name."

"There's a very good principle in their fasts, sister Burtonshaw," said Mr. Cumberland. "They call them fasts—nonsense! they are only standing testimonials to the truth of my principles. Wise men these old Romans, Sylvo; they knew man was not made a carnivorous animal, and they did what they could to loose the shackles of custom—but did not go far enough, sir—did not go far enough. That's why they failed."

During this conversation Mary Cumberland sat by, looking on, with a sparkle of derision in her well-opened blue eyes, and her mind on the alert and watching for a blunder. Not a crotchet of her father, nor a piece of extravagance from her mother's lips, escaped the notice or the criticism of Mary. The justest sentiment in the world would have presented a ludicrous phase to her as she sat thus, waiting to hear "what mamma would say next," or "what papa had in his head now." Zaidee, on the contrary, who did not know these kind people, turned her eyes from one to another with devout attention. Mary Cumberland did not believe in her father and her mother—it was the misfortune of her life; but Zaidee Vivian, with her simple sincerity and her child's heart, believed in every one whose words had the sanction of age; and had a natural veneration for the natural orders and classifications of life. While the one sat on the watch to find something which might be openly laughed at, the other turned from speaker to speaker with genuine respect; and Mary was disposed to pity the poor child who listened so devoutly to mamma's enthusiasm and papa's philosophy. She herself had a great contempt for both of these. She concluded that Zaidee must be a great deal lower than herself in what she called intelligence and spirit.

"Yes, you will show Miss Francis the cathedral and the town. Do, my love," said Mrs. Burtonshaw; "and I shall have my *news*, you know—all my budget from home—ready when you return. Well, dear, she is not equal to you perhaps, but she is a good girl for all that—and left so much to herself. Do go with her, Mary, my darling; the walk will do you good."

Mary shrugged her shoulders and went.

They had a very silent walk for some time, each of them busy with an examination of the other, which soon, however, merged with Zaidee into entire occupation with what she saw. Yonder again was that great tower

raising itself so loftily, with such a grand simple grace over all those burgher houses—over the half-ruined fortifications and swift-flowing river. Mr. Cumberland's house was just without the walls; and before they had reached the square in front of the great church, Mary had perused her new companion all over, from her brown face—which Mary, in opposition to ordinary predications, concluded would be handsome some day—to the feet which went so quickly and so silently over the ragged narrow pavement. There is little traffic in the city of Ulm. The broad sunshine fell over this great square, uninterrupted save by the linen awning of one small fruit-merchant, who sold two winter apples for a kreutzer; and by a passing cart—a triangular trough of wood—which a patient cow was dragging meekly towards the Platz. And there, with some little houses—houses that looked so dwarfish beside its great proportions—clinging on like mosses to the basement of its wall—this stately pile of building erected its lofty roof, and threw up its delicate shafts towards the sky. Mary Cumberland would have thought it very grand if her mother had not been in ecstasies; but Zaidee, who had no such consideration to deter her, looked up at it in perfect silence, straining her wistful eyes, but saying not a word. "If she goes into raptures, I will have no more to do with her," said Mary to herself; and Mary watched her with a suspicious eye, and the look of a cynic. To be only fifteen, yet to dread "humbug" everywhere, is a great misfortune. The young lady eyed Zaidee curiously, with her half-derisive eyes.

But Zaidee only drew a long breath, and gazed again. This great tower of the Cathedral of Ulm should have been a heaven-piercing spire, they say, and is not half-completed; but chance has been kinder than intention, and given a picturesque effect to the abrupt little roof and pinnacle, which perhaps might have failed in a work of finished regularity. The stone is red, but greyed or greened all over with the faintest universal tinge of moss. "Was it ever built, do you think?" said Zaidee, turning round upon her companion rapidly. If she had made a thrust at her with the dangling weapon of this passing soldier, she could not have taken her critic more completely by surprise. Mary's eyes, with all their incipient satire and watchfulness, fell in a moment before the simple sincerity of her companion. Zaidee meant what she said; and if some one had been by with a tale of miracle, and vouched for it, that this complete and perfect edifice was found one morning, in the old years of fable, by some devout and pious burgher, standing firm as it does now, without a stone laid or a pillar raised by mortal hands, this visionary girl would have believed it. But the unfortunate education of Mary Cumberland made imagination either "humbug" or "display" to her. With the sore contempt of one who is subject to daily humiliation from false exhibitions of sentiment, this poor girl scouted and scorned the true. "You should say that to mamma," said Mary, with a little laugh; but not the less was Mary struck with wonder and curiosity, scarcely less than Zaidee's own. "What does she mean, I wonder—what can she mean?" inquired Mary of herself. She was of a truthful nature, and fact was familiar to her; but she did not comprehend at all how it was that Zaidee's mind, in its fresh and open youthfulness, full of belief and marvelling admiration, could really mean only what she said in asking such a question. The young lady was armed at all points against enthusiasm; but not for all this little Wirtemberg could Mary Cumberland have told you what Zaidee Vivian could mean.

They went on again after that to the other lions of the quaint little ancient town, and to the Danube flowing full and strong under its walls. They went in silence, not knowing what to say to each other; and Mary could not record a single "beautiful," or "grand," or "sublime;" or indeed an exclamation of any sort from her companion's lips. "Are you not pleased? would you rather go home?" asked Mary at last, weary of puzzling and being disappointed. "Do you think Ulm is not a fine town, after those you have seen?"

"I have never seen anything like that," said Zaidee, pointing to the

tower, which was always visible, rising through the clear blue frosty air, at every turn they took.

"Do you think it is beautiful?—do you think it is grand?" said Zaidee's tempter.

But Zaidee looked uneasy, was slow to answer, and would not be beguiled into transports of which her companion could be comfortably contemptuous. "I do not know what names to call it," said Zaidee; "I think it looks as if it lived, and had been here for all these long, long hundreds of years. Did you ever see a great mountain?—is it like that tower?"

"Did *you* never see one?" asked Mary in return.

"I only know a little hill at home," said Zaidee with becoming humility. "It is not high, but there is nothing higher between it and heaven; and you can look far away to the sea; and the wind rushes round you—all round, without any shelter. I think, though it is low and little, the mountains themselves must be like that hill: that is all I know of them."

"If we go to Switzerland, you will see enough of mountains," said Mary. "Do you like to travel? Tell me what you like best to see. I like the valleys and the quiet country. I do not care for anything grand. I like to see the farm-houses, and the people going home at night—and poor little cottages, and brown little children on the way.—What is your name? I don't like to call you Miss Francis," cried Mary, suddenly plunging into the frankest unreserve; "and tell me what you like best to see."

This sudden leap from suspicious restraint into the exuberant friendship of a school-girl, puzzled Zaidee almost as much as Zaidee had puzzled her new friend. But the surprise was a pleasant one; and the two girls proceeded on their way, arm-in-arm, comparing likings and experiences. The stranger had made a conquest already. This honest, ill-nurtured, improvable Mary was Zaidee's fast friend.

CHAPTER XXII.—FRIENDSHIP.

"Aunt Burtonshaw said I wanted a companion—I never thought so, I am sure; but now I see aunt Burtonshaw was right," confessed Mary Cumberland. "I never had a friend before—Had you?—And I want to understand you. You want to understand me too, I suppose? And now come and tell me what you like and what you don't like, and all that you think about. I shall call you Lizzy—I like that best for a name, because there is nothing fine about it. Do you like Ulm, now that you have seen it?—do you think it is a grand church that?—and isn't it funny to see these poor cows instead of horses, and the country people with their red handkerchiefs and their brown faces? They don't think of their complexion in Wirtemberg; they have no time for that. Were you ever ill? I was once since we came here; and it was so strange to lie and listen to the river, and to the great chimes in the Dom. I should have died, I think, but for aunt Elizabeth. Was she very good to you? Do you like her very much? Every one ought, I think; for she is always so kind."

Coming to a pause, less from want of matter than from want of breath, Mary pulled her friend's sleeve, and looked into her face. "Are you asleep?—or why don't you speak to me?" cried Mary. "Why did you come to Ulm? Now, tell me quick, for I don't like solemn people. What made you come here?"

"It was as good as dying," said Zaidee, in her low voice; "it is so far away."

"As good as dying!" Mary was struck with horror. "Why, what put dying in your head, I should like to know? Is the house so dull, do you think? I don't like dull houses myself, nor a great many heavy trees; but mamma thinks it romantic—interesting! One can't help what one's mamma thinks—people must submit to that," said Mary, shrugging her shoulders; "but I am sorry if the house looks so dismal to you."

"I do not think the house is dismal. That little room is like a little

room at home," said Zaidee; "and I like to be here. I was very glad to come. Do you know any stories of the time when that tower was made? I think it must be a very long time ago."

"Do you like old stories?" said Mary, at present bent, with true girlish earnestness, on a minute comparison of experiences and opinions. "*I* like stories of common people and the present time—I don't care about antiquity. Mamma says I have such bad taste, and am so prosaic. I like to-day a great deal better than yesterday; so I am not like you."

"I like to-morrow," said Zaidee, her dark face brightening, "where I can make stories for myself, and they may all come true. *Have* you bad taste—and are you prosaic? I should not like that."

"Mamma says so," said Mary, with the unfailing shrug. "Oh yes, I suppose I am. We are not interesting, nor romantic, nor poetical; we are only common people—aunt Burtonshaw and I."

"What does common people mean?" asked Zaidee.

But Mary could not very well answer the question. Mary had no recollection, at the moment, of the pride that apes humility—she only knew that she was opposed, with all her might, to the sentimentality of mamma, and did not perceive, that to boast of *not* being superior, was about as bad, and rather more foolish, than to boast of superiority. Mamma's extreme refinement and ethereal delicacy threw Mary, in disgust, to the opposite extreme; but simple Zaidee, who was no observer of character, and who asked the question in pure good faith, and without an inference, could not help to enlighten her friend.

"I mean, just like everybody else—I mean—why, just common people, to be sure," said Mary, eluding the difficulty. "Now, what I should like best, when I am grown up, would be a great house in the country, like that beautiful place papa was so foolish as to sell; with a village at the park-gates, and London not very far off. I should like to live a pleasant neighbourly life, and visit the other people about, and go to town sometimes. I should like to have a great many pretty dresses and jewels, and everything handsome about me; and to choose my own friends, and have things like what other people have. I should like to have a cheerful house, and everybody saying what they thought. That is what I should choose."

Zaidee made no answer; she was looking out from the window where, beyond that great tower, the clouds were troublous and broken like the stormy Cheshire skies; and Zaidee's tangled thoughts were flying hither and thither, like so many birds of passage, between the Grange of Briarford and Ulm on the Danube—this far-away foreign town.

"Why will you not speak?" asked Mary. "I tell you what I am thinking, but you never say any thing to me. Tell me, what should you like best?"

Zaidee made a long pause—of consideration, as her companion thought. "I would like to be the youngest child, and always to live at home, and never bring harm or sorrow," cried Zaidee in her low and rapid voice—and Zaidee in her imagination saw a hundred crowding pictures of the blessedness of the youngest child;—"whom no one could ever think of leaving fortunes or estates to—the little one, everybody's servant, whom everybody loved," said Zaidee. And Mary could by no means understand the passion of restrained and eager longing which sounded in Zaidee's cry.

"Are you afraid of having a fortune left you?" asked Mary; and it was a very legitimate question. "Did any one ever threaten to leave you a fortune?" continued the young lady, roused into something of her former criticism and suspiciousness. "I should not have run away if I had been you. I should like to have a fortune left me myself. I am afraid we are not much like each other, after all; for *I* am not above being rich, or fortunate, or happy."

But if this sidelong shaft was intended to wound Zaidee, it proved a signal failure, for Zaidee's thoughts had already struck aside on different ground. "Do you think little children when they die are always sure to go to heaven?" asked the dreamer, withdrawing her eyes from the sky,

where they had travelled upwards by means of the great tower, and fixing them wistfully on Mary's face.

Mary, who was very honest, and reverenced everything which she called religion, without knowing very well what religion meant, faltered a little. "Yes, I think so," said Mary; but it struck her at the moment, more than usual, how far out of her acquaintance this other country was.

"Then I wish most of all I had died then," said Zaidee; "that would have been best."

"I cannot tell how it could be best to die," said Mary Cumberland. "It is all very well to say such a thing; but no one means it, I am sure. Why, if it was only for other people, would you like to make some one grieve for you? I should not, though I am not sentimental. I should not like to think of any one weeping and mourning for me."

"No, if you brought harm to them," said Zaidee quickly; "but if you only died! We all loved my Uncle Percy when he was living, but so dearly, so dearly, when they carried him away: I could bear them to grieve for me; I could bear to see them weeping if I died; but not to vex them and bring them trouble, and live through it all. They would know me then. No one would think of harm or sorrow, but only of love, if God would let me die!"

"Who are *they?*—and who is your uncle?—and what do you mean?" cried Mary Cumberland. "You are a strange girl. I do not understand you. What do you mean?"

The next words that Zaidee addressed to her, convinced Mary that anything like a "rational answer" was not to be expected from her new companion. "I hear the Danube," said Zaidee. "Is it far till you come to the rocks and castles? for I see none here."

"What has the Danube to do with it, then?" cried Mary, with some petulance. "I like to speak rationally. I like to know what I am talking of. I cannot leap about like this. There are no rocks nor castles for a long way. For my part, I do not care for them; but I like very well in summer to hear the water rushing along by the old walls. The river never makes one dreary; it is not like the sea."

"Did you ever see the sun set on the sea?" said Zaidee, whose imagination at the moment was suddenly emblazoned with all the stormy glories of the Cheshire sunset—a daily marvel, such as Mary Cumberland knew not of.

"Oh yes, I have seen the sun set on the sea—and mamma said it was heavenly, and papa wondered whether we might not pierce down through the earth with a tube, and get to the antipodes before him," said Mary, with an uneasy ridicule and impatience. "Do you know there is one thing in the world I should like above all other things, and I will never get it. I should like to have wise friends."

From this exclamation, uttered with a little haste and heat, Zaidee instinctively retreated. Zaidee had an intuitive perception that, however true Mary's observations might be, she was the last person in the world who ought to have made them. Poor Mary Cumberland, all the tenderest and fairest of human emotions had been made suspicious things to her clear and homely understanding. No admiration at all was better than wordy raptures over everything; and Mary was disposed to defy, and cherish a resentment against that Beauty at whose shrine her mother was a weak worshipper, and to hold Nature and Art, those oft-quoted potencies, as twin supporters of a fictitious system, all false pretension and vanity. "Humbug," said Sylvester Burtonshaw, who was no great example of good sense, though on a different model from his aunt and uncle Cumberland; and the word was very much in his young cousin's thoughts. She sat at table, like Mr. Burchell, and said "Fudge!" —the only concession that she made to her parents being that she said it within herself. Now Zaidee Vivian was quite unlearned in fudge and humbug. When Mary's eyes were sparkling, half with angry shame, and half with derision, Zaidee listened with involuntary respect; for Zaidee, who was almost destitute of the ordinary forms of politeness, had much of its essence at heart, and a great reverence for all whom she believed her superiors, a class which included her whole acquaintance over twenty years old. But it happened well that Zaidee's

respectful listening did not lead her to adopt Mrs. Cumberland's enthusiasms, or Mr. Cumberland's philosophies. Not Mary Cumberland's unbelieving disrespect was more proof against conviction than her companion's attention, for Zaidee had a strange inalienable independence in that wild visionary mind of hers. Her thoughts were communicated to no one, but ran on in a perennial stream. She was quite invincible to rational argument, this poor child, and far less in danger of change than was Mary with her logical and reasonable understanding; for Zaidee Vivian reasoned only through her heart.

CHAPTER XXIII.—EDUCATION.

"Now, Mary, my darling—it is what I have often longed for—you have a companion with you, and I shall have the great delight of instructing you myself. You are very intelligent, I know, my dear Mary. What do you think most necessary for a proper education?"

"I cannot tell, indeed, mamma. Everything, I suppose," said Mary, with her customary shrug.

"That is true!" cried Mrs. Burtonshaw, shaking her head solemnly. "The masters *we* had, Maria Anna! But Mary knows so much already—more, I do believe, than I do now."

"She has had many advantages," said Mrs. Cumberland; "but, my dear Elizabeth, I must beg you not to interrupt the lesson. There is much truth in what you say, Mary;—Miss Francis, my love, what is your opinion?"

"I only can read—and write a little," said Zaidee, with great humility, shrinking from what was to follow.

"Very well, my dear children. Now I will tell you what is my idea of the first thing needful to a proper education. It is to teach your young minds to *think*, my loves. Mary, what were you thinking of just now?"

Mary, though not much given to diffidence, blushed scarlet at this address, and hung her head. Her thought, if she had reported it, would not have been much to her own credit, or to the satisfaction of her mother.

"You cannot tell? Fie, child, how thoughtless," said Mrs. Cumberland. "And you, Miss Francis, what was in your mind?"

But Zaidee, too, faltered. There were so many things in her mind, she could not withdraw one separate fancy from the stream, and present it as an individual thought; for they were all fancies, and the number of them was infinite: these irregular battalions never marched in single file.

Mrs. Cumberland shook her head, and tapped them playfully over the fingers with the paper-knife she held in her hand. "Yet I daresay you both believed you were thinking, though neither of you can tell what it was," said their instructress. "Now education enables you to think, and makes you masters of your thoughts. I will give you a subject. Here is a book upon the table—it is Macaulay's *History of England*. Let me know what you think of it, and of English history in general. Take ten minutes, and form a just opinion, my dears."

Mrs. Cumberland looked at her watch with a complacent smile, and took up the book she had been reading, as she left her astonished pupils to their first exercise. They were all seated in the Salle, the general sitting-room of the family, at the comfortable English end of it, looking down upon the long avenue of grey matting, of marble tables and gilded chairs standing against the wall. February days are cold on the banks of the Danube; and once more there glowed a little furnace of intense red within the opened door of the stove. Mrs. Cumberland, in a dress fitting close to her thin figure, with her braids of hair smoothed down upon her thin cheek, sat upon a sofa turned towards the light. Her sister, wrapt in a cosy shawl, with a cosy cap, enclosing her pleasant face in its frame of lace and ribbons, bloomed like a winter rose beside the frosty lily at her right hand. Mrs. Burtonshaw had her back to the light, and was painfully endeavouring to whisper some original suggestion on this great subject to help the cogitations of her niece. "My dear Elizabeth!" ex-

claimed Mrs. Cumberland. Mrs. Burtonshaw fell back upon her knitting like a culprit, and only tried to telegraph with her eyes. A solemn silence followed. One could see by the dancing fun in Mary Cumberland's eye, that it was very near being disturbed by a burst of laughter; but prudence prevailed; and amid the deepest stillness, and with all the help which could be afforded to them by aunt Burtonshaw's telegraphing, Mrs. Cumberland's pupil's pondered their theme.

Macaulay's *History of England*, and English history in general—the subject was a sufficiently great one, and deserved rather more than ten minutes' consideration, and graver critics than girls of fifteen. The mind of Zaidee Vivian, to whom the fascinating volume on the table was unknown, was cast afloat in an instant upon the chronicle of Froissart in the Grange library, and upon the infallible records of one Shakespeare, an authority greater than history. Zaidee did not make much progress in thinking, though she tried conscientiously. These wayward fancies of hers carried her off to the courtly assembly before Harfleurs—to Faulconbridge sparring at Austria with his wicked wit—to poor, proud, frantic Constance, and the cruel counsels of King John; and sent her away down the stream in the most magnanimous impartiality, to take side with every unfortunate. Bolingbroke first, and then King Richard; poor old York, with his pretty Rutland; and saintly Henry, with his haughty queen. Zaidee's meditations would only have ended with the extent of her knowledge and recollection, had she been left to herself—when lo! there broke upon their maze the rustle of Mrs. Cumberland's sudden movement, and her sharp and high-pitched voice, as she consulted her watch once more. "Ten minutes—have you finished thinking, young ladies? Now, Mary, what have you to say?"

"Well, Macaulay's History is a very pleasant book to read, mamma," said Mary.

Mrs. Cumberland nodded her assent.

"And English history is"—But here Mary, whose voice had an unmistakable quaver of laughter in it, stopped short, and bit her lips to keep it down. "English history is—"

"A very great subject, Mary, my darling," broke in poor Mrs. Burtonshaw, whose telegraphed and perfectly unintelligible communications had become every moment more vehement. Mrs. Burtonshaw was much alarmed, lest her favourite should come off second best.

"Elizabeth, I *must* have silence!" cried Mrs. Cumberland. "English history is—Mary, pray go on."

"English history is a very great subject, mamma, as aunt Burtonshaw says," said Mary, very demurely, and with a little curtsey, for Mary had risen with wicked formality to be examined.

"And that is the sum of your reflections on such a glorious theme!" cried Mrs. Cumberland, elevating her hands. "Well, the first duty of an instructress is patience. Sit down, and I do not wish you to rise when I question you; we will do better next time, I trust. Now, Miss Francis, tell me your thoughts on this subject, my dear."

But Miss Francis, worse than Mary, could not answer at all. A flood of thoughts came pouring into Zaidee's mind: her brown cheek flushed, and her pulse beat high; but, alas! they would not be brought to the bar, these rebellious imaginations; they would not stand up and answer to their names, and give due description of themselves. Zaidee faltered, looked up, and looked down, and could not tell what to say. At last, as her eye caught the book upon the table, she made shift to answer. "Indeed, I never read it;" and, shrinking back with the humility of a penitent criminal, Zaidee waited to hear her ignorance condemned.

"Really I do not make a very promising beginning," said Mrs. Cumberland. "Never read it? Do you know nothing of history, then, my poor child? Is that what you mean to say?"

"Only Shakespeare and Froissart," said Zaidee slowly, hanging her head, and feeling herself a very culprit. Mrs. Cumberland brightened again.

"That is very well, my love," said this encouraging preceptress; "and I

only want to hear your opinion of them to be quite satisfied with you."

But, alas! Zaidee could give no opinion—neither on the abstract question, nor the particular one. She only sat very still, in a state of overpowering self-reproach and humbleness. She could not comfort herself by reflecting how ridiculous mamma was, as Mary did. Zaidee could find nothing to complain of but herself. Whole ten minutes to think in, and not a morsel of thought to come out of it! She was not bold enough to look up to meet her questioner's eye.

"We will change the subject. I see it is too much for you, my dear children," said Mrs. Cumberland, "and the exercise is new and unusual. You were visiting the Cathedral yesterday —there is a delightful theme!—the Cathedral of Ulm, and architecture in general. Let me hear your thoughts upon these."

But Zaidee! Zaidee! The good lady never meant your wayward fancies to climb up and build nests for themselves like so many birds in the fretted niches of yonder noble tower. While Mary wonders vainly what style this Ulm Cathedral is of, and tries to recollect, but doubts if she ever heard its date and builders, Zaidee makes a bewildering flight from the little church at Briarford to the stately German Dom, and links together in a hasty procession all the other great buildings she is aware of having seen, from that pepperboxed and genteel erection, rich with the characteristic graces of the eighteenth century, where Mrs. Disbrowe and her household go to church every Sunday, to other foreign cathedrals of which the travellers had a hasty view on their journey here. Zaidee is in great haste, terrified lest the ten minutes should expire before she has reviewed her subject; but alas! when the ten minutes have expired, it appears again only too evident that Zaidee's troublesome ideas will not march in rank and file.

Undiscouraged by her failure, Mrs. Cumberland perseveres proposing subject after subject, as various and diverse as the topics of a popular course of lectures. But so far as to-day's experience goes, this system for encouraging thought is not a remarkably successful one, and Mrs. Cumberland dismisses her pupils, of whom the one is full of mirth and mischief, and the other greatly humiliated and self-condemning, with a long-drawn sigh. "Another time we will do better, let us hope," says this patient teacher; "you are sad thoughtless children; education has everything to do for you."

CHAPTER XXIV.—THEORIES.

"Learning lessons is quite a different thing. There is some sense in learning lessons," said Mary Cumberland; "but I can't go and tell everything I think to mamma. I don't believe mamma would understand me if I did. I am quite sure I should never understand *her*. Let us have masters, aunt Burtonshaw, as you say. I always did my tasks, and was ready for them; but I can't help thinking in my own way. I can't think in anybody else's. Ask Lizzy here, if she is not just like me."

"But dear, dear, what will Maria Anna say?" cried poor Mrs. Burtonshaw. "She has set her heart on it, Mary. She will blame me for it all. There, now—there's a darling—I am sure you will try again."

"If Maria Anna would pay less attention to that child's mind, and more to her diet, she would do better service," said Mr. Cumberland, who had just come in. "But, between you and me, Elizabeth, your sister is extremely fanciful. Her own whims are all the rule she has, you see; nothing like fixed principles. Her standard changes every week or two. I am not saying anything against Mrs. Cumberland, who is a superior woman; but she wants repose, sister Burtonshaw. She is a great deal too fidgety for the comfort of the house."

While this speech was being delivered, Mr. Cumberland was leisurely perambulating the apartment, with one hand behind him, and with the other eagerly picking up and examining every scrap of written or printed paper which came in his way. Mr.

Cumberland's sharp eyes travelled before him, scanning everything with a curiosity for which no detail was too minute. He went on talking as he surveyed the side-tables, which were burdened with lumber enough to give his inquiring mind full scope.

"What do you think of the Fourierists? sister Burtonshaw. An absurd prejudice has swamped poor Robert Owen in our country. But I am a candid man; I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that communism is the true state of civilisation. Do you know I have a great mind to shut up this paltry old house, and be done with the trials of private housekeeping, and join myself to some company of social brethren. The happiest way!—not a doubt of it. Though of course, Maria Anna will grumble at the blessed equality which characterises such settlements. One of the South Sea Islands, for example—if such a paradise should be in the market—with a heavenly climate, and fertile soil, and a refined community. Why should I be such a fool as to keep my house here, with a pack of servants to look after, and appearances to keep up, and all the rest of it, when a free mind, and a life according to the rules of Nature, would make another man of me?"

"Nature must be hard to lay hold of," said Mrs. Burtonshaw, roused to a momentary asperity.

"Ay, sister Burtonshaw?—why so?" cried the philosopher, facing round upon her.

"Because you have been hunting her since ever I knew you," exclaimed the incensed lady, with a little outburst. "You sold Whimsleigh, which ought to have been Mary's, poor dear, for Nature; you came here for Nature; you lived on *sauer-kraut* and radishes for Nature; and now you have to seek her at the end of the world among a crew of pagan socialists! What's Nature, I should like to know? Does she teach people how to conduct themselves—to think on their responsibilities—and mind their children? I had rather know my duty than Nature, if you consulted *me*."

"What, angry, Elizabeth?" said her brother-in-law, with a little crowing laugh. "Angry, my good sister? Throw it off; it is only a passion fit for the ignorant. Yes, I must follow Nature; it is my mission. What another man may pass by, I feel it my duty to go into. People leave great truths to develop themselves in these days; but I pride myself in being on the alert to perceive them wherever they can be discovered. The true life principle is the grand object of search in all ages. Women are always bustling about small matters—it is quite right—it is their nature; but we will make a revolution in all your little fashions, sister Elizabeth. Yes, yes, though one should go to the South Seas for it, there is nothing like Nature; and, I thank heaven, you are quite right: I have pursued her all my life."

So saying, Mr. Cumberland sat down, and drew a thick French pamphlet from his pocket, while his daughter, in great excitement, hurried Zaidee away. Mary Cumberland, whose youth asserted itself strongly enough when there was opportunity, was not unfrequently startled into the language and the decision of a full-grown woman. "If any other man had said it, one might have hoped it was too ridiculous," said Mary, with the varying complexion of strong alarm and excited feelings; "but papa is fit to do anything. I tell you I will not go! I will have nothing to do with his fool's paradise—I will not! I will rather go and starve at home."

"Starve?—they will not give you leave," said Zaidee. "No one can die except God does it for them. Is it far away? for I would rather go there than go home."

"Yes, they would have me sacrifice all my life," said Mary bitterly, without noticing Zaidee's interruption. "They would shut me out from everything that others have. I should have only theories to live upon, if they had their will. You need not look at me so. Perhaps I am not amiable. I never pretended to be amiable, or superior, or intellectual, or any of these fine things. I am only one of the common people. I am content to live as everybody else lives. Well, never mind, there is always aunt Burtonshaw; and I never will go away. Come and talk to my old Jane."

They went up-stairs together si-

lently to Mary's room, which was one of another long suite of apartments, with folding-doors closed and barricaded, and looking very white and chill in its great extent of wall. Mary looked round upon it with discontent. "I might have had a cosy little room at home instead of this. What was yours like?" said Mary; "but I am sure I cannot say I have ever lived at home. We have been moving about all my life."

"Mine was"—(Zaidee saw the place in all its quaint and quiet solitude as she spoke)—"small and high, like the little room I have here; but there were dark bright pannels on the walls, and an old oak chair, and old pictures in the window. A cross was one—I think of it every day," said Zaidee with a sigh; "and the winds were rushing at it all day long—there are no winds now like what there are at home—and sighing and shouting about the house all night. When the wind is high here, it is like a friend to me; I always try to listen if I know the voice, and wonder—though it is so foolish—if it has been there—at home."

"They are like that in my country," said a little old woman, approaching to them hastily. From the thin locks gathered under her white muslin cap, to the well-shod feet appearing under her dress, this little woman, with her round ruddy face like a russet apple, her small sparkling black eyes, her little air of self-consequence, was Welsh all over. Good-humoured, yet pragmatical—quick to take offence, and endowed with a great deal of innocent self-complacency—not one of Mr. Cumberland's miscellaneous crowd of servants was half so thrifty or so comfortable as this little personage—a standing memorial of Mr. Cumberland's rustication in Wales, whence Jane had followed the family. Jane, who insisted upon being called Mrs. Williams down stairs, and who was accordingly addressed by that dignified title in about as many different pronunciations as there were servants in the house, was Mary Cumberland's especial attendant. Mary was too much talked at down stairs to appreciate poor Jane's simple stories, her overflowing store of moral reflections, and accumulation of good advice; but even Mary discerned enough of the old woman's character to permit her the privileges of a servant of the old school.

"They are like that in my country—you come from Wales, for sure," said Jane. "Them is the winds for light hearts, you take my word for it, and cheeks like roses. Where I come from was under Moylvama, and she is only small to them great mountains as is in South Wales. And to speak of rivers! for certain sure I could wade this one—and you see me—you young ladies is taller—sooner than a great big man, the biggest of all the Joneses, could cross them that comes down all in a haste and flurry, with the foam flying, from the hills. You, Miss Mary, I won't have you laugh then—you was a small chilt—you could never tell my beautiful Wales from another place. Miss—chilt—you other one—what people do you know in Wales?"

"Mr. Powis came from there. I never knew any other," said Zaidee.

"Mr. Powis! Was it my beautiful darling lad, that was old Sir Watkin's boy?" cried Jane, drawing closer. "I'm a small old woman now, and mind Miss Mary, but I'd have you to know I was Sir Watkin Powis's first dairy-woman, and a great lady in my young days. We've been decent peoples—we've not never taken service with the common. My father was body-servant to a great squire over the Dee, and my sister was no less than in my lady's chamber at the grand house in Powisland. Yes, sure, the Williamses is known—though I be come to a foreign part, and have Miss Mary to mind in my old days."

"You are not very complimentary to Miss Mary, Jane," said Mary Cumberland.

"A good chilt," said Jane, nodding her head, "and gives little trouble; but not like them little laaties at Powisland, that were grand-mannered, like angels. For certain sure I'd serve lords and laaties sooner than the common; but meaning no harm here. Many's the pretty story I could tell you of old Sir Watkin, and let you see his picture; yes, indeed, and papers I've got that belonged to the family from the time of Noah—them that they had before that was spoilt

with the water. You will laugh, then, you wicked chilt? But I could show you—well, never mind. The Powises is as old as Wales; and will you just tell me what part of the world the Almighty was done with first of all? Them that is scholards in my country would be sure to know."

"But I am not a scholard, Jane; indeed, I could not tell you," said Mary.

"Yes, indeed," said the old woman, nodding her head once more complacently; "Wales wasn't the last, you take my word for it. I know a vale lies at the foot of them low hills as you go to the sea; there is a river on every side, and the beautifullest flowers in the world, and all kinds of beautiful fruit grows there. Husht, then, and whisper, you children—all the clergy in the world would'nt hinder me; but I know what that place is."

"And what is it?" asked Zaidee, eagerly.

"It's Eden, chilt. Yes, sure, it's the garden," said Jane, with solemnity. "No one had need say it was'nt to me; and I know not the hard heart wouldn't pity Adam, driven out to England among the savages; for you was all savages, and not a decent thing to put on. All the fights that was fought, and all the grand castles that was taken, who was it, then, but the Powises? I could tell you—yes, sure—loads of tales."

CHAPTER XXV.—A NEW LIFE.

After this introduction, it is not difficult to imagine how Zaidee, with her warm imagination and faculty of belief, sought the society of Jane. Zaidee's perceptions were sadly obtuse in respect to the ranks and degrees of ordinary life. She felt it no condescension to seek out Miss Mary's Welsh attendant, as she had found it no derogation when she was left to the society of Mrs. Disbrowe's Irish nurse. The girl lived so much in an atmosphere of her own, that the manners of others were harmless to her, whether it might be the over-fine manners of Mrs. Cumberland, or those of Mrs. Cumberland's servant, which were not fine in any respect. Zaidee was not uninterested in any member of this household. Her mind was so fresh and open, that even Mr. Cumberland's philosophies broke new ground to its undoubting simplicity. Her thoughts, unsceptical and unenlightened, entered into everything. What was "fudge" to Mary's indignant experience, was often a new idea to the ignorant faith of Zaidee. She believed in Mrs. Cumberland's endeavours to make them think, unsuccessful though these endeavours were;—she believed in Mr. Cumberland's attempts at the conversion of the world by vegetable diet;—she found a charm and interest in all she heard, because she trusted without hesitation that all was true. Her mind was large enough to receive floating visions of those old fabulous Powises, and of the equally fabulous new paradise in the South Seas, and, in her visionary way, to speculate on both. Zaidee's great grief at this time was, that she could not think to Mrs. Cumberland's dictation. Her great amusement was listening to the stories of old Jane Williams; and her favourite occupation was still the sewing, which was always to be found in Mrs. Burtonshaw's room. For Zaidee, who, besides this apparent world, had a world in secret which no one shared with her, there was no employment so consolatory as this feminine occupation, which gave her an excuse for silence, and full scope for thought. Mary Cumberland did not understand it. Mary had accomplishments to keep up, and an indefinite quantity of "practising" to do. She was determined not to look like a savage if she ever should attain to "society" and England again, and had no mind to educate herself for the South Seas. So Mary was of a hundred different opinions respecting her new companion. At times she envied—at times she laughed at—at no time did she understand her; but liking grew strong between these two girls: they went upon the ways which were so different, with a growing regard for each other. Mrs. Burtonshaw was delighted with her success. She, good

woman, who never looked beneath the surface, was not puzzled by Zaidee. She understood the poor child perfectly, said Mrs. Burtonshaw. Miss Francis was shy, and did not talk much—it was quite natural; and she liked plain-sewing. Pity that young ladies in general were not of her opinion! But there was nothing *outré*, or odd, or unusual about Miss Francis; she was no more "interesting" than another; she never pretended to have a history; she was only a good, quiet, thoughtful little girl.

"There is deep enthusiasm in those eyes," said Mrs. Cumberland. "Credit me, I know woman's heart. Dear child, if she has not a history now, she will soon have one. I tremble for what she may have to suffer. She will love and she will grieve; but she shall have my care and sympathy, Elizabeth—all that I can do for her, poor little predestined martyr. I can see her fate."

"Her fate, Anna Maria? Why should the poor girl have a fate?—and why do you not think of your own dear child?" cried Mrs. Burtonshaw. If there was any distinction in having a fate, Mrs. Burtonshaw did not see why it should be withheld from Mary. Miss Francis was very well; but it was rather too much to exalt her at the cost of one's own child.

"Ah, Elizabeth, I know woman's heart!" said Mrs. Cumberland, mysteriously. And if all the pretenders to this occult knowledge are as learned in it as Mrs. Cumberland is in the thoughts of these two children, the science will not make much progress in our day. Woman's heart was liable to but one disease, according to the interpretation of Mrs. Cumberland and her kindred philosophers; and that was the malady vulgarly called love;—a malady from which Mary and Zaidee were equally far apart.

"I observe she has an open mind," said Mr. Cumberland, talking in his usual way, as he poked about the side-tables with his curious eyes. "She *listens*, that child; she does not only *hear*. A very useful member of a community, I'll warrant, if all you say of her is true, sister Burtonshaw—and a quiet little thing into the bargain. Your daughter is whimsical, Maria Anna; what right has she to have opinions? Make a woman a speculator, and she veers about to every wind. Why can't Mary listen and be quiet, like this little girl?"

"She's not pretty; I don't know what's the good of her," said Sylvester Burtonshaw. This young gentleman's opinion was the only unfavourable one. These fanciful people were not unkind in any particular. Their household was something of an extravagant household, every one doing what was good in his own eyes; and if the scene had been London, you could well have understood why Mr. Cumberland, awe-stricken at sight of his banker's book, sighed for the South Seas. But "nobody" lived at Ulm; the English tourists were few and unfrequent; and there was no artificial heightening of prices. The waste was cheap that was done here on the banks of the Danube; and society did not require much from the odd English people who visited no one. They lived in a very liberal fashion, and fed not a few from the crumbs of their abundant table; and even if Mrs. Cumberland had not been far above such miserable details, the addition of one little individual like Zaidee was quite unfelt in the great house. They received her very readily into the heart of the family, such as it was; and Mary's companion shared everything with Mary, even the gifts of aunt Burtonshaw. In a very little time she was fairly naturalised as a member of the household. Even in Mr. Cumberland's plans Zaidee had a place; and except the one dread of returning to England, which Mary was so anxious for, fear departed out of our young pilgrim's heart. She wandered about those quaint German streets; she sat awed and unresponsive in the choir of that great solemn cathedral, while Mary went lightly over the stalls, commenting on the wonderful carving, which was one of the details which Zaidee did not notice; or watched the sunshine streaming into the empty air, through the grand painted windows, while her companion ran over the "wohlgeborens" on the tombstones in that little chapel in the wall. More and more Zaidee marvelled if this stately place had ever been built, which looked so per-

fect, tinged all over with its down of moss; and more and more Mary wondered and smiled at Zaidee, and asked what she could mean. They were close friends; and Mary poured into her companion's ear all her girlish positive opinions, her purposes and hopes; while Zaidee responded with hints of her own story, which any one who had the clue might easily have put together. But Mary had no clue, and like most others who, born to few cares, are fully disposed to make the most of what they have, she was occupied by her own affairs too much to give a very nice attention to her companion's. Simple Zaidee betrayed herself many a time. Mary, not less simple, wist not of the self-betrayal, and was none the wiser. They lived in great cordiality, a true pair of girlish friends; and Zaidee had almost forgotten now those bitter weeks and days which changed her life from that of the youngest child at home to the poor solitary governess at Mrs. Disbrowe's. She read that loving address to herself in the great newspaper every night; she prayed for them lovingly, name by name, when she had read her chapter, after the fashion of her devout child's training, in her father's bible; she thought of them all day long, and every day; but her heart was lightened out of its first agony. She no longer recollected aunt Vivian's first outburst of dismay, or Philip's pale courageousness as he told his discovery, when she woke in her little foreign chamber. Sometimes it was Mary, sometimes a good thought of last night's chapter, sometimes an anticipation of to-day's employments, which woke Zaidee in the morning; and her days were full of pleasant occupation till the night brought rest once more.

Then there was a world of legends in the little closet which Mrs. Williams called her room; and Zaidee became a living chronicle of the somewhat faded glories of the antediluvian house of Powis. By dint of sympathy, Mary too came to listen to these stories—began to see a little difference between true romance and counterfeit—and to find out dimly that all poetry was not rubbish, nor all sentiment fudge. "Aunt Burtonshaw is always right—I wanted a companion—I had no one to tell me it was only mamma," said Mary to herself. But it was consolatory to find out now that "only mamma," and not all the minstrels and sweet singers of all ages were in the wrong.

CHAPTER XXVI.—JANE.

"Well, chilt, you see, if this was Sir Watkin's boy, he was a beautiful lad,—and his name was a great grand name, but not like the names we have in Wales. The sweet Welsh, I never forget *it;* but you never know what them English ladies do call their boys. He was son to a pretty lady. She was come from the south, and married to Rhys Llewellyn, Sir Watkin's youngest boy. So, when Rhys died, and the lady died, the small child came home to Powisland, and there he was bred, and my very eyes did see him grow. My sister was called Mary, and she was in favour with my lady. Many's the thing Mary did see of the family. We've all been in trust where we've been in service. I never did tell you of my father. He went out of Wales. Yes, sure. Oh, it's an evil day when one of us goes out of Wales! But he had such great money, he was persuaded. I saw the gentleman when I was a little child. He was a great squire, and had great riches, and was mad in his temper, and six foot tall, and great lands to the very sea. My father did live in terror for him. He was a great man—he minded nobody; and Evan Williams was of the thought the devil did have him—and red fire was in his eye. When my father did talk of him, the little children was scared, and durst not stay alone; and himself, once he was frightened with a waterfall, and came home like death, and said the old squire had called to him in the stream. You children, will you husht, then? Does bad men ever come up to this world again to scare us? No, sure; God Almighty takes thought for that."

"And what was the old squire called?" said Zaidee. The girl was

trembling with sudden interest. Every old squire could not be Grandfather Vivian; but it was his character as well as his designation.

"Called? He was out of Wales, child. Your names is not like our names. It was a hard name to say. I cannot think of it now. Ah, it is a good place where all is Williamses and Joneses, and the gentry is old blood, and so is the commons, and all are of one. Then there's kind servants and kind masters; and the one does well for the other, and both's friends. It is a cold country where every one has a different name—yes, indeed. And how can I tell what the old squire was called? But he died. The Almighty takes thought, and Satan gets his own. Husht, children. When he's got their poor souls, and carried them down below there, maybe Satan has a poor bargain. I tell you my thought; he did have his hands full with that old squire, you take my word. My father was a big man, though I be small. He was Evan Williams by name, and well thought of in his own country; but the squire frighted him for all. No, child, I forget his name. It was a name was reckoned a good name in Cheshire, and as old as they do be in England. I have it somewhere. You come to me in my room one day, and you shall see my papers. If a scholard was to look over them, they'd bring me riches, I do believe. My father had some, my brother had some, and our Mary; for old Sir Watkin died, and there was a scatter at Powisland, and every one took what useless thing was lying. I have a housewife, Miss Mary, all violet and gold, was made by my lady's hand. Yes, sure; the grand old ladies they never did scorn to thread a needle. They had the use in their fingers, Miss Mary—yes, sure."

"You forget I made a cap for you. I think you are not at all grateful, Jane," said Mary Cumberland.

"You listen to me, child; 'twas for your own fancy," said Jane, nodding her head. "When you was gone, I had to do another. That wasn't never made for Jane, that wasn't. Well, child, what was you saying? The papers? I'll show them to you another time. Look you here. There's all them collars and laces; they've got to be mended, and it's Jane, Jane,—there isn't ever another; and down stairs it be nothing but calling of Mrs. Williams, as if I was a fairy. Now, can I go troubling among dust and papers, and all that to do?"

"I am afraid I could not do it," said Zaidee, looking wistfully at this more delicate branch of occupation. "Will you let me try, and I will take care of them? Will you let me see the papers, Jane?"

"The papers is nothing to you, child," said the old woman. "Will I put my laces in your hands? No, sure—and what would the lady say if Jane was to fail her? There is not one else in the house to be trusted—not another. Go to your plays and your books, you children—that is all you be fit for; and come to me another day, when I do have time. Yes, indeed, you be Solomon's lilies; you do neither toil nor spin. But my wish is toward my duty, like as it always is in Wales."

The pragmatical old woman turned short round upon them and carried off her laces. As she left the girls, Mary Cumberland laughed at her withdrawal, but Zaidee only grew paler. A slight nervous tremor came upon the young exile. Her mind was quite possessed with the idea that here again was this dreadful Grandfather Vivian interposing to bring ill-fortune; and Zaidee, whose life had been shipwrecked by one document of his, had the most overpowering anxiety to get possession of any other scrap of his ill-omened writing, and destroy it at once. True, it did not seem very apparent what harm could be done now by any such discovery; but Zaidee's mind was not much given to logic, and she was full of an unconscious and visionary superstition. The old squire was the evil genius of the family, and the thoughts of his descendant ran off into mysterious marvellings. What if this wandering evil spirit himself directed her where to find these unrepented wrongs of his, and made her the instrument of mischief again and yet again! Poor Zaidee shook and trembled, and her brown cheeks paled into that chill dark pallor to which any great pang brought them. She, poor innocent child, whose

humble love would fain have served her family night and day, could it be possible that this satanic influence was upon her movements, and that, all unwittingly and against her will, she was the agent of a cruel spiritual persecution—a warfare waged against the living by the unblessed dead? She did not hear the wondering call of Mary Cumberland—she did not see the astonished face of Mrs. Burtonshaw, against whom she stumbled in the passage; she fled hurriedly to her own little room, and threw herself on her knees by the bedside. She, who had no other friend nor counsellor, had the use of bringing all her complaints and trouble direct to the Heavenly Father. In her fright, with her heart beating loud, this simple child lost no time in thinking of it, but came in haste to make her outcry of fear and horror to the compassionate ear of God. Becoming reassured and comforted, she rose from her knees again, not delivered from her terror, but full of a great hope and persuasion, which took away its pain. "You evil spirit!" said Zaidee, with a glow in her eyes, "perhaps you see what I do, but you cannot know my heart. God will not let you harm them any more. If I find any of your cruel papers, I will destroy them; you shall not have power over me."

What was that that sounded round the old German house? Only the spring breeze, stirring the branches faintly, shaking the February raindrops from the budded leaves. To the excited ear of Zaidee it sounded like a moan; and Zaidee could not help trembling as she left her little room once more.

Mary, who is "practising" down stairs, looks up as she enters. Aunt Burton-haw, who has great patience with the practising, and thinks all Mary's music harmonious, comes and takes into her own Zaidee's cold hands. "What is the matter, dear?" asks kind Mrs. Burtonshaw. "You are quite pale, and your hand trembles. So cold too! Come beside the stove, my love. One can't say, come near the fire in this country. There, Sylvo, get up, you great fellow, and let this poor dear warm her fingers. She has caught cold, poor child. Sit down till I get something nice for you; and you shall have a warm drink, and go to bed."

"I am not ill," said Zaidee. "I was only thinking,—there is nothing the matter with me."

"Why are you so pale, then? Nonsense, child, I know better," said Mrs. Burtonshaw. "Girls like you have nothing to think of, that can make you pale. Your head aches, I am sure. Mary, my love, close the piano. Sylvo, put the screen here, to keep off the cold wind. There are always draughts with these folding-doors; there is no such thing as comfort in this country. The footstool, Sylvo. Mary, bring me that shawl. Now, my dear, are you comfortable? And I will go and see about some nice gruel. She looks quite ill, poor child."

And Mrs. Burtonshaw, who is now in her vocation, steals away in noiseless slippers, and closes the door with the most elaborate caution. Zaidee, obliged to be a patient against her will, sits with resignation in the easy-chair, her feet on a footstool, a shawl wrapped round her, a little table at her elbow to prevent her rising, and a large folding-screen to shut out all draughts behind. Sylvo has taken his lazy length away; Mary sits by the patient's side, half sympathetic, half cognisant of the true state of affairs, and wickedly abetting Aunt Burtonshaw. To be nursed by the kindest hands in the world, even for a fictitious illness, is no great misfortune, after all; and Zaidee almost forgets the dread of Grandfather Vivian, which caused her trembling. She is better already, Mrs. Burtonshaw says when she returns with the gruel. See how good it is to take illness in time.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

My dear Eusebius — You complain that the frost has benumbed your faculties, that your mind is hybernating, while, bodily, you are under a sense of general discomfort. Winter hardens the heart — at least we may suppose so, if it be true, as statisticians assert, that the greatest number and the worst of murders have been committed during that season. Is there not a charming piece of music—I think of Purcell's—of Love frozen beneath a mountain of snow, and awakened by Beauty in the first spring, "What does thou mean by sleeping here?" I was mightily moved when I heard it, and perhaps do not speak of it accurately. Some such talisman I must apply to your dormant faculties; let it be the old one, which has ever revivified you in your most apathetic moods, the "Once upon a Time." It is a charm which hath kept the child awake even in the best of dormitories, the mother's bosom, and has ever after enlivened the man-child, nor failed of ministering its *elixir vitæ*, even in extreme age. It is that one specific good, for every evil has some beneficial ingredient, which was in the curiosity that tempted first the mother of mankind; and maternal tenderness has culled it from the sin, and used it lovingly, to this day. And the charm will work as long as time shall last. The traveller, on whatever road of life, and on whatever speed intent, will stay his steps at hearing the words. Their power is inevitable, as of the "Ancient Mariner," and is embodied in his address, "There was a ship, quoth he."

I know very well, Eusebius, that you cannot have read so far without experiencing the working of the charm; but that you may have it in all its potency, feel it quickening your imagination, invigorating your virtues, and giving new impetus to all your amiabilities, send to your bookseller for *Once upon a Time*, by Charles Knight. These two little volumes will supply you with infinite amusement, both in what they contain, and in this, that they suggest trains of thought without end — threads fancy-drawn from the web of truth.

The present, with all its improvements and advantages, hath its visible and invisible vexations. It is environed with the cares and the fears of this world. It touches us too closely to be a relief—we go about with as many feelers as the polyp, and are a thousand times more sensitive. Many are the hours we would shun contact, and willingly retire out of reach of encroaching thoughts and encroaching people. Not that we would encourage a misanthropic spirit; it is not that at such times we love the less, or hate the more, but that we are perplexed and weary of the too intimate pressure, and seek rest and alleviation without throwing off an atom of our common human interest. Nay, let it be the stronger; for humanity, after all, has a wider range than this *living* world. The dead, whom we believe to be still living in a spiritual state, which we cannot conceive, and who are once more to resume their substance, however changed, are, in real truthful thought, a portion of ourselves; the only difference being, that they act not now with us visibly, nor we with them; but they have left their influences, and naturally we encourage, as from an instinct, the belief in a communicative restoration. And if we take the selfish, narrow, present view only, into what insignificance do we shrink and withdraw ourselves — what a very infinitesimal portion of the general humanity do we make! The bulk of mankind, from the creation, still being, and in another state, are those whom we call the dead— that great mass to whom we are dropping off daily, and whom, in our turn, we shall all join. It is always, then, interesting, and not without ulterior benefit, to keep up in thought this general relationship of humanity, and that through the citizenship of death. I say not brotherhood of death, Eusebius; that is too near! What is strangest, this citizenship, which we acknowledge, feel, and enjoy,

in its kinship, is ever freshest in its far-offness. The idea of death has passed away by distance — it only hurts, wounds, and shocks by its closeness upon life — it recovers a vitality by time. Imagination brings back the old world of any period, and peoples it anew with its old inhabitants after a new manner; for it makes selections, and, as upon a stage, throws to their proper distances the accessories and inferior actors. We have them at our will, to play their parts again, to amuse, to teach, and to warn us; and, perhaps, more clearly and distinctly than they were ever known, removed as they are from the many confusions which invariably invest time present. I suppose it is the case with every one, Eusebius; but for myself, if I may speak, I cannot think of any of the dead whom I have ever actually known when living, even though I have never conversed with them, without something of pain, and perhaps of pity. They are scarcely freed from bodily suggestion. There is decay — motionless, unknown, bodily deadness. The idea of sensation hovers over substantially-tenanted graves. That which is above them, the cold, the damp, the chill, the gloom, the awe, or the disorder of situation—all these penetrate through thought and feeling, and come back upon me, and by that connection I unreasonably commiserate. The wonder of life, its sudden change, and its mystery, have not passed off. The removal from the earth I look at and tread, the skies I see, connect the earth and skies of to-day with the darkness — with the invisible. Very different is it with regard to the far-off, the generations whom I have never seen, never known, but as history,—I see them quite after another manner. In reality, this earth and these skies were and are the same; but they come not the same upon the mind's vision—they have gone into the background, and, like as in pictures, are represented with a difference, and imagined poetically, and always, inasmuch as they are of one's own making, appropriately. Neither cloud nor sunshine are quite the same—they are changed by the hue of the magic glass which has called them up. I take in, and of every scene, what I will, and no more than I will. I am master of the revels, choose my tragedy or comedy, and all the *dramatis personæ*. I can shift the scenes when I please. It is ever life, not death, which is acted before me—life in its wholesome, its perpetual action, making action its history,—unlike recent biographies, painful from the beginning, as rather a narrative of the course of death, whose stain and evil humour is in the first thread, and continuous to the end, to which it is ever hastening, and darkening with an almost malignant and morose gloom, all noble aims and pursuits, and convicting them of their nothingness by the fatality that persecutes and the death that overtakes them. In the *long since* past, all this is reversed — life is more life. All the deadness is gone, and the pain of it affects not the imagination. Our sympathies inflict no injuries upon us. Who is expected to love or to hate too keenly? Love and hate are become also imaginary to a degree, and are therefore disinterested, and have virtue in them, and are pleasurable. There is something good in not knowing too much of individualities. Let poets and heroes be poets and heroes. Would you not rather know Shakespeare through his plays than be in daily attendance with his physician, to note the progress of his last sickness? Eusebius, you never think of Shakespeare as a dead man. He *is* living to you, and will live for all generations. In this respect are we better off than they who knew him personally? We have escaped melancholy regrets. This removal of the idea of death by time may be tested another way—by, as I think, a natural instinct. Refer it to yourself—every man contemplates his own change. There is something distressing in its immediateness; removed to an hundred years hence, it is nothing—it has passed into a continuance of resuscitated existence—it is a thought as of a freed being. And so with the remembrance of those we have loved —every year takes something from the painfulness, and adds something of the warm cheer of life. The permanent idea of humanity is life. It

is death growing into life. And this is why "once upon a time" ever delights all of woman born.

Eusebius, consider for a moment "once upon a time;" for its truthfulness, in which lies its use, and its entertainment also; for its truthfulness is of a peculiar kind. To be useful, it must be clear, picturesquely assorted, disentangled, and of a fair pattern, easily understood, and memory-fixed, which renders its being amusing needful. For this, no easy craft is to be employed—the true skill of the historian. He must imagine positions from whence to draw into one view, and discriminate by light and shade, in their places, all the incidents that fall in with his history. The historian is to make the circle of his art, and stand, like the necromancer, and call up the spirits of old to speak for themselves after the arrangement that he has made for them. They cannot but tell truth; it is he that must make the truth come out, show itself, presentable and memorable. He who stands in a crowd sees little; the historian has to clear himself of it, and choose his position apart. This position is his undisturbed territory, and is, as I ventured to call it, imaginary. It is the fiction which gathers realities. After all the satires written upon, and doubts thrown upon history (and the doubts themselves are its portions), the main features are veracious. Facts are really in crowds, in mobs and masses, in which individual features are undistinguishable,—yet have these individualities to be portrayed. And here, at once, is seen the historian's difficulty, his need of an art. To a certain extent, he must be that which, at first view, it might be supposed he should not be—a poet. "Modo me Thebis modo ponit Athenis." He must take the reader also out of the crowd and hurry, where he will have his scene acted, and bring out his actors. Will it seem a paradox, Eusebius, to assert that every true history is more than half of it fiction; more true, because seized poetically, unencumbered with circumstance foreign to the oneness of its character?—some would say less true, because of its omissions; but the omissions are of things that distract thought. It omits facts for the purpose of making up itself into one fact. What is main truth but the truth of impression? For the poetic impression was either in some of the actors or some of the observers, not in any common view. And when this impression is made visible, in ages, perhaps, after the facts, it is as of multitudes of things, persons, and incidents, cast into the historian's alembic, and the residuum of many circumstances is one truth. Conscious of the use of this poetic element, did Herodotus dedicate his history to, and designate it by, the Nine Muses. Be thankful to him who can thus furnish you with the means of thought, and is gifted with the power of exciting it.

Is this, my dear Eusebius, a tiresome discussion? Is it a prelude to a universal history of gravest importance, or to a semi-fabulous "once upon a time?" I have been led to it by considering the gift of this author of *Once upon a Time*,—with what clearness he brings past ages before you, by a few distinct pictures; and how, beyond that, by a few touches of comparison with the present, he draws you on to make proper inferences.

The Paston Letters supply materials for the first chapter in these interesting volumes. These letters were written during the turbulent period of the wars of the Roses. They are full of matter, and show the domestic and political life led by persons of any consideration in those days. Mr. Knight, in his very first sentence, expresses the pleasure and information they afforded him. "I have a great affection for the Pastons. They are the only people of the old time who have allowed me to know them thoroughly. I am intimate with all their domestic concerns—their woo-ings, their marriages, their household economies. I see them, as I see the people of my own day, fighting a never-ending battle for shillings and pence, spending lavishly at one time, and pinched painfully at another. I see them, too, carrying on their public actions after a fashion that is not wholly obsolete, intriguing at elections, bribing and feasting. I see them, as becomes constitutional Englishmen, ever quarrelling by action

and writ, and what is not quite so common in these less adventurous times, employing "the holy law of pike and gun," to support the other law, or to resist. I see them in their pride of family despising trade, and yet relying upon its assistance. I see the young ladies leading a somewhat unquiet and constrained life till they have become conformable in the matter of marriage; and I see the young gentlemen taking a strict inventory of the amount of ready cash that is to be paid down with a bride, and deciding upon eligibility by the simple rule of the scales. This is all very edifying; and I am truly obliged to this gracious family, who four hundred years ago communicated with each other, and with their friends, in the most frank manner, upon every subject of their varied lives."

Such is the programme; and, in the course of the little narrative, evidence is given as to every particular paragraph. We are first made acquainted with Sir William Paston, a judge of the Common Pleas, and his wife Agnes, "scheming for the marriage of her sons, and holding her daughters in terrible durance." Sir William makes his exit from the stage of life. Enter John Paston his eldest son, remarkable for a life of contention, of sometimes force, and sometimes law, for the lands and castle of Caister; and more worthily remarkable for possessing an excellent wife, Margaret, whose virtues, as is the case with most good women, take vigorous growth under difficulties. She became a widow in 1466. Her son, the knighted Sir John Paston, succeeds to Caister, for which he has to fight hard with a too successful enemy, the Duke of Norfolk, who at one time beleaguers the castle with a thousand men. Sir John is a gay, reckless character, loving adventure rather than his interest. Margaret has also another son by name also John, for distinction called John of Galston, — the "Cœlebs in search of a wife," alluded to in the programme, as deciding upon "the rule of scales." There is also a daughter, Margaret, in whose person is exemplified that "the course of true love never did run smooth." There is also a priest, the chaplain of the house, who holds both mother and daughter in no small tyranny, under a secret possessed, or a suspicion of Lollardy, as entertained by Margaret the elder, and one Richard Calle, the betrothed of Margaret the younger. The chaplain is Sir James Gloys. This was the age of Margaret heroines. In this little narrative three appear worthy the name—the two mentioned, and the dauntless, indomitable Margaret of Anjou, who visited Norwich in 1452. The second Margaret was, however, rather the novel-heroine — the heroine of a love tale. She had spent most of her time up to her fourteenth year at Caister, with old Sir John Fastolf, who dying, bequeathed Caister to the Pastons. With her also was brought up as her playmate and fellow-scholar, Richard Calle, son of Sir John Fastolf's steward. Hence this attachment, which wounded the pride of the Pastons.

The little narratives chosen by Mr. Knight are, a visit to Caister Castle, by the mother, Margaret, on "the eve of Wednesday before the feast of Easter, in the year 1469, and the loves of Margaret and Richard Calle." "Now, it unfortunately happened that the day which we have recorded, on which Dame Paston and her chaplain took their way from her comfortable dowry-house at Norwich to her son's somewhat cheerless castle of Caister, for the purpose of distributing Maunday on the following morning to the poor and afflicted, as became the lady of a great house,—this day was marked at Caister by the absence of even a Lenten entertainment." The richly-furnished and amply-provided Caister of Sir John Fastolf had become the bare, stript, ill-defended, and worse-provided Caister of Sir John Paston. Margaret shows her command and dignity, and loses not the affection of the poor, though her bounty of the Maunday is confessedly diminished. "Mrs. Margaret Paston descends from her solitary chamber with a heavy heart on the Maunday. Thursday, whose eve saw her son's retainers wanting a supper, had a lucky device not suggested itself to her inventive mind. She comes into the winter hall, the somewhat snug room which, opening into the inner court, is sheltered from the keen east winds that

blow from the neighbouring sea. The morning is raw and comfortless. She looks upon the bare walls, and thinks of the cloth of array of the morrice-dance with which they were wont to be lined. She sits down upon the hard bench, and the remembrance of the great fringed chairs, that once combined all the requisites of state and comfort, are present to her memory. She gazes upon the wide chimney, and recollects the polished and-irons, richly ornamented, it may be, with

'Two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing;'

and she sighs when she sees, as she had often seen before, that they are supplanted by two coarse uprights of undecorated and rusty iron. These are small matters, but they tell a tale." Nicholas, the porter, suggests to the lady ("he has seen the chaplain of his old master assist in washing the feet of the poor in all humility) that, as the weather is cold, the water should be warmed." The chaplain is, however, for dispensing with this service as obsolete. "Obsolete, Sir James," says the Lady Margaret, "how can you call it obsolete when kings and queens are even at this hour preparing to imitate the humility of our Divine Master, with archbishops and bishops to assist them." See how she dispenses the Maunday. "The lady has not abundance, but she has a spirit of love in her bosom, sometimes smothered, but the more ready to come forth now at a time when she is not happy, and feels more humbly than is her wont; and so she says, that, if the poor go unfed from the household, they should not go unblessed. She proceeds to the court, and thus addresses them, in a tone of real kindness: 'Friends and neighbours, I am come amongst you unprovided with the usual means of discharging one portion of the Christian duty which has been common in this house on this day. Before Sir John Fastolf died, at the reverend age of eighty, he distributed his Maunday to an increasing number with his increasing years. When my husband came into possession of this house, we each distributed Maunday according to our several ages, so that the poor were not worse off than before. When he died, you were reduced to the widow's mite, for my son left me here to be his housekeeper. I am no longer equal to that duty. I dwell not among you. According to the custom of ancient time, the Maunday must be as the years of the age of the lord of the household. I grieve that some of you will return to your homes disappointed. But let us not part as if there was wrong to be remembered. Let us meet together, and offer up our prayers together, that God will bless and preserve all His children, and give them according to their several necessities. Sir James, we follow you to the chapel." What an honest-hearted woman spoke there! Nor was she down-hearted in adversity. She even stands to the defence of Caister, and calls upon Sir John for hasty help. "Your brother and his fellowship," she writes, "stand in great jeopardy at Caister, and lack victuals; and Daubeny and Berney be dead, and divers others greatly hurt; and they fail gunpowder and arrows, and the place is sore broken with guns of the other party." But see the straits the great landholders were in in those days from law, and adversity from violence. The son writes that he has but ten shillings! But the mother spends her own, and pledges—"I could get but ten pounds upon pledges." Yet the good Margaret keeps a great heart amidst these troubles, and counsels her son most righteously: "God visiteth you as it pleases Him, in sundry wises; He would that ye should know Him, and serve Him better than ye have done before this time, and then He will send you more grace to do well in all other things; and for God's love, remember it right well, and take it patiently, and thank God of His visitation; and if any thing have been amiss, any otherwise than it ought to have been before this, either in pride or in lavish expenses, or in any other thing that may have offended God, amend it, and pray Him of His grace and help, and intend well to God and to your neighbours." Verily the mother Margaret had read frequently and beneficially that volume which had been treasured up and secretly read half a century in that house.

The little love-narrative will equally

show the character of the mother Margaret, strong even to some sternness of a sense of duty, yet tender-hearted. Margaret, the daughter, and Richard Calle, had been secretly betrothed to each other. This was discovered by an intercepted letter from Calle. The daughter is summoned to the oaken parlour to the presence of her mother, the grandmother Agnes (who talks, with senile garrulity, of whipping), and Sir James Gloys, the chaplain, who had intercepted the letter. She is taunted with ironical severity by her mother, for her meanness in betrothing herself to a trader. Reverently, dutifully, had she fallen on her knees before her mother—Calle's letter is read to her—she is questioned as to a denial of the betrothment. She on this occasion shows the courage of her race, owns her love, calls Calle her husband, and in no way falters. The priest reads Richard Calle's letter, and a sweet, tender, religious letter it is. It is now the kind heart of the elder Margaret gets the upper hand of her pride and sternness. The letter says, "Wherefore I beseech Almighty God comfort us as soon as it pleaseth Him; for us that ought of very right to be most together, are most asunder. Meseemeth it is a thousand years ago that I spake with you ——."

Margery here bursts into a passion of tears; and her mother, almost weeping too, ejaculates, "My poor child!" How beautiful must have looked both daughter and mother—the daughter's "passion of tears," when she knows how dearly her Richard loves her, and the mother's severe taunts all melting away, and reduced, upon her speech, to that motherly "My poor child!" When the priest hears this "poor child," he "looks at the lady somewhat spitefully, and proceeds with reading the letter. "I had rather than all the good in the world I might be with you. Alas! alas! good lady, full little remember they what they do that keep us asunder. Four times in the year are they accursed that let matrimony——" Here the priest loses all patience. He throws out threats of a charge of Lollardie.* Both Margarets are alarmed. The maiden is firm as to the betrothal, and Sir James Gloys, the chaplain, asserting that it is now no longer a matter for mother and daughter to settle, says, in bitterness, "It must before the lord bishop. In the name of the Holy Church, I prohibit all intercourse, by message or letter, between Richard Calle and yourself. You must be in strict durance for a short season; and then a higher than us shall decide contract or no contract. Heaven forefend that I, or any servant of the altar, should let matrimony." This scene ends in another touch of motherly tenderness. "My child, go to your chamber," whispers the subdued mother. After this the mother goes to the bishop, and begs him not to move in the matter. The bishop persists, and, on pain of cursing, orders Margaret to bring her daughter; but she tells him plainly she will neither bring nor send her. Then the bishop would send for her himself. Margaret and Calle both appear in the bishop's court, and are examined. They both affirm the contract. The priest whispers Lollardie. The bishop breaks up his court, and would, for the present, pronounce no sentence. Margery Paston has the gate of her home shut against her. "It is night; the pride and purity of the unhappy Margery forbid her to seek the protection of her Richard. She has been watched. Exhausted and heart-broken, she gladly accepts the shelter which Roger Best offers her. That shelter becomes her prison." Are they finally married or not? I hold it abominable, Eusebius, to spoil a story by telling the end. I know you will read the book—you will find I have given but a poor summary. I have contented myself with showing how the narrative answers to the given programme. The contests of the Roses must have rendered England no merry England.

* Lollardie. The writer in the late Census, I know not on what authority, derives the word Lollard from *lolium*, a tare; signifying that which ought to be burnt. It seems a mere conceit, and very improbable. If a true derivation, lolium was properly epitheted by Virgil as the "Infelix lolium;" for unhappy, indeed, were they who, upon the name of it, were submitted to the fagot.

The houses of York and Lancaster were the Scylla and Charybdis of the country gentry. Perhaps Shakespeare thought of them when he penned, "A plague on both your houses."

I wonder not that the author of *Once upon a Time* speaks so lovingly of the Paston Letters. They take you back to strange times; but you will read them in safety yourself, Eusebius, and will pleasantly look out upon that wild world, as Cowper says, from the loopholes of your own retreat. I have been looking over this collection of Sir John Fenn, happening to have in my possession a presentation copy of the four volumes—presented to George Stevens, Esq., by the editor, May 12, 1789, with an autograph letter to the same, and pen-and-ink notes. I have some extracts to offer you, gathered here and there, which may amuse you.

P. 39.—Margaret Paston writes to her husband, by the hand, it would seem, of an amanuensis, who signs his own name thus, "By your wife, Wm. Lomner"—giving him an account of the capture and cruel putting to death of the Duke of Suffolk. He was taken by a ship belonging to Bristol—"a great ship, with four stages, and carried 150 men." The ship's name was the "Nicholas of the Tower." When the duke heard the name of the ship, he remembered a prophecy of Stacy, who said, that if he might escape the danger of the Tower, he might be safe: then his heart failed him. He was cruelly hacked with a rusty sword, and they "smote off his head with half-a-dozen strokes, and took away his gown of russet, and his doublet of velvet mailed, and laid his body on the sands of Dover; and some say his head was set on a pole by it; and his men sit on the land by great circumstance (q. by great numbers), and pray."

P. 37.—Richard, Earl of Warwick, writes, "To our right trusty and well-beloved friend Sir Thomas Todenham," begging a loan of ten or twenty pounds. The letter is supposed to have been written before the civil wars broke out. It is curious to see the form of a note of hand in those days: "And we shall send it to you again afore New-Year's day, with the grace of God, as we are a true knight." This Sir Thomas Todenham was afterwards beheaded for holding correspondence with Queen Margaret.

P. 138.—A letter to John Paston 1456, by a nobleman of some note, shows the simplicity of the times, when "learned men" could not attend on a day required. "Notwithstanding, I suppose learned men will not be easy for to get, because of this busy time of harvest."

P. 140—William Botener. To my good master, John Paston, Esquire. "And a stately vessel, only for the war, is made new at Bristol, by the mayor, called St. Myn; and the said town, with the west coasts, will do their part, and (if) they may be supported and favoured." The notes acquaint us that this mayor was probably William Canyng, who made this stately vessel. The date of the letter is supposed to be July 1457. This is *the* Canyng of Rowley's and Chatterton's poems.

P. 173, Anno 1459.—Henry Wyndsore to J. Paston. This letter has two curious items—William Worcester's attention to learning, and fondness for books and poetry; and the Archbishop of Canterbury going to hunt. William Worcester will not be let or questioned. "I made a motion to William to have known part of his business; and he answered and said, that he would be as glad and as feign of a good book of French, or of poetry, as my master Fastolf would be to purchase a fair manor; and thereby, I understand, he list not to be communed withal in such matters." "My Lord of Canterbury and my Lord Bourchier shall be this week at Hunsdon, and hunt and sport them with Sir William Oldhall." But archbishops and bishops, in those perilous times, took arms, and disdained not to march and join forces.

P. 209.—A curious letter from Robert Wenyngton to Thomas Daniel, Esquire for the king's body. "Be this letter delivered in haste." The letter is for the eye of the king, Henry VI.; year not given. It tells his majesty of the capture of "an hundred great ships of Pruse, Lubeck, Campe Rostock, Holland, Zealand, and Flanders." These he took with a small force, which the enemy contemned, and what is strange, the unmannerly

words in answer to demand to strike are not spared in the king's reading. But after surrender the thought is entertained of drowning or slaying these prisoners of war. "And therefore I am advised, and all my fellowship, to drown them and slay them, without that we have tidings from our sovereign the king, and his council; and, therefore, in the reverence of God come ye yourself, and ye shall have a great avail and worship for your coming, to see such a sight, for I dare well say that I have here at this time all the chief ships of Dutchland, Holland, Zealand, and Flanders."

P. 361, Anno 1467-8, Ed. IV.—A letter from William Paston, junior, showing that young gentlemen then learnt the accomplishment of Latin hexameter and pentameter — though the specimen given is sufficient proof that the education was not, in this instance, completed. "And as for my coming from Eton, I lack nothing but versifying, which I trust to have with a little continuance. Quare, Quomodo. Non valet hora, valet mora. Undidi—

Arbore jam videas exemplum, non die possunt
Omnia compleri, sed tñ (tamen) illa mora.

And these two verses aforesaid be of mine own making." They are not likely to find any countenance from the Musa Etoniensis. But this young gentleman of nineteen has been making matrimonial inquiries, and has thoughts of one Margaret Allborrow. "And as for her beauty, judge you that, when you see her, if so be that ye take the labour; and specially behold her hands, for and if it be, as it is told me, she is disposed to be thick."

Vol. ii., p. 20.—A letter written in 1469, 70, or 71; and shows that the mechanical arts were practised in abbeys, and for money. "I pray you speak with Harcourt of the abbey for a little clock, which I sent by James Gresham to mend, and that ye would get it of him, and (if) it be ready, and send it me; and as for money for his labour, he hath another clock of mine, which Sir Thomas Lyndes, God save his soul, gave me. He may keep that till I pay him."

P. 79. — Informs of Sir Thomas Talford going out of sanctuary. He was the son of Sir Baldwin Talford, beheaded at Bristol in 1461. He likewise ended his life on the scaffold. This Baldwin is the Baldwin of the beautiful ballad, Rowley's or Chatterton's modernised, of which hereafter I shall have something to say. Who knew if Edward IV. was at Bristol, as says the ballad?

P. 209. — That John Paston, the Cœlebs in search of a wife, and who weighed "in the scales" so many maidens, is here invited by the mother of Margery Brews, whom he *did* marry, to come courting for luck on *St. Valentine's Day*. The Lady Brews versifies a proverb:—

"For cocking, it is but a simple oak
That's cut down at the first stroke."

Vol. iii., Anno 1451.—It is curious to see in this letter of Sir John Fastolf what was the value of twenty acres of land, with a tenement on it, at that period. "Item, send me the value of Cook's tenement in Drayton with twenty acres (of) land thereto, what it is worth yearly when it stood whole, for Selling saith it was worth but one noble (6s. 8d.) by the year." Fourpence per acre yearly rent. Sir John, in this letter, also determines to attack a religious society in the courts of law —and that by the advice of his confessor.

Vol. iv., Anno 1464, Ed. IV.—Margaret Paston, having most tender thought of her husband's health, bids him beware of the physicians of London, who seem to have been in somewhat bad repute. She does not say how her uncle and his father suffered from them. "Also, for God's sake, beware what medicines ye take of any physicians of London. I shall never trust to them, because of your father and mine uncle, whose souls God assoil!"

P. 307, Anno 1468.—"Also, as for the Bible that the master hath, I wend the utmost price had not passed five marks (£3, 6s. 8d.), and so I trow he will give it, weet I pray you." A note says that this must mean a MS. copy, for at this time there was only one printed edition of the Bible, which would have sold even then for a much greater sum.

P. 445, Anno 1470.—Sir John Paston writes to complain that one was put into an office craftily to do him (the knight) an ill turn, and having served the purpose, is to be dismissed. "The day is come that he fasted for, as an holy young monk fasted more than all the convent, after that, for his holiness and fasting hoped to be abbot, which afterwards was abbot; then left he his abstinence, saying, 'the day was come that he fasted the even for.'"

The little narrative which follows that of the Pastons dates somewhat earlier, 1419,—the title, "The Discoverer of Madeira." The tale is rather of the son of the discoverer, who revisits the island which he had left as a child, removed by his father, Machin, after the death of his wife, the child's mother. The story is that the boy is captured off the coast of Morocco, —made a slave—escapes—and, when grown to manhood, as a sailor embarks on board a Portuguese vessel which reaches Madeira, where he discovers his mother's grave, and has vivid recollections of the scenes of his childhood. The captain takes thither his sick daughter, Anna Zarco —the father's name Gonzalvo, who purposes making a settlement on the island. Of course there is, as there ought to be, whether in real life or novel, or "romance of real life," a love story, which I will not interrupt by telling—it being that sort of information which the imagination can supply—nor less yours, Eusebius, old as you are. The earlier story of Robert Machin, the discoverer of Madeira, is well known. He was a bold adventurer, who won the heart of Anne Arfet, a Bristol merchant's daughter. The merchant rejected the addresses, which the daughter did not reject; the usual consequences followed. Robert Machin married her, carried her off in his ship. The vessel was wrecked, Machin and his wife saved, and reached Madeira, until then undiscovered. This tale is well known, and perhaps "written in choice Italian." At all events, it has been written in choice English. Bowles has made it into a poem, and it has been otherwise versified. Mr. Knight has taken up the thread of this little history where it was broken off, and concludes it with the loves of Machin's son and the daughter of Gonzalvo Zarco.

I have no common liking to this tale of Machin and Anne Arfet; and perhaps ought to be ashamed to say, that I may have shed a few tears over it. Ashamed, indeed! Yes, it is so: and why, Eusebius, is it that one strives, in reading an affecting story, to conceal one's emotion as if ashamed? I will not put it down as some may be inclined to do, that we dread an unsympathising company, and the mock of "strong-minded" lookers-on. I think there is a better reason: that grief, like love, is a secret luxury. Its very purity is lost in participation. It is that private sanctuary where all one loves reposes, and which, shall I say, the worshipper would enter alone.

But I have another reason for loving this tale. It has been beautifully told (by a very dear friend, now no more), partly in prose, and partly in verse, and ought to be known. It was published in May, 1845, in a little work that appeared occasionally as a supplement to *The Great Western Chronicle*, always containing literary matter — the author, Thomas Henry Sealy. Poor Sealy, I knew him well. He was a man of a very fine mind, with such bodily constitution as genius too frequently inhabits. Genius!—yes, Eusebius, you are sparing of bestowing that title, but you would have given it willingly to refined, noble-hearted, poetic Sealy. I was intimate with him those few years when you were less within reach, and you never met him. He did what a sensitive poet should not have done—entered into, and embarked his respectable fortune upon, a newspaper speculation which was ruinous. That, and perhaps his innate malady, terminated the existence of a man of true genius, in the prime of life. I have noticed in him, what I have often observed in others of a like temperament, the union of uncommon sensitiveness with wit and humour. I would not say that every man of wit is a sensitive man; but I would say that most sensitive persons, intellectually gifted, have a strong sense of the ridiculous, and are as remarkable for wit and feeling. In proof of this in Sealy, I

would contrast some of his highly pathetic poetry with a collection of Chinese stories in prose and verse, published under the title of the *Porcelain Tower*. His tale of Machin and Anne Arfet is now before me. In it is a dialogue between Anna and Machin, in which the latter endeavours to console his bride under the presentiment of death. I will copy, for your delight, a few lines, beginning with part of Machin's speech—

"And a sweet garden in my thought I've planned,
To make my love the Flora of the land.
I'll rich the soil with dead remains of trees,
And seek all comeliest flowerets of the waste,
Some that do blow in England's brakes and leas.
Foxglove I'll bring, and woodbines, and wild peas,
Like better plant for hue, or scent, or taste;
And many and strange trees, yet sheen and choice,
Shall learn their envied names from your sweet voice.

ANNA.

Full easy bin the fond conceit of bliss,
Which leasing hope depictureth amiss.
But dearer to my wish than launds and shows
Of elfin flowers the restful churchyard seems,
Where, over graves, the hoary willow grows,
And rosemary and thyme soft breath disclose
From incense-buds; and where, when evening beams
Down from its western star, the owlet dim
Answers the curfew-toll with twilight hymn.

But here in vain the sick heart seeks around;
No hoary spire 'mong clustering elms is found;
No church-yard still, no willowed grave is seen;
And when stark death (as soon) shall find this field,
And with thrift hand his little harvest glean,
No blessed ground, where village bones have been,
A cabin to our weary clay shall yield;
But vulture screams, and angry wolfish cries,
Shall chaunt through night our exile obsequies."

Poetry is the safety-valve through which that suffering escapes that eats the heart and brings death. The artistic faculty is ever accompanied with agreeable sensations, and they are the preservatives of life. Poor Sealy remarks of Petrarch, that "he, after several ineffectual efforts to weep his life out for the death of Laura, declares that he does not believe it in the nature of man to die of grief." According to Sealy, Machin did die of grief. I am a believer in the great mystery of poetry, Eusebius — in its power of nursing grief less as a pain than as a luxury, a devotion, a sanctified and ever secretly cherished affection, and that has ever life in it. Poets have not been short-lived. Poor Sealy had much to afflict him, but his constitutional tendencies brought him to his end. This preservative quality in the poetical temperament, is of a busy imagination which is ever throwing out, as jets of a brilliant fountain, sunlit thoughts and an array of brilliant imagery, to divert the mind from its one sorrow, or to convert it into a new ideal. Whereas—and I speak it, Eusebius, from large observation, having spent much time in a large commercial city, where, in the course of adventure, reverses of fortune have often occurred — I have noticed, in most of the instances of such reverses, that they have rapidly brought the sufferers to their graves. This is no new remark to embellish a narrative of fiction: the observation of many years convinces me of the fact. The rot, poverty, is in the poetically unimaginative, as distinctly as among infected flocks. Yet how often do we hear the cultivation of the poetic or the romantic in life depreciated, as if it were the cultivation of a misery; whereas, it is surely a mistake; for its very nature is to lift the mind above circumstances, to enlarge its power over itself, that it shall ever be ready to act and to endure. Sealy concludes his narrative with some proof of its truth. "Machico" (the name from Machin) is at this day the town second in importance in the island. A chapel is there pointed out as standing on the spot where the faithful lovers were interred, and the story we have just been relating is there handed traditionally down as a matter of unquestionable history.

If you knew, Eusebius, that I have only reached in this rambling commentary the 68th page of *Once upon a Time*, you would suspect that "toiling" Time (will not) run after me in vain, but overtake me before I can tell of many of his doings. "The Silent Highway" pictures London,

commencing with Richard II., who called the poet Gower on board his own vessel on the Thames, and commanded him "to make a book after his best." The highway of London was the Thames. The water-poet, John Taylor, whom Mr. Knight takes into new favour, is satirical upon the invention of coaches, whose invasion damaged the watermen's profits and importance. Taylor says, writing in 1622, that

"When Queen Elizabeth came to the crown,
A coach in England then was scarcely known."

For a long time it was thought effeminate to ride in one, and quite unfit for men; and almost in our own days, Eusebius, has it been thought an unjustifiable pride. As Mrs. Gilpin directed, the chaise should stop some doors off,

"Lest folk
Should say that they were proud."

But pride oftener wishes to show itself, and rather than not be conspicuous would set up a coach and six, and even eight.

"The proud Duke of Buckingham, seeing that coaches with two horses were used by all, and that the nobility had only the exclusive honour of four horses, set up a coach with six horses, and then 'the stout Earl of Northumberland' established one with eight horses." But is not the increase of carriages in our own time, Eusebius, quite wondrous, owing in a great degree perhaps to the improvements in road-making, and the general increase of luxurious habits? I remember hearing a person say—it was some years ago, it is true—that he remembered when there were but two carriages kept in the large city of Bristol, and one of them was a coach and four. Their shapes and fashions have as strangely changed; and perhaps some few years hence, as carriages overthrew the water empire of boats, steam carriages, as well in common roads as at present in railroads, will drive our coaches off the road. The introduction of sedans seems to have been about the year 1623. The coach and sedan were rivals, and, like other rivals, sometimes upset each other. The first sedans were, like palanquins, carried on men's shoulders. Improvements are slow, but sure; the *new* mode was adopted, and lasted two hundred years. But even sedans are not immortal. Their chief domain was, and is still, though in shrunken state, at Bath. I have heard it said, that when the first umbrella appeared in that city, the chairmen in a body waited upon the innovator, and offered, if he would put down *that thing*, to carry him for nothing.

A very pleasant little story of a few pages is made out of what is represented as a very dull one, read before the Society of Antiquaries in 1838. It is the education given to one Peter Carewe by his parents, and the education acquired by himself. In 1526 it was pretty much the case as it is now; there was but one educational cap for the gentry, which was believed to fit all heads; and if it could by no means be made to fit, the head was thought very faulty; and it being impossible either to pare away or make to bulge out that important portion of a human being, another part of the body was compelled to undergo vicarious punishment. All are not gifted even now-a-days with the secret of adapting the teaching to the head. Peter was the younger son of the Right Worshipful Sir William Carewe of Mohones, Otrey, Devon. Sir William seems to have been a somewhat stern father. No sternness could make Peter a scholar. He is sent to Exeter, and lodged with one Thomas Hunter, a draper, with injunction that he should be kept out of idle company—that is, have no companions—and if he play truant, to be flogged. He is put to a severe school, a stern master; is of course well flogged. But no stripes make him learn. He soon, however, shows that there is something in him—something of a resolute character; and perhaps his, as it was his, determination not to learn, was a part of his resoluteness. He plays truant; the draper finds him hiding behind the city wall. "Oh, varlet!" cries the furious draper, "have I caught you?" "Not yet," replies the truant. The boy climbs the wall—he looks out from the top of the highest turret. "Let me be. Keep down. If you press upon me, I will surely cast myself headlong over the

wall, and then I shall break my neck, and thou shalt be hanged, because thou makest me to leap down." The boy reasoned. There was something in him; but neither Sir William, nor his wife, nor the alderman, nor Freer, the severe master, had found out, or perhaps tried to find out, what that something was. Peter is after this taken home, dragged through the streets of Exeter, like a dog, with chain and collar; but at home no kind word is spoken. He is coupled to a hound in an outhouse. Sir William meets with an old friend serving in the French court. He offers to take Peter as his page; the offer is accepted, and Peter becomes a page. He cannot attend orderly to his duties, so he loses his fine clothes, and "sinks gradually from the hall to the stable." Here he has idle liberty, picks up some knowledge and no good language among his lower companions. "Oh, Peter, we see thy shadow as thou art roystering with thy fellow mulets." But he was doing something, and learning something. What is to become of Peter. Is he so unpromising? How he teaches himself many things—how he reads Froissart—loves courtly exercises, romance, singing, and acquires good manners—becomes a man of consequence at the court of Henry VIII., and how with a train of gayest fellows, and finely dressed, he visits Sir William and Lady Carewe, who know him not, and thought him dead,—all this Eusebius, is so pleasantly told in *Once upon a Time*, that I will not mar your pleasure by adding to this summary. Had Mr. Knight carried his scrutiny further into the family history of the Carewes, he would have met with another wild boy who took aversion as Peter did, to school learning and orderly ways. Peter, it seems, became a companion to a king, but the other Carewe became a king himself. Even so, Eusebius; was he not king of the beggars? Bamfylde Moore Carewe was his name—the first baptismal he received from his godfather. He was a shrewd, clever man, and had he lived in the days of chivalry, might have been another Peter—been a fine gentleman, played the lute, and sung to a king; but he preferred sounding the lower string of humility, the lowest—out of my respect to the beggar fraternity I will not say the basest; and so by that humility raised himself to be a king: and thus did he what few kings can—he chose his own subjects; he was not born to them, but they to him; and perhaps no monarch ever had his authority less disputed by his subjects.

You and I, Eusebius, have lived in the reign of old watchmen in great-coats and with lanthorns, and of oil-lamps in the streets, and fewest of them in the worst places, rendering darkness visible. What must the old system of lighting have been? There is a light that is highly favourable to thieves; it lights them to their work, but discovers them not. There must have been bad lighting in Homer's days, for he speaks of such θηηρι τε νοκτος αμεινω—better than night to the robber. We are not such lovers of old times as to wish to bring back the "past twelve o'clock and a cloudy night," rejoicing as we do in gas lights and a police. Yet it seems we have still robbers and thieves enough, and thugs, worse than either; but we owe these atrocious villains to the indifference of justice. It requires very great interest to get hanged. It would be as easy to obtain Her Majesty's sign-manual for a post under Government as for that ancient elevation. "During the reign of Henry VIII.," as Harrison tells us, "he hung up, of great thieves, of petty thieves, and rogues, threescore and twelve thousand." This was a wholesale mode of dispensing with a preventive police, though we doubt whether the prison and the gallows were cheaper than lighting and watching.

Henry VIII., accompanied by Brandon and Wolsey, went privately into the West Cheap of London on the night of Midsummer Eve, 1510. Thirty years afterwards he put down the "marching watch," which was rather of pageantry than security, and a substantial standing watch was established, whose business was to go about with a lanthorn and cry, "Hang out your lights." As early as 1416 "the mayor, Sir Henry Burton, ordered lanthorns and lights to be hanged out on winter evenings betwixt All-hallows and Candlemas."

This practice subsisted, with certain evasions by reason of poverty, to the time of Queen Anne. "The Statutes of the Streets," in the time of Elizabeth, were careful enough for the preservation of silence in some things. They prescribed that "no man should blow any horn in the night, or whistle after the hour of nine of the clock in the night, under pain of imprisonment;" and, what was a harder thing to keep, they also forbade a man to make any "sudden outcry in the still of the night, as making any affray or beating his wife." The beating of wives has so increased now, Eusebius, as to require an Act of Parliament of protection; but as to whistling or hooting night and day, especially by juveniles, it is surprising that noisy habit has not attracted the legislature's attention when they put down less offensive noises. In 1694, license was granted for providing the city with glass lights (convex) for twenty-one years, at the expiration of which the city relapsed into darkness. Then was a strange provision made for lighting by the citizens (though professedly to protect it from robbery and murder), from the hour of six to eleven at night. Defoe wrote a pamphlet suggesting a plan for *gloriously* illuminating the city, "that any part of London will be as safe and pleasant at midnight as at noonday, and burglary totally impracticable." Happy days of illumination ours, when *glass* lights have been succeeded by *gas* lights. The difference of one letter has done wonders.

"Evil May-Day" describes the outbreak and affray of the 'prentices in the ninth year of Henry VIII., in which also I find an interesting dialogue between the under-sheriff, "Master Thomas Moore," and that memorable worthy of good old Bristol, Sebastian Cabot, whose life was saved by his friend, but his valuable papers had been destroyed.

Next to gas and steam, but preceding them in time, the art of road-making, and postal regulations, and establishment of mail coaches, were the most satisfactory means of advancing civilisation. With regard to roads, however, it should not be lost sight of, that the country at large, and consequently civilization, is in no small degree indebted to an earlier barbarism. And here I cannot but observe, that the Providence which gifts inventors for the benefit of mankind, also sometimes withholds inventions, and puts them off for a season, that during the interval some good may be worked out, which in a more perfect state of things, might not have taken place. The old roads of England went up hill and down dale, fearful ascents and descents; but for them we should even now perhaps have had but scant communication with those very parts which require most an encouragement for cultivation, and an intercourse of humanity. It is a pleasant chapter which gives the history of our means of travel in England, on foot, on horseback, and by coaches, and finally by railroads. "Sir Robert Carey, determining to be the first to tell James that he was King of England, stole out of Richmond Palace at three oclock in the morning of Thursday, the 24th March, and reached Edinburgh on the Saturday night, the 26th, the king having gone to bed by the time he had knocked at the gate. This ride of four hundred miles in seventy hours gives one an elevated notion of the travelling accommodations of two centuries and a-half ago." "Although the post was not established by law, there were postmasters at the end of the sixteenth century on all the great lines of road, who, for a sufficient consideration, would furnish such a traveller as Sir Robert Carey with abundant horses, that he might ride till they dropped, as indeed he records one of his horses to have done." Travelling on horseback had been so long the custom, that the English riding-horses had established their fame. This was an extraordinary case of Sir Robert Carey.* In general, travelling was slow; as ex-

* This travel of Sir Robert Carey is told by himself. In the British Chronicle for 1759, Feb. 21-23, I find notices of these memoirs, including this journey to Scotland. The British Chronicle heads the notice thus: "In the memoirs of Sir Robert Carey, Earl of Monmouth, just published, there are many personal anecdotes, which, tho' they have little relation to the public, are yet very entertaining. One or two of these

ample, the same news of the queen reached not York till Sunday the 27th. The year 1784 saw the great change in travelling. It was "on the 2d of August 1784 the first mail-coach left London for Bristol; and from that evening till the general establishment of the railway system, the mail was one of the wonders and glories of our country. You and I are old enough, Eusebius, to have waited its coming in from London, as it happily not unfrequently did in our days, covered with laurels, and announcing some glorious victory. It looked itself personified victory, and its horn sounded as the trump of fame. I have by me, among curious family papers, a document of the date of about twenty years before that time, showing a state of travelling accommodation very different indeed from the present, or that of the establishment of the mail.

Here is a warrant of post-office to enable a private gentleman to go from London to Bath and back again.

The flourishing hand imitated in the printing, so unlike our unpretending business documents, is curious. I copy it verbatim :—

"GENTLEMEN,—You are required on sight hereof to furnish the bearer, Edwd. Perkins, Esq., with a Post-Chaise, sufficient Horses, and a Guide from hence to Bath, and so back againe, Hee paying the Lawful Rates; and for so doing, this shall be your warrant. Dated at the Genll. Letter-Office in London, the thirteenth day of Jany. 1745.

GEO. SHELVOCKE, C.L.S.

To all Deputy Post-Masters and others, whom it may concern."

A guide to Bath necessary a hundred and ten years ago! Is not that curious? Why a guide? I thought at first it must have meant a guard, being the year of the Rebellion of '45; but that did not take place till much later in the year. I have rather a romantic story to tell you, Eusebius ("a romance in real life," as it is called in the newspaper phrase), respecting this gentleman, an ancestor of mine, who travelled, a hundred and ten years ago, from Bath to London in a chaise, and with a guide. He was what was called a gay man of the world—lived much in Paris—and I have letters of his somewhere, written to his wife in the country in England, giving curious accounts of his adventures, and complaining that the French princes did not pay their gambling debts. He was killed by being thrown out of his landaulet, at his country seat, and dragged. His face alone, which was very handsome, escaped damage. The romantic incident is this, which I have heard my father tell: A lady in a handsome equipage and outriders called at his house, and begged his portrait. She only wanted the head, which was accordingly cut out of the canvass and presented to her. It is equally curious that my father, who was too delicate to make impertinent inquiries, never knew her name, rank, or condition; but many years afterwards the portrait was returned without notice from whom, or letter, with a printed extract from the advertisements of the time, detailing the accident and death. I have his portrait in my possession, and he certainly was very handsome.

Before the improvements in the post-office brought about by Mr. Palmer, "the London post of Monday night did not reach Worcester, Birmingham, or Norwich till Wednesday morning, and Exeter on Thursday morning." And now days are to be read hours! Besides, boys on horseback then carried the letter-bags, and

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we shall select as truly characteristic. He had for some time been employed as Deputy Warden of one of the Northern Marches, a place, in Queen Elizabeth's reign, of great consequence, to keep the borderers from plundering each other; and in this his retreat from Court, he married a widow of small fortune, by which he disobliged the Queen and many of his friends. It happened, however, that he had a lawsuit in hand, which was to be decided at St. Alban's by reason that a great plague raged that year at London, which had forced the Queen to Windsor, and the Courts of Law to other convenient towns."—The account in the memoirs of his appearing before the Queen, and her behaviour, is amusing and characteristic. *Query.*—Was this Carey son or relative of the above-mentioned Peter Carew? Those were not days of orthography.

robberies were of course frequent. "The highwayman was the great travelling hero of that day." I myself, Eusebius, remember travelling post to London in the early morning, with a fearful suspicion of and look-out for a highwayman over the heath.

I must take you a little back in time; we are travelling too fast, Eusebius. Here is our friend Mr. Knight calling us back to Shrewsbury, and an interview with the accomplished Sir Philip Sidney, and his friend Fulke Greville. But as we are supposed to be in Shrewsbury, I must a moment refer again to improvement in travelling, by telling you that I won't say in what year travelling towards Shrewsbury was so bad, that a coach, as the coachman himself informed me, used to upset once a fortnight, I daresay oftener. On one of these occasions I happened to be an unfortunate traveller; the coach went topsy-turvy, and I was not very severely damaged. I can see now the coachman looking down upon us through the window, to which he had climbed, saying "Lack-a-day! Well, well, this is lucky—it is nothing to last week; I then upset six beauties." And notwithstanding this disaster, I was amused with a dramatic incident. The coach had overtaken two strolling actors, who made a hard bargain to be taken on to Shrewsbury. Little enough they paid; but when the coach was upset, these actors were thrown off the coach, and I saw one astride a stake in the hedge—and there he sat, and waved his hand with a theatrical air to his companion, who was lying on the road, and spouting as if he were a Richard the Third, "Run to the inn we have not long since passed, and order out a chaise to Shrewsbury *at the expense of the coach.*" You perceive, Eusebius, I have taken you from good company to bad, from Sir Philip Sidney and Fulke Greville (afterwards Lord Brooke) to those unconscionable vagrants. But even here, Eusebius, the players must come in again. For in this very dialogue, Greville says,—"Bravo! Philip, you should join a fellowship of players." For the youthful Sidney had been as critical as a modern reviewer upon the language of play-wrights of that period. It is a speech of Richard's at Bosworth Field. How unlike the curt speech of Shakespeare's Richard! But Shakespeare, at the time of this dialogue, at the breaking-up of the Shrewsbury school for holidays in 1569, was but five years of age. Then was in the bud that genius which was to realise the critic schoolboy's views of dramatic excellence, if indeed he went in his estimate of the dramatic art beyond the disgust which had overcome him, having just witnessed the acting of the mayor of Shrewsbury's play. Theirs is a classic dialogue; but I refer you to it. And you will do well, Eusebius, to read before or after it the charming imaginary conversation between these same personages, which you will find in the first volume of Walter Savage Landor. There is coin of a true metal, and the Muses have put their stamp upon it. There is vigorous, racy, pure-worded English prose, and poetry that steals into the heart by its grace and elegance, wins it by its tenderness, or raises it by noble thought. But I know your admiration, shall I say veneration, for the strong man. But the subject now is Sir Philip Sidney. I have his *Arcadia* now before me, dedicated to his illustrious sister, the Countess of Pembroke. Here it is, the old edition 1633. The back of the page, on which is the frontispiece, the family arms, has, in an old handwriting, probably of the date of the publication, beautifully written, but obscure to one not acquainted with old writing, six Latin lines, hexameter and pentameter. Under, they are rewritten in a bolder hand by Samuel Hall, whoever he may be. The lines show that Sir Philip Sidney had, like Virgil, bequeathed his Arcadia to the flames. They are—

"Ipse tuam moriens sed conjuge teste jubebas
Arcadiam sævis ignibus esse cibum.
Si merult mortem quia flammam accendit amoris,
Mergi non uri debuit iste liber.
In librum quæcunque cadat sententia, nullâ
Debuit ingenium morte perire tuum."

As I am not aware that these lines are at all known, I have thought it worth while to attempt a translation.

"Witness your spouse, you dying did bequeath
Your own Arcadia to consuming fire.
Better to quench by drowning, if it death
Deserve, for its inflaming love's desire.
Whate'er the sentence on your book, the wreath
That crowns your genius never will expire."

That *genius* of Sir Philip Sidney caught the infection of the "*Concetti*" of the Italian poets, which, even in the musical Italian, and that as uttered by their most favoured authors, you have criticised as elaborated trifles.

I cull from the Sonnets the following. It is graceful, courtly, and such as might well become a true man and a loving man to write. It is very pleasant, Eusebius, to see something of the feminine growing out of the very dignity of manhood—pleasant to look back upon the world as it was nearly three centuries ago, and see knightly men who could be heroes when occasion demanded action, loving to lie under green trees, play with thought in verse, and quietly let the sunshine steal over their hearts, while it gilded the leafage that bowed over them, and illumined the hands that writ such lines as these—renouncing fame, and making it their own :—

"Stella, thinke not that I by verse seeke fame,
Who seeke, who hope, who love, who live but thee;
Thine eyes my pride, thy lips mine historie!
If thou praise not, all other praise is shame.

Nor so ambitious am I as to frame
A nest for my young praise in Laurell tree;
In truth, I sweare I wish not there should bee
Grav'd in mine epitaph a poet's name.

Ne, if I would, I could just title make,
That any laud to me thereof should grow,
Without my plumes from other wings I take:

For nothing from my wit or will doth flow,
Since all my words thy beautie doth endite,
And love doth hold my hand, and makes me write."

He would not, you perceive, Eusebius, have engraved a poet's name on his epitaph; but he has a noble epitaph enclosed in another's—in that of Lord Brooke, this Fulke Greville, with whom you will hear him converse in *Once upon a Time*. The epitaph, written by himself, Fulke Greville, that what was last and worthiest of his fame was, that he was the friend of Sir Philip Sidney. I gather this from a note of Mr. Landors', which I quote, not only for the fact, but the graceful truth of the comment. "Lord Brooke is less known than the personage with whom he converses, and upon whose friendship he had the virtue and good sense to found his chief distinction. On his monument at Warwick, written by himself, we read that he was servant to Queen Elizabeth, counsellor of King James, and friend of Sir Philip Sidney." No other man would have written "*the virtue*;" there is an after-epitaph in that word of W. S. L., and it is large.

It is quite a fit place, for you are imagination-led, Eusebius, among ancient monumental glories, for the reading the lines of another epitaph, and written by a true poet—Ben Jonson,—that upon the Countess-dowager of Pembroke, for whom Sir Philip Sidney wrote his *Arcadia*. Fulke Greville's thought seems to be embodied in it.

"Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death, ere thou hast slain another,
Fair, and wise, and good, as she,
Time shall throw his dart at thee."

O the venerable dust of hoar antiquity! ever touching, with its grey dayless light, the carved wood and sculptured stone, under the o'er-arching roof of Death's sanctuary; as if with a purpose and willing charity that even these old memorials should have their grey of age. How solemnly, in the silence, and how tenderly covereth it and softeneth it the outward histories of the dead; likest itself to that dust underneath, which, colourless, unsubstantial, purified, the escaped spirits may, to our thought, in the holy twilight, come in their love to visit, and not grieve! And why should any of us grieve, Eusebius, meditating upon these old gone-by things, gone-by people? seeing that the same spirit of love and gentleness which was in them, is yet, as is the same sunshine of our skies, in the human hearts of to-day, and thus that the world is still young—young here, and young elsewhere,—believing, as we do, that the dead of whom we read

are even now alive as we ourselves; and, perhaps, if we knew all, we should rather have cause to envy them than they us; and so the poverty of our state is kindly made riches in our eyes. It ever was our habit to draw a cheerful healthy moral from things of serious aspect. I believe that these thoughts will fall in with your humour, find ready acceptance in your mind, as food and nourishment of the eternal humanities. And now, Eusebius, it is time I should bring my remarks to a close. I mean to pursue the subject, *Once upon a Time*, in other letters, with reference, and perhaps in parts without reference, to Mr. Knight's charming volumes. You may ask why I take up *Once upon a Time* for my comments, being, as you know, no antiquarian. Simply because I took up the book, quite by accident, and was so delighted with it that I determined to give some account of it. Nor have I done this out of any friendship with the author, with whom I am totally unacquainted, as I am with some other of his works, which on inquiry I find he has written. But I have also had a pleasure in seeing the past generations appear upon an imaginary stage, and act their parts over again.

The living and the dead crowd the world of literature alike. In that they both speak. Unnoticeable are all men, perish all, as Horace says, without the Vates, the poet, the historian, or the biographer. The dead and the living are alike buried and undiscernible of themselves. They are but moles, invisible till the sun of literature shines upon them; then with what activity in all their comings and goings do they show themselves! I will follow the example of Judge Blackstone, and take my leave in verse. I have put the moral of this universal life into a sonnet; accept it as the Finis.

SONNET.

The earth bears fruit in life, and fruit in death;
  A living world, a vast necropolis,
  Old fabled grounds of Jupiter and Dis.
Humanity the root, which buddeth breath,
Whose beauty in purer spirit vanisheth,
  And passeth in that change to higher bliss.
  The ripe tree drops its seed, which death's abyss
Taketh, and for new spring-time nourisheth.

There is a common citizenship between
  The dead and living. What they had we have
In this our hand-built city; in that unseen,
  Not made with hands, still live the good and brave.
There is no death; we do but shift the scene,
  To take up our new freedom in the grave.

VIVE VALEQUE.

NOTES ON CANADA AND THE NORTH-WEST STATES OF AMERICA.

PART III.

LAKE SUPERIOR.

ONE of the most certain indications that a country is in an early stage of development, is to be found in the importance which attaches in the eyes of the inhabitants to those localities in which a few of them have congregated together, and which, containing a population that would be deemed unworthy of notice elsewhere, here form the nuclei of future towns, and furnish, to a greater or less extent, supplies for present wants. The traveller, whose wanderings have hitherto been confined to more civilised regions, will not improbably experience a feeling of disappointment, when, after an arduous journey, he reaches at last the goal upon which all his hopes have been set for many weeks past — which has formed the staple topic of conversation — and which he has invested with charms, whose absence have only served to render his imagination more particularly susceptible to their merits; for it is certain that, if hope deferred makes the heart sick, it also has a strong tendency to enhance the value of the thing hoped for. It requires a heart not easily turned, to travel in the remoter provinces of America; and an imagination not prone to indulge too freely in the pleasures of anticipation. For some weeks past

my destination had been the Sault Ste. Marie. When I left Quebec I determined to visit this dim "Ultima Thule." For the last few days we had been passengers on board a steamer full of people, all bound for the Sault Ste. Marie; and, as is always the case under such circumstances, everybody was discussing the probable hour of arrival at the desired haven. Those who had never been there were speculating upon its appearance, and those who had were describing it to them. In some form or other the Sault Ste. Marie was always on the tapis; and when I first saw it looking bright and gay as we steamed by it one glorious day in August last, I thought that for once I was not to be doomed to disappointment. Landing, however, at a little rickety wooden pier, passing between two high wooden houses, the whole extent of the city suddenly burst upon my view, composed, as it is, of a single street. If it was painful that the delusion in which I had indulged should be thus rudely dispelled, it was at least consolatory to know that there was no chance of losing one's way. A hotel stared us in the face, and, transporting thither our effects, I was soon comfortably installed with my companion B. in a little double-bedded room, and entered upon a course of ablutions involving a consumption of water to an extent that rather astonished the household; then, making a judicious selection from our scanty wardrobe of those articles which were most likely to create an impression, we sallied forth and joined a group of very tall Americans, who were chewing, smoking, and tilting themselves in their chairs upon the verandah, and to whom we immediately became objects of great interest. The costumes and manners of these gentlemen were not at all in accordance with the rough and uncouth aspect of the town in which they seemed to have taken up their abode. They might have been lounging at the Bar of the St. Nicholas in Broadway instead of the Chippeway House at the Sault Ste. Marie. Some of them wore evening coats and patent-leather boots; others were dressed in velveteen shooting-coats, with their trousers tucked inside neat Wellington boots, after the manner of American sportsmen. There was not a particle of backwoodishness about them. When we approached, one gentleman, in a black velvet shooting-coat, with a gun, was descanting to another gentleman in a black velvet shooting-coat, with a fishing-rod, upon his success in wood-pigeon shooting; while the latter produced a basket containing three very small trout as the result of his day's sport. Their companions were making approving comments, and we were delighted to join such a sociable-looking party, where it was so little to be expected. Our appearance diverted the current of conversation. "Strangers, gentlemen, I guess—and Britishers at that," said the individual with the gun, politely spitting away from us over his friend's shoulder. "Shall be delighted to render you any service in my power during your stay in this city." We thanked him for his kindness, and asked him what there was to be done here? "Well, there's considerable pigeons, if you've a mind to go gunning; and there *air* days when you may catch trout in the river, out of a bark canoe: it's quite a pleasurable locality is the Sou (Sault) —that's a fact." Indeed we found it full of Americans from all parts of the Northern States, who make summer excursions to Lake Superior, and who patronise the Sault largely as a sort of watering-place, with the advantage of sport in the shape of pigeons and trout in the neighbourhood. As, however, our new friend was only a visitor himself, he offered to introduce us to a resident as being more likely to be of service to us; and having told him our names in reply to his interrogatory, he turned sharply round to a friend, who, with the assistance of his foot placed against the wall, was dexterously poising himself upon one leg of his chair, and gracefully pointing towards him said, "Allow me to make you acquainted with Mr. ——, accounted the *po*-litest man at the Sou." The gentleman thus designated, stretched out his hand without ever losing his balance, and was in the act, I have no doubt, of giving us a cordial welcome, when the words which were upon his lips were suddenly checked by the contents of his

mouth appearing at the same place; a catastrophe which upset his equilibrium, and seriously imperilled his neck. Meanwhile, if the group on the verandah of the Chippeway House was eminently characteristic, the view from the same spot was no less so. Most of the houses were wooden, with their gables to the street. There was a large dry-goods store nearly opposite, then a newspaper-office, then the metropolitan saloon, next to that Hopkins' saloon, then a bowling saloon, and the Paris store; in fact, to judge from the great number of houses of entertainment in proportion to those of any other character, the town seemed to be nothing more or less than a large tavern with a shop at the back.

The shops were all stores, and you could get almost anything, from a bag of potatoes to a yard of lace, at any one of them. As we made a good many purchases here in anticipation of our western journey, we had plenty of experience of them before we left. The bowling saloons we used also to frequent, but not till after dinner; and the sudden rush which our companions are making into the hotel reminds us that, if we wish to get the advantage of that meal, we have not a moment to lose. As it is, all the centre tables are taken—the ladies, and the gentlemen with ladies, having the privilege of private entry before the bell rings. By a little jobbing and back-stairs influence with mine host, it is quite possible for a single man to be allowed this privilege. However, we were novices as yet in the art of dining in the backwoods, and with some difficulty secured seats at a table which was perfectly destitute of food; nor did it seem likely that we should get any, for everybody else was too busily engaged even to talk, while any attempt at conversation would have been drowned in the clatter of knives and forks. The whole population of the Sault only amounts to about 1200, and at least 150 of them were dining that day at the Chippeway House; and to judge from the scarcity of the food and its want of variety, the resources of the town were being drained to an extent which was likely soon to exhaust them altogether. It was with the greatest difficulty that we made a meal; but we were reconciled to its scantiness when we remembered that it had been swallowed with a rapidity which might have rendered any increase in quantity productive of serious results.

A popular author in his tour through the States has recently recorded it as his experience, that the Americans are somewhat maligned in the reputation they have acquired for the despatch of their meals; but he had only to visit the Western Provinces to become undeceived on this point. In the more highly civilised cities of the East, the public dinner is of just the proper duration, and a vast improvement upon the interminable *table d'hôte* of the continent of Europe; while the banquets at private houses often even exceed in length these latter repasts. But the ceremony of dining upon the outskirts of civilisation is a very different affair; and upon one occasion at St. Paul's, the capital of the Minnesota territory, I found it so difficult to keep pace with my neighbours that I determined to time them; and recorded, as the result of my observations, that, from the moment when the first rush into the dining-room took place, to the moment the first man left it, was exactly seven minutes and a half. In ten minutes I remained the solitary spectator of a melancholy array of empty dishes, the contents of which had been sufficient, in that short period, to satisfy nearly a hundred voracious denizens of the Far West.

We were obliged to remain a few days at the Sault until the arrival of the steamer "Sam Ward" from a tour of the lake, as we intended to proceed in her to Fond du Lac, the extreme western point of Lake Superior. Although so small a place, there was too much novelty about the Sault to admit of anything like ennui. Moreover, we were indebted to Captain C——, commanding the detachment of the U. S. army stationed at Fort Brady, for attentions which helped us to pass our time pleasantly. The fort overlooks the river. It is composed of a neat white stockade, in the form of a square, round three sides of which are built the barracks and officers' quarters. The town is situated immediately

my destination had been the Sault Ste. Marie. When I left Quebec I determined to visit this dim "Ultima Thule." For the last few days we had been passengers on board a steamer full of people, all bound for the Sault Ste. Marie; and, as is always the case under such circumstances, everybody was discussing the probable hour of arrival at the desired haven. Those who had never been there were speculating upon its appearance, and those who had were describing it to them. In some form or other the Sault Ste. Marie was always on the tapis; and when I first saw it looking bright and gay as we steamed by it one glorious day in August last, I thought that for once I was not to be doomed to disappointment. Landing, however, at a little rickety wooden pier, passing between two high wooden houses, the whole extent of the city suddenly burst upon my view, composed, as it is, of a single street. If it was painful that the delusion in which I had indulged should be thus rudely dispelled, it was at least consolatory to know that there was no chance of losing one's way. A hotel stared us in the face, and, transporting thither our effects, I was soon comfortably installed with my companion B. in a little double-bedded room, and entered upon a course of ablutions involving a consumption of water to an extent that rather astonished the household; then, making a judicious selection from our scanty wardrobe of those articles which were most likely to create an impression, we sallied forth and joined a group of very tall Americans, who were chewing, smoking, and tilting themselves in their chairs upon the verandah, and to whom we immediately became objects of great interest. The costumes and manners of these gentlemen were not at all in accordance with the rough and uncouth aspect of the town in which they seemed to have taken up their abode. They might have been lounging at the Bar of the St. Nicholas in Broadway instead of the Chippeway House at the Sault Ste. Marie. Some of them wore evening coats and patent-leather boots; others were dressed in velveteen shooting-coats, with their trousers tucked inside neat Wellington boots, after the manner of American sportsmen. There was not a particle of backwoodishness about them. When we approached, one gentleman, in a black velvet shooting-coat, with a gun, was descanting to another gentleman in a black velvet shooting-coat, with a fishing-rod, upon his success in wood-pigeon shooting; while the latter produced a basket containing three very small trout as the result of his day's sport. Their companions were making approving comments, and we were delighted to join such a sociable-looking party, where it was so little to be expected. Our appearance diverted the current of conversation. "Strangers, gentlemen, I guess—and Britishers at that," said the individual with the gun, politely spitting away from us over his friend's shoulder. "Shall be delighted to render you any service in my power during your stay in this city." We thanked him for his kindness, and asked him what there was to be done here? "Well, there's considerable pigeons, if you've a mind to go gunning; and there *air* days when you may catch trout in the river, out of a bark canoe: it's quite a pleasurable locality is the Sou (Sault) —that's a fact." Indeed we found it full of Americans from all parts of the Northern States, who make summer excursions to Lake Superior, and who patronise the Sault largely as a sort of watering-place, with the advantage of sport in the shape of pigeons and trout in the neighbourhood. As, however, our new friend was only a visitor himself, he offered to introduce us to a resident as being more likely to be of service to us; and having told him our names in reply to his interrogatory, he turned sharply round to a friend, who, with the assistance of his foot placed against the wall, was dexterously poising himself upon one leg of his chair, and gracefully pointing towards him said, "Allow me to make you acquainted with Mr. ——, accounted the *po*-litest man at the Sou." The gentleman thus designated, stretched out his hand without ever losing his balance, and was in the act, I have no doubt, of giving us a cordial welcome, when the words which were upon his lips were suddenly checked by the contents of his

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The shops were all stores, and you could get almost anything, from a bag of potatoes to a yard of lace, at any one of them. As we made a good many purchases here in anticipation of our western journey, we had plenty of experience of them before we left. The bowling saloons we used also to frequent, but not till after dinner; and the sudden rush which our companions are making into the hotel reminds us that, if we wish to get the advantage of that meal, we have not a moment to lose. As it is, all the centre tables are taken—the ladies, and the gentlemen with ladies, having the privilege of private entry before the bell rings. By a little jobbing and back-stairs influence with mine host, it is quite possible for a single man to be allowed this privilege. However, we were novices as yet in the art of dining in the backwoods, and with some difficulty secured seats at a table which was perfectly destitute of food; nor did it seem likely that we should get any, for everybody else was too busily engaged even to talk, while any attempt at conversation would have been drowned in the clatter of knives and forks. The whole population of the Sault only amounts to about 1200, and at least 150 of them were dining that day at the Chippeway House; and to judge from the scarcity of the food and its want of variety, the resources of the town were being drained to an extent which was likely soon to exhaust them altogether. It was with the greatest difficulty that we made a meal; but we were reconciled to its scantiness when we remembered that it had been swallowed with a rapidity which might have rendered any increase in quantity productive of serious results.

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enterprise which characterised his labours. In the course of these noble endeavours to enlighten barbarous nations, he was enabled to achieve geographical discoveries fraught with results of the highest importance to civilisation. The first to reach the Mississippi from the north-east, he continued his explorations until he was satisfied that it was identical with the river already visited by the first Spanish adventurers from the Gulf of Mexico. His early labours were amongst the remnant of the Hurons, who, persecuted by the Iroquois, and other neighbouring Indian tribes, left the shores of Georgian Bay, which they had originally occupied, and found a refuge at La Pointe, a settlement on the southern coast of Lake Superior, near its western extremity. At this the most distant point of missionary exploration, he planted the cross in the year 1669; and meeting here, for the first time, the Sioux and Illinois, he prepared himself, by studying their language and customs, for that journey through their territory which he afterwards accomplished with so much success. Renewed persecution soon after drove the Hurons to Mackinaw, upon the northern shore of Lake Michigan; and, following his little flock to this spot, Father Marquette chose it as the starting-point for his expedition. Accompanied by only one other Frenchman, the Sieur Jolliet, he left Mackinaw, with two canoes, in the spring of 1673, and ascended the Fox River for 175 miles, until they reached the portage to the Wisconsin. Thence they sailed down the latter river for an equal distance, until, to their inexpressible joy, they found themselves carried down the rapid current of the mighty stream, the existence of which had so long been doubtful. Father Marquette's journal of his voyage is full of interest. An enthusiastic adorer of the Virgin Immaculate, he at once named his discovery, after the object of his devotion, the "Conception," and subsequently founded a mission on its banks. It is in the very first page of his journal that he announces his intention of doing so in the following terms:—"Above all, I put our voyage under the protection of the Blessed Virgin Immaculate, promising her that, if she did us the grace to discover the great river, I would give it the name of Conception; and that I would also give that name to the first mission which I should establish among these new nations, as I have actually done among the Illinois." Elsewhere is recorded the form of the daily devotions of the little band. After the creed they said one, "Hail, Father!" and "hail, Mary!"—then four times these words, "Hail, daughter of God the Father! Hail, mother of God the Son! Hail, spouse of the Holy Ghost! Hail, temple of the Holy Trinity! By thy holy virginity and immaculate conception, O most pure Virgin, cleanse my flesh and my heart, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost;" and, last of all, "Glory be to the Father!"—the whole being thrice repeated. At this particular epoch, it is not without its significance that this form of prayer should have been in the mouth of a missionary exploring an unknown American river nearly two hundred years ago. It is singular, however, that, upon descending this river for upwards of a thousand miles, Marquette should have reached that portion of it which had been first visited by De Soto, and named the "Espiritu Santo." After remaining some time at the mouth of the Arkansas, these voyageurs (in the true sense of the word) retraced their steps, and Marquette found a grave at the mouth of an obscure river on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan. The event is thus recorded by his pious chronicler:—"So tender a devotion to the Mother of God deserved some singular grace; and she accordingly granted him the favour he had always asked—to die on a Saturday; and his two companions had no doubt that she appeared to him at the hour of his death, when, after pronouncing the names of Jesus and Mary, he suddenly raised his eyes above the crucifix, fixing them on an object which he regarded with such pleasure, and a joy that lit up his countenance; and they from that moment believed that he had surrendered his soul into the hands of his good Mother."

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Upon leaving Marquette, we rounded a singular promontory called Kee-

wenaw Point, which projects nearly half-way across Lake Superior. Indeed, in coasting along the southern shore of the lake, one cannot but be struck with the singular shape of that State of which it is the northern boundary. Michigan is composed of two peninsulas: one runs in a due north and south direction, between Lakes Huron and Michigan; the other due east and west, between Lakes Michigan and Superior; and that portion of this latter peninsula which is the richest in mineral resources is Keewenaw Point. The extreme length of the deposit is 135 miles, and it has a width varying from one to six miles. It lies chiefly in a primitive formation. A well-wooded range intersects the whole length of the promontory, while the Porcupine Mountains form the dividing ridge between Lakes Superior and Michigan. The peaks towards the western boundary have been estimated at from 1800 to 2000 feet in height. The scenery is wild, but not attractive. Dense pine forests clothe the hills, while occasional plains of sand give a desolate aspect to the country. There is, nevertheless, good water-power, and the numerous large streams which flow upon either side of the dividing range will facilitate the transport of lumber, and enhance the value of this portion of the State. The extent of its lake coast has been estimated at from seven to eight hundred miles, so that five-sevenths of the entire peninsula may be reached by water. There is good grazing in parts, and potatoes and garden vegetables flourish; but for corn, both country and climate are uncongenial. Nevertheless, the timber and mineral resources of the northern part of the State are very great, and have attracted to its shores a rapidly increasing population, which already amounts to about 12,000 inhabitants. The northern peninsula was given to the State in compensation for Toledo, a district upon its southern frontier, which now forms part of Ohio. Michigan, with the remainder of the original north-west territory, was held by France until 1763, and then by England until ceded to the United States in 1783. It was not, however, taken possession of for some years after, and only constituted a territory in 1805. In 1837 it was admitted as a State into the Union. After much vehement controversy, the capital has quite recently been fixed at Lansing, an uninhabited spot in the centre of the country, approached only by a miserable corduroy road. The rival claims of the principal towns already existing in the State were so difficult to satisfy, that the most ineligible site in the province was chosen, it being deemed more desirable that the entire State should suffer from its inconvenient position, rather than that its general prosperity should be advanced at the expense of certain particular interests.

The sun was setting as, rounding Keewenaw Point, we steamed into Copper Harbour,—a pretty little village at the head of a land-locked bay, where the neat white houses contrasted strongly with the sombre pine-woods that overshadowed them. We only remained here long enough to enable some miners to land, and then, with the rising moon, pursued our voyage to Eagle River,—a more important place, where a few lights were still twinkling, though it was past midnight. Within two miles of the town are the Cliff copper mines, said to be the most productive of the entire region. They are 600 feet deep, and, at the period of our visit, a block of solid copper, 160 tons weight, was being cut through in the mine with the cold chisel, at an expense of nine dollars a foot. The enormous size of the mass renders a far heavier expenditure necessary than when the copper is found in smaller quantities. It is conveyed to market at a cost of about two and a half cents a pound, and its value there is thirty-five cents. But it is hardly fair, upon a public not directly interested in these mines, to expatiate more fully upon their relative merits, though among our numerous "prospecting" passengers little else was talked of but shares, copper, dollars, and cents. One little colonel in particular was always full of minute statistical information, which he used to deliver himself of with great volubility at all times, and was positively eloquent

if he found anything to whittle. I never saw the art of whittling carried to a higher pitch of perfection than by him at Ontonagon, the next port at which we touched. We were to embark lumber here for Fond du Lac, and I was sitting talking to my whittling friend, when we made fast to the pier opposite a stack of timber. He proposed going ashore, with a view of "liquoring up" at the bar of the *Ho*-tel; but no sooner had we crossed the landing-plank than he drew from his pocket an enormous clasp-knife, with the aspect of which I was already familiar, and making straight for the lumber, sat himself astride upon a projecting beam, and, with the greatest gravity and earnestness, sliced off a large splinter, from which he immediately commenced paring long thin shavings. He at once became so absorbed in his occupation as to relinquish his intention of "taking a drink;" and I was afraid that he had got such an interesting whittle that it would stop further conversation. However, by way of experiment, I remarked, "This Minnesota Mining Company is a losing concern, I fancy?"

"No, siree! and any gentleman that told you so lied, and he knew it. Why, I'm in it, and I guess I'm used to sleep with one eye skinned. It ain't above fifteen mile from here; you'd better stop over this boat and satisfy yourself. We've a capital of a million and a half of dollars; original shares twenty-two dollars; they're at one hundred and eighty now. There was 800 tons of copper exported last year; there will be 1200 exported next. We bought three square miles of land down here from Government at two dollars and a half the acre, and sell it in lots 200 feet by 25 at two hundred dollars a-lot now, and cheap at that; and if you've a mind to buy a couple of lots and prospect a bit, say half-a-dozen shares, there's nobody knows better than myself how to help a stranger," &c. &c.; and so on, without drawing breath or making a stop until he had reduced the splinter to the size of a toothpick, when his statistics, his breath, and his wood having all come to an end together, he turned sharp round and made another lounge at a plank. There are a great many different ways of whittling; some, like my friend the colonel, cut slashingly away from them, others cut carefully up towards them; a few cut slices across, cucumber fashion. I know a man who devotes himself principally to notches; but this is very rare, if not altogether exceptional. The timber, by the way, which the colonel was so recklessly destroying with his clasp-knife, was destined for Fond du Lac, and belonged to him. His skinned eye had enabled him to perceive the advisability of sending a supply of planks to a town in the earliest stage of its formation, and where no mills had yet been erected. Meantime, having congratulated him upon the prospect of a good spec, my friend and I strolled into the town, whither the greater part of the passengers had already repaired, and were now to be found congregated round the bar of the hotel,—a most capacious structure, not quite completed, but it looked worthy of a great nation, as it towered above the log shanties which surrounded it. It was certainly more comfortable, and upon a grander scale, than the Adelphi at Liverpool. Ontonagon contains about a thousand inhabitants; it is a rapidly increasing place, situated upon a river navigable for a short distance into the interior. A good plank-road leads to the mines. We contented ourselves with exploring the place. It was a perfect specimen of a backwood town in an embryo state. Stumps still stood in the principal streets, and the old forest still seemed to dispute the soil with the settlers. There had been no time to cut down trees or underwood which did not positively impede communication. Occasionally a living tree formed the upright at the corner of a house, while its companions had been felled and piled upon one another for the walls. Sometimes a house was built upon half-a-dozen stumps five or six feet above the ground. The object of the builder seemed not to be permanency, but shelter at any price; and to obtain it, he availed himself of every natural assistance. Then, almost before he had a roof over his head, he entered upon a miscellaneous business. There are Yankee notions of every descrip-

tion in the front window, and a bowling alley at the back. He carries on his profession as a lawyer in his bedroom, sells cutlery and dry goods across his counter, and occupies his leisure moments with medicine. There is a bar connected with the alley, where he dispenses slings, juleps, and cobblers, behind which there are stores of all sorts,—pork, flour, tobacco, &c. Upon the other side of the street he is erecting a solid mansion with the proceeds of his present lucrative business, and, having landed only two months ago from the "Sam Ward" without a "darned cent" in his pocket, is already deeply involved in mining transactions, and expects to make and lose five fortunes in the course of as many years, when his present location will have become too crowded, and he'll "clar out," to go through a similar experience elsewhere. Such is the mode of life of many of these pioneers of civilisation, the secret of whose success consists in buying property upon the outskirts of the inhabited world, when it is to be had for a mere trifle, preparing themselves betimes for the inevitable influx of emigrants, to whom they sell the necessaries of life at enormous profits, and whose wants are supplied at almost fabulous prices, until they become so numerous that the multiplicity of speculators reduces the cost of living to its proper amount, and drives the original settlers farther west. Thus they learn to live on the exigencies of others. When Government is glad to sell land cheap, they buy it; when new-comers are glad to buy it dear, they sell it. They are a race remorseless in their bargains, generous in their hospitality, always "doing," never "to be done,"—who consider that their foresight in choosing locations, and the hardships they undergo in appropriating them, entitle them to impose upon a less enterprising class their own terms, to which the latter are compelled to submit; and if, in the course of such traffic, their moral perceptions, perhaps never very keen, become somewhat blunted, civilisation at least owes these hardy explorers no inconsiderable debt of gratitude for the important services they render in preparing the way for its benign influence.

We received a large addition to our forces at Ontonagon; and, considering how long we have been on board, and the number of passengers there were, I am hardly to be excused for not having before this given the reader some account of our mode of life on board the "Sam." I am afraid it was a dissipated, careless sort of existence—one to which the words of the old French song might very fairly be applied, "Le vin, le jeu, les belles, voilà nos seuls plaisirs." As for the first, it was in the captain's cabin. He was the most hospitable and jovial of inland navigators; and as a mark of particular favour, we occupied the state room (as it is called) adjoining his. They both opened on a sort of balcony, and here at all hours was collected a noisy group, taking what they called "nips," smoking mahogany-tinted meerschaums or fragrant havannahs, with a standard rule that each member of the party should furnish a story, a song, or a bottle of wine. The merit of these stories consisted not so much in their point as in the racy manner in which they were told, and the peculiar idioms with which they abounded. Fashionable men from the east described trotting matches, and how they had won bets by means of 2.40* mares, and a little of what we should call sharp practice. The captain excited the company with narratives of races between high-pressure steamboats and ultimate "bustings-up." Far-west men told of artful speculations, or wild adventure; while miscellaneous contributors recounted "'cute" proceedings of various sorts, as escapes from creditors, clever impositions, practical jokes, &c.—each receiving a meed of praise proportionate to the utter absence of principle which his story displayed. The songs were generally of a sentimental character, containing insipid allusions to Columbia; and I was surprised at the want of humour which all these poetical effusions manifested.

As for *le jeu*, it was pretty well sustained all through the day; and incomprehensible games, with unre-

* Mares capable of performing a mile in two minutes and forty seconds.

collectable names, were the means of causing considerable sums to change hands. Last, but not least, *les belles* were very well represented; but it required some little time to become acquainted with them, as they occupied the upper table at every meal, upon the sanctity of which we unprivileged bachelors were not allowed to intrude. There is probably no country where matrimony is invested with higher privileges than in America, and I would recommend any one contemplating a long tour in the States, by no means to undertake it unprovided with a better half; or, in default of that, at least accompanied by his mother.

But the most propitious time for ingratiating oneself with our fair passengers was at the evening dance, the band being composed of niggers, who officiated during the day as barbers. There was one lovely girl, with a noble, thoughtful brow, black hair and eyes, perfect features, and a most irresistible smile, with that clear, transparent complexion, which is never to be met with out of America, to whom I had from the first ardently desired an opportunity of being introduced; and I shall never forget the thrill of pleasure which I felt when, upon the two guitars and a fiddle ranging themselves along the bottom of the saloon, and striking up a lively tune, this fair creature, near whom I happened to be standing, artlessly remarked, "that she had a mind to take the knots out of her legs;"—a piece of information on her part, which I interpreted to mean that I was at liberty to offer my services to assist her in this proceeding, and I accordingly solicited the honour of being her partner. Alas! I little knew what I had undertaken, or how completely I had over-estimated my own saltatory powers. Our *vis-à-vis* were a very tall, thin, flat lady, with a figure like a plank, and a short wisened old man, who reached to her elbow, with grey bushy eyebrows, which almost concealed his small piercing eyes, and a huge grizzly beard, so thick and matted, that when he compressed his lips, in the energy of the dance, it was impossible to tell within a quarter of an inch where his mouth was. During the moments of rest, however, he twitched it with a short jerking motion, as if he was knitting with his jaws. He was buttoned up to the chin in a straight military-looking coat, but he had short baggy trousers, dirty stockings, and his large splay feet were thrust into a pair of very old pumps. The band played nigger melodies, and accompanied themselves vocally. The dance was a sort of cotillon; but we were entirely dependent for our figures upon the caprice of the band-leader, who periodically shouted his orders. My partner and the little old man opposite commenced operations. With clenched teeth and contracted brow did he give himself up to the pleasures of the dance. Now he plunged violently forward, then retreated with a sort of jig step, then seized my partner by the waist, and whirling her rapidly into the middle, danced round her demoniacally, then pirouetted first on one leg, then on the other, then jumped into the air with both, then retired breathless to scowl at me and work his jaws defiantly. As my turn came I now made a dash at his partner, and attempted a series of similar gymnastic exercises, in a solemn and violent way, conscious all the while of the glance of profound contempt with which my fair companion eyed my performances, as I energetically hopped round her tall *vis-à-vis*, whom I might have imagined a Maypole. But not until the dance became more complicated, and the orders followed each other with rapidity, and distracted my attention, did I feel the full effect of my rashness. The band sang, "Heigh Nelly, Ho Nelly, listen lub to me;" and then the leader shouted, "Gents to the right!" and away we all shot in the required direction. Then came, "I sing for you—I play for you a dulcem melody." "Balance in line!" There was a puzzle. I got into everybody's line but my own; and my partner, with her sweet smile, said that "I had come near riling her;" so that I was much relieved when the last order came of "promenayde all to your seats;" and in a state of extreme exhaustion we threw ourselves on a couch, satisfied that the great end had been gained, and that no knot could have been obstinate enough to resist such violent treatment.

The village of La Pointe was the first place we touched at in the State of Wisconsin. It is prettily situated upon one of the Apostles' Islands, a wooded group, which are an attractive feature in the scenery. It is one of the oldest trading stations on Lake Superior, and the first missions were established here by the Jesuits more than two hundred years ago. But we found more to interest us in La Pointe than the mere associations connected with it. Upon landing, we were surrounded by a crowd of Indians in all the pomp of savage finery—a very different race from our companions upon the Severn. They were Chippeways, who had assembled here to receive the payments which are annually made to them by the United States Government, and were about to set off upon a warlike expedition against the Sioux. It was therefore a most favourable opportunity for seeing them, and it was evident, from the interest we excited, that some of their number were not in the habit of coming in contact with whites. They were a motley picturesque throng; the blue blankets and red leggings of the squaws contrasted well, while their small delicate feet were encased in embroidered mocassins. The men had red paint on their faces and feathers in their hair, while their tomahawks and scalping-knives transported us in imagination to more stirring scenes, and half tempted us to give up our plan of proceeding, and follow these warriors on their war-path. There were some splendid men among them—tall, well-made fellows, with a quiet cat-like walk, and imperturbable countenances. We asked some of them to show us their weapons, which they did with great nonchalance, puffing kinnick-kinnick in our faces out of thick pipes made of red clay, or sometimes formed in the head of a tomahawk, of which the handle served as a pipe-stem. They could not speak English, but showed some interest in us; and some of the chiefs came on board to look at the dancing, and manifested their contempt for it in grunts, or what Cooper would have called "expressive Ughs," which, considering the nature of the performance, was perhaps not altogether to be wondered at. They certainly formed a singular addition to a scene which in itself was extremely novel.

It was blowing half a gale of wind, when I was aroused early on the following morning by an unusual scuffling on deck, and found that we had arrived at Fond du Lac, and were crossing the bar of the river St. Louis, which enters Lake Superior at its most western extremity. The scene was wild and exciting; the violence and direction of the wind, and the intricacy of the navigation, rendered the work one of considerable danger and difficulty, and the captain had at first determined to remain outside until the gale moderated. However, time is valuable to the Yankee, and as the "Sam" was bound upon a voyage round the Lake, and expected back at the Sault on an early day, our skipper determined to risk it; and I was not sorry to arrive at the end of our voyage under more exciting circumstances than had attended it hitherto. The scenery, too, was bolder. On the right was a deep bay, backed by a high wooded range. A narrow sandy promontory, some miles long, separated the St. Louis from Lake Superior. Near its point were pitched a number of Indian wigwams, with upturned canoes arranged before them. Upon the left the land was low, and covered with a dense forest. Opposite to us, and upon the further shore of a broad lagune formed by the St. Louis, stood the city of Superior, perfectly invisible, however, from the point at which we crossed the bar. We just touched the ground once, then swung round in the deeper waters of the St. Louis, and anchored in front of the Indian village, as it was too shallow to admit of a nearer approach to the opposite shore.

Our arrival caused the greatest excitement everywhere. Blanketed figures emerged out of the smoky wigwams and stood motionless on the shore, with their arms folded like Roman senators, betraying as much animation as Indians ordinarily do. Innumerable curs testified their astonishment by shrill yelps. Two or three crazy-looking boats put off (as we were informed) from the city; but we had not yet been able to discover

any signs of a city beyond a single wooden shed. Meanwhile, at least half the passengers, ourselves among the number, had determined to land here, and there was an immense deal of preparation in consequence; though, from the absence of anything like a town, doubts seemed to have arisen as to where we were to go when we landed. However, nobody had courage to give these doubts any distinct expression, but contented themselves with piling their luggage upon the sandy shore, and sitting upon it, waiting for the solution of the problem with a resigned air, which may have been because they had often undergone similar experiences before, and were in the habit of being left with their little all on desolate and remote shores,—or because, having arrived at said desolate and remote shores with their little all in search of fortune, they had only got themselves to thank for their present predicament, and were too wise to quarrel with fate when they most needed to conciliate it. However this may have been, my friend and I voted it an unprofitable way of spending our time, and placing our luggage under the care of a good-natured German, who was too profoundly absorbed in his meerschaum to care whether Superior existed or no, we strolled off with our sketch-books to a wigwam, where we soon established ourselves upon terms of the most friendly intimacy with the inmates—exchanged a pipe of Turkish tobacco with the father of the family for one of kinnick-kinnick—won the affections of the mamma by caressing her baby, which was strapped to a board, and very dirty—delighted the young ladies by presenting them with portraits of themselves—got with some difficulty upon speaking terms with the dog, and ultimately stretched ourselves by the fire, and chronicled in our note-books our first day's experiences in Minnesota territory.

SPANISH INTOLERANCE AND INSOLVENCY.

Madrid, 13th May 1855.

DEAR EBONY.—In this my May letter from Madrid, I propose to enlighten you on certain political topics of present interest to some in England. Start not, oh Ebony, nor suffer your placid brow to wrinkle into a frown. I shall not be long-winded, but laconic exceedingly. Far is it from my thoughts to introduce you into the Spanish political labyrinth, whose tortuosities are endless, and its paths neither clean nor pleasant. I perfectly understand that at this time it would take nothing less than a revolution to make you shift your gaze, even for a moment, from eastern to western Europe. There nevertheless are two subjects on which I have a few words to say, because they concern Englishmen and English interests, and also because the London press, absorbed in Crimean contemplations, has been very concise in its exposition of them—chariер still of comment. I refer to the questions here designated as the religious question and the *coupon* question. With respect to both, much blame and odium have been cast upon the Spanish government, a part of which should be laid at the door of the Spanish nation. The government has been weak rather than unwilling; and its weakness proceeded from a combination of circumstances which, it must in justice be admitted, there was scarcely a possibility of its surmounting.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to remind you that the second clause of the project of Constitution presented to the Constituent Cortes by its committee on the 13th January last, declared that "the nation undertook to maintain and protect the worship and ministers of the Catholic religion, which Spaniards profess, but that no Spaniard or foreigner could be prosecuted civilly for his creed and opinions, so long as he did not manifest them by public acts contrary to religion." This clause, although more liberal than the corresponding one in any previous Spanish constitution, did no more than place the constitution of 1855 in harmony with the penal code. It nevertheless was taken as a pretext and signal for a storm of intolerant fury. Whilst a strong minority of the Cham-

ber, whose desire for religious liberty —in whose absence they justly consider that no liberty can be real or long endure—does them honour, proposed amendments which, if passed, would have secured every immunity to dissenters from Rome, the opposition took the clause as a motive for fierce attacks upon the government, and for inflammatory speeches calculated to rouse the passions of the more ignorant and bigoted classes of their countrymen. Out of doors, agitation was active. The priests were up in arms, and working in every quarter; bishops sent furious addresses to the Chamber; laymen, whose station and education ought to have preserved them from such fanaticism, wrote and declaimed the rankest intolerance. The clergy got up petitions against the clause, to obtain signatures to which, every device was employed, and, instigated by them, the women of Spain were especially and mischievously busy. In Madrid a number of ladies of high rank prepared a petition, to which they had no difficulty in obtaining the signatures of their numerous dependents and tradeswomen. Their activity, it is said, was somewhat checked in a manner at once curious and highly characteristic of *les mœurs Espagnoles*. Notwithstanding their pious zeal — which the uncharitable may be disposed to term bigotry and intolerance—the lives of some of them had not always been distinguished for that virtue most highly prized in woman. It is saying no more than is known to all Madrid to add, that with some of them the *chronique scandaleuse* had dealt frequently, severely, and justly. Certain malicious scribes, opposed to intolerance, threw out menacing hints of an intention to bring out a series of biographies. This damped their ardour. The petition subsequently appeared in a newspaper, but without signatures, and it was then too late to present it to the Cortes. The priests continued their efforts and machinations. The blessings of religious unity were vaunted, and absurd tales were told and believed of the horrors springing from its want in less fortunate countries than Spain. In short, the whole land was in a ferment, and even those persons who previously had cherished the belief that the spirit of tolerance, which, in the greater part of Europe, is one of the happiest characteristics of our century, had made much progress on this side of the Pyrenees, were compelled to admit that the time had not yet arrived when religious liberty could be planted in Spain without imminent danger of a struggle too terrible to risk. The Carlists, seeing their opportunity, were actively at work both within and without the country, and found powerful and zealous auxiliaries amongst the clergy. Owing to the abridgment of time of service, granted as a boon and reward to the soldiers after the revolution, the army was weaker than it had been for many years; the palace itself intrigued against the religious clause; and the government, seeing the danger, was compelled to oppose the amendments of many of its own friends and supporters, but had, at the same time, sufficient resolution and power to maintain the clause as proposed by the committee, and even to sanction the omission of the word "civilly," which was considered to leave the door open to ecclesiastical persecution. Thus the article was voted, and then the Chamber was compelled to pass a law, forbidding addresses and petitions on the subject of any basis of the constitution which had been approved by the Cortes. This was absolutely necessary, in order to check the excitement the priests actively stimulated throughout the whole of Spain.

A few days after the project of constitution had been laid before the Cortes, and consequently before any part of it was law—which indeed no part of it will be until the whole is promulgated—the British minister at Madrid applied in writing to the Spanish minister of foreign affairs, to define the exact position in which English Protestants in Spain would stand under the 2d clause or basis. This note having remained for some time unanswered, a second was sent in, and subsequently a third, repeating the request. The reply at last elicited was to the effect that the duty of the Government was to enforce the laws, but not to interpret them—that being the province of the tribunals. This reply Lord Howden did not consider satisfactory. He maintained that the 2d clause

was a mere mockery, since the Government refused to interpret it, and that the Progresista ministry wished to enjoy, as the saying goes, the pleasure of vice and the credit of virtue—or, in other words, to appear to do something very liberal, when in fact things were as before. Here, however, allowance has to be made for the great difficulties under which Espartero and his colleagues laboured in this religious question. It had been converted by their enemies into a powerful offensive engine, and common prudence forbade their making a manifestation that would have afforded fresh opportunity of attack. A stronger Government might, had it thought proper, boldly have spoken out, and given Lord Howden its opinion with respect to the privileges of Protestants under the 2d clause. But, as they were not obliged to do so, the present ministers declined risking fresh occasion for strife, and met all Lord Howden's notes with refusals to interpret the laws, or with references to the penal code.

In one of those notes, and conjointly with persisting demands for a definition of the position of Protestants, a fresh matter was introduced. Upon the strength of a letter from Seville, the name of whose writer has not transpired, the British minister at Madrid complained of an outrage upon an English clergyman, then resident in the former city. Whilst the Rev. Arthur Frith was reading service on Sunday, in a back room of his lodgings, to nine of his Protestant countrymen, a policeman, it was alleged, had intruded into the apartment, interrupted the worship, and compelled those persons present who did not live in the house to depart to their respective homes. Such was the statement made in the letter, and repeated in the diplomatic note, to which Señor Luzuriaga replied, that the Government had no information on the subject. On the strength of Lord Howden's representations, however, an inquiry was immediately addressed to the governor of Seville, accompanied by a severe reprimand for the interference imputed to the civil authorities. In reply came an assurance that, after the most searching investigation, the governor had convinced himself that no interference of the kind had taken place,—that Mr. Frith was in very good odour in Seville, and sent his Roman Catholic servant regularly to mass,—and that no policeman or civil authority had in any way meddled with his unobtrusive Sabbath practices. Soon after this answer, there came a letter to the British legation from the cause of quarrel, the innocent origin of discord, the Rev. Mr. Frith himself; with whom, or with the British vice-consul at Seville, Lord Howden, as the sequel proved, would have done wisely to put himself in communication in the first instance, instead of assailing the Government on the strength of a letter from a less authorised correspondent.

The true version of what has been called the "outrage at Seville" is the following:—Mr. Frith occupied apartments in the Alcazar, the royal residence in the capital of Andalusia. Part of this palace is now inhabited by private persons—pensioners, if I am rightly informed—and it was from one of them that Mr. Frith rented his lodgings, whither, upon Sundays, repaired a few English and American Protestants (never amounting to twenty) to attend divine service. It appears that this practice became known to certain priests and other bigoted Romanists, and gave them great umbrage. A young girl, proceeding to the clergyman's residence, prayer-book in hand, was questioned. Persons were heard to say, that the service at Mr. Frith's should not continue; and at last an application was made to the civil authorities to put a stop to it. The civil authorities sent one of the police—not to Mr. Frith, who never received any such visit, nor was in any way molested, but to his landlady, to inquire concerning him and his proceedings. The information obtained was completely satisfactory in all respects, and the authorities positively refused to interfere with him. Foiled in this attempt, the zealots tried another plan. They set upon his landlady and terrified her, as the priests of Rome know how to terrify weak women. They also sent a messenger to Mr. Frith,

who happened then to be ill in bed, and consequently could not receive the emissary, who did not return. It is impossible to say, although not difficult to conjecture, what passed between the mistress of the house and the priests; the upshot of the latter's manœuvres and intimidation was, that the poor woman went to Mr. Frith, and requested him to give up assembling his little congregation, or to quit her apartments. Independently of working upon her conscientious scruples and religious fears, the ecclesiastical authorities are said to have threatened to get her ejected from her residence. Mr. Frith immediately set himself to seek other lodgings, but it was fair-time in Seville, the place was very full, and he still had to remain for a while in the same house, during which period, to avoid annoyance and risk to his landlady, he discontinued his Sunday meetings. Our vice-consul then lent him his residence, and service was resumed.

I cannot think that any impartial and really enlightened person, whatever his creed, will feel otherwise than disgusted and indignant at this instance of gross intolerance in the middle of the nineteenth century, in a civilised country, boasting of free institutions and a liberal government. In one sense, it may be termed an indirect persecution of Protestants, since the tendency of the proceedings of the Seville clergy was to annoy, in the person of their minister, the English and Americans of that religion resident in their city, by compelling him either to change his abode, or to discontinue doing his duty. But with all this, neither the Spanish government, nor the authorities of Seville, had anything to do, nor is it easy to see what they could have done to prevent the disgraceful proceedings, which was underhand and of a private nature. They could not hinder the priests from working upon the superstition of the woman, who, for her part, had the same right to request her lodger to leave, as he had to quit her house if anything there displeased him.

Before the correct version of the affair reached Madrid, Señor Santa Cruz, Minister of the Interior, being questioned in the Chamber, respecting the alleged outrage, replied, that in consequence of a complaint from the British minister, to the effect that a Protestant clergyman and several Protestants had been molested by the civil authorities whilst privately performing their devotions, the government had made inquiries of the governor of Seville, who in a despatch received the previous evening, positively denied the fact, and said that he had caused every inquiry to be made by the police commissaries, who reported to him that nobody had molested the clergyman or his family, nor had Mr. Frith given the slightest motive for annoying him in any way. Now, even if this statement had been incorrect, Señor Santa Cruz was not to blame, since he did but repeat to the Chamber the communication he had just received from the civil governor of Seville — a statement which eventually proved to be perfectly in accordance with fact. Nevertheless, the day after the minister had made his statement to the Cortes, Lord Howden took a very unfortunate step, one for which there is said to be no precedent in diplomatic annals. He made a personal attack through the press, upon a member of the government to which he was accredited. On the 30th of March he addressed, to the *Clamor Publico* Madrid newspaper, a letter sufficiently remarkable to induce me to send you a literal translation of it. It runs thus:—

"The *Señor* Minister of the Interior having thought proper to declare in the Cortes, with excessive precipitation, and without having put himself in communication with me, that no English subject has been molested in any way at Seville in the exercise of his religion, the only resource left to me is to appeal to those means of publicity that fortunately still exist to rectify assertions that are not in accordance with the facts. I therefore request you to have the goodness to publish in your respectable periodical the present manifestation, by which I declare in my turn that what the *Señor* Minister of the Interior said upon this affair is entirely inexact. It is not my intention to say that that gentleman has deliberately made a *suggestio falsi* but a *suppressio veri*, which it is impossible for me to let pass.

"It is very true that the civil authority of Seville refused to interfere in the matter, as it was asked to do by one of the priests of that learned chapter; but it is also true that the ecclesiastical authorities, or persons representing themselves as such, intimated to the English clergyman in question that he should suspend the private meetings (which never reached twenty persons) that he held on Sundays in his house; that the same ecclesiastical authorities, or persons representing themselves as such, intimated to the mistress of the house in which the said clergyman lived, that if she continued to permit those meetings she should be turned out of the house (which I presume to be church property); and that, in consequence of this double intimidation, which may unhesitatingly be called persecution in the age in which we live, the English clergyman suspended his meetings, and sought another lodging, to free himself, and also to free his *patrona*, from being molested on that account. I leave it to the consideration of the *Señor* Minister of the Interior to decide whether the word molest be well applied in this case. I remain, &c., &c., &c.,

H. B. M.'s Envoy,
(Signed) General Caradoc,
Lord Howden."

"*H. B. M. Legation,*
Madrid, March 30, 1855."

It is impossible to deny that the first part of this letter is replete with offence to the minister to whom it refers, and to the government to which he belongs. Besides the main point of the paragraph, where Señor Santa Cruz is charged with deliberately suppressing the truth, he is further taxed with "excessive precipitation," and with the grave offence of not putting himself in communication with Lord Howden before answering a question put to him in the Chamber. Then comes an insinuation which had really been better omitted. Lord Howden appeals to those means of publicity that "fortunately still exist." Is not this a pretty distinct intimation that, in his opinion, the government is capable of putting a period to that existence; in other words, of flying in the face of the liberal policy it professes, and of striking a deadly blow at the liberty it has sworn to maintain? If it does not mean this, what does it mean? Lord Howden is too experienced a diplomatist, too able a writer, to use words to which he does not attach a distinct signification. But I may safely leave to your judgment, and to those of your readers, the most extraordinary letter that ever issued from an embassy to the address of a newspaper.

It is to be observed that when Señor Santa Cruz made, in the Cortes, the declaration that Lord Howden replied to in the above letter, he stated that he did so on the authority of the governor of Seville, the only authority to which he could apply upon the subject, and the same whom Lord Howden, in the first instance, taxed with interfering with the Rev. Mr. Frith and his congregation. When charged with want of veracity, the minister's defence was not difficult to make. On the 2d of April he rose in his place and spoke as follows:—"The Cortes will remember," he said, "that, in the session of the 29th of March, replying to a question put to me by Señor Ruiz Pons, I spoke as follows—(Here he read what he had said on the 29th): This is the revelation of a minister of the Crown before the Constituent Cortes. My words have been doubted, and the Minister can reply only to the Cortes. And the answer he gives is to request the President to desire a secretary to read the communications from the governor of Seville and the data that accompany them." The documents in question were read, and there the matter ended, as far as the Cortes were concerned. Señor Santa Cruz had repelled, completely and with dignity, the charge brought against him of suppression of the truth. The affair now fell into the domain of diplomacy.

I need hardly say that the Spanish ministers felt greatly shocked and offended at Lord Howden's communication to the *Clamor Publico*. They likewise regretted extremely that he should have taken such a step, for previously they had had no reason to entertain towards him other feelings than those of friendship and cordiality; and moreover the Progresista party in Spain has always been distinguished by its good-will towards

England, in whose prosperity and true freedom it recognises a model and a stimulus for its own struggles towards liberty. Espartero's residence in England, where he formed friendships and learned to admire our institutions even more than he before had done, may almost, now that he is at the head of the government, be looked upon as an additional link of amity between the two countries; and I am persuaded that it pained him to be compelled to take notice of Lord Howden's letter. This, however, could not be avoided. The course adopted by the council of ministers was to send the whole of the British envoy's notes relating to the religious question and the Seville difficulty, and the replies to them, as well as the letter to the *Clamor*, to Lord Clarendon. At the same time, without positively demanding our minister's recall, they appealed to Her Britannic Majesty's government whether, after what had passed, it was desirable, or likely to be conducive to a good understanding between the two countries, that he should retain his post at Madrid. On the other hand, Lord Howden is known to have declared that, if his government does not completely approve his conduct, if the slightest shade of censure be suffered to fall upon him, he will resign a post of which, it is generally believed, he is now as weary as he ever was desirous to obtain it. Up to this date our information is very imperfect as regards the probable course the affair will take. In fact, we know little or nothing on that head, except that there are differences of opinion in the English cabinet as to the view that should be taken of the conduct of Lord Howden and the Spanish government. The usual monthly courier from the Foreign Office, who should have been here on the 20th April, has not yet arrived, and government, public, and Lord Howden himself, are all in a state of doubt and uncertainty.

Such is the deplorable affair that has troubled the good harmony previously existing between the representative of England and the ministry of Spain. By everybody here it is much deplored, for Lord Howden has many friends and well-wishers in Madrid, some of long standing, others won, since his residence here, by his many excellent qualities, by his courtesy, his cordial hospitality, his sympathy with Spain and liking for many of her usages, also by the generosity and charity with which he has ever shown himself ready to encourage art and to relieve distress. It is to be observed also, that, to the best of my memory and belief, this is the very first difference he has had with any of the various governments that have succeeded each other since he was first appointed to Madrid. It is particularly to be regretted that it should have arisen with a government extremely well-disposed towards England, and which, ever since the dispute, has given a proof of its tolerant and friendly spirit by spontaneously passing a law establishing cemeteries for Protestants in Spain.

The circumstances I have just sketched were certainly ill calculated to smooth the way to the favourable settlement of an affair in which Lord Howden has taken great interest and made many exertions. The claims of Spain's defrauded creditors have naturally occupied much of his attention from the very commencement of his residence here. Although the British government declines, upon principle, to interfere in behalf of persons who have lent money to foreign powers, Lord Howden has done his utmost, non-officially, in favour of British holders of Spanish bonds. His labour was long lost. Little could be done with such governments as those by which, for some years past, Spain has had the misfortune to be ruled. But when, after the revolution of 1854, there came into power a party comprising, by universal admission, the most honest men this country possesses, there were grounds for hopes that the claims Bravo Murillo had unjustifiably set aside, and that had been urged in vain upon his successors, would at last obtain recognition, although the poverty of the treasury might prevent their immediate settlement. It is therefore doubly to be deplored that, just as this favourable change had taken place, Lord Howden should, by irritating the government, have indisposed it towards any cause that had him for its advocate.

The question of the *coupons* is too generally known and understood to need more than the briefest of exposi-

tions. In 1851, ten years' interest on the Spanish 4 per cent and 5 per cent stocks remained unpaid. Bravo Murillo capitalised half of these *coupons*, converting them into a deferred debt, the interest on which, commencing at a very low rate, was gradually to rise to 3 per cent, and there to remain stationary. The other half of the overdue *coupons*, amounting to ten millions sterling, was thrust aside, the Spanish government declaring that the financial position of the country was such as to render it impossible to meet the claim. The creditors took what they could get, protesting against this arbitrary and fraudulent arrangement, and hoping for better days and an honester ministry in Spain. Since then, repeated representations have been made to successive governments, but all in vain. Not only Spanish finance ministers, but Spanish Chambers and the Spanish public, appeared to have made up their minds that, having paid one-half, they had done great things, and that it was indelicate to pester them for the other. The question was the only one on which all political parties seemed more or less to agree. Señor Llorente, when he had the department of finance, made an advance towards the settlement of the question; that is to say, he proposed to make a new loan, and to take the repudiated *coupons* as cash, at the rate of ten pounds for every one hundred pounds of paper. The offer was certainly wretched enough, but Llorente had no opportunity of persisting in it, for the mere announcement of his intention overthrew him. Since then, not the slightest demonstration has been made in the direction of justice to the hardly-used claimants. The arrival of the Progresistas at power revived hope, and gave fresh stimulus to exertion on the part of the advocates and agents of the bondholders. Lord Howden again took the field—which he never indeed entirely abandoned, but had remained resting on his arms, hopeless of obtaining anything from such gentry as Messrs. Sartorius and Domenech. The representative of the house of Rothschild made pressing applications to Espartero's government, and, finally, the coupon-holders themselves drew up a petition to the Constituent Cortes, and sent it to the Lord Howden to get presented. Referred to a committee, composed of seven deputies, these, in their report to the Chamber, proposed that another committee should be appointed, to investigate the subject thoroughly. In the debate that ensued, the proposal was violently combated; and some strange assertions were hazarded. The facts of the settlements made by Bravo Murillo in 1851, were recalled, with a Spanish colouring given to them, and one deputy had the astounding assurance to declare that Spain had invariably and honourably paid her debts. This was too much even for Spanish stomachs, and another deputy had the candour to say that everybody knew that Spain had compounded with her foreign creditors. The Chamber divided, and decided, by a majority of 162 votes (only five deputies voting in the minority), that there was no occasion to appoint a committee. This was equivalent to swamping the petition, and was an acceptance and confirmation, on the part of the Cortes, of the argument of the principal speaker in the debate, which aimed at proving the claim wholly unfounded. The government had been expected by many to vote in favour of the report, but those of its members who were present voted the contrary way, and it has since been said that they did so because they were determined not to support anything that was put forward by Lord Howden. This may or may not be true, but there is strong reason to believe that it is so as regards Señores Santa Cruz and Madoz.

The arguments advanced in the Cortes against any consideration of the petition, are the same that one daily hears advanced by Spaniards when the topic of the *coupons* is brought up. In the first place, it is said that, by accepting a part of Bravo Murillo's arrangement, the parties interested accepted the whole, and virtually consented to the cancelling of one-half of the overdue interest. No notice is taken of the formal protest drawn up at the time and presented to the Spanish government on behalf of the coupon-holders. We are further told that successive governments have always refused to

do anything that resembled a recognition of the rejected fifty per cent, that they and their agents refused to put a stamp on the *coupons*, as they were requested to do, and that the certificates issued by the committee of bondholders were wholly unsanctioned by Spain, and are consequently valueless. Another argument is then put forward of a different nature, but which is greatly insisted upon, and has given a pretext to many persons here to designate the *coupon* claim as a dirty piece of business. It is alleged that the certificates have been bought up by a few speculators at low prices, ranging from one to four per cent, and that it is they who agitate the claim, in hopes of enormous profit. It is in vain to point out that this in no way justifies Spain in dishonouring her signature. The repudiators are stubborn in their dishonest view of the case. Whether or not their assertion be true, I have here no opportunity of ascertaining; but if it be a fact, that the whole or very nearly the whole of the *coupons* are in the hands of a few speculators, although it does not relieve Spain from her liability, it in great measure deprives the case of its public interest, and, whilst blaming those who do not pay, our sympathy is naturally much less with those who are unable to recover, than if these were the original defrauded holders.

"We have heard," said a speaker in the debate on the 28th April, "of private persons, who have been compelled to compound with their creditors, and who afterwards, having again attained prosperity, have said to these: 'You have no legal claim upon me, but I, as a man of good faith, desire to show myself grateful for the benefits I have received from you, and will now pay you the whole or something more.'" The speaker prodeeded to say that if, since 1851, the financial condition of Spain had improved, it would have been comprehensible that she might have adopted a similar course. The plea of inability is doubtless the best that can be advanced. The enormous floating debt bequeathed to the country by Sartorius and his predecessors is a terrible weight upon the treasury. It is a log round the foot of the present finance minister, and to it must be added the very considerable reduction of revenue occasioned by the removal of the taxes of *puertas* and *consumos* (*octroi* and a sort of excise duty) obtained, at the close of last year, by popular clamour, but which has resulted in no public benefit worth the naming. It is impossible to deny that Spain's financial state is very bad, and that she is not in a position unnecessarily to add a single dollar to her expenditure. But her very necessities are an argument in favour of the settlement of the *coupons*. She is now in urgent want of a loan, to pay off a floating debt, of which great part has been contracted at an enormous rate of interest, and to get rid of other burthensome arrears. It will be at least the end of the year before any money can be received from the sale of the national property; meanwhile none is to be found, save in small sums, and at heavy sacrifice. The repudiation of the *coupons* has closed to Spain the doors of the great English money market. Spain and insolvency have become synonymous, and lenders close their purse-strings, as to a borrower in whom no confidence can be placed. The same feeling extends in great measure to Paris—although that capital has suffered much less than London by Bravo Murillo's dishonest measure. Now I fully believe that if this government recognised the *coupons* at, say, ten per cent,—issued bonds, that is to say, for one million sterling, and so "whitewashed" itself at very small expense,—it would find money abroad on far more reasonable terms than it here is compelled to pay for trifling sums which do but stave off the evil day, and leave Spain ever tottering on the verge of bankruptcy. It is well known that Lord Howden entertains this belief, has assured the government that he does so, and has even, in his praiseworthy zeal for the interests of the bondholders, offered to use his utmost exertions,—and, if necessary, to go to England himself,—to procure it a loan so soon as it has settled the *coupon* question. The chance of such settlement, I regret to say, now appears more remote than ever, and perhaps hopeless, whilst the present Cortes sits. The cause, how-

ever, is not abandoned. The matter will be brought up again, and will even find advocates on the benches of the Chamber; but it will surprise me much if a satisfactory result be arrived at.

I will conclude this letter with a page from the chronicles of the Court of Spain, in the year 1855, which has the merit of being both curious and strictly true. You are probably aware that the bill brought in by Señor Madoz for the sale of the remainder of the church lands, and other national property, encountered strong opposition, caused great excitement out of doors, and for a time gave the government almost as much trouble and uneasiness as the religious clause itself. The priests beset the palace, and worked upon the Queen; the King busily intrigued on the same side; some persons doubted whether Isabella would sanction the law when it had passed the Chamber, and indeed, when it came to the point, she made many difficulties, and it was only the urgent representations of her ministers, and the fear of their resigning—in which case her throne would have been seriously imperilled—that at last induced her to give her signature. She wept much, and said that it was against her conscience, but finally she yielded to the respectful, but firm remonstrances of her advisers. The King was furious at this. A charming little palace plot had been arranged, having extensive ramifications; a number of half-pay military men of high rank were implicated in it, and various civilians; the Queen was to be spirited away to a seaport town, and a reactionary banner hoisted in her name. Unfortunately for the conspirators, Isabella, who has not yet forgotten the fright she had in July last year, gave in and sanctioned the law; the plot was discovered; a number of arrests were made; Pezurla, the late crackbrained governor of Cuba, and some other generals, were directed to take up their quarters in remote provinces; and, amongst the military men ordered to a distance from the capital, there were two gentlemen of the King's bedchamber, Messrs. Neulan and Tuero. The King was already sufficiently exasperated at what had occurred. On the Sunday on which the Queen gave her sanction to the church property bill, she did not appear at dinner, and the King remarked aloud that she was unwell in consequence of having been compelled to do something that was disagreeable to her. Taking their cue from their master, his two gentlemen improved upon the topic, and were heard to declare that violence had been done to the Queen, and to make other unbecoming and untrue statements. This got known to the ministers, and it is also more than probable that Tuero and Neulan had been mixed up in the conspiracy, although nothing could be proved against them, any more than against the King. When the Queen was informed that it was the intention of her government to send the above-named officers away—one to Valladolid and the other to Majorca—she expressed concern, and said that Franciscquito, as she calls her husband, would be greatly annoyed. Since favourites of a particular class have been prohibited at court, their majesties, without professing very fervent affection for each other, live on better terms than was once the case. The Queen was right in her anticipations. When her husband learned the measure that had been decided upon, he flew into a livid passion. Hastening to the room where were then assembled the Queen, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and General Echagüe, military governor of Madrid, but who commands at Aranjuez during Isabella's stay there, he laid hold of the latter by the arm: "Come with me!" he said. Echagüe, although rather surprised at his abrupt manner and familiar action, accompanied him from the room. The King led him to his apartments, and, throwing open the door, disclosed six or eight halberdiers—the corps that guards the palace, and the same which, under General Dulce, defended the Queen in 1841, against the attempt of the partisans of Generals Leon and O'Donnell. Strange are the changes in this country! In 1854, Dulce takes his corps of cavalry over to O'Donnell, in arms against the government, and now a member of the Cabinet headed by Espartero, against whom, in 1841, he fought. But to return to the King's apartment. Behind the row of halber-

diers appeared Señor Tuero. "There," said the King, "take him if you dare, but you shall pass over our bodies first." In the midst of this childish display, General Echagüe, a sensitive and high-spirited-man, discerned a gross insult to himself. The grasp of the arm, which he had at first taken in rather a friendly sense, became, under the circumstances, an outrage. He at once telegraphed what had occurred to Madrid, to General O'Donnell, and presenting himself before the Queen and Senor Luzuriaga, he informed them of it, and of his decided intention, since not only himself, but his uniform, had been insulted by one from whom he could not demand satisfaction, to send in his resignation. He had done speaking when the King again entered. The three persons present received him in silence, and there was doubtless something significant in their looks, for he asked what was the matter. Senor Luzuriaga, an old and much respected man, of high reputation for virtue and probity, told him that General Echagüe held himself greatly aggrieved by his Majesty's conduct towards him, and had resolved to resign his post and commission. Thereupon the King apologised, declaring that he had not intended to insult the general, and adding, after expressing his regret, that if Echagüe was not satisfied, he was ready to fight him; but as regarded the two *gentilhombres*, he said he was determined not to give them up, or suffer them to be removed from about his person. At seven in the morning, however, came General O'Donnell, a fiery energetic soldier, against whose strong will it were quite in vain for so poor a creature as Don Francisco de Assis to contend. On arriving, he told the Count of Puñonrostro, one of the officers of the palace, that, notwithstanding the earliness of the hour, it was indispensable he should see their majesties. The Count returned to say that the King was up, and would receive the general, and requested he would take with him Señor Luzuriaga and General Echagüe. As the meeting was of the nature of a cabinet conference, the minister-of-war did not think proper to take Echagüe, he not being a member of the government. It is stated very positively that O'Donnell's intention was to put the King under arrest, but the *amende* that Don Francisco had made previously to the general's arrival, altered that intention. In the presence of the two ministers the King now repeated his apologies, adding that it was in order he might again hear them that he had desired General Echagüe might be present. And this time his Majesty was less stubborn about his two gentlemen of the Chamber, whom O'Donnell took back to Madrid with him, but who will be permitted, I understand, to select their own residence, provided it be out of New Castile. Thus ended this palace comedy.

Spain, as you will perceive from this slight sketch of a few recent incidents, makes but slow progress in the paths of enlightenment and prosperity, and has great difficulty in conquering a respectable place amongst European nations. Mismanagement and misrule, the incapacity of some governments, the dishonesty of others, have brought her down to a state of penury and debility from which it were idle to suppose she could have been raised within less than twelve months, after a revolution such as that of last summer. Her financial embarrassments have probably never been greater than now,—so great, and some of them so pressing, that the utmost order and economy cannot suffice to extricate her from them. What is reckoned upon to do so is the sale of the remainder of the church property, of a great portion of the common lands, now for the most part the object of gross jobbery on the part of the corporations and their friends, of the mines of Rio Tinto, and various others (excepting, however, the celebrated quicksilver mines of Almaden), and of some other lands and tenements belonging to the nation; not forgetting the confiscated property of the late Don Carlos. The exports from Spain have been unusually large since the revolution; France has been an excellent customer for wine; and corn and other articles of produce have been sold, in considerable quantities, at advantageous prices. There is, consequently, a good deal of money in the country; and, as the payment for the property is to be made on easy terms—ten per cent in

cash, and the remainder spread over fourteen years—it is hoped that a fair value will be realised. Several months, however, must elapse before this very extensive operation can be completed, and, in the interim, the government is at its wits' end to pay its way. Dividends, civil and military servants, claims of every kind, even to prizes in the lottery, are irregularly and tardily paid; and the post of finance minister must indeed be a bed of thorns. The best qualities of the present government are its prudence, its economy, and its earnest desire to do what is possible for the good of the country. But it is beset with difficulties; and the constant machinations of its enemies, both at home and abroad—the harassment consequent on an empty exchequer—the pressure of democrats, who would have it go faster, the opposition of others, who think it goes too fast—the unremitting hostility of a considerable portion of the press and the clergy—the pretensions of an army of place hunters, who vaunt their services and sufferings in the cause, insist on being rewarded for them, and become opponents if not gratified—palace plots, to which royalty itself is not always a stranger,—all these, taken together, compose a load of anxieties and difficulties, for which some allowance should be made when we criticise the conduct of the Espartero O'Donnell government.

VEDETTE.

THE PALMERSTON ADMINISTRATION.

In the course of the recent debate in the House of Lords upon the resolutions moved by Lord Ellenborough, Lord Granville spoke as follows: "I do ask this House whether we are to go on in this sort of eternal abuse of ourselves, even when the facts which at all warranted it have been completely changed? The impression which this resolution leaves upon my mind is, that it announces to the whole world that, from the beginning of the war up to the present moment, England has shown nothing of the qualifications for success in war, but mere personal valour." We are as much opposed as Lord Granville possibly can be to undue depreciation of the Government at a juncture which we agree with the *Times* in considering as "the very turning-point in our destiny, the very crisis in our fate, the very instant which for good or for evil is to decide the future of England." We, in common with a large majority of the loyal people of Britain, are ready to support, and even applaud, any Government which will do its duty to the country. We care not of what men, or from what political section, that Government may be formed, provided that the measures adopted be wise and energetic, suited to the difficulties of the time, and consonant with the dignity of Great Britain. We care not what hand may hold the rudder, provided we are only assured that the hand is competent to the management.

But if there is no reasonable security given to that effect—if we are convinced that the men now at the head of affairs are not adequate to the task which they have undertaken, and the duty which they have assumed—if we are compelled to arrive at the conclusion that the measures which they have adopted are infinitely short of the requirements and exigencies of our situation—if we are forced to believe that they are deficient in forethought, divided in council, and without any clear and comprehensive scheme of policy—if we find their official administration confused, careless, and unsatisfactory—and if we suspect them of a design to imperil the honour of the country by concluding an ignominious peace—then we say that it is the duty of every man who loves his country, to protest against the continuance of such a Ministry. We do not agree with those who seem inclined to hold that it is proper to wait until some signal instance of incapacity, or some fresh disaster, shall occur, before pronouncing on the policy or the conduct of the Government. There may be no absolute reason for condemning them on account of any overt act, or commission of a monstrous blunder.

In politics, inertness may be quite as injurious to the State as inconsiderate action. There are seasons when decent mediocrity, tolerated at other times, becomes positively dangerous. In this stage of the war, we recognise as of first necessity the organisation of a Ministry which shall be thoroughly in earnest, and determined to prosecute that war to an honourable conclusion, and which moreover shall be able to command the respect and confidence of the people.

We are by no means insensible to the evils which result from frequent changes of administration; and we can perfectly understand and appreciate the feeling which has deterred some who repose no confidence in Lord Palmerston and his colleagues, from taking part in any movement calculated to effect their overthrow. We shall frankly acknowledge that we share in those feelings to a very considerable degree; and were our convictions less strong than they are, we probably should have maintained silence. Certainly we shall not adopt all the charges which have been preferred against the present Ministry, because we think that some of them are the natural results of a system over which the present Cabinet had no control. The system under which permanent officials in the different Government departments are appointed, undoubtedly requires revision; and we are glad to see that practical men are applying themselves in earnest to the task; but it is impossible to expect that their labours can be crowned with immediate success. No doubt great detriment has arisen from the incapacity and neglect of officials, and from the singularly bad method which seems to exist in every department which is connected with the conduct of the war. We have every reason to believe that the other departments are not one whit better managed; and that there is both ample room and great necessity for an amendment in the public bureaux. But, bad as the system may be, and ill as it may have worked in some instances, Lord Palmerston did not make it; and in common fairness we must draw a distinction between evils which are the inevitable result of bad arrangements too long tolerated by the country, and those which arise in consequence of direct Ministerial error. As to the constitution of the Ministry itself, that clearly falls within the scope of animadversion, and forms a most important element in estimating the amount of their claim to the confidence of the public.

Further, let us say that, although the whole conduct of the war is open to discussion, and although it may have occasioned general dissatisfaction, and given rise to just complaints, yet that it was, down to a comparatively recent period, intrusted to other hands. We do not think that the present Ministry, as a body, can be fairly or constitutionally held liable for the deeds or omissions of the previous Cabinet. Individual responsibility must remain; but we cannot, and will not, go the length of holding that the Palmerston Ministry is answerable for blunders committed under the superintendence of Lord Aberdeen. Whatever may be the shortcomings of our present rulers, let us not confound their doings with those of their predecessors. Let it be granted that we have had a modification rather than a change of the Cabinet, and that there has not been a sufficient infusion of new blood —still this is to be remembered, that the present Cabinet differs from the former one, in so far that it is no longer Coalitionist. All the members of the Peelite party, whose views were known to be peculiarly Muscovite, have been ejected, or have resigned. Lord Aberdeen, the personal friend of Nicholas; Mr. Sidney Herbert, the nephew of Prince Woronzow; the Duke of Newcastle, whose calamitous attempts at administration may stimulate the compassion, though they cannot divert the censure of many a future historian; Mr. Gladstone, with his unquestionable high abilities, which might raise him to, and maintain him in, any position, did he exhibit more candour and less sophistical ingenuity; Sir James Graham, the dashing and unscrupulous adventurer, who has ever fought for his own hand, and who is ready, in any one year, to combat to the death the opinion which he had propounded in the last;—all these have been ejected, or have retired from

the Ministerial councils. Peelism is not now represented by a single member of the Cabinet. It is Whig from the foundation upwards, and therefore cannot be supposed to be liable to the same restraints, or compelled to submit to the same compromises which Coalition inevitably occasions. The observation that "England does not love Coalitions," conveyed the real feeling, not of this country only, but of every other; and it is simply the utterance of a great political truth, based upon world-wide experience. Coalitions cannot stand; and for this reason, that they represent a combination of interests, not a union of principles. They necessitate on the one side or the other a sacrifice of principle; and even the compromises which cannot be avoided, engender a rancorous feeling among the members. It was the want of a common principle which first created dissension among the members of the Coalition Government, and finally led to its overthrow. In that event we saw nothing to deplore; on the contrary, we regarded it as fortunate for the country, for certainly it was not right or fitting that there should be conflicting opinions in the Cabinet of Great Britain at a time when energy and decision were peculiarly required. We felt too, what we believe to have been the general impression of the country, that it was not safe to leave the conduct of a war with Russia in the hands of Lord Aberdeen and his immediate supporters; more especially as their accession to power was undeniably regarded by the late Czar as affording a good opportunity for his unprincipled aggression upon Turkey. Therefore, when the new Ministerial arrangements were completed, we were glad to find this much—that there was an apparent prospect of unity of idea in the Cabinet. That at least, according to our anticipations, was something gained. The Administration certainly did not appear to be a strong one, and it was singularly deficient in talent—for we shall not prostitute the word genius by applying it to any of them,—still it was constructed out of a party which had distinctive traditions of its own, and there was a prevalent impression that the new Premier would show himself adequate to the task which he had undertaken. The substitution of Lord Panmure, who had some experience, for the Duke of Newcastle, seemed to promise well—and really has been an improvement; and although we had ample material for commenting upon the construction of the Ministry, we deemed it our duty to abstain from anything like hostile or derogatory remark, so long as we saw any reasonable prospect of their proving themselves to be adequate to the crisis.

Even now, when we feel ourselves compelled to state our conviction, that the men presently in office ought not to be trusted longer with the conduct of the war, or of the negotiations which hitherto have proved failures, we are desirous to judge them strictly on their own merits or demerits, and as constituting a Cabinet quite separate and distinct from that of Lord Aberdeen. We shall not take advantage of the evidence given before the Sebastopol Committee to vamp up any charges against them, or to shift responsibility. Nor shall we be over eager in finding fault, the more especially as the Ministry seems at present to receive hardly any support from the leading organs of public opinion in London.

Now, why is it that Lord Palmerston, whose accession to power some three months ago was greeted with acclaim by a considerable section of the public, who believed that at last they had got "the right man in the right place," should now be distrusted and decried? It is in vain to attribute this merely to popular fickleness; for although the public mind, collectively, is fickle, and sometimes unreasonable in its expectations, yet most men form their conclusions from what they hear and observe, and there is commonly a considerable lapse of time between the flow and ebb of aggregate opinion. In this instance it has been unusually rapid. Palmerston, the favourite of February, is Palmerston the mistrusted of May.

For this singular change many reasons may be assigned. In the first place, Lord Palmerton showed very little discretion in the construction of his Cabinet. The tendency of the Whigs, from the commencement, has

been to govern by means of a small junta or restricted clique of aristocratic families; in short, to job the government of Great Britain whenever they could get it into their hands. So pertinacious are they in their adherence to this arrangement, that no instances of incapacity, however notorious, are considered by them sufficient to exclude a Minister, once admitted, from the family circle. All they do is to shift him to another office when the public clamour rises to a certain height. Thus, for example, we have known Sir Charles Wood as Chancellor of the Exchequer, President of the Board of Control, and, finally, First Lord of the Admiralty—that accomplished individual being equally eminent for his knowledge of finance, Indian, and naval matters. Very possibly, as we write from memory, we may not be doing full justice to the extent of the Right Hon. Baronet's capabilities. Lord John Russell has been President of the Council, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Secretary for the Home Department, Secretary for the Colonies, First Lord of the Treasury, and Premier—these at least, for it is not worth while to mention such trifles as Paymasterships and the like. Lord Palmerston himself has been Secretary at War, Foreign Secretary, Home Secretary, First Lord of the Treasury, and Premier. Whig statesmen, it must be confessed, have a butterfly existence — they flit from flower to flower, and revel in a variety of nectar. This systematic monopoly of office, on the principle of exclusive family arrangement, has long given intense disgust to rising men of talent who have adopted the Liberal party; and no wonder, when we contrast the professions of the Whigs with their practice. This great and glaring mistake Lord Palmerston has once more committed; and in consequence he has brought upon himself the active animosity of the administrative reformers. The result is, that among the resolutions moved lately at the great public meeting in London, held on the 5th of May, for the purpose of organising an association to promote a thorough reform in the various departments of the State, we find the following: — "That the exclusion from office of those who possess in a high degree the practical qualities necessary for the direction of affairs in a great commercial country is a reflection upon its intelligence, and a betrayal of its interests; that while we disclaim every desire of excluding the aristocratic classes from participation in the Councils of the Crown, we feel it our duty to protest against the pretensions of any section of the community to monopolise the functions of administration." We shall not pause to inquire whether this energetic protest was consistent, seeing that it proceeded from men who for a long time past have returned to Parliament as their member Lord John Russell, who is the very type and incarnation of Whig aristocratic exclusiveness; we merely notice it as an indication of the universal feeling. And is it wonderful that the feeling should be universal? We do not wish to deal in personal instances, but we should like to ask—yea or nay—if Sir Charles Wood is the fittest person in Great Britain to be appointed to the first charge in the Admiralty in the midst of a tremendous war? What, in the name of Cocker, does Sir George Cornewall Lewis know about finance, and why was he made Chancellor of the Exchequer at the precise period when the very highest intelligence and experience were required for that department? If Lord Palmerston, who ought to know something about those matters, considered that Lord John Russell was the fittest person, on account of diplomatic skill, to represent Great Britain at the Conferences at Vienna, was it wise, at the same time, to make him Secretary for the Colonies, and thus pass a positive slight upon the most valuable dependencies of the Crown? We might push these queries further, but we forbear. Enough, we think has been said already to prove that in his selection of a Ministry, Lord Palmerston neither acted wisely nor well — indeed that, in his first official arrangements, he disappointed the expectations of the country.

Also we are forced, though unwillingly, to remark that the appearances of the noble lord, in the House of Commons, since he became Premier, have not been creditable. It seems

to us that he has selected his late brother-in-law, Lord Melbourne, as the proper model for a Premier; imitating, with almost servile accuracy, his *nonchalance*, and gay affectation of ignorance. He seems to have forgotten, or to be unconscious, that he is labouring under far heavier responsibilities than ever lighted upon Lord Melbourne. The latter was not charged with the conduct of a European war, at each step of which a new difficulty occurred; he was a Minister of peace, to whom great latitude was allowed, and he was generally liked, because his temper was under entire control. Such is not the case with Lord Palmerston. He makes personal enemies, because he is neither fair nor temperate; and, what is still worse, he has altogether failed in maintaining that dignity which the high responsibility of his office demands. When the vital interests and the honour of the nation are at stake, it is not agreeable nor satisfactory to read of flippant answers made by the Premier to important questions, even though these answers should be endorsed by laughter from the Ministerial benches; and of late the noble lord has been far too prodigal in his display of gladiatorial dexterity. This is no time for funning. Such exhibitions are exceedingly distasteful to the public mind, and have had a great effect in lowering him in the public estimation.

But nothing in reality has done Lord Palmerston so much harm as his appointment of Lord John Russell as the representative of Great Britain at the Vienna conferences. No doubt he thought that a very clever and ingenious move, as it had the effect of transporting a dangerous, crotchety, and unpleasant rival from the sphere of ministerial action in London, at the very time when it was convenient to get rid of such an embarrassing councillor; but the motive was by far too apparent. The people of this country are not altogether obtuse, and the press takes good care that they shall be informed of what is going on. Sydney Smith's old remark, about the readiness and recklessness of Lord John Russell for undertaking any kind of employment, had passed into a proverb; and yet Lord Palmerston, when he became Premier, thought fit to push the jest to an extreme, even at the expense of his country. So, in the full knowledge that his envoy was not qualified, by diplomatic experience, to undertake the conduct of so weighty and momentous an affair, Lord Palmerston sent him out, and the result is exactly what might have been expected. We maintain further that, irrespective of the question of ability, Lord John Russell was not a fit person to be accredited on such an occasion, inasmuch as he had already expressed himself in the House of Commons very decidedly as to the terms which should be exacted from Russia, before consenting to a conclusion of hostilities. He had vindicated, as a necessary move, the expedition to the Crimea, and as the objects of that expedition were the demolition of Sebastopol, and the destruction of the Russian fleet in the Euxine, he was clearly too far committed to be of any use as a negotiator.

Some of our public writers appear to consider that these negotiations were perfectly harmless — mere formal observances, from which there was nothing to be expected. They never were under a greater delusion. Diplomacy is the favourite weapon of Russia, and she fights with it better than with the sword. Her object in protracting the negotiations has been to prevent, if possible, the cordial and active union of Austria with France and Britain; and that end, we suspect, she has now attained. She has given assurance to the German Courts that, notwithstanding the suspension of negotiations, she will strictly observe the two first points conceded by her Plenipotentiaries at the Conference—namely, the free navigation of the Danube, and the withdrawal of the Russian protectorate over the Principalities. True, there is no treaty to that effect; but Count Nesselrode has forwarded to the Russian Minister at Frankfort a despatch to the following effect:—

"As these two articles concern the interests of Germany, in a way more or less direct, we have attached, and shall continue to attach, a double importance to this result; which, *as it disengages German interests from the Eastern question*, ought to strengthen the determination of the

States of the Confederation to remain apart from the quarrel, and to preserve a strict neutrality. His Majesty the Emperor will, however, regard as binding upon Russia the arrangements agreed upon at Vienna, in reference to the Principalities and the navigation of the Danube, only so long as the German Courts shall maintain their attitude of strict neutrality."

Thus, by engaging to desist from the prosecution of her designs upon Turkey by the *land side*, renouncing the scheme of a renewed attempt to occupy the Principalities, and acceding to the free navigation of the Danube, Russia expects to alienate Austria from the cause of the Allies. It is an ingeniously conceived plan, and, as we have said, may be successful; for Russian influence is very powerful at the Germanic Diet, and for the last month or two the efforts of the Russian intriguers have been incessant. It has been stated, on reliable authority from Frankfort, that Germany may now be considered as Russian, in so far as the votes in the Confederation are concerned. For this we have been long prepared, being aware that Prussia has spared no effort towards that end.

We have thought it right to make this allusion to the state of the diplomatic negotiations, for the purpose of explaining their immense importance at the present crisis. By conceding these two points, Russia hopes and believes that she will be able to disarm Austria, inasmuch as they are favourable to the direct interests of the latter power. Whether or not it is for the real interest of Austria to accept these concessions as satisfactory to her, is a point which it would become her gravely to consider.

If these negotiations had been mere matter of form, from which no important results could be expected, Lord John Russell might have been allowed blamelessly to gratify his vanity by putting on the semblance of state at Vienna. But when we reflect on the magnitude of the questions to be debated at that Conference, involving not only the continuance or the cessation of the present war, but the adjustment of a proper guarantee for the future maintenance of the balance of power in Europe, we must say that Lord Palmerston acted most recklessly in intrusting the conduct of such momentous matters to Lord John Russell. It is quite possible that he may yet have occasion bitterly to repent that step; for it is perfectly evident that we have been overmatched in diplomatic skill, and that Russia stands now in a better position with Europe than she did when the conferences began.

We shall not go the length of expressing a positive opinion that the ultimate co-operation of Austria with the Allies may not yet be obtained; but it is quite evident that the cabinet of Vienna feels extremely reluctant to take any part in the struggle. The policy of Austria hitherto has been procrastination; and the position which she occupies at the conferences gives her an additional excuse for delaying to act in the field. Austria is now acting as an umpire between Russia on one side, and France and Britain on the other; and so long as this continues she will not declare herself. We are given to understand that the conferences are not at an end. From the telegraphic report of the proceedings in the House of Commons, on Monday the 21st May, we learn that, in answer to questions put by Mr. Sidney Herbert, whether the conferences were completely dissolved, or whether they were in such a state that any of its members might make a new proposition, Lord Palmerston said:—

"Government did not consider all the means of a solution of the question as exhausted. They considered that Austria was still charged, by her own voluntary acceptation, and with the consent of the Allies, with the task of endeavouring to discover the means of bringing about an accommodation between the belligerent parties; and the conference, although at present suspended, was not finally closed, and if any proposals were made, which were considered likely to lead to a satisfactory result, the Conference would be ready to reassemble. He would only add that the Government would consider it their duty to give the most favourable consideration to any proposals which might come to them, from or through Austria, with a view to a safe, honourable, and satisfactory termination of the contest."

Now what is this but a renewal of the arbitration to Austria, and an express

inducement to her to keep out of the contest? We utterly deny the propriety and denounce the policy of continuing that arbitration for a day longer. It is for us to dictate terms of peace, not to receive them; and there is no need that the ingenuity of any third party should be taxed to devise terms of pacific accommodation. The conferences have done harm instead of good; let them now terminate. Austria will then be left without an excuse for not declaring herself; and, if she resolves to remain neutral, we shall know what course to adopt.

These considerations, and the general apprehension which is entertained throughout the country, that a large section of the present Ministry are inclined to terminate the war upon terms which would neither be "safe, honourable, nor satisfactory," will account in some measure for the diminished credit in which the Palmerston Ministry is held. For ourselves, we confess that we repose no confidence whatever in the firmness of the Premier, and we rest that opinion upon his antecedents.

In reviewing the acts of his official life, we fail to discover any trace of a distinct or intelligible policy—indeed, it would perhaps be too much to expect that, seeing that he has been a member of almost every administration, for the last fifty years. Sir Archibald Alison, with considerable truth, describes him as "not so much a statesman, as a diplomatic soldier of the state;" and as having sometimes proved the worst enemy of freedom, "by stimulating movements of the liberal party among the excitable inhabitants of other states, which the people of this country had neither the means nor the inclination to support, and being forced, in consequence, to leave them to be crushed by the military force of despotic states." But when a real opportunity presented itself for checking the aggressions of Russia by espousing the cause of a gallant and injured nation, the restoration of whose independence would have been the surest means of preventing the possibility of the occurrence of such convulsions as the present—when Poland was up in arms, and invoking the other states of Europe, in the name of the Most High, to aid her in the heroic struggle—when even Austria, who had been a party to the partition of Poland, was so apprehensive of the increasing power of Russia, that she would have consented to the re-establishment of Poland, and have abandoned Gallicia, provided France and Britain went along with her—then, and at that moment, LORD PALMERSTON REFUSED TO INTERFERE!

We shall transcribe the account of that transaction *verbatim* from the volume just published of Sir Archibald Alison's Continuation of the *History of Europe*, which contains a most animated and interesting account of the Polish war of 1830. Immediately after the outbreak at Warsaw, and the withdrawal of Constantine, the Russian ambassadors at the Courts of Berlin and Vienna were instructed to inquire what course Prussia and Austria were prepared to adopt in the event of war being declared. The answer of both Powers was deemed satisfactory. Prussia was then, as now, little better than a Muscovite dependency, but the real feeling of Austria was different:—

"But although Austria and Prussia were thus, to appearance, united on the subject, and their measures were throughout the war entirely regulated by the policy thus agreed on, yet in reality there was a wide division between them, and little was wanting to have made the former of those powers take part with France and Poland in the contest. Had the efforts of the Poles been founded only on the principle of independence, and unconnected with the cause of revolution, she, in all probability, would have done so. The danger to Austria from the incorporation of the kingdom of Poland with the Russian empire, was so obvious and pressing, that it overcame all the terrors of the Cabinet of Vienna as to a revolutionary state. The Austrian consul, accordingly, in the first instance, did not leave Warsaw; and a secret negotiation was opened with the Cabinet of Vienna, the result of which was, that Austria would not object to the restoration of the nationality of Poland, and even to contribute to it by the abandonment of Gallicia, provided Poland would agree to accept, as king, a prince of the *house of Austria*, and that the whole arrangements were made with the concurrence of the Cabinets of Paris and London. M. Walewski, accordingly, was

charged with a mission to sound these two Cabinets on the subject. He met with a favourable reception at the Tuileries, where he arrived in the beginning of March, but M. Casimir Périer, who had just succeeded to the lead in the French government, said he could do nothing without the concurrence of the cabinet of St. James's."

Lord Palmerston, therefore, was made the arbiter of the destinies of Poland, at a time when, by active interference, Poland might have been reconstituted as a nation. But his lordship's hands were then full of the affairs of Belgium and Holland, and he declined, on the part of Great Britain, to interfere, "jugeant que *le tems n'est pas encore venu de pouvoir l'entreprendre avec succès*, contre le gré du souverain *dont les droits sont incontestables.*" Against the will of a sovereign whose rights are incontestible! Why, what were the rights of the Czar over Poland, compared with those of the King of Holland over Belgium?

Worse, if possible, than this, was the conduct of Lord Palmerston in respect to the absorption, by Austria, of the little state of Cracow, the last remnant of Polish nationality. By the Treaty of Vienna, it was stipulated that "the town of Cracow, with its territory, shall be for ever free, independent, and strictly neutral. No armed force to be introduced on any pretence whatever." In 1831 it was occupied by Russia — Lord Palmerston made no remonstrance. It was twice occupied afterwards, and the occupation was made subject of notice in the British Parliament. Lord Palmerston took no active steps, though he assured Parliament that, "on the part of the British government, everything should be done to insure a due respect being paid to the provisions of the Treaty of Vienna." Everything! This was in 1846. Immediately afterwards Cracow was absorbed, and Lord Palmerston — *protested!* Protested—after having, in the first instance, declined to remonstrate, and he did nothing more!

These were occasions on which Lord Palmerston might have interfered, not only honourably, but with immense prospective advantage to Britain. Had he given any encouragement to Austria, and joined heartily with France in the re-establishment of Poland, we should probably have been saved from the war in which we are now engaged. The more intimate alliance between Russia and Austria would have been broken, and the latter power would gradually have assimilated her policy to that of the West. But his refusal to join in that enterprise, and his express recognition of despotic right, had precisely the opposite effect. Austria fell back upon Russia, followed the example of her ally, and appropriated Cracow, though its independence had been expressly provided for by the Treaty of Vienna. And, finding that Lord Palmerston, then British Minister for Foreign Affairs, did no more than protest, we can hardly blame Austria, or Russia either, if they concluded that the same mild form of dissent would be applied to any kind of aggression. The old Protestants went about their work with the Bible in one hand, and the sword in the other—Lord Palmerston omits the sword, and, we fear, the Bible also.

The natural effect of these proceedings upon Russia was to make her believe that the time had entirely gone by when Britain would interfere in any matter which did not touch her own direct interest. Lord Palmerston was ready enough to sympathise with revolutionary movements, but then he never attempted to assist the unfortunate insurgents, who but for his encouragement, might possibly have remained quiet; and when a real opportunity for a great political change in Europe occurred, as in the instance of Poland, he absolutely declined to act, even with Austria and France, to back him out. Our decided conviction is, that a great deal of the responsibility of the present war must rest upon Lord Palmerston; for the fact of his acceptance of office under Lord Aberdeen, in a different capacity from that which he had formerly occupied, and in which he had established his European notoriety, looked very like a surrender of his more recent liberal phantasies, and a public penance for his follies. The late Czar, we have no doubt, believed that his old acquaintance, Lord Aberdeen, had, like Van Amburgh, discovered some means of reducing this prowler to reason; and,

as the exhibitions of the prowler, when he might have made an effective spring, had proved of the most innocent kind, it is difficult to hold that the Czar had no just grounds for his belief.

But let us see what he has done and is doing with regard to the present war. We shall adhere to our resolution of not holding him answerable for the general policy of the late Cabinet, but most clearly he is answerable for the conduct of his own department.

At the time when it became evident that war must break out, Britain was sadly deficient in troops, and we may say in military material. Under the rule of the Whigs the army had been reduced to a very low point, and we all remember what a clamour was made in Manchester for reducing it still further. Lord Hardinge said, a few days ago, while giving evidence before the Sebastopol Committee, that, on becoming Master-General of the Ordnance, under Lord Derby, in 1852, he found the number of guns to be about forty or fifty, and those of the date of the battle of Waterloo! He proposed, and Lord Derby sanctioned the proposal, that the number should be increased to three hundred; and the succeeding government carried that into effect.

It has been over and over again stated that we are not a great military power. That may be conceded as true at the present moment, for we have not taken steps to put ourselves in that position. But there is no reason in the wide world why we should not become such if we please. Prussia, with a population short of 17 millions, reckoned her army at the close of last year at 525,000,—we, with a population of 27½ millions, were contented with 175,324. Let us see how matters stood in 1813, when the population of the British Islands was not more than 18 millions. We quote from Alison:—

"The military force maintained during this year by Great Britain, independent of the force in India, was immense; and coupled with the vast navy which it was necessary to keep on foot for the maritime war, in which America had now appeared as a principal enemy, presented perhaps the greatest aggregate of warlike strength ever put forth by any single nation since the beginning of the world. The land forces presented a total of 228,000 regular troops, having increased during the year, 12,000, even after all the losses of the year 1812, besides 28,000 British soldiers in India, 93,000 militia in the British Islands, in no respect inferior to the army of the line, and 32,000 foreign troops in the British service. The Sepoy force in India numbered fully 200,000 men, making in all a total of 582,000 soldiers in arms, all raised by voluntary enlistment, and exclusively devoted to the military life as a profession. In addition to this, the local militia, similar to the Prussian landwehr, in the British Islands amounted to no less than 300,000; and the yeomanry cavalry, or landwehr horse, were 68,000—exhibiting a total of 949,000 men in arms, of *which* 749,000 *were drawn from the population of the British Islands.*"

It is pretty clear, therefore, that in 1813 this *was* a great military nation; and, considering that the population has since then increased *by one-third*, and that our pecuniary resources are unbounded, we cannot see the difficulty of attaining the same result by the means formerly employed. Of course we do not mean to aver that armies can be created in a moment; but any government, really in earnest, could, in a marvellously short time, raise an amount of force which would be sufficient to take the field, and moreover, create a reserve to an almost unlimited extent. The Aberdeen Ministry, however, were not in earnest, and they did not contemplate a serious war. Consequently they starved it.

If Great Britain is not entitled to take rank as a first-rate military power—we do not mean in respect of her peace establishment, but in respect of the force which she can raise and equip in times of emergency—then we say that her obvious policy is not to take the field at all. The power of her other arm, at least, is undoubted, and in a contest with a country so peculiarly situated as Russia, her maritime supremacy gives her an undoubted advantage. Viewed in this light, the expedition to Sebastopol appears an act of unparalleled folly. We were absolutely invading Russia with an allied force of not more than 50,000 men, the British contingent being only 27,000 and that very nearly exhausted the whole of our

available force. Napoleon, when he invaded Russia, took with him across the frontier 647,158 men. We do not say that the instances are altogether parallel; but there is no such difference in situation as will justify the enormous disproportion; and the consequence is, that we have come to a check before the walls of Sebastopol. We have not been able to cut off the communications of that huge fortress with the interior of the country. We have twice bombarded the place without success; and our want of success has been owing simply to our want of men.

No doubt it is true that, at the present moment, the allied forces in the Crimea are considerable,—amounting, it is said, to 175,000 men; but of these not 24,000—if, indeed, we have quite so many—are British soldiers. The others are French, Turks, and Sardinians. Now, although we may be willing to subsidise Sardinia, to equip Polish legions, and to pay for foreign recruits,—and although we may contrive by such means to forward to the scene of action a large body of mercenaries, it requires no power of divination to perceive that by resorting to such means, instead of putting forward our own strength, we are lowering ourselves in the eyes of Europe. Money is not political strength. We are exhibiting ourselves to the world as hucksters, unable or unwilling to take the field ourselves, but ready to buy the services of others. We are proclaiming that Britain is unable to furnish an army of her own, but that she is ready to give money to those who will fight for her. Is that the proper position for a great country like this? Is that in accordance with our traditions and our fame? Is that calculated to maintain our credit, or to make us respected by other nations? It is well that we can appeal to the instances of Alma, Inkermann, and Balaklava, as showing the indomitable courage of our troops; for we are convinced that the impression mentioned by Lord Granville and referred to in the first paragraph of this article, is indeed generally entertained, "that, from the beginning of the war, up to the present moment, England has shown nothing of the qualifications for success in war but mere personal valour." What qualifications has she shown? Her diplomacy from beginning to end has been a bungle—her official system, though maintained at a far higher cost than that of any other nation, has broken down—her military provisions (we speak now of stores) have been wholly inadequate—her hospital preparations even worse—and, to crown all, she has not yet made, and is not making, a proper army. But we are wrong in adopting the phraseology of Lord Granville, who puts the case as if this was a charge made against the country. It is nothing of the kind. It is a charge made against the late and the present Ministry, and it is true to the very letter. Saving and excepting the personal valour of our men, which cannot be spoken of in too high terms, we have been disgraced in diplomacy, in preparation, in activity, in arrangement, in care for our brave men, in the furnishing of war ammunition—in everything, in short, which the Government took into its own hands. There is no need for proclaiming that to the whole world—the whole world knows it already. But what must strike a foreigner with the uttermost amazement is this, that a country claiming to be a first-rate power, which sends out troops in limited numbers, every man of whom proves himself to be a hero, cannot continue the supply. Were we to perish as a nation to-morrow, the memory of Inkermann would survive. But are our resources so limited that, out of our twenty-seven and a half millions, we can produce only a handful of such men as fought at that Thermopylæ? Is it possible that at that bloody and desperate strife all the available gallantry and devotion of Britain was engaged? If so, let us erect one great monument to those who fell, and then confess ourselves degenerate. But it is not so. The military spirit of Britain has been kept under, and purposely depressed, by the dispositions of two governments, neither of which had a distinct or definite policy. They have halted between two opinions, and they have committed the fearful mistake of not preparing for the worst. "Peace" was ever on the lips of Aberdeen—"Negotiation" is the phrase of Palmerston; and between them they have neglected putting the nation

in a state to prosecute the war with real vigour, if "peace" cannot be obtained except on dishonourable terms, or if "negotiation" shall fail. Let it not be supposed that we exaggerate this matter. The apparent weakness of Britain in military power and numbers has been marked, not only by our declared enemy, but by Austria and Prussia; and serious doubts have arisen whether we are able to continue the contest, now that we have invaded Russian territory, upon our own resources, depending upon our own troops, and not upon purchased service. If we are desirous of support, we must show the world that we are thoroughly in earnest, and that we are prepared by British arms, as well as by subsidies, to prosecute this war to its termination. Let our readers peruse the following communication from the correspondent of the *Times* at Constantinople, dated 10th May last, as an evidence of the feeling which has been created abroad by the inadequacy of our military force:—

"The French armies increase rapidly on Turkish and Crimean soil. The army at Maslak, twenty-eight thousand strong, is under orders for the seat of war. Ships of the line have arrived for its removal, and in a few days it will be added to the force under the orders of General Canrobert. It will no doubt be replaced by another army equally numerous and well disciplined, and a constant reserve force will be kept up for the replacement of the troops lost in the Crimea. All these things counsel the British people to use every effort to preserve the rank of principals in this war, not only by pecuniary sacrifices, but also by providing such a number of troops as shall be consistent with the country's rank as a first-rate Power. From what may have been observed in the conversation of foreigners during the last few months, it is easy to learn that England will hold no high rank in the European family if she contents herself with a system of subsidies, or merely transports the armies of her allies. Money spent in subsidising allies is almost as ill laid out as in buying off enemies. Even though by the help of French and Sardinian arms, we might extort from Russia a satisfactory treaty, England will have gained little unless the success be owing partly to her own prowess. It is not in the nature of war to be merely useful. Reputation must not be disregarded, for even though successful as far as the great ends of the war are concerned, yet if England shows signs of individual weakness, it will encourage or suggest future political combinations, from which she may suffer severely. If we have had peace for nearly forty years, and if, during that time, England has held the most respected place in Europe, it is not that she subsidised the armies of Blucher and Schwartzenberg, but that her children fought in person, by land and sea, and impressed the world not only with a knowledge of her riches, but with a conviction of her energy and power. That glorious reputation has been much shaken of late, but may soon again be firmly established. Sacrifices must, however, be made, and among the chief is the devotion of a certain part of the population to the carrying on of the war. These schemes of foreign legions, of Osmanli cavalry, of Turkish contingents, all of which it might be predicted will be failures, are so many desperate attempts to wage war without its first necessary—a numerous and reliable native army. In the great war against the French Republic and Empire we began in the same way, and, after years of disaster, were obliged to confess the necessity of something like an approach to the conscription. What with regulars, militia, and fencibles, there were five hundred thousand Englishmen in arms. Among persons near the seat of war, and able to compare the influence of the nations who form the present alliance, it is the universal opinion that if this war is to last, some decided steps should be taken to ensure a proper supply of British troops. There is hardly an officer who does not lament that the British army must play a secondary part, although the troops which compose it are far above the standard of Continental armies. Although, among the conventionalities of English politics, it is forbidden to pronounce the word "conscription," it is to be hoped that the Government will take some immediate measures for sending out the militia regiments; and, should our army attain at length the number of fifty thousand men, it will be inexcusable in the nation to allow it again to fall so low as during the past winter. The matter is one of the greatest moment, for if Sebastopol is to be taken by direct attack, which is the mode of procedure still persisted in by the Generals, it is allowable to state that the success of the enterprise will mainly depend on the number of British troops who may be at hand to rush upon the Russian batteries."

Now, the charge which we bring against Lord Palmerston is, that, both as Secretary of State and as Premier,

these had been trained and exercised. Last year, with a nominal but incomplete establishment of 120,000, only 12,265 passed from the militia into the line, and they had no training or preparation in arms. Had the whole militia been raised and called out in time, and properly exercised and armed, there would in all probability, from that source alone, have been an addition to the regular army of 40,000 effective soldiers, being nearly double the force which, according to the account which we have received, is at present ranged under the British colours before Sebastopol. In this neglect Lord Palmerston is principally and directly responsible; and we have no hesitation in saying that we hold him liable to the charge of a gross derilection of duty. No attention whatever has been bestowed on the militia; and to some of the regiments, though embodied, arms have not yet been issued. Such is the attention which the present Government, and Lord Palmerston, while Secretary of State for the Home Department, have paid to the organisation of the great constitutional force, from which the army can be most readily recruited!

But we are told that the Government deserves credit for the improved state of the troops presently in the Crimea. They deserve credit to this extent, that they have improved upon the disastrous management of their predecessors. We believe that the soldiers are now better fed and clothed than formerly, and also that, with the change of season, their condition is naturally bettered. True to the principle of judging the present men by their own acts, and not by those of the last government, we shall not inquire how much of this improvement has been owing to the disclosures made by the public press, and the wholesome dread inspired by the investigations of the Sebastopol Committee. We are happy to know that there has been improvement, and we give them credit for it. But if we are asked to give this Government credit for having taken energetic steps to raise such an army as befits the dignity, honour, character, and interest of the country, in such a war as the present, and at such a juncture of that war—we answer emphatically, No! We have not more than 24,000 British troops before Sebastopol, and where is our reserve? We have learned through bitter experience to what ravages, independent of the direct casualties of war, an army is exposed in such a climate, from cholera, fever, ague, exposure, overwork, and other causes; and we cannot calculate on immunity from such attacks during the ensuing season. Where is the reserve? Not at Malta, at least in sufficient numbers. Not certainly in the United Kingdom, in which at the present moment there are but four complete regiments of infantry of the line quartered—viz. the 51st, 80th, 94th, and 96th; and all these are under orders for foreign service. It is very painful to be obliged to make these comments; but unless they are made, and unless the public mind is thoroughly roused to a sense of the national condition, we despair of seeing a remedy applied. The remedy itself is quite simple, and it is this:—Raise the regular militia up to the whole required complement, by voluntary enlistment if you can, through increased bounties; but if not, through the ballot. Establish camps immediately, without waiting for finical detail, and see that the men are thoroughly drilled, and trained to every exercise and labour which a soldier may be required to perform. Appoint general officers to the direct command and superintendence of the militia *in districts*, and let them see that the men are properly equipped and armed. Abolish the absurd system of intrusting the distribution of commissions in a force which is movable throughout Great Britain, and may be, under certain conditions, sent abroad, to the lords-lieutenants of counties. Let no man who has not served, either in the line or in the Indian army, receive, in the first instance, a commission higher than that of a subaltern. Raise, at the same time, for the defence of the country, *a local militia*, which shall not be removable from its county, except in case of foreign invasion, and which shall be liable to be called out for exercise only during a limited number of days in every year, as is the case with the yeomanry cavalry,

he has utterly disregarded the readiest means for increasing the regular army. In our number for April last, we drew the attention of our readers to the state of the militia, and pointed out how necessary it was that more attention should be paid to this branch of the service. We showed how it might be made a nursery for soldiers, and we urged upon the Government the propriety of taking immediate steps for making up the numbers of the militia to their full complement. It was Lord Palmerston's duty to have done this at an early period; and in case the number of volunteers for the militia fell short, to have asked Parliament for authority to raise them by the ballot. Without the militia, constituted and maintained as it then was, we could not have supported the losses in the great Peninsular campaign. Let us again refer to Alison, treating of the measures which the Government adopted for raising men in the earlier part of the year 1809:—

"To provide for the war on the gigantic scale on which during this year it was to be conducted, at once in Flanders, Austria, and Portugal, large supplies of men and money were requisite; and the attention of Government was early and anxiously directed to these vital objects. It had long been perceived that the true nursery for the British army was the militia, which, being raised by ballot for the home service only, did not excite the jealousy of a people too much attached to their liberties to submit, save in the last necessity, to conscription for the regular army. A bill, accordingly, was brought in by Lord Castlereagh, which soon received the assent of the legislature, which provided for raising twenty-four thousand men for the militia—by bounties of ten guineas each; and if that temptation proved insufficient, by ballot, in order to replace an equal number who had volunteered from that service into the line. This measure proved entirely successful. The bounty for enlisting into the regular army was at the same time raised to twelve guineas; *and from that time till the close of the war no difficulty was experienced in raising the requisite number of men, without any forced levy,* FOR BOTH SERVICES—even to supply the vast consumption of the Peninsular War."

How do matters stand at present? The numbers of the militia establishment, when completed, amount to 120,000, of which England and Wales should contribute 80,000, Scotland 10,000, and Ireland 30,000. The English Militia Bill was passed in 1852 by Lord Derby's Government, but it was subsequently altered for the worse by Lord Aberdeen's Government in 1854; and the consequence, as we all know, has been the withdrawal of great numbers of the militiamen. Through the inconceivable negligence of Lord Palmerston, the Scottish and Irish Bills were not passed till the very close of the session in August 1854, whereas they ought to have been carried through in February of that year. Therefore, during last year, the militia forces of Scotland and Ireland were unavailable as a resource from which to supply the army. We observe from a parliamentary return that only 456 men from the militia of these two countries entered the regular force; and these, being absolutely without training, were simply raw recruits.

England, however, thanks to Mr. Walpole's forethought, was in a different position. But even in England, as we learn from Mr. Frederick Peel, there have been at no time more than 50,000 actually enrolled. Of these, 11,809 have passed into the line; but so imperfect was their discipline and training, that Lord Hardinge, in his evidence before the Sebastopol committee, designated them as no better than raw boys, unable to stand hard work and the inclemency of the weather. This is just another instance of the utter negligence of Government; for surely since war became imminent there was ample time to have the militia raised, trained, and sent to camp. But nothing of the kind was done; and though we now hear of camps being erected at Aldershott and the Curragh of Kildare, there is no mention of any such arrangement being contemplated for the instruction of the militia of Scotland, which would have the further effect of relieving the householders in the towns selected as headquarters from the odious and unjust system of billeting. During the last war, when the establishment of the regular militia did not exceed 90,000, the annual draft of volunteers to the line was very great, being in some years as high as 25,000 and even 30,000 men. All

Let the local troops be officered as the lords-lieutenants may appoint. Give encouragement in every way to the military spirit of the country; and we answer for it, that before a year is over, Great Britain will be able to produce a magnificent army in the field, with an immense reserve behind it, and that without resorting to conscription. And that is what we must do, if we expect that this war is to produce any lasting results, or to secure as a consequence, what we all most earnestly desire, a real and not a hollow peace. Has the present Government, we ask, given any indications of such energetic action? Not at all. Their reforms and improvements are confined to small matters, as if a man were to alter the fashion of his shoe-tie because it pinched him, while his house was burning about his ears. Half of them, or perhaps more than half, are dreaming about the terms upon which peace may be procured, whilst the remainder, instead of bestirring themselves, and appealing to the warm sympathies of the nation, are combating, in Cabinet debate, the arguments of the recreant section. We were, as we have said in the commencement of this article, disposed to greet the substitution of the present Cabinet for the former one, because it seemed to us at least to promise something like unity of idea. It would appear that we were mistaken. It seems to be a law of nature that the intermixture of foreign with native cattle, engenders a mysterious disease called the *pleuro-pneumonia;* and we suppose that men are not more exempt than other animals from the contagion; for the Peelites, though ejected from office, have managed to inoculate a large portion of the Ministerial Whigs with their pro-Russian and unpatriotic *virus;* and we now find dissension where we expected at least something like a united purpose. Perhaps we were, under the circumstances, too credulous in entertaining that idea. We ought to have remembered that in the Cabinet there were two kings of Brentford — Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell—and that the latter has a peculiar knack of exciting discord in every Cabinet in which he holds a subordinate place. Perhaps we should rather designate that impulse as "honourable ambition." We ought to have foreseen that sooner or later he would resort to his old practice of getting up a party in the Cabinet, in order to get rid of his leader; and it may not be unnatural for Lord Palmerston to wish for a prolongation of the conferences at Vienna, for no better reason than that he may again be delivered for a time from the machinations of his noble friend. The country, however, is in anything but a mood to interest itself in such disputes. The very equivocal scene which took place in the House of Commons on the night appointed for Mr. Milner Gibson's motion has excited universal suspicion and alarm; and that House will not do its duty if it separates for the Whitsuntide recess without compelling the Ministry to be more explicit than they have hitherto been on the subject of war and peace.

We are very glad to observe, as we write, that Mr. Disraeli has taken steps to give the House of Commons an opportunity of expressing their opinions, and we shall await the result of that debate with the very deepest anxiety. We cannot conceive a greater misfortune for the country than divided councils at the present time. Great Britain is not alone concerned in this matter; she has cast her lot with France in this great struggle, and the honour and interest of both countries are involved in the issue.

But whatever may be the result of the debate, we consider it our duty to state our deliberate opinion that the safety and honour of the country are in jeopardy in the hands of the present Ministry. We do not say so because rumour, within the last few days, has been very free with the names of some of them, or because they have not thought fit to dispose of such a rumour by a manly and distinct declaration. We do not say so, on account of general political difference, for the most violent partisan would hardly wish to see his friends charged with the responsibilities and difficulties of Government in this distracted time. We say it simply because we think that the present Ministry have

not done, and are not doing, their duty to the country and their Sovereign; and if that be the case it really matters little whether their neglect arises from deliberate disinclination to push the war, or from absolute administrative incapacity. We are not appealing to the prejudices of a section—we are appealing to the common sense and sound British feeling of the people. Let them reflect, and that seriously, upon the position in which we are now placed, without allowing their minds to be diverted from that point by any considerations regarding the policy which has placed us there. We are engaged in a great war with a powerful enemy; we have entered his territory, and we have been besieging for eight months without a successful result the strongest of his fortresses. Doubts may be entertained as to the wisdom of the Crimean expedition; but that is mere matter of speculation. We are there; and being there, we must proceed with the enterprise. Russia has never yet given the smallest indication of a wish to retreat from the contest. On the contrary, her attitude and language are those of a resolute belligerent; and great as are the losses which she has already sustained in men, she is promptly and energetically repairing them by increased levies over her whole population. Her trade may be checked by a sea blockade, but it cannot be annihilated so long as she receives the connivance of Prussia; and if Austria can be persuaded to remain neutral, there is little chance of her European frontier being assailed. Consequently she can bring to bear upon any point which may be assailed—in the present instance the Crimea—an enormous force, even allowing for large *corps d'armée* in the other provinces of her empire. It is not easy to arrive at exact Russian statistics, but in Von Reden's work, *Russlands Kraft-Elemente*, published at Frankfort last year, the strength of the Russian military force, active and reserve, is stated to amount to 1,472,242 men. And within the last ten days we have heard of the issue of an ukase ordaining a further levy of 12 out of every 1000 men throughout the Russian territory. Everything seems to indicate that the struggle will be desperate and protracted; and we have found at Inkermann and before Sebastopol that the Russian soldiers are no contemptible enemies. Now let us look to our own preparations. As we have already said, the force of the Allies in the Crimea is, according to the last authentic accounts, about 175,000, of which our contingent does not exceed the insignificant number of 24,000, and we have hardly any reserve to supply the inevitable losses. Those of last year, by disease alone, were frightful; and if our army is to remain much longer encamped upon a limited plateau of ground, we must, in the nature of things, expect that fever and sickness will increase. The scene, however, may be changed, and there may be a campaign in the open field. In that case we must look for losses, though from a different cause. Victories are not gained without their victims, as many a fond heart, still bleeding for the glorious death of their nearest and dearest, knows well at the present hour; but such is the necessary result of war. But are we to allow Great Britain to be drained of its last available soldier without providing any supply? Are we really in that despicable position that we cannot raise men among ourselves to maintain the British army in the field at a creditable strength? Are we to allow our allies, after all that has been done, to monopolise the glory of the campaign? That is precisely the tendency of the course which the Palmerston Ministry has been and is pursuing. They have not taken any steps to develope the warlike spirit of the country,—nay, they have been anxious to repress it, giving no encouragement whatever to the organisation of volunteer corps; and acting precisely as men would act, who were anxious, if they could, to back out of the contest, and who were so convinced that they could effect a speedy termination of the war, that they deemed it unnecessary to make any preparation for its continuance. Let the country look to it in time. Russia has no intention of making a present peace, except on such terms as will be claimed as a national triumph to herself, and a humiliation to those who have entered her territory; and if we desire, by deeds of arms, to conquer and dictate an effective peace

we must put forth the whole of our resources. It is absolutely sickening to hear noble lords and honourable gentlemen claiming credit and confidence for having sent out to their neglected soldiery proper supplies of clothing, shelter, and provisions—which are the soldier's right, not gifts bestowed upon him—and at the same time to observe that they are taking no effective steps for increasing the army, and maintaining it at the point which our position in the scale of European nations demands. We know the feeling of the country well, and it is sound at heart. The people of Great Britain are, at this moment, writhing with indignation at the stigma which the listlessness, inactivity, or cowardice of the Ministry has cast upon them; and they only require the assurance that Government is really in earnest in the prosecution of the war, and determined to accept no compromise until an effective bridle can be put in the mouth of Russia, to exhibit to Europe the real power, energy, and enthusiasm of the Anglo-Celtic race. But these men are not in earnest. They have been dallying all along with the great means which alone can insure as victory; and they have been occupying their time—and, what is of infinitely greater consequence, the time of the nation—with propositions about new arrangements regarding the different departments of the Board of Ordnance, inspectorships, surveyorships, and such-like matters of detail, when they ought to have been appealing to the country, and enlisting the national spirit in the thorough prosecution of the war. We write strongly, because we feel strongly. We believe that a noble and gallant nation, composed of a union of three kingdoms, each of which has its separate history and renown, is at this moment in danger of being degraded in the eye of Europe—aye, of the whole world; because, from fortuitous circumstances, and from unfortunate combinations, it is governed by a body of men who have neither patriotism as their principle, nor sagacity enough to adopt the course most consonant with the feelings of the people. Away with them at once, and for ever! There is no fanatical spirit in favour of war, for war's sake, among the people of this country; but there is a very resolute determination that, when war has once been undertaken, the sword shall not be sheathed until the purpose for which it was drawn is secured. The country is ready to do its part—the obstacle lies with the Government. It is for the country, we say again, to look to it. If these men are allowed to continue in power, and to abuse their opportunities as they hitherto have done, the sooner that we abandon our vaunted position, as a first rate European state, the better. It is for the people to decide. Let them speak out now, or never.

THE STORY OF THE CAMPAIGN.

CHAP. XXI.—THE SECOND CANNONADE.

THE oft-repeated question, When shall we reopen the fire? was at length answered. On Easter Sunday, the 8th of April, orders were given for commencing the cannonade at daylight next morning. The batteries were supplied with five hundred rounds for each gun, and three hundred for each mortar, and were fully armed, with the exception of the batteries in the advanced parallels of the English attacks, which were not ready for the reception of the guns and mortars, and which were not to be unmasked till the fire of the rest should have enabled them to open with more security from the enemy's riflemen in the pits and quarries.

The morning of the 9th broke darkly in wind and rain. At the hour of sunrise a heavy mist covered the plains, and objects were so indistinct that in traversing ground I was familiar with I lost my way for a short time, but the sound of the guns guided me towards them. The order to the artillery was to begin as soon as the objects to be aimed at were discernible; and at twenty minutes past six the English guns, as they caught sight of the opposing batteries, opened their fire, and the French soon followed. The Russians were so completely unprepared that it was twenty minutes before they began to reply.

A strong south wind drove a flood of rain and a cloud of mist across the scene of contest. At times the heavy vapour hid the view from the spectators who had issued from their camps; then the fog would lift in parts and reveal the rounded hills crowned with batteries and wrapt in the smoke of annon, through which the red flashes ncessantly darted; again, as a squall passed, the view would dissolve, and the combat seemed transferred to a world of shadows. To us, who remembered the din of the former cannonade re-echoing through the camps, the noise of the present seemed trifling, blown from us as it was by the wind; but to the inhabitants of Sebastopol the uproar that awoke them must have been appalling. Three hundred and sixty French guns and mortars bore on the town defences and parts of the outworks; one hundred and forty English pieces on the Mammelon, Malakoff, Redan and Barrack and Garden Batteries. The arrangements for maintaining our fire were much better now than formerly. Caves in the ravine close to Chapman's Battery formed capacious and secure magazines, from whence ammunition was drawn as required for the smaller ones in the batteries, the explosion of which would consequently be of comparatively little importance. The parapets had been heightened and strengthened, and bomb-proof chambers had been constructed in rear of them, to which wounded men were conveyed and their hurts attended to in security. The guards of the trenches were no longer stationed in the batteries, which were exclusively occupied by artillerymen, but lined the parallels, and thus did not on the first day lose a man, the enemy's fire being solely directed on the batteries.

The Russians did not commence or sustain the fire with the vigour that was expected. The dreaded Mammelon fired but few shots, and seemed to be insufficiently manned; only five or six guns from the Malakoff opened —one face of the Redan grew almost silent in a few hours—while the French breached the central salient in their front, and greatly injured the Bastion du Mât.

The storm of wind and rain continued all day, and through it rushed as steadily the storm of shot. Each uplifting of the curtain of fog showed the same unvarying circle of eddies of smoke drifting from the allied batteries towards the Russian works. Our guns fired each about eight times in an hour, at which rate no second of time would elapse without a shot. Drenched to the skin, and standing in thick mud, the artillerymen and sailors worked their guns with admirable

vigour. Bad as the circumstances were for them, the Russian gunners fighting with the wind and rain in their faces, must have found the trial doubly severe. The losses in our batteries were not heavy, though the Russian fire was very well directed, and dismounted several guns. At mid-day the desultory fire of the Mammelon altogether ceased, and the work seemed to offer a tempting prize to a bold assailant. The fire of the allied guns ceased at nightfall, but that of the mortars, depending less on a sight of the object for its efficiency, was continued with great regularity throughout the night, which was filled with the roar of those great engines. The French had nearly one hundred mortars, we twenty-eight, mostly of larger calibre than theirs. Three large sea-service mortars, which threw their shells into the dockyard and arsenal buildings 4500 yards off, were unserviceable throughout the day, in consequence of the rain rendering the platforms so slippery that the handspikes could not be brought to bear on the vast beds.

Next day the Russian fire was much brisker, though by no means so formidable as in the former bombardment. Lieut. Twyford of the Naval Brigade was killed on this day.

On the 11th the Russian fire somewhat slackened, and our own was rather diminished, owing to several guns having become unserviceable. The Mammelon scarcely fired at all, the Round Tower only an occasional gun—one, perhaps, every ten minutes. The trenches were still deep in mire. The great ravine by which the left attack was approached was so muddy that it was a labour to traverse it, and it was filled with the reverberations of the cannonade and the sharp jar of splinters. The approaches to the advanced batteries were deep in sticky mud, and filled with pools. The night before an attempt had been made to take six 32-pounders from the first parallel to the advanced batteries; but they had stuck so fast that three hundred men were unable to move one to its destination, the drag-ropes giving way under the strain. The Russians, hearing the noise, opened fire on them, and knocked off the muzzle of one, which, with the others, was left in the second parallel till night, when the soil being somewhat drained, the battery was armed. Four of its guns opened on the following day, but the Russians replied with so heavy a fire as to silence them for the time. On the 13th the six guns opened again, and disabled some of the Russian pieces in the Garden Battery opposed to them. On the 14th also they continued to be worked throughout the day, though so heavy a fire was concentrated on them that the battery was greatly damaged, and the gun detachments suffered much loss. The advanced battery of the right attack had also been armed with 8-inch guns, which made excellent practice against the Mammelon and Round Tower. The two Russian batteries on the small hills opposed to the French works at Inkermann remained silent.

During the week the Russian fire continued to decrease. Their extensive batteries, far more powerful than ours, never put forth their strength, owing, as was surmised, to the paucity either of artillerymen or of projectiles. Most of their guns were fired in turn, but at slow intervals, as if a few gun-detachments served them all; their practice was very good, and had it been as warm and sustained as it was accurate, would have occasioned us heavy injury and loss.

As the cannonade went on day after day, great impatience was manifested in the English camp. The French had been very urgent with us to begin; and it was asked, with reason, why the fire had been commenced unless to be followed by an assault; and if the assault was intended, why it was delayed when our ammunition was rapidly decreasing, and our gunners worked beyond their strength; for they passed eight hours in the batteries, then had eight hours relief, and then returned to their guns, and out of the eight hours' remission nearly two were spent in going to and returning from their camp; so that they spent ten hours on their legs, which caused many to suffer so much from sore feet as to perform their duties with difficulty. It was evident therefore that, even if our supply of ammunition had been unlimited, our fire must soon slacken.

It had already produced as much effect as could be expected—indeed, the practice was altogether excellent; and as it was impossible to destroy, or even effectually breach, the enemy's earthworks at the distance we were from them, by any amount of fire, it seemed that a few hours more or less cannonade could not materially affect the difficulty of an assault.

However, while we had still ammunition to sustain the fire for some days longer, orders were given gradually to diminish it; and it was soon reduced to its former amount, without the attainment of any appreciable result from this expenditure of men and material.

Our approaches towards the Redan, continuing to be pushed, drew near some Russian rifle-pits, one of which stood on ground that would be included in the next night's trench-work, and which it was therefore necessary to take. A detachment of the 77th, under Lieut.-Colonel Egerton, sallied from the advanced trench on the night of the 19th, before midnight, and, without firing a shot, drove out or killed with the bayonet all the occupants of two pits, and repulsed the troops supporting them. Lieutenant Lempriere was killed by the enemy's fire, and, towards one o'clock, Colonel Egerton had returned into the trench bearing the dead subaltern in his arms, and was showing to some other officers a bullet which had been flattened against his own pocket-flask, when the Russians in front reopened their fire. As he hastened along the approach to the open ground, a ball entered his mouth, and, severing the vertebræ of the neck, killed him instantaneously. A man of ordinary stature would have escaped under shelter of the parapet of the trench, over which Egerton's head rose, for he was very tall, and one of the finest men in the army. The Russians, who had returned in force, opened a heavy fire on our men in the pits, by whom it was returned, as also from the advanced trench; and the enemy, after being in vain exhorted by their officers to close, retreated, leaving a good many dead. We continued to hold one pit. Next night the neighbouring one was entered, its occupants retreating without a contest, and leaving some dead Russians in it, killed on the preceding night; this latter pit was destroyed.

As our trench-works were continued, it seemed that the design now was to advance on the place as in the siege of a regular fortress, where the operations are certain in their progress and result, which are merely questions of time. But here the case was widely different. In advancing on a regular fortress, the works of the besieger are not exposed to the fire of those bastions or salients not attacked, and his attention is directed solely on the two salients before him, and the ravelin or other outwork covering the curtain which connects them, the number of guns in which, being determinate, are always overpowered by the superior number brought against them. The sap proceeds slowly and surely till sufficiently near, when the breaching batteries or the mine open the road through the defences for the stormers.

But the fortifications of Sebastopol, far from being regular, extend along the whole length of the town and harbour. The town itself is to a certain extent isolated by the inner harbour, and the French had made there an attack as regular as the ground admitted of; but the Barrack Battery from the opposite side of the creek bore on their works, as did the Garden Batteries in rear of the Bastion du Mât. Great difficulty, therefore, attended the attempt to advance here by sap without attacking or silencing the Barrack Battery, which, in its turn, was flanked by the Redan, which was supported by the Malakoff, and so on, in a sequence of as many links as that of the House which Jack built. Thus, in a regular attack, an advance on all these points was necessary, and thus was constituted, rather than one siege, a multitude of sieges. The capture of the Mammelon and its two flanking hills beyond Careening Bay, would have been a work of infinite labour and difficulty, carried on under heavy artillery fire, and would have been but a step towards the attack of the Redan and Round Tower, each formidable achievements, and still the town would remain for a separate siege: and this process de-

manded, if successful in all its separate particulars, many months to accomplish.

In fact, the appellation of siege applied to our operations may almost be considered a misnomer; it may rather be said we were attacking an intrenched position. Under this view we had erred in distributing the fire of our artillery so widely, and should rather have concentrated it on those points intended to be forced; and, when the enemy's guns bearing on the ground to be advanced over were sufficiently silenced, the attempt should have been made to carry these points by assault. As the inner harbour divided the defences of the place, if an assault were made on both sides of it the garrison must have divided their force, when the two bodies could not have mutually assisted each other, the fire of the French having destroyed the bridge of boats, and commanding the whole extent of the creek; or they must have left one point inadequately guarded, the forcing of which would have entailed ultimately the loss of the whole of the defences south of the great harbour. With our very superior numbers so many points might have been threatened that the garrison must have been subdivided into many small garrisons, and the real attacks might have been made with a disparity in our favour which would have promised well for success.

But if the assault were judged impracticable, there would seem to remain for the capture of the city but one alternative; viz. to invest the place, either directly, by marching down upon the north side, or by throwing a sufficient force across the roads from Perekop and the Sea of Azoff to answer the purpose of an investment. This again involved (besides the necessity of large reinforcements) complex and doubtful operations—marches into the interior from a divided or inadequate base, and battles in the field: all which considerations were doubtless taken into account in discussing the question of the assault.

CHAPTER XXII.—SUBSEQUENT OPERATIONS.

On Thursday the 19th April, at daybreak, I rode down to Kadukoi to accompany a reconnoissance which Omer Pacha, who had arrived from Eupatoria with twenty thousand Turks and Egyptians in the preceding week, was about to make towards the Tchernaya. At the barrier-gate of the entrenchment across the Kadukoi road eight hundred chasseurs d'Afrique were assembled. In the camp of our own heavy brigade a squadron of each regiment was drawn up in front of its tents, and a half troop of Thomas's horse-artillery was issuing from the village on to the plain where the 10th hussars, who had arrived from India a few days before, were drawn up, making with the heavy brigade, who presently joined it, about one thousand sabres. The French cavalry and guns, together with a few Turkish horse, descended into the plain, and the whole waited the proper moment to advance. This depended altogether on the progress of the Turkish infantry, which, led by Omer Pacha, had issued from the right of our lines far up the hills, and were crossing towards Kamara. A few shots told us when the Russian outposts were driven in, but the ground was more difficult than was expected; and so much time was taken up on the march that I had time to ride into Kadukoi and breakfast and feed my horse before the cavalry moved across the plain.

At half-past eight the Turks having reached Kamara, we moved towards Canrobert's Hill—French chasseurs, Turkish horse, and English hussars forming a line of skirmishers, supported by detachments at a short distance, while the main bodies of cavalry came on in compact columns with the artillery on the flanks. Passing beyond Canrobert's Hill, we found on its rearmost slope a number of burrows, like those bivouacked in by the Turks, roofed with branches and earth—and other similar abodes appeared on the adjoining slopes, all, of course, deserted. Crowning the next ridge we saw a few Russian horsemen before us in the defile where the charge of the Light Brigade had

taken place—on a steep brown hill in front was a body of Cossacks behind an intrenchment drawn across the slope near the summit—Kamara was occupied by the Turkish infantry, whose skirmishers extended down towards those of our cavalry, and the main body of the reconnoitring force appeared on the verge of a high woody rock at the back of Kamara, and thither I (being present merely as an amateur, and not tied to any particular station) accordingly rode.

The only building remaining in the village of Kamara, which stands halfway between the plain and the top of the heights on the Woronzoff road, is the church, and that is in a very dilapidated condition. It stands in a stone enclosure, which was lined with Turkish soldiers, a battalion of whom was drawn up on the slope beneath. Passing this, I ascended by a path like the bed of a torrent through thick coppice (which showed that the Russians here must have been better off than we for firewood during the winter) carpeted with primroses and buttercups, and enlivened by some wild fruit-trees in full blossom, to the top of the abrupt mountains, where the main body of the Turks had piled arms, and were cooking their victuals, their officers and such of ours as had accompanied them forming breakfast circles, while the Engineers took such notes and sketches of the country before them as were required. The view from this lofty point was extensive and grand—on the left the Tchernaya might be traced passing our position on the plateau to the distant ruins of Inkermann—in the plain below was our cavalry, picturesquely grouped—and all around were high mountains, grey or brown of tint, with glimpses of green in low-lying spots between.

After a time the infantry descended towards Kamara, where Lord Raglan and his staff were watching the operations, which were directed altogether by Omer Pasha. The venerable appearance which the Turkish commander's white beard and moustache give him at a little distance completely vanishes on a closer view, when the brightness and energy of his face correspond well with his slender straight figure. He looks about forty-eight. He had two splendid chargers in the field—a chestnut and a bay. The Cossacks still held the hill in front, and two bodies of Turkish infantry were marched towards them, accompanied by doleful music. Long before they got within musket range, however, some rockets were fired by the French at the Cossacks, which pitched and exploded near them, when they at once quitted the intrenchment and hastened off behind the hill, up the steep stony barren side of which we all now moved, the Turkish infantry, already on their way, being first. Presently a volley was heard in front, which was fired by the Russians posted in the valley of the Tchernaya at those who were first over the hill, and which damaged nobody. Steep down beneath us was a bend of the river, which divided into streams, and, uniting again below, meanders here among willows and poplars. On the left stood a stone bridge, higher up the stream than that we had crossed when on the march from M'Kenzie's Farm, in September; covering the latter, on the opposite side of the river, was an earthwork for six guns, which was not armed. Other intrenchments were visible at different points, particularly up the main road into the hills in front, where a few Russians were drawn up, and near them was a foot-bridge over the stream. Nothing appeared to prevent our passage, if we had been disposed to cross the river; but when the Turkish chief had satisfied his curiosity, the troops swept round the hill, and commenced the march home. The 10th Hussars marched past for Lord Raglan's inspection on the plain; and he afterwards rode through the ranks of the Heavy Brigade, which, drawn up in squadrons, looked very soldierlike and splendid, though its numbers were but scanty. The men and horses, survivors of that terrible winter bivouac, had quite recovered from the effects of its privations, and, though not so sleek and shining as of yore, looked as fit for work as ever.

A few days after, Omer re-embarked for Eupatoria, which was said to be threatened with an attack, taking a great part of his troops with him.

On the 25th of April, the ambassador, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, arrived with his family from Constantinople, and remained more than a week.

On the night of the 1st of May, the French attacked and carried a counter-guard before the central bastion covering the town, in which the Russians were preparing to place guns, and from whence some small mortars had begun to throw shells into the trenches. The musketry fire was very hot during the conflict. At four o'clock on the following afternoon, the Russians attempted to retake the work, but were repulsed with loss, some French guns having been brought to bear on them. In the two affairs, the French lost about 100 men killed, and double that number wounded; and 160 Russian bodies were left on the ground. Nine of the small mortars were among the trophies secured by our allies, and five Russian officers were made prisoners. On both occasions the enemy's officers are said to have displayed great gallantry in leading on and animating their men.

Early in May, I accompanied a friend, who had just joined from England, over the battle-field of Inkermann, now gaily sprinkled with flowers, blue, red, and yellow. From the Two-gun Battery we descended the face of the hill, where the Russians had climbed up to attack the Guards. The valley was filled with a luxuriant growth of grass, quite hiding the marshy soil, and alive with frogs, whose croakings filled the air; and the trees which fringe the course of the Tchernaya were in full leaf. Passing beyond the farthest French sentinel, we came, amid the bushes on the face of the steep, on the shallow grave of a Russian, where was visible, protruding from the thin covering of soil, a withered clenched hand. The dead man's belt still encircled his bones, and the bayonet-sheath rested outside the earth. A little farther down was a skeleton in Russian uniform, lying on its face; some light-coloured locks still clung to the skull, and through a hole in the trousers the fleshless leg was visible. Thus it happened, that my friend, who had read in England, months before, an account of the battle, and had learned almost to class it with the famous actions of history, was now face to face on the battle-field with the corpse of a soldier slain in the combat. While we looked at it, a rifleman, on the other side of the valley, sent a bullet at us, which dropped among the bushes some yards below, and some others followed with no better aim.

INDEX TO VOL. LXXVII.

Aberdeen, lord, Lord John Russell on, 360—the war due to him, 370—his appropriation of the Garter, 371.
Aberdeen militia, state of the, 475.
Aberdeen Ministry, review of the conduct of the war by the, 1—general distrust of them, *ib.*—divisions among them, 3—review of their conduct of the campaign, 4 *et seq.*—their failure to provide a reserve, 5—their neglect as regards the militia, 7—their underestimate of Russia, 10—their neglect of the army, 15—their conduct regarding Austria, 16—their Foreign Enlistment Bill, *ib.*—their conduct with regard to it, 104—Roebuck's motion against them, 359—Lord John Russell's resignation, *ib.*—previous dissensions among them, 361—their conduct of the war, 362—their resignation, 364.
Absolute power, tendency of, to produce madness, 485.
Achulko, the siege and capture of, 178, 180.
Adulteration, prevalence of, 24.
Agatha's husband, novel of, 560.
Agra, Metcalfe governor of, 212.
Agriculture, British, superiority of, 67.
Ahuehuelt, the, Mexico, 298.
Aland—THE BALTIC IN 1854, 644.
Aland Islands, sketch of the history, &c. of the, 644.
Albert Shako, the 386.
Alexander, the Czar, the attempted ameliorations of, 485.
Alison, sir A., on Lord Palmerston, 730.
Allan, David, the painter, 588.
Allan, sir William, 589
Allies, conduct of the, in the Crimea, 9.
Allix, captain, 238.
Alma, conduct of the Allies at the, 9—Trench's lines to the, 532.
Alton Locke, remarks on, 625, 627.
Amalthea, statue of, 334.
Amir Hadji Yar, siege, &c. of, 177.
Angelico, St. Lawrence distributing alms by, 264.
Animal appetites, connection of, with the nervous system, 404.
Animals, the intelligence of, 409.
Antonina, the novel of, 566.
Arabs, military dress of the, 382.
Arfet, Anne, 693.
Argyll, the militia of, 475.
Aristocratic influence, on the alleged effects of, 600 *et seq.*
Army, inefficiency of the, as to numbers, 3—on the supply of men for the, 6—conduct of the, in the Crimea, 9—their sufferings there, 15—causes of the state of the, 351.
Arnault, Naptal, a French actress, 344.
Art, schools of, effects of, 323.
Articulation, how performed, 406.
Artillery, superiority of the Russians in, 131—deficiency of the army in, 352.
Artists, present position of, and patronage of art, 583 *et seq.*
Assyria, dress of the soldier in, 382.
Atotonilco, the river, 301.
Auckland, lord, as governor-general of India, 212.
Austria, conduct of the Government with regard to, 16—policy pursued by, in 1813, 553—efforts of Russia to secure, 728.
Backwoods, an election in the, 449.
Bagration, general, 539.
Bajeo, the, Mexico, 298.
Bakewell, Mr., improvement of the breed of sheep by, 68.
Balaklava, losses of the Allies at the battle of, 10—position, &c. of, 113—the battle of, 117—bringing up provisions, &c. from, 349—improved condition of, 496.
Ballot, necessity of, for the militia, 8,474.
Baltic in 1854, the, 644.
Baltic fleet, the, and sketch of its operations, 646.
Baraguay d'Hilliers, general, 650.
Barbarism, origin and progress of, 309.
Barnaby Rudge, remarks on, 459.
BARNUM, T. P., LIFE OF, 187.
Barrack battery, Sebastopol, the, 115, 623.
Basil, the novel of, 566.
Beauharnais, Eugene, 537.
Beet, proposed cultivation of, 75.
Beggar, social position, &c. of the, 251.
BEGGAR'S LEGACY, THE, 251.
Beggars, anecdotes of, 257—rules of their community, *ib. et seq.*
Bell, sir Charles, on articulation, 406.
BELLAMARE'S SCENES DE LA VIE MEXICAINE, 292.
Bellavene, general, 537.

Belleville, town of, 445, 446.
Bellot, lieutenant, the death of, 481.
Bentinck, lord George, the death of, 482.
Bentinck, lord William, 211.
Blas, Don, a Mexican, 303 *et seq.*
Bleak House, remarks on, 462.
Blind Beggar's daughter of Bednall green, the, 262.
Blythedale Romance, novel of the, 564.
Bois de Boulogne, the, 342.
Bomarsund, the attack and capture of, 647 *et seq.*
Bonheur, Rosa, a French painter, 337.
Boot, the soldier's, 394.
Borodino, heroism of the battle of, 536 —sketches of it, 540.
Bosphorus, the hospitals on the, 353.
Bosquet, general, at Inkermann, 241.
Boston, increased trade of, 439.
Boulevards of Paris, the, 338.
Boulogne, the camp at, 346.
Boxer, admiral, at Balaklava, 618.
Boyhood, period of, 501.
Brain, functions, nature, &c. of the, 402 *et seq.*
Brescia, sketches at, 537.
Brigham, Dr., of the education on the young, 31.
Bristol, libraries, &c. in, 319.
British agriculture, superiority of, 67.
Brodie, sir B., Psychological Enquiries by, 402.
Brodie, Mr., statue of Corinna by, 596.
Bronte, Miss, the novels of, 557—death of, 568.
Brown, J. C., painting of Glencoe by, 591.
Browne, captain, death of, 616.
Bruce copper-mines, the, 581.
Buckwheat, Lavergne on, 73.
Buffon on the length of human life, 502, 503—praises of old age by, 505—on the average quantity of life, 506.
Bulwer, 221.
Bulwer, sir L., on the foreign enlistment bill, 17.
Burgess, lieutenant, 655.
Burgoyne, sir John, 615.
Burial truce at Sebastopol, the, 616.
Burning of Moscow, the, 544.
Burns, the career, &c. of, 221.
Butter, consumption of, in England, 69.
Calcultta, sketches in, 207.
Cambridge, the duke of, at Inkermann, 240.
Cambyses, the madness of, 483.
Camel, duration of life in the, 503.
Campaign, Story of the, Part II., chap. ix. The Position before Constantinople, 112—chap. x., Commencement of the Siege, 114—chap. xi., Attack on Balaklava, 117—chap. xii., First Action of Inkermann, 120—Part III. chap. xii., continued, 236—chap. xiii., The Battle of Inkermann, 237—chap. xiv., Winter on the Plains, 244—Part IV. chap. xv., Circumspective, 349—chap. xvi., The Hospitals on the Bosphorus, 353—Part V. chap. xvii., Exculpatory, 492—chap. xviii., The Progress of the Siege, 496—Part VI. chap. xviii., continued, 614—chap. xix. The Burial Truce, 616—chap. xx., View of the Works, 619.—Part VII. chap. xxi., The second Cannonade, 740, chap. xxii., Subsequent operations, 743.
Campaign of 1812, sketches of the, 538.
Campaigns of a French Hussar, the, 536.
Campbell, sir Colin, 497.
Canada and the North-West States of America, Notes on the, 438—Part II. 569—Part III. Lake Superior, 701.
Canada, Metcalfe's administration of, 217—trade through the United States with, 438.
Canadian Indians, the, 450.
Canteen of the soldier, the, 395.
Cap, proposed, for the soldier, 392.
Carew, Peter, 695.
Carlyle on Burns, 221.
Cat, duration of life in the, 503.
Cata silver-mine, the, 299.
Cathcart, sir George, at Inkermann, 240.
Cattle, superiority of, &c. in England, 69.
Caucasus, failure of Russia in the, sketches of the war, &c., 173 *et seq.*
Cavalry, deficiency of the army in, 351.
Cavalry action at Balaklava, the, 118.
Caxtons, the, remarks on, 228.
Charles Dickens, 451.
Charles O'Malley, the novel of, 565.
Chapman's battery, Sebastopol, 620, 623.
Chebonaning, Indian village of, 581.
Cheshire, cheese produced in, 69.
Chicory, cultivation of, 75.
Children, right management of, 26, 27.
Chippeway Indians, the, 450.
Christie Johnston, the novel of, 567.
Church catechism, the, 87.
Cicero on old age, 504.
Circassians, the, 175.
Civilisation—The Census—Education, 21.
Civilisation—The Census, 309.
Clairvoyance, Ferrier on, 170.
Class influences, universality of, 451.
Cliff copper-mines, the, 709.
Closerie des Genêts, the, 342.
Clothing, the supply of, for the army, 374.
Coaches, history of, in London, 695.
Coalition, *see* Aberdeen ministry.
Coat of the soldier, the, 388.
Coburg, town of, 446.
Coffee, the supply of, to the army, 374.
Cold Shade, the, a dialogue, 598.
Collingwood, town of, 448, 575, 577.

Collins, Mr., the novels of, 566.
Combe, colonel, memoires du, reviewed, 536.
Commerce, relations of, to national wealth, 65.
Commercial classes, effects of the peace on the, 102.
Commissariat, inefficient state of the, 131—failure of the, in the war, 399.
Common things, on the teaching of, 27, 313.
Conduct of the war, the, 1.
Connecticut, morality in, 192.
Conservatives, attempt of the, to form a ministry, 394.
Constance Herbert, novel of, 561.
Constantine, the Archduke, 486.
Constantine, fort, 620.
Constantinople, winter view of, 354.
Continent, Messrs. Kay and Lang on education on the, 38.
Contract system, evils of the, in the army, 396.
Coolali, the hospital at, 356.
Copper-mines of Lake Superior, the, 705.
Corn, danger of depending on foreign countries for, 66.
Cornaro, praises of old age by, 504, 505.
Cornaro's Discourses, remarks on, extracts from, &c, 499.
Cortes, proceedings of the, regarding Protestants, 714, and the Spanish Bonds.
Coryat, Tom, the English Fakir, 255.
Cossacks, sketches of the, 541.
Coulter, Joseph, escape of, at Inkermann, 185.
Country life, Lavergne on, 77.
Court, Antony, haranguing the people by, 336.
Craigie, captain, death of, 615.
Crime, connection of, with ignorance, 21—and criminals, increase of, 36, 320.
Crimea, the expedition to the, determined on, the force for it, &c., 4—conduct of the army in the, 9.
Cristobal, Tadeo, 293.
Cromwell and the dead body of Charles, painting of, 336.
Daghestan, subjugation of, by Russia, 176.
Daisy Burns, remarks on, 559.
Dangers, sources of our, 123.
Daniel Bey, a Circassian chief, 178.
Dargo, defeat of the Russians at, 180.
Daubeny, Dr., his proposed system of education, 32.
David Copperfield, remarks on, 461.
Death, different circumstances in which it comes, 481.
Defensive armour, passion for, 381.
Delaroche, the works of, 336.
Delhi, Metcalfe as resident at, 210, 213
Democracy, tyranny of, 601.
Derby, lord, against the foreign enlistment bill, 16—his attempt to form a ministry, 364—his speech on the subject, 365—his negotiations with Palmerston, 367—on the militia, 472.
Dery, general, death of, 542.
Diana, statue of, 334.
Dickens, Charles, 451.
Dickson, colonel, 241.
Diner de Paris, the, 340.
Discoverer of Madeira, the, 693.
Dishley sheep, origin, &c. of the, 68.
Disraeli, Mr, on the foreign enlistment bill, 17—the tales and novels of, 223—his conduct on Lord Derby's attempt to form a ministry, 366.
Dog, duration of the life of the, 503.
Dombey and Son, remarks on, 459.
Drama, importance of the, 314, 343.
Dreams, peculiarities of, 407 *et seq.*
Dresden, sketches at, 1813, 514—the battle of, 549.
Dress of the soldier, remarks and suggestions on the, 379 *et seq.*—historic sketch of it, 380—the modern system, 383—the shako, 386, 391—the stock, 387, 393—the coat, trousers, &c., 388, 393—the boot, 394—the knapsack, greatcoat, &c., 395.
Drill, the Prussian system of, 383.
Duncan, Thomas, the painter, 589.
E. C. M., to an Italian beggar-boy, by, 137.
Economical reduction, national dangers arising from, 123.
Edinburgh militia, state of the, 475.
Education, 21.
Education, importance of, 22—necessity for gradations in, 23—recent progress of, 24—necessity of, in India, 214.
Educational returns of the census, defects of the, 318.
Educational system, the census, 28.
Educational systems, the modern, and their defects, 311.
Egerton, colonel, death of, 742.
Egypt, dress of the soldier in, 382.
Electric telegraph, Arthur Young on the, 76—in Canada, 444.
Elgin, lord, the reciprocity treaty concluded by, 440.
Elizabeth, death of, a painting, 336.
Ellenborough, lord, on the foreign enlistment bill, 16.
Emigration, inducements presented by Canada to, 447.
Emilia Wyndham, remarks on, 556.
England, statistics of education in, 25—social life in, compared with France, 101—the militia bill for, 469, 471—history of art in, 588.
Englishman travelling, the, 100.
Ensebados of Mexico, the, 294.

Esmond, remarks on, 91.
Eupatoria, defeat of the Russians at, 497.
Europe, joy in, on the death of the Czar, 483.
Eusebius, letters to, Civilisation, the Census, 21, 309.
Evans, general Sir de Lacy, at Inkermann, 241.
Evil May-day, the, 697.
Exercise, time required for, at different ages, 31.
Factory system, effects of the, on education, 25.
Faed, John, Reason and Faith by, 591.
Family relations, effects of the factory system on, 26.
Fandango in Mexico, a, 302.
Farmer, position, &c. of the, in England, 76.
Ferrier's Institutes of Metaphysic, 159
Field-sports, passion for, in England, 70.
Flag-staff battery at Sebastopol, the, 623.
Flax, culture of, in Ireland, 74.
Flourens on human longevity, notices of, 499—on the duration of life, 500, 503—on the average quantity of life on earth, 507.
Fond du lac, the, 713.
Forbes, the late Professor Edward, 234.
Foreign enlistment bill, remarks on the, 6, 16, 104.
Foreign mercenaries, danger of employment of, 19.
Four-year rotation, the, 71.
Fowls, breeding of, in England and France, 70.
France, comparison of climate, agriculture, &c. of, compared with England, 67 *et seq.*—social life in, compared with England, 101.
Francisco de Assis, Don, anecdote of, 722.
Frederick the Great, military costume, &c. introduced by, 383.
Freedom, the passion for, 101.
French, estimation of the theatre by the, 314—their condition before Sebastopol, 494.
French Economists, views of the, as to national wealth, 65.
French hospital, visit to a, 236.
French hussar, the campaigns of a, 536.
French school of art, the, 335.
French travellers, characteristics of, 292.
Frith, Mr., the proceedings at Seville regarding, &c., 715.
Fuentes, a Mexican miner, 299.
Ganglionic system, relations of sensation to the, 402.
Galathée, a French drama, 341.
Gambier, colonel, at Inkermann, 241.
Garden river, the, 581.
Gaskell, Mrs., the novels of, 559.
Genius, the modern appreciation of, 221.
Georgel, Mademoiselle, 549.
Georgian bay, 448, 579.
Germans, appreciation of the theatre by, 314.
Germany, probable recruiting of the foreign legion from, 18—feeling with which England is regarded in, 100—social life in, 102—influence of the death of the Czar on, 490—efforts of Russia to secure, 728.
Gibon, lieutenant, at Bomarsund, 653.
Gibson, Mr. Milner, on the foreign enlistment bill, 17, 19.
Gigot, lieutenant, 655.
Gilbert, Mr. G., portrait of Sir J. Watson Gordon by, 596.
Gladstone, Mr., views of, on the war, 3—on the strength of the army before Sebastopol, 364.
Glencoe, two paintings of, 591.
Gleyre, Charles, a Swiss painter, 337.
Goat, Lavergne on the, 82.
Gomm, sir William, 216.
Gordon's battery, Sebastopol, 620.
Gore, Mrs., the novels of, 555.
Görlitz, action at, 549.
Government, neglect of the militia by, 468, *et seq.*
Grabbe, general, in the Caucasus, 180.
Grace Lee, remarks on, 559.
Grand trunk railway, Canada, 445.
Grasspoint, village of, 448.
Great Britain and Ireland, rural economy of, 65.
Great Britain, recent wars in which engaged, 128.
Greatcoat of the soldier, the, 395.
Greeks, dress of the soldier among the, 381, 382—high estimation of the drama among them, 315.
Grekoff, general, death of, 177.
Grenadier cap, the, 386.
Grouchy, general, during the Moscow campaign, 538, 539.
Guanajato, town and mines of, 298.
Guards, the, at Inkermann, 239.
Guinea-pig, duration of life in the, 503.
Gustavus Adolphus, military costume adopted by, 383.
Guzman de Alfarache, extracts from life of, 257.
Hadji Murad, a Caucasian, 178.
Hall, Mrs. S. C., the Irish sketches of, 555.
Haller on the length of life, 503.
Hamilton, sir W., on the use of metaphysic, 167.
Hamsad Bey, a Caucasian, 178.
Hard Times, remarks on, 453.
Hardwicke, lord, on the foreign enlistment bill, 16.
Hare, duration of life in the, 503.

Harold, Bulwer's remarks on, 227.
Harry Lorrequer, remarks on, 566.
Havresack of the soldier, the, 395.
Hawthorne, Mr., the novels of, 562.
Head of the family, novel of the, 560.
Heart's Ease, remarks on, 562.
Heir of Redclyffe, remarks on, 562.
Henri IV. man-of-war, loss of the, 245.
Herbert, Mr. Sidney, on enlistment for the army, 7—on the conduct of the war, 13—his conduct with regard to it, 15—on the treaty with Austria, 16.
Herbilin, madame, a French painter, 337.
Heth, Joice, Barnum's connection with, 194.
Hewett, Mr., at the first battle of Inkermann, 121.
High farming, on, 81.
Highland bonnet, the, 386.
Highland deer-forests, defence of the, 70.
Highlands, failure of recruiting in, 6.
Himri, storming, &c. of, 177, 178.
Hincks, Mr., member of the Canadian assembly, 441.
Hodgson, Dr., his proposed system of education, 33.
Hop, culture of the, in England, 74.
Horse, duration, &c. of life in the, 503.
Horses, attention paid to, in England, 69.
Hospital tents, the, at Sebastopol, 353.
Hospitals of the Bosphorus, the, 353.
House of Raby, remarks on the, 561.
House of Seven Gables, novel of, 563.
Household Words, remarks on, 465.
How to Dress Him, 379.
Howden, lord, proceedings of, in Spain, 715, *et seq.*
Human Life, the length of, 499.
Huron, lake, scenery, &c. of, 581.
Huxtable, Mr., on liquid manure, 82.
Hyacynthus, statue of, 334.
Hypatia, review of, 625.
Idealism, what, 165.
Ignorance, connection of, with crime, 21.
India, dangers to, from the reduction system, 124.
Indians of Canada, the, 450.
Infancy, period of, 501.
Infant schools, the census on, 31—effects of, on family affections, 26.
Inkermann, first action of, 120—battle of, 237—meeting of Parliament after it, 2—conduct of the Allies at it, 9.
Instinct, definition of, 412.
Intellect, natural gradations of, 28.
Inverness militia, state of the, 475.
Ireland, failure of recruiting in, 6—flax culture in, 74—Lavergne on the agriculture of, 85—the militia bill for, 472—neglect of government with regard to it, 7.
Irenæus, letters to—Peace and Patriotism, 97—A Peep at Paris, 331.
Irus, the beggar in Homer, 256.
Isabella of Spain, anecdote of, 722.
Istamin, admiral, death of, 615.
Italian beggar-boy, to an, 137.
Italy, social life in, 102.
Ivan the Terrible, the crimes of, 485.
Jamaica, Metcalfe's administration of, 215.
Jameson, the Scottish painter, 588.
Jane Eyre, remarks on, 557.
Jarochos of Mexico, the, 302.
Jenny Lind, Barnum's contract with, 199.
Jermoloff, general, administration of the Caucasus by, 176.
Jewsbury, Miss, the novels of, 561.
Jones, general, 615.
Jones, brigadier-general H.D., 650.
Juvenile labour, effects of, on education, 25.
Kamieth bay, position, &c. of, 113.
Kasi Mullah, a Caucasian chief, 177.
Katherine Ashton, novel of, 562.
Kavanagh, Miss, the novels of, 559.
Kay, Mr., his notes on education abroad, 33.
Kaye's Life of Lord Metcalfe, review of, 202.
Keewenau point, 708.
Kelly, colonel, capture of, 616.
Kingsley, the rev. Charles, 625—variety of his works, *ib.*—their merits and defects, 626—Yeast, 628—Hypatia, 631—Westward ho! 639.
Kingsley, rev. C., the novels of, 562.
Knight's Once upon a Time, review of, 685.
Kioje bay, the Baltic fleet in, 646.
Kiosk, the, an hospital at Scutari, 356.
Knapsack of the soldier, the, 395.
Knowing and Being, various schemes of, 165.
Knowledge, the uses of, 161—modern exaltation of it, 311.
La Cloche, islands of, 581.
Lahore, mission of Lord Metcalfe to, 209.
Laing, Mr., on education on the Continent, 34.
Lake of the mountain, the, 446.
Lanark militia, state of the, 475.
Land, the, as the basis of national wealth, 65.
La Pointe, village of, 712.
Last days of Pompeii, the, 227.
Last of the Barons, the, 227.
Latham, Dr., his proposed system of education, 32.
Lavergne's Rural Economy of Great Britain and Ireland, 65.
Ledsund, the Baltic fleet in, 647.
Legislative Assembly of Canada, the, 440.
Lehmann, painting from the Prometheus by, 337.
Lempriere, captain, death of, 742.
Length of human life, the, 499.
Leoghians, tribe of the, 176.

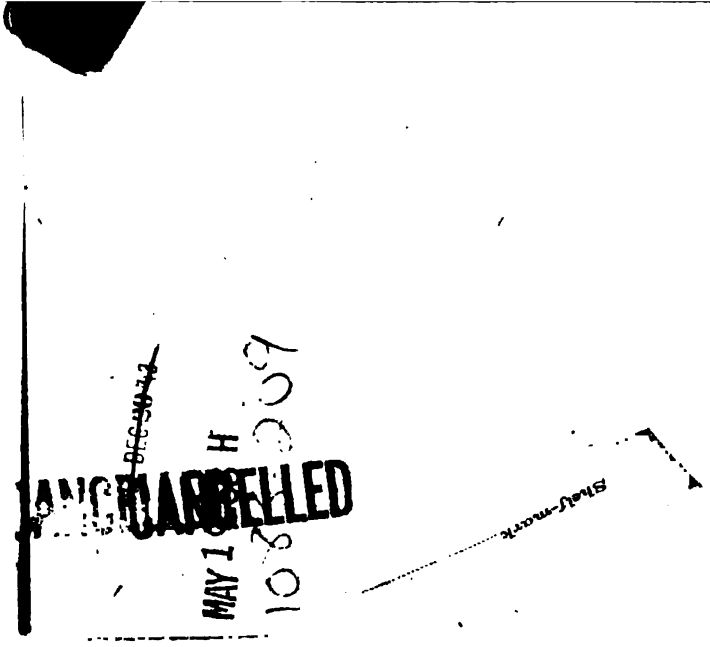
Lessio's Art of enjoying perfect health, remarks on, 499.
Le Sueur, the works of, 333.
Lever, the novels of, 565.
Levy, M., the French medical inspector-general, 357.
Libraries, establishment of public, 313.
Life, the census returns on duration of, 21—the means of prolonging it, &c. 499—its different periods, 501.
Light brigade, the charge of the, at Balaklava, 118.
Lion, duration of the life of the, 503.
Liprandi, general, attack on Balaklava by, 117.
Liquid manure, how employed in England, 82.
Lissanewitch, general, death of, 177.
Local and movable militia, comparative advantages of, 471.
London, the early watching and lighting of, 696.
Longevity, the census returns regarding, 21—means of attaining, 499.
Lorck's Caucasus, review of, 173.
Louvre, sketches in the, 332.
Lowe, captain, at Balaklava, 118.
Lucretia, remarks on, 227.
Lumber trade, increase in the, 440.
Luxembourg gallery, the, 334.
Lyman, Levi, an associate of Barnum's, 195.
MacCulloch, Horatio, Glencoe by, 591.
Machan, the discoverer of Madeira, 693.
Mackenzie, Mr. W. Lyon, 442.
M'Nabb, sir Allan, 441.
M'Neill, sir John, mission of, to the Crimea, 377.
Madeira, the discoverer of, 693.
Malakoff hill, &c., the, 620.
Malmesbury, lord, on the militia, 472.
Maltravers, remarks on, 227.
Mammelon hill, the, 620—French attack on the, 498—attacks on it, 614 *et seq.*
Mammon, novel of, 555.
Man, original condition of, as regards civilisation, 309.
Manantial, a fandango at, 302.
Manhood, the period of, 501.
Manitoulin, island of, 579.
Manitowaning, Indian village of, 579.
Manufacturing system, effects of, on education, 24.
Marquette, village of, 707.
Marquette, the Jesuit missionary, 707.
Mars, mademoiselle, anecdote of, 548.
Marsh, Mrs., the novels of, 556.
Martin Chuzzlewit, remarks on, 460.
Mary Barton, remarks on, 560.
Materialism, what, 165.
Mathew Paxton, novel of, 568.
Matsys, Quentin, 333.
Maude, captain, wound of, 117.
Mechi, Mr., on farming, 81.
Mellado silver mine, the, 299.
Memory, relations of the brain to, 403, 405.
Menier, a French actor, 344.
Menschikoff, reported death of, 615.
Metaphysic, definition of, 159—its uses, 160.
Metcalfe, lord, life of, 202.
Metcalfe, Theophilus, 205.
Metcalfe, sir Thomas, 202.
Mexico, vagabond life in, 292.
Michigan, the state of, 709.
Middle class, Dickens the novelist of the, 451.
Military costume, sketch of the history of the, 379 *et seq.*—the modern system, 383—the shako, 386, 391—the stock, 387, 393—the coat, trousers, &c., 388, 393—the boot, 394—the knapsack, greatcoat, &c., 395.
Militia, state of the, 467.
Militia, neglect of the, by the ministry, 7,735—their inefficient state, 7—defective state of, in Scotland, 469—its unpopularity, and causes of this, 470—the old and the present systems, 471—change of it to a movable force, *ib.*
Militia acts, errors in principle of the, 8—the various, 469—the former ones, 471.
Milk, consumption of, in England, 69.
Milo, statue of, 334.
Milton on the drama, 315.
Mind, relations of the brain, &c. to the, 402.
Minié rifle, failure of government to provide the, 13.
Ministerial changes, the, 359.
Mocker, a French actor, 341.
Moderation, Cornaro on, 499, 500.
Modern novelists, great and small, 554.
Mohiloff, action at, 539.
Moira river, the, 446.
Monet, general, 498.
Monneret, lieutenant, anecdotes of, 538, 541.
Montague, captain, 616.
Montdidier, a French actor, 344.
Montreal, journey from Quebec to, 445.
Montreal telegraph company, the, 445.
Moral training, neglect of, 35.
Moredun, the romance of, 201.
Morgarten, the battle of, 174.
Morgue, M., 357.
Morgue, the, at Paris, 339.
Morin, Mr., Canadian minister, 441.
Moscow, the entry of the French into, 543.
Moscow campaign and retreat, sketches of the, 538.
Motion, relation of the nerves and brain to, 403.
Motor nerves, action of the, 403.

Mountainous countries, defensibility of, 178.
Muntz, Mr., on the foreign enlistment bill, 17.
My Novel, remarks on, 229.
Napier, Sir W., on the foreign enlistment bill, 19.
Napoleon, anecdote of, 537.
Napoleon III., improvements in Paris by, 338—his empress, 342.
Nathalie, remarks on, 559.
National wealth, land as the basis of, 65.
Nervous system, relations of the brain to the, 403.
Newcastle, the duke of, on the conduct of the war, 10, 12—Lord John Russell on him, 360—his career as war minister, 371.
Newman, Sir R., death of, 239.
Newspapers, the, on the campaign, 350.
Nicholas, the death of, 481—his death and its probable results, 467—estimate of his character, &c., 481 *et seq.*—circumstances of his death, 482—his insanity, 483—his accession, and circumstances attending it, 486—his domestic character, 488—his first proposals to England, 489.
Nicholas, fort, 619.
Nicholas Nickleby, remarks on, 456.
Nightingale, Miss, and her nurses, 356.
Nolan, captain, death of, 118
Norfolk rotation, origin of the, 71.
Normans, military costume among the, 382.
North and South, novel of, 559.
North American Indians, the modern, 571, 713.
Northern railroad, Canada, the, 448.
Nortike, fort, Bomarsund, and its capture, 648 *et seq.*
Notre Dame, improvements at, 338.
Novel-writers, modern, 87.
Novelists, Modern, great and small, 554.
Nude sculpture, objections to, 588.
Occupation, time required for, at different ages, 31.
Octenagen, village of, 710.
Odier, scene from the Moscow retreat by, 337.
Old age, how to be attained and enjoyed, 500—period of, 501—its characteristics, 502—is it desirable? 504.
Old Curiosity Shop, remarks on the, 458.
Oligarchy, tyranny of, 601.
Oliver Twist, remarks on, 456.
Omer Pacha, a reconnaissance under, 748.
Once upon a time, 685.
Opera comique, a visit to the, 340.
Opposition, patriotic conduct of the, 104.
Orilia, settlement of, 448.
Orleans, the duke of, his death, 482.
Osborne, Mr., on the character of the soldier, 312, *note.*
Ossetines, the, a Caucasian tribe, 176.
Ox, duration of life in the, 503.
Painters, patronage enjoyed by, 584.
Palace hospital at Scutari, the, 356.
Palmerston, lord, principles of, on education, 22—negociation of Lord Derby with, 367.
Palmerston ministry, composition, &c., of the, 369—secession of the Peelites from, 377—errors of, on the construction of his cabinet and with regard to the war, 726 *et seq.*
Palmerston administration, the, 724.
Pancratieff, general, 177.
Panmure, lord, as war minister, 372.
Paris, a peep at, 331.
Paris, the battle of, 552.
Park, Patrick, busts by, 596.
Parliament, meeting of, in connection with the conduct of the war, 1.
Parr, Thomas, longevity of, 503.
Pashubik, a Caucasian princess, 178.
Paskiewitch, general, in the Caucasus, 177.
Paston letters, the, 697.
Paton, Noel, his paintings, 593—his Pursuit of Pleasure, *ib.*
Patriotic fund, the, 97—the Canadian vote to it, 441.
Patriotism, changing meanings of, 98—what it is, 99.
Patronage, evils of, in the army, 399.
Paul, the emperor, madness of, 484.
Paul, fort, 620.
Peace and Patriotism, 97.
Peace, probabilities of, 467.
Peace Society, the, 103—responsible for the war, 126.
Peel, sir Robert, Lavergne on, 80—the official adherents of, &c, 373—circumstances of his death, 482.
Peelites, secession of the, from the Palmerston ministry, 377.
Pelham, remarks on 224.
Pendennis, remarks on, 89.
Penetanquishene, town of, 574, 575.
Peninsula, a march in the, 389.
Pennefather, general, at Inkermann, 239.
Penrose's Journal, history of, 268.
Pera, the French hospital at, 357.
Peralta Dionisio, a Mexican, 283.
Perigord, the count de, 537.
Periola, captain, 543.
Peter the Great, subjugation of the Caucasus by, 176—the crimes of, 485.
Peterborough, Canada, town of, 446.
Petit Courant, Indian village of, 580.
Philosophy, definition of, 162.
Phrenology, Sir Benjamin Brodie on, 404.

Physiology, deductions of, as to the length of life, 503.
Pickwick papers, remarks on the, 453, 454.
Pic-nics, Quebec, 442.
Pig, breeding, &c., of the, England and France, 70.
Pigtails, abolition of, in the army, 385.
Planillas, Florencio, a Mexican, 296.
Plato, Ferrier on, 170.
Poetry of the War, the, 531.
Poland, probable necessity for the restoration of, 18—the persecutions in, 484—Palmerston's conduct to, in 1831, 730.
Polish legion, question of a, 18.
Portland, U. S., city of, 438.
Poulet, general lord W., 358.
Pradier, Nymph by, 334.
Preedy, commander, 656, 657.
Pre-Raphaelites, the, 332.
Presqu'ile, bay of, 446.
Press, character of the, in America, 199—state of the, in India, 214—language &c. of the, on the campaign, 350.
Presto, fort, Bomarsund, and its capture, 648, *et seq.*
Price's candle company educational establishment, the, 29.
Prince, loss of the, 245.
Property, Lavergne on the constitution, &c. of, 77.
Provisions, bringing up of, from Balaklava, 349.
Prussia, the educational system of, 34—agitation in, after the Moscow retreat, 546.
Prussian system of costume and drill, the, 383.
Psychological Enquiries, 402.
Public libraries, dangers attending, 317.
Quarantine battery, the, Sebastopol, 115.
Quebec, sketches in, 440.
Queechy, novel of, 567.
Quinte, bay of, 445.
Raeburn, sir Henry, 589.
Ragged-school teachers, description of, 24.
Raglan, lord, influence of his age on, 375, 376.
Railway at Balaklava, the, 497.
Railway journey from Portland to Quebec, a, 439.
Rama, Indian village of, 450.
Ramsay, Allan, the painter, 588.
Ramsay, captain, 656.
Raphael, the paintings of, in the Louvre, 332.
Rayas silver mine, the, 299.
Reade, Mr., Christie Johnstone by, 567.
Reconnoissance at Sebastopol, a, 497.
Recruiting, difficulties of, 6.
Redan fort, the, Sebastopol, 114, 620.
Reduction, national dangers arising from, 128.
Religious returns of the census, errors of the, 326.
Renfrew militia, state of the, 475.
Repose, time required for, at different ages, 31.
Resistance, loss of the, 245.
Reveillée on old age, 505, 506.
Revelations of a showman, 187.
Richmond, railway junction at, 440.
Riding, passion for, in England, 69.
Roebuck, Mr., his motion for committee of inquiry, 359—his speech, 363.
Romans, dress of the soldier among the, 382.
Rome, estimation of the drama in, 315.
Rose and Ring, the, 88.
Rosen, general, in the Caucasus, 177.
Rostopchin, governor of Moscow, 544.
Routine, influence of, in the administration of the war, 374—results of, in the army, 398.
Royal Scottish Academy, the, 582.
Rubens, the paintings of, in the Louvre, 333.
Runciman, the painter, 588.
Runjeet Singh, mission of Lord Metcalfe to, 209.
Rural Economy of Great Britain and Ireland, the, 65.
Russell, lord John, statement of the views of the cabinet on the war by, 4—his deference to the peace party, 6—on the treaty with Austria, 16—on our increased naval expenditure, 66—his resignation, 359—his explanation, 360—attempt by him to form a ministry, 369—at the Vienna conference, 728.
Russia, under-estimate of, by the Aberdeen ministry, 10—the failure of, in the Caucasus, 173—extent and power of, 484—the campaign of 1812, in, 538—acquisition of the Aland islands, by 645—policy of, at the Vienna conference, 728.
Russian war, influence of, on the spirit of the country, 99, 125.
Ruth, novel of, 560.
St. Cyr, the military school of, 537.
St. Ernest, a French actor, 344.
St. George, the monastery of, 114.
St. Germain l'Auxerrois, church of, 339.
St. John's, N.B., trade between Portland and, 439.
St. Joseph, island of, 581.
St. Lawrence distributing alms, painting of, 264.
St. Lawrence, passage of the, in winter, 444.
St. Louis, the river, 713.
Salmacis, statue of, 334.
Sam Ward, a voyage on the, 706, *et seq.*

Sam Weller, the character of, 455.
Santa Cruz, Señor, 717.
Sass, general, 177.
Saugeen, town of, 576, 577.
Sault Ste Marie, the, 582, 702.
Scarlet letter, the novel of the, 563.
SCHAMYL AND THE WAR IN THE CAUCASUS, 173.
Schamyl, rise and extraordinary escapes of, 177, 178—his character and exploits, 179 *et seq.*—the alleged murder of his mother, 182 *et seq.*
Schools, proportion of, to population in England, 25.
Schools of art, results of, 323.
Scotland, Lavergne on the agriculture of, 83—the militia act for, state of the militia, &c., 7, 469 *et seq.*—history of art in, 588.
Sculpture, modern, in the Louvre, 334.
Scutari, the military hospitals at, 353, 355, 496.
Sealy, T. H., 693.
Sebastopol, conduct of the allies at, 9—peculiarities of the siege of, 11—the position before, 112—commencement of the siege, 114—sufferings of the troops before, 349—progress of the siege, 614—view of the works round, 619—the second cannonade of, 740—subsequent operations before, 743.
Selim Pasha, death of, 498.
Sensation, relations of the nerve and brain to, 402, 403, 404.
Senses, relations of the brain to the, 403.
Seville, the alleged outrage on Protestants at, 715 *et seq.*
Seymour, Mr. on the cultivation, &c. of flax, 74.
Shah Allum, the emperor, 210.
Shako, the, 386.
Sheep, influence of the attention paid in England to, 67.
Shooting a rapid, 570, 704.
SHOWMAN, REVELATIONS OF A, 187.
Sickness, prevalence of, in the army, 349.
Sidney, Algernon, 98.
Sidney, sir Philip, and his Arcadia, &c., 599.
Silent highway, the, 694.
Simcoe, lake, 448, 569.
Sisters of charity, the, at Scutari, 356.
Sleep, time required at different ages for, 31.
Sleighing in Canada, 443.
Smith, Adam, views of, as to the basis of wealth, 65.
Smith's war sonnets, review of, 532.
Sobriety, Cornaro on, 499, 500.
SOLDIER, HOW TO DRESS THE, 379.
Soldiers, the letters from the, 106.
Sonnets on the war, review of, 532.
Soulie's les Closeries des Genêts, 342.
Spanish bonds, proceedings of the Cortes regarding, 719 *et seq.*
SPANISH INTOLERANCE AND INSOLVENCY, 714.
Speech, relations of the brain to, 406.
Spence, Mr., views of, on foreign commerce, 65.
Spinal chord, effects of injury to the, 404.
Spirit-rapping, Ferrier on, 170.
Stage, importance of the, in national education, 314.
Stall-feeding of cattle, on the, 81.
Stanley, lord, on the foreign enlistment bill, 17.
Stephenson, R., the Victoria bridge designed by, 445.
Stirling militia, state of the, 475.
Stock of the soldier, the, 387.
Story of the campaign, *see* Campaign.
Sugar-beet, cultivation of the, 75.
Summons to the victims of the Reign of Terror, painting of, 336.
Sunday schools and scholars, numbers of, 24—advantages and disadvantages of, 30.
Superior, lake, 701.
Supreme council of India, the, 211.
Sweden, the Aland islands under, 644.
Swiss, military costume among the, 382.
Sydenham, town of, 575, 578.
Talpa, notices of, 71.
Tcherkesses, the, 175.
Tchetchenzes, tribe of the, 176.
THACKERAY AND HIS NOVELS, 86.
Theatre, importance of the, in national education, 313.
Theatrical amusements, value of, 315.
Thomson, John, the painter, 589.
Thought, relations of the brain to, 402.
Tillotson, archbishop, on the drama, 315.
Times, the, on the supply of men for the army, 6—on the condition of the army, 15—on the aristocracy, 600 *et seq.*
Toboggining in Canada, 443.
Tom Thumb, the dwarf, 198.
Toronto, sketches at, 446.
Trade, dishonesties of, 24.
Transmutation, the novel of, 555.
Transport, deficiency of means of, at Balaklava, 351.
Travelling, pleasures and disagreeables of, 331—former modes of, &c, 697.
Trench's Alma, review of, 532.
Trenton, town of, 446.
Trollope, Mrs., the novels of, 556.
Trousers of the soldier, the, 388.
Tryon, lieutenant, death of, 248.
Tsee, fort, Bomarsund and its capture, 648 *et seq.*
Tull, Jethro, 71.
Tyndall, professor, his proposed system of education, 33.

Ulysses, the beggar's disguise of, 256.
Umritzur, sketches of, 209.
United States, first impressions of a traveller in the, 438.
Upper Canada, recent progress of, 447.
VAGABOND LIFE IN MEXICO, 292.
Valenciena silver mine, the, 299.
Vanity Fair, remarks on, 89.
Venus of Arles, the, 333.
Verduzco, Thomas, a Mexican bravo, 297 *et seq. passim.*
Vernet, Horace, massacre of the Mamelukes by, 337.
Veta Madre, the, a silver mine, 298.
Vicar of Wrexhill, novel of the, 556.
Vicars, captain, death of, 616.
Victoria bridge, the, Montreal, 445.
Victoria redoubt, the, Sebastopol, 621.
Victoriano, a Mexican muleteer, 304.
Village communities of India, the, 213.
Villette, remarks on, 558.
Volition and Will, identity of, 410.
WAGNER'S SCHAMYL, review of, 173.
Wales, Lavergne on, 82.
Wandering beggar, sketch of a, 254.
WAR, THE CONDUCT OF THE, 1.
War, poetry of the, 531.
War, influence of, on national character, 99, 103—dangers and advantages of, 125—errors of the ministry in the conduct of it, 362—prospects of it, 467—moral influences of, 532.
Warlike spirit, increase of it, 532.
Warren, the novels of, 223.
Waterford, patriotic banquet at, 104.
Wellesley, lord, sketches of, 208.
Wellington, lord, demolition of pigtails by, 385—on the army, 470—circumstances of his death, 482.
Westward ho! review of, 625.
WHENCE HAVE COME OUR DANGERS? 123.
Whig ministry, attempt to form a, 369.
White mountains, railway journey through the, 439.
Whiteside, Mr., on the foreign enlistment bill, 17.
Wide Wide World, novel of the, 567.
Widow Barnaby, remarks on the, 556.
Wiliaminoff, general, 177.
Will and Volition, identity of, 410.
Wilson, George, the late professor Edward Forbes by, 234.
Wilson, Mr., educational establishment originated by, 29, 30.
Wooded countries, difficulties of subjugating, 174.
Wool, attention to, in England, 68.
Word in Season, notices of, 71.
Wrottesley, lieutenant, death of, 657.
Yankee, character of the, 100.
Yeast, remarks on, 625, 627, 628.
Yeomen, disappearance of the, in England, 76.
Yorke, colonel, 119.
Young, Arthur, improvements in English agriculture by, 71—on the electric telegraph, 76.
Youth, period of, 501.
ZAIDEE, a romance, Part II. chap. vii, Percy, 40—chap. viii., The young ladies' room, 42—chap. ix., A country party, 44—chap. x., Family history, 47—chap. xi., Philosophy, 49—chap. xii., The Vicaress, 51—chap. xiii., Angelina, 53—chap. xiv., Further consultations, 56—chap. xv., A discovery, 58—chap. xvi., The first grief, 60—chap. xvii., Despair, 62—Part III. chap. xviii., The clergy, 139—chap. xix., Family prospects, 141—chap. xx., Another discovery, 143—chap. xxi., A family misfortune, 145—chap. xxii., What every one must do, 148—chap. xxiii., A new idea, 151—chap. xxiv., Delay, 152—chap. xxv., Schemes, 154—chap. xxvi., A letter, 156—Part IV. chap. xxvii., Preparations, 272—chap. xxviii., Margaret, 274—chap. xxix., Going away, 276—chap. xxx., Missing, 278—chap. xxxi., Lost, 280—chap. xxxii., Philip's fête, 282—chap. xxxiii., Suspense, 284—chap. xxxiv., Guilt, 286—chap. xxxv., Changed days, 288—Part V. Book II. chap. i., Bedford Place, 420—chap. ii., Mrs. Disbrowe, 423—chap. iii., The nursery, 425—chap. iv., A family party, 428—chap. v., Miss Francis, 430—chap. vi., An examination, 433—chap. vii., Alone, 435—Part VI. chap. viii., School, 509—chap. ix., Sympathy, 511—chap. x., Failure, 513—chap. xi., Another trial, 516—chap. xii., An audience, 518—chap. xiii., Another occupation, 520—chap. xiv., A visit, 523—chap. xv., A friend, 526—chap. xvi., Perplexity, 528—Part VII. chap. xvii., The dawning, 660—chap. xviii., A farewell, 662—chap. xix., Going away, 665—chap. xx., First impressions, 667—chap. xxi., A young critic, 670—chap. xxii., Friendship, 672—chap. xxiii., Education, 675—chap xxiv., Theories, 677—chap. xxv., A new life, 680—chap. xxvi., Jane, 682.
Zittau, action at, 549.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